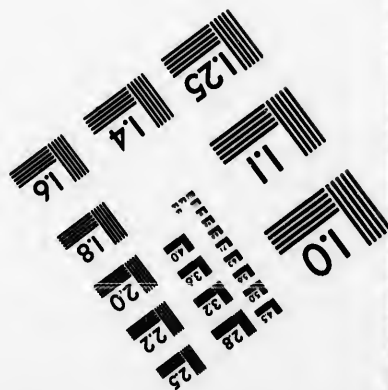
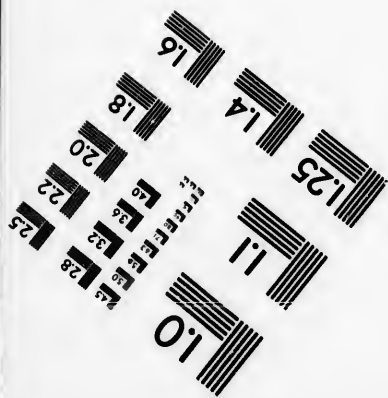
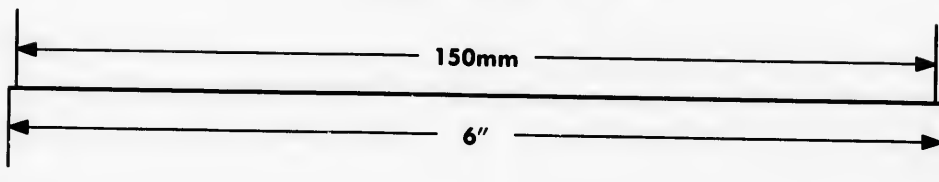
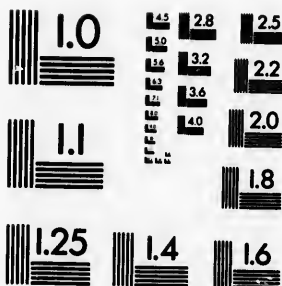
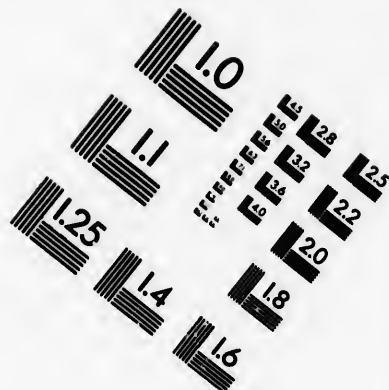
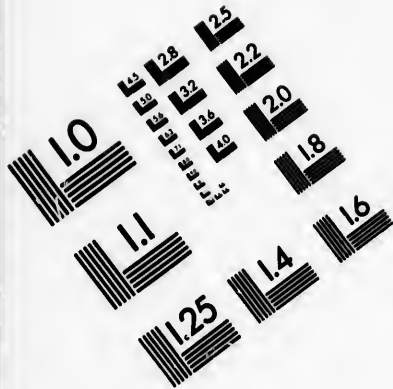


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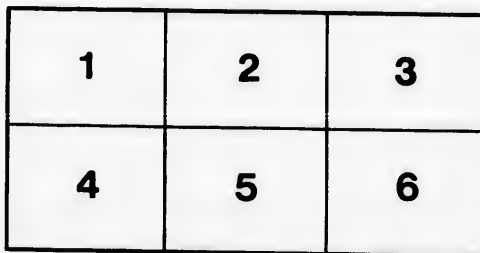
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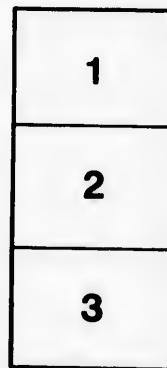
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ALBUM

1077-01
Daily man
225-

OF THE

TABLE ROCK, NIAGARA FALLS, C. W.

AND

SKETCHES OF THE FALLS, &c.

EDITED BY GEO. MENZIES.

NIAGARA:

PRINTED AT THE CHRONICLE OFFICE.

1846.

INTRODUCTION TO PART I.

IN ACCORDANCE with patent custom we have christened our book ; but the title by which it is hereafter to be distinguished from other publications on the same subject, is, we are bound to confess, something of a misnomer. This is not, strictly speaking, the "ALBUM OF THE TABLE ROCK,"—it is a melange made up of excerpts from a library of Albums. The absence of arrangement and classification of the articles is the result of accident, not of carelessness or design. The materials are selected at random, and the grouping, grotesque as it may be, is in perfect keeping with any one or all of the books from which the gleanings are made. If seriousness and solemnity are placed in ludicrous juxtaposition with levity and lightness—that is the doing of the authors of the books themselves, and not of the editor of this compilation from these books. Our right to print nonsense is not a jot more questionable than that of the visitors to the Falls to write it in these public books ; but having the fear of the judgment of an "intelligent public" before our eyes, we have purposely abstained from making any more licentious use of our undoubted privilege than is necessary for preserving to our book the character of an *Album*.

Much that is written is not fit to be printed, to be sure ; and it is deeply to be regretted that the innumerable host of writers who have perpetrated composition in the volumes of manuscript now before us, should have added so little to the general stock of legitimate and permanent literature. But

the actual amount of frivolous nonsense which constitutes so large a portion of the contents of the books from which our selection is made, is not at all to be calculated by the specimens now and thus exhibited. We have given the *best*; and, when, in any degree, redeemed by wit or humour, we have not been so fastidious, perhaps, as we should have been, in excluding the *worst* specimens of this gratuitous authorship—always endeavouring, however, to take care that decency shall not be outraged, nor delicacy shocked; and in this respect, however improbable it may seem, precaution has been by no means unnecessary.

In criticizing this "Album"—if any body should condescend to honor it in that way, it should not be forgotten that the articles of which it is composed are written, not only by persons who are not recognized or professed authors, but without the care, time, or study, usually bestowed on composition intended for the press—generally, it is to be presumed, without any premeditation whatever. In making up the book, we have not unfrequently been obliged to add and deduct, as the case might be, to lines which their authors evidently meant to be of a certain measure, in order to bring them within the rules of prosody. If, in such cases, we have weakened or mistranslated an idea, the best excuse will be to plead guilty; and we do so accordingly, with this condition, that we be distinctly chargeable, at the same time, with making all the alterations which we have made—and they are not few—on purpose, and because we thought they were amendments.

It is likely—very, that there are numerous plagiarisms in this as in other "Albums." Nay, we do not know that we may not, in some cases, have made a readable stanza here and there out of another's literary larceny. But, not having read all the printed books in the world, we put in ignorance as our plea in defence of the unintentional error.

INTRODUCTION.

There is, perhaps, little originality in the book, upon the whole; but the idea of getting up such a work has not hitherto, to our knowledge, been acted upon; and if the publication of it should be attended with any measure of success, it may have a tendency to elevate and purify the character of these Albums and Registers hereafter; inasmuch as when people find that "there's a chiel' among them takin' notes," they will, in all likelihood, be more guarded—perhaps more studious, too, to write well what they do write; and let us hope that in the next edition, we shall be able, not only to add much that may be interesting, but also to furnish the names of our numerous contributors. It has been very annoying to us in compiling the present work, to find such an extreme parsimony of signature; so much so, that in many cases it is difficult to tell where one article ends and another begins in the original.

We now send forth our little pioneer, not without hope that it will meet with some favor; and at all events, without any doubt that the idea thus suggested will hereafter be successfully followed out, whether failure or success be the recompense of our present undertaking.

1864

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PART I.

ALBUM OF THE TABLE ROCK.

Spirit of Homer! Thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of nature—this great fane of Nature's God.
Breathe on my heart—oh! touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votaress kneeling on the sod.

Sublime and beautiful! your shrine is here—
Here 'neath the azure dome of heaven you're wed—
Here, on a rock that trembles o'er your bed,
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear,
Controls life's source, and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but O beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or listen to thy maddening melody,
Sense, form, would spring to meet thy white foam's kiss—
Be lapped in thy soft rainbow once, and die.

Colour, depth, height, extensive, all unite
To chain the spirit by a look intense.
The dolphin in his clearest seas, or thence

Ta'en by some prince to give his love delight,
Dies not in changeful tints more delicately bright.*

Look, look ! there comes o'er yon pale green expanse,
Beyond the curtain of this altar vast,
A glad young swan—the smiling beams that cast
Light from her plumes, have lured her soft advance—
She nears the fatal brink—her graceful life is past.

Look up; nor her fond foolish fate disdain—
An eagle rests upon the wind's sweet breath :
Feels he the charm ? woos he the scene beneath ?
He eyes the sun, nerves his dark wing again,
Remembers clouds and storms, and flies the lovely death.

“Niagara ! wonder of this western world,
And all the world beside—hail, beauteous Queen
Of cataracts !” an angel who had been
O'er heaven and earth thus said ; his bright wings furled,
And knelt to Nature first on this wild cliff unseen.

MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

Great Spirit of the waters ! I have come
From forth mine own indomitable home,†
Far o'er the billows of the eternal sea,
To breathe my heart's deep homage unto thee,
And gaze on glories that might wake to prayer
All but the hopeless victim of despair.
Flood of the forest, fearfully sublime,

* When these lines were written in the Album, the fourth stanza was omitted, lest it might occasion some confusion of imagery ; but the beautiful tints reflected by the water of the cataract are one of its principal attractions, and so exactly resembled those of the dolphin, that the idea of one was continually in the mind of the writer, while viewing the scene from the Table Rock.

†Scotland.

ALBUM EXTRACTS.

Restless, resistless as the tide of time,
There is no type of thee—thou art alone,
In sleepless glory rushing on and on.
Flood of the desert! thou hast been to me
A dream; and thou art still a mystery.
Would I had seen thee, years and years ago,
While thou wert yet unworshipped and unknown,
And thy fierce torrent, as it rushed along,
Through the wild desert poured its booming song,
Unheard by all save him of lordly mood—
The bronzed and free-born native of the wood.
How would my heart have quivered to its core,
To know its God, not all revealed before!
In other times when I was wont to roam
Around the mist-robed mountain peaks of home,
My fancy wandered to this Western clime,
Where all the haunts of nature are sublime;
And thou wert on my dream so dread a thing,
I trembled at my own imagining.
Flood of the forest! I have been with thee,
And still thou art a mystery to me.
Years will roll on as they have rolled, and thou
Wilt speak in thunder as thou speakest now;
And when the name that I inscribe to-day
Upon thine altar shall have passed away
From all remembrance, and the lay I sing
Shall long have been but a forgotten thing—
Thou wilt be sung, and other hands than mine
Shall wreath a worthier chaplet for thy shrine.

GEORGE MENZIES.

August, 1835.

Mighty water! headlong tumbling
Down the vast abyss below,
Ceaseless pouring, endless roaring
Music like this—semper amo.

G. W. WINSLOW, Buffalo.

God spake the world into being, and it was created. He made *all* the wonders of the earth, and *this* the greatest of all.

A. P. M.

To hear this water roar,
To see this water pour,
Is certainly much more,
Than I've heard or seen before.

H. FOOTE.

To hear a jackass bray
Is nothing new to-day—
You can neither sing nor say ;
So you may go away.

A. LEGG.

You had better toddle too,
For your'e block heads through and through—
'Pon my honour, it is true—
Cock-a-doodle-doo.

FRANCIS HEAD.

Good morning, how d'ye do ?
How much wiser, pray, are you ?
Than the other stupid two ?
Tell me that, and tell me true.

DURHAM.

Roll on, Niagara, as thou hast ever rolled,
Since thy great Maker called thee into being :
But wilt thou never stop ? O, yes thou wilt,
When the great Archangel sounds the final trump—
One foot upon the sea, and one on shore—
And swears that time shall be no more forever ;
The thundering sound that swells upon our ears,

Will then be silenced, and the mighty flood,
That pours itself o'er the tremendous precipice,
Will cease to be.—There is but **ONE ALONE**—
The first, last, ever-living **TRINITY**,
That can control thee whensoe'er he will.

H. B. TUTTLE.

Lansingburgh, N. Y.

MEM.—This atmosphere is terribly destructive to starched collars, and takes the curls out of one's whiskers with amazing celerity.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS MANDEVILLE.

The pretty creature!—It should have put itself, whiskers and all, into a band-box.

SHOULDN'T IT ?

Veni, vidi, and gave up the vici.

JULIUS CESAR REDIVIVUS.

The mighty cataract of Niagara rushing over the rocks, and the deep waters of the Mississippi rolling onward to the ocean, are everlasting evidences of the prowess and efficiency of the *American militia* !

his

ANDREW X JACKSON.

mark.

Farewell, O Niagara! rolling in splendour,
Thy beauty is matchless, thy power is supreme;
And now, ere I leave thee, my homage I render—
To return to the world I must rouse from my dream.

In a trance I have been, while sublimest emotions
 Have crowded the chambers of soul and of thought ;
 But my dreams of delight and my deepest devotions
 Are faded away.—*there's a hole in my coat!* P.

Now, I'll tell you what it is—these here water works
 ain't nothin' what they're cracked up to be—Be they ?
 They're a downright imposition—that's a fact. They're
 amazin' nice and sublime and roarin', sure enough ; but
 what on airth be they good for ? As our old schoolmaster,
 Job Diddler, (he'd an awful sight of larnin—hadn't he ?)
 Well, as Job Diddler used to say, "*Fox eat Peter Nich-
 ol.*"*—great cry and little wool. They ain't good for noth-
 in' for manufacturin' ; and they completely spile naviga-
 tion—that's a fact.

SAM SLICK, Jun.

Hark, hark ! 'tis mighty Niagara's roar,
 As o'er the ledge St. Lawrence' waters pour.
 Father-Omnipotent ! in this we see
 An emblem fit of vast eternity ;
 As downwards in their course the waters flow,
 And then are lost in the abyss below,
 So haste thy creatures onward to that bourne,
 From whence no travellers shall e'er return.

To Niagara River.

Roll on, great River, with resistless force,
 Which, like old Time's stays not for human will ;
 For who shall stop *him* in his viewless course,
 Or who shall bid *thy* mighty voice be still ?

*Vox et preterea nihil.

None but the Power that taught ye both to flee;
Thou to thy misty gulf of clouds, while *he*
 Rolls likewise onward, changing all but thee—
 So both shall stop but in eternity.

Thy course is onward, downward, free and loud,
 While *his* is silent, dim, but no less sure.
He creeps along, scarce noticed by the crowd,
 Whilst *thou* dost stun the senses with the roar
 Of thy tremendous cataracts, which call
 Each to the other, and all ears appal ;
 Leaping in thunder from thy rocky wall,
 And, like a hero, greatest in thy fall.

HENRY LANDAY.

Niagara to its Visitors.

O ye, who come from distant climes,
 To visit me and read my rhymes,
 Ere you condemn my noise and vapour,
 Read what I have to say on *paper*.
 Through LAKE SUPERIOR, it true is,
 I descend from old ST. LEUIS.
 I'm a wise child, you see, and rather
 Proud to know, and own my father.
 MICHIGAN nurses me in her lap ;
 HURON feeds with SAGINAW pap ;
 ST. CLAIR then undertakes to teach,
 And tries to modulate my speech.
 Through ERIE next I guide my stream,
 And learn the power and use of steam.
 I'm christened next, but losing my humble-
 Ness, I get an awkward tumble.
 And though musicians all agree,
 I pitch my outcry loud on *E*,
 Sure two such tumbles well may vex,
 And make me froth up *Double X*.

ALBUM EXTRACTS.

Although the Rapids rather flurry me,
 And into wheeling whirlpools hurry me,
 The *Devil's Hole* does most me scare, *I oh!*
 And makes me glad to reach Ontario.
 Travelled so far, tis thought of vital
 Importance I should change my title ;
 And though it should be his abhorrence,
 They make my sponsor old Saint Lawrence.
 The course I steer is rather critical ;
 For, not much liking rows political,
 'Twixt both my favours I divide—
 Yankee and British, on each side.
 Thus equally I share my smiles,
 And wandering 'mongst the "Thousand Isles,"
 With equable and constant motion,
 I gladly run to meet the ocean.
 Once my deep cavern was a mystery,
 But now 'tis known like Tom Thumb's history,
 By ladies, gents, natives and strangers ;
 Led on by *Starkey* through my dangers,
 They bid adieu to fear and doubt,
 And come to try my "cold without ;"
 While those who like it best, can get
 A good supply of "heavy wet."
 I fear no money-brokers' pranks—
 They're welcome to *run on my banks*.
 I pay no money nor "mint drop,"
 Yet dare them all to make me *stop*.
 I'm proof against malignant shafts ;
 Am ready still to honour *drafts* ;
 Have a large capital *afloat*,
 More *current* than a U. S. note ;
 And I can *liquidate* all debt,
 Though much is *dew* from me ; and yet,
 About myself I often *vapour*—
 But ne'er before have *issued paper*.
 You may think this is a brag or a
 Boast of, Truly Yours,
 Falls Hall Cave, half past 11, }
 July 25, 1837. }

NIAGARA.

H. LINDSAY.

These are the great Niagara Falls,
Down which Sam Patch did jump ;
The people said he'd break his neck—
He only hurt his rump !

THE GENERAL.

Fair Albion, smiling, sees her sons depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art.
Noble their object, glorious are their aims,
They go behind the Falls—and write their names !

WRITTEN DIRECTLY AFTER GOING "WITHIN THE VEIL" OF
NIAGARA.

By Grenville Mellen.

O God !—my prayer is to Thee, amid sounds
That rock the world—I've seen Thy majesty
Within the veil—I've heard the anthem-shout
Of a great ocean, as it leapt in mist
About my thunder-shaken path—Thy voice,
As centuries have heard it, in the rush
And roar of waters. I have bent my brow
Beneath Thy rainbow, and have lifted up
My shriek 'mid these vast cadences—I've seen
What is the wonder of ETERNITY,
And what this visioned nothingness of man.

Table Rock, August 22, 1838.

Can man stop yonder Cataract in its course ?
Can man trace up the Almighty to his source.*
And cannot man in yonder torrent see
A striking emblem of eternity ?

*This line is unmitigated nonsense.

ALBUM EXTRACTS.

Streams, rivers, lakes, are buried in thy flood,
 And thy green waters have been tinged with blood.
 Yet comes the when swallowed thou wilt be
 In the vast ocean of eternity.

With colours brilliant, arch—so bright its rays
 Thy beauteous Rainbow to frail man displays—
 That wondrous bow which at God's word appeared,
 When Noah, worshipping, rejoiced and feared,
 And saw, by faith, it was the covenant given,
 That man should be restored—the heir of heaven.

Then roll, thou mighty torrent ; sound thy thunder,
 Dash down thy floods to wondering man a wonder,
 Till forth shall sound than theirs a louder voice,
 To bid creation tremble or rejoice—
 Then, shall thy thunderings and thy rolling end,
 And God descend, man's angry Judge or friend—
 Then shall evaporate thy mighty Fall,
 Midst burning worlds, and God be all in all.

Sandwich, U. C.

J. B.

This is the cataract whose deathless name
 Lives in itself—it hath no need of fame.
 It is itself eternal. Look, and trace
 "Dar'st thou forget me," written in its face.
 'Tis its own record—'tis the living throne
 Of independence, rolling, rolling on—
 Spurning alike resistance and control,
 And breathing terror on the human soul.

G. J. K.

"Pro-di-gi-ous"! as Mr. Shaw says, (quoting from Dominie Sampson.) Sublime! says Mr. Taylor, the second of our party. The grandeur is inexpressible, according to Mr. Hastings. Mr. Harman observed, that it exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

E. G. D. thinks it the best "got up" thing he ever saw.

Very queer! as the apostle elegantly remarks in the original tongue.

O. P. Q.

Fearful in majesty and glory thou!—

Mutely we stand and gaze upon thy flood,
As erst the red-man gazed, ere yet the foot
Of our pale fathers trod these solitudes.

Still rings far up to heaven thy mighty hymn,
Which rose to hail the first glad morn of earth,
Nor will it cease till time shall be no more.

JOSEPHINE.

J. E.

"On to the curtained shrine—ay, pass within
Into that trembling temple of the world;
And there stoop mid the storm. 'Twill visit you
In robes of darkness that will seem like night
Fallen on mid-day. 'Twill come on you in song
Gigantic, but melodious—chorused still,
Like a mad ocean heaved on iron shores
By tempests that stir earth's foundations.—Go stand
Up amid the roar—'Twill visit you if yet
A ray gleam through the twilight of your soul."

J. K.

To Niagara.

Now take, great Spirit, this my prayer on high,
Quick as the lightning through yon dark blue sky—
Go, tell my wants, my wishes and my love—
Go, waft my praises to the God above.

Niagara in winter surpasses description. The most lively imagination, in its dreams of fairy-land, could not picture a scene more enchantingly beautiful. Every tree, every shrub, every rock appears encased in an outer robe of glittering silver; and the refraction of the sun's rays through the icicles pendent from the trees, presents the most imposing view which it is possible to conceive. Descending by Starkey's Staircase, and passing under the *Sheet of Water*, you are surrounded by objects which baffle description. The inverted pillars of ice suspended from the projected precipice, the immense icicles which threaten to crush the beholder by their fall, the cataract darting over head with the rapidity of lightning, the sulphureous smell, and the boiling and writhing in the gulf below—all tend to make us fancy that we are in one of those enchanted mansions of which we have read in our childhood, and to which the imagination of our mature years has often returned with pleasing regret.

J. S.

Roll on, Niagara!—amid thy roar,
 There is a voice that whispers me;
 And breathes into my startled ear
 One lone, wild word—ETERNITY.

To the host of poetasters,* who write in these books, I would say in the words of some "Great Unknown":—
 "Chop wood, ye boobies, make the anvil ring,
 Dig mud, pick oakum—any thing but *sing*."

G. S.

*G. S is wise, and shows himself

One of that precious clan;

Turn round, G. S., and show thyself—

Let's see if you're a man.

I doubt it; then still, "Booby," be

Thy name enrapped in mystery.

ZIP COON.

Not in the forest vast, when winds awake,
 With giant energies and mighty power—
 Not on the boundless deep when storms arise,
 And tempests loudly roar, is nature seen
 In grandest garb arrayed—but where Niagara's
 Thundering voice is heard, and where her waves,
 In angry majesty are seen to pour ;
 Then doth she wear a garb that wins from man
 The incense of his wonder, awe and praise.

E. S. SMITH.

I have looked on thee, thou mighty Cataract, and think
 thou art the greatest *coffee-pot* in these here parts.

J. E. WHARTON.

I guess all natur' is going to wash out to day ; for how
 that 'ere big kettle *biles*.

JOHN DOWNING.

Yes, traveller, go under ;
 And amidst the wild thunder,
 The spray and the dashing,
 The stones and the crashing,
 Turn not on one side,
 But cling to the guide—
 He's safe though he's black.
 N. B. Pay *when you come back*.

ZANEY.

N. B. On the 27th of August, 1836, a large green pea
 went over the Falls, and made a great noise in falling.

I SAW IT.

ALBUM EXTRACTS.

B. D. Jones has this day done—
 What can't be said by every one—
 Has gone as far as man can go,
 As his certificate will show—
 And counsele all who value fame,
 Immediately to do the same.

In after years when memory comes,
 To cheer us in our happy homes,
 A *voice*, amid the social cheer,
 Shall speak of what we witness'd here.
 Those that we love are with us now,
 With happy heart and youthful brow.
 Heaven grant their lot in life may be
 An all unclouded destiny.
 When fancy brings us back this day,
 Perchance we'll think, where, where are they?
 No time, no chance nor change can sever
 The links that bind our hearts forever.

ROBERT.

Well now, I du calculate them Falls is a decded failure.
 They ort to run up stream.

JOEL.

"What a sight of water is here, Sammy," said the elder Mr. Weller, as, leaning against the rail, he looked hard at the rushing cataract. "I think it must soon run itself out of breath—must soon pull up, Sammy." "Why, yes, father," replied the junior, taking off his white tile, and stroking down his smooth hair, "it runs a'most as hard and as loud as mother-in-law's tongue." "True, Samivel," rejoined the elder, and, turning to Mr. Pickwick, continued, "you

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know, Sir, as how I married a viddy." That benevolent gentleman nodded his head acquiescingly, and after looking significantly round, said "Come, dinner's ready!"

Verses,

(WRITTEN AT THE TABLE ROCK DURING A THUNDER STORM.)

Niagara, Niagara, careering in its might,
The fierce and free Niagara shall be my theme to night.
A glorious theme, a glorious hour, Niagara, are mine—
Heaven's fire is on thy flashing wave, its thunder blends
with thine.

The clouds are bursting fearfully, the rocks beneath me
quiver,

But thou, unscathed, art hurrying on forever and forever.
Years touch thee not, Niagara—thou art a changeless
thing,

And still the same deep roundelay thy solemn waters sing.
There is a chainless spirit here, whose throne no eye may
reach,

Awakening thoughts in human hearts too deep for human
speech.

This is the shrine at which the soul is tutored to forget
Its earthly joys, its earthly hopes, its sorrow and regret;
For who that ever lingered here one little hour or twain,
Can *think* as he hath thought, or *be* what he hath been
again?

Where'er the wanderer's foot may roam, whate'er his lot
may be,

'Tis deeply written on his heart that he hath been with
thee.

GEORGE MENZIES.

Chippawa, August, 1834.

Nature is all changeless.—We are but shadows.

H. J. MICH, *New York.*

Changeless people are no use here; and if you are only shadows so much the worse for your baker and butcher—you can live on vapour. This is just the place for such as you.

E. L.

O! the wonderful Falls of Niagara—

Hop, skip and jump, and here we are plump,
At the wonderful Falls of Niagara.

X.

Of all stupid asses, I call you the trump.
In climbing Parnassus you fell on your rump,
And your brains of molasses fell out with a plump.

Y.

We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow.

W. M.

Well, why don't you stop a week at the hotel? The beds and grub are good.

A. B.

Yes, but devilish dear.

C. D.

Sacred Musings.

TABLE ROCK, NIAGARA FALLS:

By Rev. John Dowling, of Providence, R. I.

Niagara! thy mighty voice hath waked
The slumb'ring fancy; and the beams which from

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Thy crested bosom dart, kindle again
The smothered flame of wild poetic fire,
Which in the days of youthful ardor burn'd
Within my breast.

Yet hard the task

To sing thy wonders! Laboring fancy reels!
Thought staggers with amazement, and in vain
Essays to grasp thy vast sublimities!
Yet though the hand which feebly touch'd the lyre
To sing thy wonders, palsied is still,
Yet may I tell the sweet and holy thoughts
Which crowd upon my brain, as on the rocks
I stand, and gaze upon thy face. Thoughts, which
The love-tun'd harp of Zion woke, and even
Thy thunders cannot hush. I gaze upon
Thy waters as they leap, foaming with wrath,
From rock to rock, till vast and vehement,
The mighty torrent with resistless force
Tumbles into the gulf; and as I gaze,
I think upon the awful flood of wrath
Due to the sins of vile apostate man,
Which dash'd upon the meek and holy ONE,
And wrung the bitter cry—"My God, my God
O why dost thou forsake me?"

I behold

The beautiful bow which spans the roaring gulf,
And thoughts of melting tenderness come o'er my soul!
The bow, the heavenly bow of peace and love
Which spann'd mount Calvary when Jesus died!
The eye of faith turns from the scenes of earth,
And sees—O love divine!—the wondrous words,
Inscrib'd by Gods own hand upon that bow—
"PEACE, PEACE ON EARTH" since Christ the ransom, died.

I stand upon the rock! here am I safe;—
Thus may I ever stand on HIM, the ROCK
Of everlasting ages.

Thus secure from harm,

As on this solid rock, contemplate
That overwhelming Cataract of wrath,

ALBUM EXTRACTS.

Which on my Saviour pour'd, to rescue me.
 Thus may I gaze upon the bow of mercy,
 Read its bright lines, and wonder and adore;
 And as I gaze, in yon bless'd world, for ever,
 Thus sweetly may the fountains of my soul,
 Be broken up; and tears, luxurious tears,
 Of joy and gratitude for ever flow.

When God went forth in the work of creation, attended
 by a shining array of Cherubim and Seraphim, these
 "living ones" veiled their faces and said, "God of Glory,
 stay thy hand, or we die!" "One work more," said
 the Almighty, "and inanimate creation is complete."
 He spake, and the mountains started back, and Ocean heaved
 affrighted as Niagara sprang into birth.

C. A. H.

O! not to sing presumptuous praise,
 In studied words and measured lays,
 This scene survey—
 Omnipotence is imaged here,
 Let vainer homage disappear,
 And kneel and pray.

R. C.

Niagara's mighty waters, rushing by,
 That stun the sense, and yet delight the eye,
 Whose breakers dashing on the rugged rock,
 With thundering uproar and with deafening shock,
 Awaken feelings never known before,
 And fill the memory with an endless store
 Of fancies and of thoughts that ne'er can die,
 But treasured in the heart forever lie.

The white foam dancing and the clouds of spray
 That boil beneath me and around me play,
 The circling rainbows with their vivid dyes,
 Like fairy forms from out the waters rise,
 Deck'd with those tints, so pure and all so bright,
 They seem like rays of heaven's own hallowed light—
 All, all unveil, and place within my sight
 The great Creator in his matchless might.

T. S. Jun.

The most insignificant plant, the minutest insect, the
 smallest drop of water, when examined through the medium
 of a microscope, proves beyond a doubt, to any reasoning
 mind, the existence of an Almighty creating and sustaining
 Power—must then the circumstance of a large body of water
 rushing down an inclined plane, and over a precipice of
 150 feet in height, urged merely by the universal power of
 gravitation, be selected as the most striking demonstration
 of the greatness of the Almighty?

SNOOKS.

The most stupendous work of Nature! The mountains,
 oceans, lakes and cataracts are great specimens of the *mag-*
nificence of God's works; but here his *beneficence* is also
 indicated, by the perpetual rainbow. What mind is not
 enlarged, what soul not filled with ennobling emotions, by
 the contemplation of such wonders? Let man behold with
 awe and admiration, and learn—

HUMILITY.

Roll on, mysterious river, in thy might
 Awakening dreams of terrible delight,
 Or thrilling fear, and turning into nought
 All that hath e'er been sketched in human thought,

Of beauty and of grandeur—God hath thrown
 A glorious girdle round thee—God alone
 Can curb thy restless torrent—He who gave
 His voice of thunder to thy rushing wave,
 And built on foam the bright prismatic bow
 That sheds its glory on the gulf below—
 Yea, He whose path is in the secret deep,
 Shall lull thy troubled spirit into sleep,
 Still as a wearied babe's that on the breast
 Of yearning love is cradled into rest.

GEORGE MENZIES.

Chippawa, Nov. 9, 1834.

I dare not write my name where God hath set his seal

When I stand on this awful spot, I feel as if I had entered a living temple of the Eternal. In this mighty concentration of waters, which have ceaselessly rushed on and on, while thousands of generations of mankind have been passing away from the stage of time forever, I behold an impressive emblem of the unchanged and unchangeable glory of the great King of heaven and earth, the Author of time, the Father of eternity. If genius would seek inspiration, if piety aspires after elevation as well as holiness of sentiment, let them come and worship at the shrine of Niagara.

A. R. K.

You must go down under the mighty Fall; and when you return, if you are not naturally and permanently imbued with the spirit of poetry, don't attempt to versify. Namby-pamby on such a theme is utterly intolerable. Silence is, after all, the best *poem* on the Falls of Niagara.

I KNOW.

Roar away, mighty Fall
I am done—that is all.

Call for an ice-cream, a cake, or a *tater*,
And if you don't get one of them, just kick the waiter.
GOOD POET I.

I saw them fall, I saw them fall—
And that is all, and that is all.
SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Ye prosing poets, who dull rhymes indite,
Why in this place your leaden nonsense write?
Can scenes like these no nobler strain inspire
Than vulgar slang and wit whose jokes miss fire?

These Falls are nothing, after all, to the great cataract
with a name ten syllables long, which is about a pleasant
sleigh-ride from the capital of the Georgium Sidus. The
Major went clear up the Canada Fall, swam round Goat
Island, then down the American Fall, and finally crawled
up a rainbow to the Ferry House.

LONG BOW.

Ye who would feast your souls on heavenly food,
Go muse awhile on Niaga'ra's flood:
Turn ye to Him who pours its rushing wave,
And praise the Power who rules us but to save,
Whose might could crush the world he deigned to form,
Whose love redeemed *mankind*—who feeds the *worm*.

ALEUM EXTRACTS.

Niagara ! thy waters were not made
 A toy for puny mortals' idle gaze.
 Thine is a hymn eternal, and the tones
 Of thy mysterious voice ascend the skies,
 And pour the strains of Nature's melody
 Before the throne of Him who made the earth,
 And seas, and skies, and all that in them is.

On Table Rock we did embrace
 And then we stood both face to face.
 The moon was up, the wind was high—
 I looked at she, and she at I.

Tres fratres stolidi
 Took a boat for Niagri :
 Magnum frothum surgebat,
 Et boatum overturnebat,
 Et omnes drowniderunt,
 Qui swimmere non potuerunt.

W. H. HOWELL.

A scene so vast, so wildly grand
 May well a mortal's mind amaze :
 For even the swift-wing'd angel band,
 On mercy's errand, stop to gaze.

The time may come when steam boats up
 Niagara Falls will sail ;
 And then no *stage* will be required
 To carry up the mail.

ALBUM EXTRACTS.

20

The codfish may have pic-nics then,
Or take a little spree
Among the frogs at Chippawa,
And then get back to tea.

G. M.

Adieu Niagara! I'm off for New York,
To measure out sugar, molasses and pork.
Next year I'll return, if I *crib* enough cash,
And it won't be my fault if I don't cut a dash.
I put up at the "Cataract," but could not stop there—
The landlord and I were too much of a pair.

BRASS SPURS & BROWN COAT.

See yon troubled waters! how madly onward they
Rush to the precipice, and the voice of Him obey
The Great Invisible.
Now down the "vasty deep" the mighty floods are pouring
Into dissolving spray, while upward clouds are soaring
To the illimitable.
Man looks upon the scene with mingled hopes and fears,
Calls back to memory his long departed years,
And at the future trembles;
When lo! the drooping soul beholds the covenant of peace,
The *Rainbow*, token that the troubled waters cease.—
God ne'er dissembles.

U. C. KEELZ.

This is to certify that this company passed under the
sheet of water, conducted by the "darkness visible"* of
this establishment. They were *splendiferously* delighted,
and went home *tee-totaciously* satisfied.

*The officiating guide—a colored man.

Great is the mystery of Niagara's waters ;
But more mysterious still are some men's daughters.

I saw the foam come tumbling down,
And spoil my ribbons and my gown,
Nor heeded it—because I felt
That all around me here there dwelt
A *seven-horse power* of majesty ;
And, overcome, I cried " *Oh my !*"

EIZA ANN JUDD, NEW YORK.

I never experienced so much mist before. In fact I am
completely *mistified*. R.

The best remark is silence.—G.
Then, pray, why do you *break* it ?—H.
For the same reason that you do ;
Because 'tis hard to *speak* it.—Y.

On memory's page two things will never fade—
Niagara Falls and Starkey's *lemonade* !

What a confounded noise that 'ere *brook* outside makes !
W. W. B.

It is only some water running over some rocks—that's
all.

J. N. TOLMAN.

It beats all natur'. It is the wickedest sight I ever seen.
Why it's no more like Deacon Johnsing's Cider Mill than
nothin' to no-how.

JOEL.

Ceaseless, Niagara, shall thy thunder roll.
Till time shall cease to be, and like a scroll
Earth shall be gathered up, and then the soul
Will heed thee not; for God will claim the whole.

N. BROOKS, N. H.

Thou image of the Almighty One, as on thy wave I gaze,
It seems as God from off his brow the shroud of time doth
raise,
And in thy might I see the hand that cleft thy headlong
way,
And the veil of the eternal throne in thy column'd clouds
of spray—
The diadem of mercy in thy many-colored bow,
And the terrors of His anger in the gulf that boils below—
In thy thunder hear His voice—O! then, how dare I speak
of thee;
When thus, the Godhead speaketh, vain man must silent
be.

C. H. COPE, *England.*

The autograph of the Deity written in *running hand* on
the wall of creation, to tell man how lightly he weighs in
the balance.

Too GOOD TO BE LOST.—Nov. 17, 1834. Visited the
Falls with Miss ——— of Philadelphia, and her little sis-

ter, Fanny, aged nine. When opposite Tonawanda, part of the carriage harness became disarranged, and the driver stopped to "fix" it, when just opposite a little cascade, formed by yesterday's rain. Little Fanny, who knew we were going to Niagara, supposing by the stopping of the carriage that we had arrived at our destination, looked at it for some time very earnestly through the carriage window, and then exclaimed: "Well, I do think it is very grand; but it is not quite so large as I expected."

W. P. D.

I stood upon Niagara's dizzy heights,
 And gazed upon the fearful depths beneath;
 I listened to the awful melody,
 For ever echoing to the praise of God;
 Fearfully behind the flowing drapery,
 Entranced, I stood, and heard terrific sounds.
 A slippery path; a yawning gulf below,
 And the huge precipices quivering,
 Bade me beware.—O God! I know thou art;
 For here thy presence overwhelms my soul.

Oh! how I wish I were a poet,
 And had a *conch shell*—how I'd blow it!

PRODIGIOUS.

Religion.

From hallowed shrines let holy incense rise,
 In wreathing volumes to the azure skies,
 To speak the grateful homage of the soul,
 When man would own his Maker's high control.

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ed."

W. P. D.

But spices spread upon the marble mound,
Or perfumes scattered on the humble ground,
Or prostrate head, or bended knees alone,
Find no acceptance at the heavenly throne.

So costly churches and the glittering dome,
May prove that wealth hath found religion's home,
But Nature's wonders must inspire the heart,
That worships God by love and not by art.

Vain are the hymns which feeble choirs may raise,
Compared with Nature's all-pervading praise ;
So like the praise of Niaga'ra's roar,
Our praise should rise from this for evermore.

For 'tis the heart devoted and sincere,
Bowing in grateful love and holy fear—
The up-turned eye with an imploring gaze,
The heart-felt prayer, the joyous song of praise—

'Tis the firm faith, the conduct free from guile,
The mind exempt from thoughts that may defile,
The strict obedience to our Maker's laws—
That prove the votary of religion's cause.

A. R. P.

PRODIGIOUS.

'Tis well—on sunny dreams of youth,
And glowing hopes that oft would steal
On manhood's hour, the hand of truth
Has stamped its impress, set its seal;
And all that I have felt and feel
Rush on my soul in currents deep—
I see the thundering billows reel,
Niagara, down thy rocky steep—
Callous the heart that fails to see
The finger of the *Deity!*

C

The grand, the terrible are thine—
 In majesty thou rollest on ;
 Unceasingly thy rainbows shine,
 And will till time has ceased to run.
 Emerging from the forest dun,
 The savage stands in breathless fear ;
 And awful glories, one by one,
 Arrest the white man's eye and ear.
 An emblem meek thou art to me
 Of limitless eternity !

J. Bp, N. Y.

"The living know that they must die."

NIAGARA FALLS.

Tidle-tum and tidle-tie..

VOT OF IT ?!

I looked upon the water, and I smiled:
 To see how furiously the *creetur biled* :
 And then I *thought* I wiped a tear away,
 But folks that saw it said it looked like *spray*.

ANNE TODD.

If it were not such a squally day,
 I guess that I would write,
 Some simple lines, and say my say
 On this stupendous sight.

W. H. A.

O, what a pity that there should
 Be such a naughty squall;
 That pretty missy cannot write
 Her poem on the "*fall*."

Q IN A CORNER..

They're all my fancy painted them;
 They're dreadful, not divine;
 For they're falling in the devil's mouth—
 I'm thankful, not in mine.

R. KAY.

Roar on Niagara! thou mighty wonder!
 Till thy stentorian voice is cracked—
 Yea rend thy very lungs asunder,
 In rolling out thy matchless thunder.

Old Cataract!

"*Nil admirari*" sure had been suppress'd,
 Had not that rhymester (?) Horace lack'd,
 The privilege with which we're bless'd,
 To gaze upon thee, grand, majestic.

Ice Cataract:

Well mayest thou haughtily defy
 Vain man to stop thee, or detract
 Aught from thy glorious majesty,
 Or dim thy fame, most magnificent.

Cent Cataract.

Much farther has thy name been pub-
 Lished than the story of Ilium sack'd—
 No fame of any human rub-
 Bish can compare with thine thou sub-

Lime Cataract.

For ever shall thy waters flow,
 And rush and fall by time intact,
 And boil, and howl and hiss below,
 Then haste away, most omnipo'.

Tent Cataract:

Yet dangerous as thou dost appear,
 Goldsmith records this wondrous *fact*,
 "Some Indians once, in safety steer-
 Ed down, in their canoes, thee fear-

Ful Cataract."

J. G. S.

Highgate, Vt.

How poor! how very poor is praise from man!
 Poor to Him praised, is all created praise.
 When I behold this scene, and think that all
 Is of less value than a single soul—
 O were the whole vast universe a wreck—
 That awful wreck inanimate, were less
 Than one lost imago of the Architect!

Nature's loudest voice speaking to the soul through the
 medium of those ever rushing waters—the holy place of
 the earth! The vapour an ever ascending incense to the
 throne of God!

H. A.

'Tis *did*—my braggin' days *is* o'er,
 I'll brag of old SALT* now no more.
 The look of pride what once I wore
 Is gone, alas! my heart *are* tore,
 The proud, firm footstep, mine of yore
Are now too gone, my eyes *is* sore,
 And little scaldin' tears *does* pour,
 When I *does* think that old SALT's roar
 Was made "considerable" lower,
 Even at this very door.

CAPTAIN RALPH SLACKPOLE,
 Of Salt River.

*Salt River.

All hail, Niagara! by thine awful noise,
Great fear is caused in minds of *little* boys;
 And as thou rollest with thy mighty rumble,
 All must acknowledge that thou mak'st a *tumble*.
 "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;"
 And in that way thou certainly art *clever*.

As on the stony beach I strayed,
 Where frowning rocks prevailed,
 O! thus my own, my dearest maid,
 My hard, hard fate bewailed:—
 "O! Harry dear, you'll break your neck—
 Upon my soul, you will;
 And if you do, you precious fool,
 I'll lick you,—so I will!"

What lots of cotton factories and grist mills this *little* hydraulic power might drive; but these Canucks can't go ahead nohow.

UNCLE SAM.

Why are the Falls of Niagara in sunshine like a coquette? Because they have more bows (*beaux*) than one.

Why is a whale like a brick-bat? Because he can't climb a tree.

What makes Nature's works wonderful to man is man's ignorance of them.

Nature never created any thing—that power belongs to God alone.

T. A. H.

If you wish to immortalize yourself, don't write in any of these books—jump over the Falls. Never mind the weather, if the wind don't blow.

Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah
Is that of seeing Niaga'ra.

In foam these Falls resemble *ginger pop*—
In force a comet; for they never stop.

SOLOMON SWOP.

O! if I were a *little fish*, and had a little fin
To keep my little self afloat, I swear I would jump in;
And having seen the mighty Falls, and heard their mighty
 roar,
Myself would be a *mighty fish*, henceforth, for ever more.

G. M.

Chippawa.

O! if I were a little bird, and had a little wing,
I'd perch upon the highest rock, and sweetly would I sing;
Thence would I wing my hasty flight, and scud across the
 foam,
And having seen the wondrous sight, I straightway would
 go home.

K. C.

Somebody, apparently under the impression that the above verses were written by the same person, inserted below them the following jeu d'esprit :—

If that you were a little *fish*,
You say you'd take a swim below;
And if you were a little *bird*,
To sing upon a tree you'd go.

There's nothing but a little *beast*,
 For which you after this can pass;
 You had been thought a *man*; but by
 These lines you've proved yourself an *ass*.

J. S. B.

On *Table Rock* I stood, and viewed the wonders o'er,
 Looked on the vast and foaming flood, and wished to look
 no more.

N. N.

O! rather say, amazed, let me stand
 Submissive—a poor sinful child of Him,
 At whose omnipotent and dread command
 Came forth the waters—and the cherubim.
 Pray him that o'er thy soul he may not bring
 The bitter waters that destructive prove;
 But ask in faith of Him, thy Sovereign King—
 To drink the living waters of his love.

MARY KEELE.

I came to see Niagara too late. Five years ago, I was a
 creature of enthusiasm, poetry and devotion. Now I am
 feelingless, heartless, soul-less. The once gushing founts of
 youthful emotion have been broken up by the withering
 blast of adversity. The flowers of my life are blighted;
 and all is dull—all tame. I laugh at Niagara, and what
 care I for thunder? Great God! how I should have en-
 joyed this sight once!

BIT.

Bit with affectation—that is all. Any man so blighted
 in prospect and broken in spirit would not think of remem-
 bering the enjoyment which he would have had here, or

any where else. One who *is* what this scribbler *affects* to be thinks not of his past capacity of enjoyment, but of his present sense of misery.

ONE WHO KNOWS NOW.

Go to prayer to heal your sorrow,
And it will not be to-morrow.

ONE WHO HAS KNOWN.

Boast not thyself, Niagara,
That thy deep song shall ne'er be o'er—
The archangel's voice shall yet proclaim
That thou and time shall be no more.

Boast not thyself, though God hath set
His seal of glory on thee now ;
For he shall veil thy glory yet,
And take the rainbow from thy brow.

Though thou may'st sing a requiem o'er
The grave of millions yet unborn ;
Thy sun of glory too shall set—
The universe for thee shall mourn.

T. S. L.

Light dawned upon the waters ; and the Creator called rock and mountain and vale out of the immensity of ocean, and stamped upon all the impress of grandeur or of loveliness. Then he looked abroad over the many beautiful things he had called into being, and said, "Yet will I fashion one more wonder of nature, more instructive to the soul of man than all others—one that shall be an enduring monument of my greatness, and that shall speak in a voice of thunder until the end of time, proclaiming to mortals the immensity of my power." This was Niagara.

E. E. SMITH.

I have just returned from under the great sheet of water; and here record it as my deliberate opinion—and opinion is every thing—that there is not a finer *shower bath* in the world; and what is more, a man must hold his head down whether he will or no; of course it is a good school for “stiff-necked” people.

W. C. B.

Lost in amazement—that is, in plain English—*drunk with brandy and water.*

BACCHUS.

Grand spectacle this Fall is!

R.

Grand *pair of spectacles* these Falls are!

S.

The voice of the Almighty is heard rebuking the vain and frivolous ribaldry so often uttered here. Bow thyself, O son of man, before him whose wisdom ordained, and whose providence sustains the wonders which surround thee. Yea, bow thyself to the dust, and whilst thou admirest the creature, adore the Creator.

ELIZA.

Could I feel secure that my life would endure,
Right over the Falls I would go.

L.

Of this I feel sure, that the journey would cure
Any pain you might have in your *toe.*

O.

Went 500 miles to see Niagara, dined heartily within hearing, and then played a game at bowls before looking at the Falls! So much for enthusiasm, poetry, sublimity, and all that sort of thing. Went to the Table Rock, said it would do, and meditated on the sublime genius and melancholy fate of Sam Patch!

Q.

I love to roam o'er the swelling foam
Of the dark blue ocean's waves;
When the bursting storm in its wildest form,
With the fierce wind madly raves,
When the writhing shark, by his form so dark,
Is seen mid the rushing spray,
So I like the sleet of the water sheet
Of the grand *Niagaray!*

JOHN B. SCHUNK.

It is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

J. T.

The Falls the one and the other you.

W. J.

With regard to yourself (W. J.) there can be no step, as you have nothing that is not ridiculous in your composition.

ANNOTATOR.

O, but you have something very sublime in yours, so you may go up to the head.

DOMINIE.

This is a great *fishing* place; but there are more *Sharks* than mackarel.

J. B. S.

And more *gudgeons* than either.

G. M.

Niagara, we see thee—God we cannot see. Which shall we worship ?

PASHAW.

Any man so unutterably ignorant is not likely to be much at a loss on that point, as he cannot understand what is meant by *worship* at all. The very fact of the falls being visible, sufficiently shows that they are not an object of rational worship. One of the reasons for worshipping God is his being invisible.

X.

Loud roars the water, O,
Loud roars the water, O ;
When I come to the Falls again,
I hope they will not *spatter* so.

S. B.

How lonely and desolate would the life of man be without

WOMAN.

What has *woman* to do with the Falls ?

QUIP.

If woman has not to do with the Falls, I should like to know who has—she made the first *fall* herself.

CRANK.

O what a *fall* was there, my countrymen !—*Shakspeare*.
CLINK.

Who that has heard this thundering roar
Can be elsewhere a *thundering bore* ?

M. C.

Frivolity and lightness appear to me altogether out of place—totally uncongenial to this scene of awful grandeur. While the voice of the great Creator of the universe is proclaiming his matchless power, while Niagara is giving testimony to omnipotence, let us be silent and adore. God is love ; but he is also a God of justice, to be held in reverence by all his creatures. Let us not, then, provoke the anger and just punishment of Him at whose bidding these mighty waters flow—at whose command they will cease their roaring, and at whose will *we* also move and live.—Man—weak, finite man, may laugh and trifle ; but the day of retribution will surely come. Let it not be said that we have seen NIAGARA in vain.

Philadelphia, 7th Mo. 31, 1838.

Here, when thy feet all other climes have trod,
See nature's glory show the power of God ;
And if thy soul, ascending with the spray,
In rainbow light seeks God's eternal day,
Turn homeward—prayer-ward all thy thoughts and looks,
Nor lose the charm by drivelling through these books.

LONG ISLAND.

Niagara, July 15, 1838.

Once on a time, with nought to do at home,
My wife and I determined we would roam ;
But to agree upon the route
Admitted much domestic doubt.
If I said East, she said 'twas best,
She thought, to travel to the West ;
So after many arguments and brawls
She brought me, *nolens volens*, to the FALLS.
"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still ;"
As Butler says—though 'tis the wit
More than the sense that I admit.

For I came here to end the strife
 Between myself and my good wife.
 Well after staying here a week,
 I took a rather curious freak ;
 For after having often been
 At every celebrated scene,
 I thought I'd study the effect they made
 On men of different country—different trade.
 The first, he was an Irishman ;
 The second was a Scot ;
 The third was an American ;
 The fourth I know not what ;
 The fifth was a Canadian—
 Their names I will not tell ;
 But their remarks upon the Falls
 I still remember well :
 "O Banagher, you're surely *bate*,
 For on my soul they're mighty *nate*."—(Pat.)
 "I'm no that sorry I cam' here,
 But by my sooth that *public's* dear ;
 So when I've written doon my name,
 I'll tak' my boondle an' gang hame."—(Sawney.)
 "Them Falls I've seen from every quarter,
 And judge them but a waste of water."—(Jonathan.)
 "Ce'st grande, superbe, ma foi,
 Magnifique—O, by Gar! ver pretty!"—(Jean Baptiste.)

O God ! David has said of thee, "*Qui respicit in terram,
 et facit eam tremere, qui tangit montes et fumigant.*" Here
 thy mighty power shakes the rocks themselves, and the ve-
 ry depths of the waters smoke.—O, THOU art mighty ev-
 ery where, but terribly so at Niagara.

!!

ALBUM EXTRACTS.

At morn the rising God of day
 Unveils this temple to our eyes—
 Incense ascending to the skies
 Bids man his grateful homage pay
 To God, at whose supreme command
 The waters war, and dash, and leap,
 And, thundering down this awful steep,
 Whirl furiously along the strand
 Below—before three altars now,
 We bend the knee—three mighty Falls—
 Faint type of Him who on us calls
 Before the *Three* in *One* to bow!

P:

Roll on Niagara,—for ever roll—
 You look so *GRAND*, and yet so *droll*!

EMPHATIC.

I can compare these Falls to nothing in *this* world ; there-
 fore as I have never seen the world *to come*, and have no
 language to express my feelings, I leave the subject in the
 hands of *ETERNITY*.

ROBERT WALLACE, *Kentucky*.

Fall on; fall on, ye mighty FALLS—
 I'm going now to make my calls.
 When I come back I hope I will
 Just find you falling, falling still.

S:

But lest you lose the chance, my friend,
 You'd better stay and see the end ;
 Lake Erie's "packing up her awls"—
 Perhaps she may *discharge* the Falls.

M:

The Falls make a noise—O! nothing is louder,
 And their spray sparkles so—like a good *soda powder*!
 SQUIRE JONES.

Reminds me of Daddy's *mill pond*, when the gates are
 hoisted.

JONAS.

Went under the *sheet*. Good gracious how we looked
 at it.

L AND AUNT MART.

Are those who try to express their feelings the most awed
 by the sublimity of this scene?

Don't know. Much may be said on both sides of the
sheet.

To the Atheist.

Almighty God!
 The waters sing to Thee in awful praise;
 Their mighty voice, in bursting thunder, says,
 "Believe in God."

ALBUM EXTRACTS.

Eternal God!

*The sun was dark—earth paled at its eclipse
A still awe said, as if from Angel's lips,
"Believe in God!

"Believe in God!"

Myriads of worlds in their eternal speed
Hymn to their spheres the soul-exalting creed—
"Believe in God."

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan this work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

JOHN SMYTH, *Land Agent,*
L. L. D. and P. L.

Poetic Smyth, the Muse's favoured child,
Thou prince of rail-roads, seller of lands wild!
Idol of women—handsomest of men—
'Tis nature speaks by *thy* poetic pen.
Canadians, round his brows the laurels twine,
And wreath a chaplet worthy of his shrine.
A few short years, when Smyth will be no more—
His fame will reach the Transatlantic shore.†

MARY.

*The writer of the above says the scene at the Falls reminded him of a total eclipse of the sun which he had seen in Georgia. Though the links of the chain of association are certainly not very perceptible, the Editor of this compilation, having no sympathy with the ribald jester who attempts to turn his seriousness into ridicule, has purposely left the witticism on his senses which is played off in the Album, under a "total eclipse."

†The latter part of Mary's prophecy has been already fulfilled, as may be seen by consulting Capt. Maryatt's book on America.

Of all the roaring, pouring,
 Spraying streams that dash,
 Niagara is number one—
All to immortal smash!

JEFFERSON BAGG.

If Lover's leaps were now the fashion
 As they were in days of yore,
 Oh what a place to drown the passion
 In Niagara's foaming roar.

W. A. STEPHENS.

Origin of the Falls.

Once upon a time (the date of which is not recorded) the three rival Deities, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune, were each desirous of evincing their superior power in the work of creation; when Jupiter built Olympus to frighten the world with his thunder! Pluto set fire to Mount Etna! and Neptune with a dash of his Trident made the CATARACT OF NIAGARA!!

W. A. STEPHENS, *Esquising, U. C.*

July, 1836.

These are thy works, O God! Let man approach
 With cautious reverence, and behold, and wonder,
 And with profoundest awe adore and worship Thee.
 Ten thousand thunders in the rolling flood
 Send forth their peal in deep-toned harmony,
 Sounding their anthem of eternal praise
 To thee, thou great First Cause. Man hears thy voice
 From out the deep abyss,—and overwhelmed
 With sense of thy dread presence manifest,
 Amazed and struck with speechless awe, he shrinks
 Appalled away.

M. F. D., *New York.*

Rush on and on, Niagara, rush,
Till the Archangel's trump shall knell the world;
And join to chant earth's funeral dirge
With thy last dash, when the last earthquake
Shakes the pillar'd globe.

M. C.

See Niagara's torrent pour over the height,
How rapid the stream! how majestic the flood
Rolls on, and descends in the strength of his might,
As a monstrous great frog leaps into the mud!

Then, see, o'er the waters in beauty divine,
The rainbow arising, to gild the profound—
The Iris, in which all the colors combined,
Like the yellow and red in a calico "gound"!

How splendid that rainbow! how grand is the glare
Of the sun through the mist, as it fervently glows,
When the spray with its moisture besprinkles the air,
As an old washerwoman besprinkles her clothes!

Then see, at the depth of the awful abyss,
The whirlpool careering with limitless power,
Where the waters revolve perpetually round,
As a cooper revolves round a barrel of flour!

The roar of the waters! sublime is the sound—
Which forever is heard from the cataract's steep!
How grand! how majestic! how vast! how profound!
Like the snore of a pig when he's buried in sleep!

The strong mountain-oak and the tall towering pine,
When plunged o'er the steep with a crack and a roar,
Are dashed into atoms—to fragments as fine
As a pipe when 'tis thrown on a hard marble floor!

And O! should some mortal—how dreadful the doom!—
 Descend to the spot where the whirlpool carouses,
 Alas! he would find there a watery tomb,
Or, at least, he'd be likely to fracture his "trousers!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

M. C.

Niagara's tide is pouring,
 Swift down the rocky steep;
 Loud as the thunder roaring,
 The bounding waters leap.

A sheet of foam descending,
 In boiling surf below—
 The white spray high ascending
 Pure as the driven snow.

Rare beauty there is glowing,
 When glittering sun-beams play,
 The rainbow tints bestowing
 Upon the rising spray.

Niagara, it has been sung,
 Can speak so loud without a tongue,
 You hear its voice a mile hence;
 But I a greater wonder know—
 A pretty woman, who although
 She has a tongue, *keeps silence!*

E. J. H.

Not in the mighty thunder,
 Not in the whirlpool's sound,
 Not in the cataract's foaming fall,
 Will God be always found:

But in the still small voice
That speaks to man for aye,
In silence and in solitude,
And in the rainbow's ray.

And here where Niaga'ra roars
This beauteous bow is placed—
Here may the finger of our God,
In loveliness be traced.

Liz.

“In the year 1836 the names of 30,000 persons were registered on the two shores at the Falls of Niagara.”

All came to see whate'er was to be seen ;
All saw, because they had their eyes, I ween ;
Some pondered, some wondered ; all went away ;
Whether they went wiser—can't pretend to say.

JOE THORNBURY, *England.*

“This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given ;”
But all who visit here must know,
Niagara is of heaven.

J. R. H.

We read that in heaven there is no material sun and no material moon ; but J. R. H. seems to intimate that there is a material *water-fall!* Verily, the “wisdom of the world” is now confounding the “things that are mighty.”

'Tis first a little disappointment,
And next a little wonder ;
Then plenty of aquatic ointment,
And awful lots of thunder!

Oh!!!

As we see it now, can we describe our feelings? What then must have been the emotions with which the wild uncivilized Indian viewed it as his own? In unbroken solitude, with nought to be heard save the deep roaring of the resistless torrent, it must have been to him a place of prayer, at which to pour out his untutored homage to the Great Manitou. It looks like mockery to see the houses, and the green parasols of fashionable ladies, among these primeval rocks. Yet even these do not entirely break the enchantment, nor dissipate the consciousness that here you are nearer to God than in the crowded city.

Liz.

persons were
Niagara."

;
veen;
nt away;
d to say.
y, England.

Stupendous river—mighty cataract!
You excite my wonder—that's a fact.
I love the music of thy roaring
In awful torrents ever pouring.

CRACK BARD.

Both truth and poetry—"that's a fact"—
'Tis truth indeed that you are crack'd;
That you're a Bard is poetry,
Or, in plain prose, an arrant lie.

NO BARD.

This spot was not created; it was left by the Creator
when he called other things to order, to show man of what
rude materials he formed our fair world.

D. R.

"The hell of waters."—Byron.
Roar, rage and foam, Niagara,
We mark thy waters hurled
From off their giddy summit—
Thou wonder of the world.

OH!!!

Let sceptics doubt a Deity,
 But in their proud career,
 They'll own that more than mortal hand
 Hath left its signet here.

J. E. N.

I will not woo the heavenly nine to sing thy matchless glory, O Niagara! For should they strike the harp, and tune the lyre to notes of sweetest music, they could not weave a song of numbers true as those which thou hast sung ever since darkness was dispolled from off the face of the waters.—One ceaseless hymn to nature's God, since earth first owned his power, hast thou been singing—not in language such as mortals frame, but in a voice that speaks louder than thunder from the angry sky, telling to all that nature *has a God*—to whom in presence of this his grandest work, in humble reverence I submissively bow.

J. M. SMITH, *Jun.*

Land of my birth! land of the "stripes and stars!"
 Studious of peace, victorious in thy wars!
 How has my bosom swelled with patriot pride,
 To think no rival could thy fame divide.
 Oft as I've climbed thy summit's loftiest mounts,
 And traced thy mightiest rivers to their founts,
 Or braved the fury of thy inland waves,
 Or sought the depths of thy capacious caves—
 How has my heart exclaimed, "Land of the free,
 What matchless wonders centre all in thee!"
 With thoughts like these I sought these Western shores,
 Where Niagara's stream its current pours.
 I passed the rapids to the Isle of Goats,*
 (But saw no creatures save the cows and *shoats*;†)

*Goat Island.

†Pigs of a certain age.

Toiled up the turret, walked beneath the cliff,
 And crossed the foaming waters in a skiff,
 Rode up the bank, and stood on *Table Rock*,
 Felt the earth's tremor at the wondrous shock !
 But *here* for thee I felt a thrill of shame—
 No conscious triumph warined my drizz'ed frame.
 My pride was humbled, and my boast was small ;
 For *England's King has got the fiercest Fall?*
United States, June 1, 1836.

A. U. Z.

Now, if I try to write, I guess
 You'll find it but an awkward mess.
 When I *do* write there is none such ;
 Therefore, I never do write much.
 All creation's sons and daughters,
 When they come to view these waters,
 Think they must scribble poetry—
 And, if I can, why should not I ?
 But tea is ready now, they say,
 And I must put it off to-day ;
 And if I can't write well to-morrow,
 I'll do as others do—I'll borrow.

L. B.

My wife and I went round the Falls ;
 My wife and I came back again ;
 My wife and I went up the hill ;
 And only think—we felt no pain !

The Falls are all I fancied them,
 But O! They are not mine;
 And if they were I'd wish them then,
 Not what they are—but wine.

J. E. N.

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 bow.
 MITH, Jun.

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st)

Sit by this roaring surge,
 Thou whom scorn wasteth ;
 And let thy musing be
 Where the Flood hasteth.
 Mark, on its troubled breast,
 Rolls the white billow's crest :
 So deem his thought's unrest,
 Who of love tasteth.

Smile thou, O greatly wise ;
 And if fate sever
 Bonds which thy heart doth prize,
 So was it ever.

Deep as the rolling seas,
 Soft as the twilight breeze ;
 But of more truth than these,
 Boast could love never.

A. H.

Here may each traveller behold
 The names of friends belov'd of old.
 Whate'er the clime from which he came,
 Still will he find some well-known name,
 To call to mind departed hours,
 When friendship strewed his way with flowers,
 Or youthful love, with sun-lit eye,
 Look'd down to bless him with a sigh;
 And fancy, fired, will plume her wings,
 For eagle flight to fairy spheres,
 While memory pleased—enraptured, clings
 To each loved name, with smiles and tears.

D. C. M.

The effect produced upon the mind by gazing on this mighty avalanche of waters is the reverse of those exhilarating emotions which we experience in studying the quiet beauties of a sparkling cascade, which charms the ear and

soothes the heart with its light tones of music. Our feelings partake of grandeur and sublimity, as we behold these maddened waters take their tremendous plunge into the abyss below. Let proud man look on in silence, and feel his own nothingness. Old Ocean herself might stand rebuked in the presence of this untamed giant of Eternity.

HARRISON T. BEARDSLEY.

There's grandeur in the lightning stroke,
That rives the mountain ash;
There's grandeur in the giant oak,
And rainbow-beauty in the smoke,
Where crystal waters dash.

A. H.

ALETHES.

Away, ye blockheads, to a grammar school,
And learn to write, spell, scan and parse by rule;
Scratch then your heads, and scratch your doggerel verse—
It may perhaps be better—can't be worse.

You'd better *close* your eyes—not *eye* your clothes.

If I were annoyed with a termagant wife,
Whose tongue was the bane of my every-day life,
To try to get rid of her pestilent clatter,
I'd live on the brink of this great fall of water.

SOCRATES.

ing on this
those exhilarating
the quiet
the ear and

I came a long, long way to see
 This mighty sheet of water;
 And wished that I could only be
 At home with wife and daughter.

THOS. P. HUNT, M. D., North Carolina.

Well now, I swow, if Niagara aint a leetle bit the darnd-
 est place that ever I seen. Perhaps, stranger, you've nev-
 er been to old Kentuck. If you haint, just allow me to
 tell you in the most delicate way in the world, that that
 ere place beats all natur for steam boats and alligators ;
 but I'll be te-total'd if it wouldn't be rather a skittish affair
 to go down this here water in a "broad horn."

E. S. B.

I can only say that the sublimity of the scenery around
 Niagara Falls, with that of the *Fall* itself, exceeds my most
 sanguine expectations. The lofty precipice over which
 the waters of Erie tumble into Lake Ontario, might con-
 vince any *philosophical* mind that this is an excellent place
 for *Carding Machinery*.

ZINZENDORF.

Thank you most to death, sir; I've got my money's worth
 of *cold water*. I rather guess it would take a "*considerable*"
 long winded chap to stand twenty-four hours on *TERMINA-
 TION ROCK*. S.

Roll on Niagara, thou mighty cataract,
 Magnificent *memento* of the power of God !
 Thy changeless song of praise commenced with time,
 And will continue to eternity.

On this—the morning that commemorates
The resurrection of the Son of God—
The hour when christians meet to worship Him—
I hail thee with astonishment and awe.

FRANCIS DUNCAN.

I stood on the cliff, and astonished, gazed round,
Saw the waters rush o'er, and heard them rebound ;
And I thought if my love should slip and fall so,
She might tumble alone, for I would'nt go.

July 30, 1837.

G.

I stare with wonder, and alas !
How bad a body feels,
To think how difficu't this pass
For emigrating eels !

My thoughts are strange, sublime and deep
As I look up to thee—
What a glorious place for *washing sheep*
Niagara would be !

Beauty and sublimity—twin sisters, rocked on the bos-
om of terror ?

Tell them I AM, Jehovah said ;
Niagara's waters heard with dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
The Cataract, in thundering sound,
Replied—" O Lord, Thou Art !"

Jos. H. PATTEN.

New York.

Carolina.

bit the darnd-
you've nev-
allow me to
ld, that that
d alligators ;
skittish affair

E. S. B.

every around
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cellent place

ZENDORF.

ney's worth
nsiderable"
TERMINA-
S.

with time,

ON THE DEATH OF A MAN WHO FELL OVER THE FALLS.

What can more awful be, perhaps you say,
 Than to meet death in such a sudden way?
What can more awful be? Have you not heard?
 I'll tell you then—to meet it unprepared.

J. HALL.

Weymouth, England.

Look up to where the mist arises,
 And see where God himself baptizes!

LYDIA.

Let no one think 'tis waste of time
 To view this waste of waters—
 The scene is all alike sublime
 To Poets and "Bogtrotters."

A. B.

All ye perturbed souls that go,
 With restless footsteps to and fro,
 Running here and scudding there,
 Backward, forward, every where—
 Ye who haste, in double time,
 From every region, every clime,
 Hold one moment, pray ye, stay,
 And hearken what I've got to say:—

Restless spirits, tranquil sleep,
 Invade not ye my sacred keep;
 Come not to Niagara Fall,
 To scribble nonsense, scratch and scrawl.
 Go, your footsteps trespass, rude,
 On my awful solitude—
 Go, ye little reptiles vain,
 Go, and get ye home again.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS.

"I am thankful that I have been permitted to view from this spot the place where it has been truly and beautifully said, "the Almighty notches his centuries in the eternal rocks."

W. F. D. HOY.

A name! a bubble!—Whence came it? Whither gone? Like the rush of water which hurrieth to the precipice's edge—'tis for ever gone—forgotten! Thus it is with man—a worm, an atom of life's nothingness.

If you should deem sublimity in water,
Just take a view from *here*—and spend a *quarter*.
BAR TENDER.

Built by the golden sun, by day,
And by the silvery moon, at night,
Is seen amid the torrent's spray,
An everlasting rainbow's light,
Serene above the cataract's rage
Cheering the storm it can't assuage.

Why are the Falls like a woman?—Because they are
always making a noise.

SILENT MAN.

What would have been the effect upon the eloquence of Demosthenes, had he climbed the rugged steep of Niagara, gathered pebbles from its torrent-washed shores, and tried to raise his voice above the roar of the cataract?

ZENO.

THE FALLS.

t heard?

J. HALL.

LYDIA.

A. B.

WATERS.

In all likelihood he would have torn his pantaloons, and taken a devilish cold.

VELL, VOT OF IT ?

Ages on ages Niagara has been pouring
Its deep green waters o'er the ledge's brink ;
Ages on ages more it may keep roaring—
A *measureless* and mighty mass of *drink* !

Beautiful, sublime and glorious,
Wild, majestic, foaming, free—
Over time itself victorious—
Image of eternity.

J. F. C.

Lo ! dey come—de peoples much
De French, de Anglais, Yankee, Dutch—
Lo ! dey come, and here dey view
De world of vaters,—not a few.
De peoples come, and den dey tell
De verse dey know not how to spell ;
And what is very much absurd,
Dey ignorant of Anglais word.
Ma foi, indeed, I tink my verse
De best—I'm sure 'tis not de worse.

FRANCOIS

••• Free! ay, as air,
Or as the stream that leaps the cataract,
And in eternal thunder shouts to heaven
That it is free, and will be free for ever !"

• Not free from rheumatism though.

Quiz.

The morn was fair, the skies were clear, as we stood upon the Rock—four *distinguished* gentlemen from Texas; and nothing was to be seen in the blue vault of heaven, save one little fleeting cloud that floated over the azure space, and looked like some wandering angel's *bed quilt hung out to dry*.

Probably angels' "bed quilts" are peculiar to the region of Texas. We in Canada have no conception of such things.

Why should you, when there are no "angels" in it?

Are angels peculiar to Texas?

"Guess" not— they would not stay long.

Well, but they might stop one night by the way, and would therefore want a "bed quilt"—the *SHEET* is always ready here when they come.

No it is n't either, because it is never *dry*.

If they want *dry* sheets they had better bring them in their trunks.

Angels are not elephants, you goose; they don't carry *trunks*.

Elephants don't carry *sheets* in their trunks either.

No, nor do you carry brains in your head.

Nor *you* any where else.

Discovery of Termination Rock.

A young salmon, one day,
To its mother did say,

"I should very much like a nice leap through the spray."

The old lady said, "Why,

If you like, you may try;

But I guess that the jump will be found rather high."

Then she just took a peep,
 But thought it too deep :
 "No, no," said mamma, "*catch a weasel asleep—*
 Mind, child, if you go
 To the regions below,
 What will become of you then I don't know."
 But the young fish, so wise,
 Did its mother despise ;
 And being adventurous straightforward tries.
 Soon it fell from the edge,
 And got dashed on a ledge,
 Whence an Indian to bring it back soon gave a pledge.
 The Indian so brave
 His pledged honour to save,
 Found a path by the rock out of reach of the wave ;
 Through spray and through squall,
 He returned—fish and all ;
 And he was the first that went under the Fall.
 Mr. Forsyth then came,
 And went under the same,
 And thus to posterity handing his name.
 What after befell,
 The guides best can tell—
 I went, with my wife ; and we both *liked it well !*

H. SILVESTER,
Vicarage, Buckingham, England.

October 24, 1839.

Niagara—can words express
 Thy wondrous majesty,
 Great Queen of floods, enrobed in clouds—
 Thou emblem of eternity ?
 I've stood upon thy trembling shore,
 At dead of night, and heard
 The mighty thunder of thy roar,
 While earth itself has stirred.

I've seen thy gulf when silvered o'er,
 Beneath the moon-lit sky,
 While wreaths of spray resemblance bore
 To phantoms floating by;
 And I have gazed upon thy bow—
 That bridge of colored light,
 On which our fancies heaven-ward go,
 In visions of delight.

J. G. H.

October 17, 1843.

I have been to "Termination Rock,"
 Where many have been before;
 But as I can't describe the scene,
 I won't say any more.

H. SILVESTER.

If you cannot describe the scene—
 Which all should much deplore—
 Inferior bards should drop their pens—
 Their verse will be a bore.

I stand upon Niagara's dizzy heights,
 Gazing far down into the fearful gulf,
 And listening to the sleepless melody,
 That never tires, but still keeps booming on,
 Deep echoing to the eternal praise of God.
 Tremblingly behind the flowing drapery
 Of mist, I stoop, and list unearthly sounds
 Ringing all round, above me and beneath.
 God, thou art present with me and the voice
 Is thine that whispers me—"Beware."

G. M.

Niagara, Oct. 1839.

E

I'll climb the mountain tops,
 And there I'll guage the weather ;
 I'll wrench the rainbow from the clouds,
 And tie both ends together.

C. O. B.

Hech, sirs, but its an awfu' place this—its waur and wilder then the Clauchan of Abufayle, only there are nae breakless hielanders about it. Ma concience! if Helen McGregor would na' hae gi'en up the reversion o' her revenge on the lowlanders to have had sic a linn as this to throw puir Morris over. Gude safe us! but it gars me grue to think o' that fearsome limmer in connection wi' this fearsome gulf. If she had the hale race o' the sassinach, as she ca's them in her outlandish gibberish, on the brink o' this awfu' howf, I dinna mak the least doot that she could wi' a crook o' her mou' get up a hale army o' hieland savages to rise up out o' thae wuds to drive them ower. What would my faither, the Deacon, ha'e thoct if he ever could ha'e jaloused that I should daun'er sae far frae the saut market, and come amang wild Indians, waur even than hielanders, only that their claes come farther doun ower their hurdies, and in especial, amang fouk ca'in' themsel's civil-eezed, wha charge sae muckle for their victual and drink.

NICOL JARVIE.

Here speaks the voice of God—let man be dumb,
 Nor with his vain aspirings hither come.
 That voice impels the hollow-sounding floods,
 And like a Presence, fills the distant woods.
 These groaning rocks the Almighty's fingers piled :
 For ages here his painted bow has smiled,
 Mocking the changes and the chance of time—
 Eternal, beautiful, serene, sublime!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Down the steep an ocean pours ;
 Loud the rushing water roars.
 O, how shadowy were the way,
 If no rainbow lit the spray !
 Here a love-sick swain may find
 Speedy cure for anguished mind.
 Take one plunge, and every wo
 Down the gulf will quickly go.

J. AUSTIN, *Texas.*

Here fools from all lands take of gazing their fill,
 In wonder that water will run down a hill.

CYRUS.

The wealth of Cræsus might have built
 A thousand *Congress Halls* ;
 But what a *sight* it must have cost
 To build *Niagara Falls* !

I should have surely written a poem here ; but my muse
 has got water-logged.

JOHN SMYTH, *Land Agent, L. L. D., and P. L.*

“Water-logged,” *Mister Smyth*, are you sure that the *log*
 In the way of your muse is not swimming in *grog* ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

He's a gomeril, that Smyth—a pair feckless body—
 Wha the dei'l can write poetry wha canna drink toddy ?
 What a pour o' Glenlivet—an ocean and mair—
 It would tak' to mix up that cauld water down there !

ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

C. O. B.

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 JARVIE.

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CLARE.

Look, look up; the spray is dashing,
 Roaring waters foam and sweep,
 O'er your head the torrent dashing,
 Hurls its grandeur down the steep.
 O, mortal man, beneath such splendours,
 How trifling, mean, and vain and poor!
 Prepare, then, sinner, to surrender
 All thoughts unhallowed and impure.
 Terrific is the scene around you—
 Mark ye how wild the waters ring
 Columns of wreathing cloud surround you—
 This is *thy* work, O God, our King!

Niagara-Falls, September 21, 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I guess this river is the wrathi-est, go-a-head, hand-over-hand, frothiest bit of water I ever seen. The waves comes streakin, one arter another, like gals out of a meetin house, when the preachin's over; and keeps churnin about till they liker turns to milk;—but somehow the milk wont turn to butter in summer, though it du look creamish. Squire Starkey, who lives here, ses he gits it up in winter, and sells it out in purspirin times for ice-creamy; but, may I swaller a hookin ox if I believe him. Siche a nise as it makes I never heerd tell on. It beats high preshure ingines burstin their bilers. I cant kalkilate how many hos-power this stream is; but I rayther think, that if Ohio was hitched to one eend of an everlastin tuff chain, and this here Niagara to tother, that the state would come over the Falls as easy as a nightcap over a walkin stick. And then what they call *spray* (we say rain on our side) keeps on fallin and fallin till a feller gets as wet as the inside of a whiskey barrel. Folks think nothin of it here—I spose it saves washin; it dont save irnin though. For I seen tu gals go down the starcase with gownds as stiff and pussy as

a turkey rooster; and when they kem back agin you couldn't have told 'em from marmmaids.

There is a place under the water called "Tarmination Rock," which they wanted me to see; but as the ticket for a dive were a dollar, and my name wasn't Sam Patch, I giv Jim Lane 50 cents to take the job off my hands. Well, he went into a leetle room while I was a lookin at some puterfac-tions, kristals, and other sientific things a gal was explainin to me, when a feller comes behind me, and giv me a bump on the back as hard as a calf suckin a dry cow, and hollers out, "Here I are, booked for Tarmination;" and thar was Jim, sure enuf, with such an out of the land coat and hat on, that I'd a taken him for a riglar built furrener. But Jim felt as fine as a pig with a sweet apple in his mouth, and went a turnin round and round, with his coot tails flap-pin round his hed till I felt red all over lest the gal should see him. I thought Jim didn't know his trowses was wore out from settin on stoncs, or sich like: so ses I, "Jim, you'd better go under at oncet, and kiver yourself up from the peak eend of your nose to the hole in your under kiverins." With that Jim claps his hands behind him, and warket him-self down the star-case, as strate as a cork-skrew into a cider bottle—he follerin on a guide, and I a follerin on him. But we'd not gone fur, when it blue so screechin hard, and rained so slantindiklarly, that I made tracks up stairs agin, and found a hull congregation of men and weeming ritin thar names in books, and making poetry on the fall. They was all sniggerin when I fust went in; but arter a leetle, one on 'em comes up to me, as smilin as a munky when its done scratchin, and ses she, "You are a smart chap, and I see by the rooster of your eye, you're a poetiser. So now, du rite us some verses, and I'll get 'em sot to musik, and sing 'em for you."

The water had taken eeny most all the ambition out of me, but when I seen them all lookin at me, my dander got up and down I sot and rot her this:

When I cum here, I felt so queer
 To see the water pourin,
 I ris my eyes up to the skies,
 And felt myself a soarin.

But when I'd got near out of site,
 I heard a gal a callin,
 And turned about when she did shout,
 And listened to her squallin.

Ses she, "Dear Sir, I know you are
 A clever poetiser ;
 Rite me a line now most divine,
 Nor look away so shy, sir."

Now here it is, and for a kiss,
 I'll rite you sich another—
 Ses she, "you'll wait until you get
 The leave of aunt and mother."

She kept lookin over, and talkin at me with her eyes,
 and sometimes she'd say somethin tu ; and when I'd dun
 I felt as proud as the gardner's dog with a collyflower tied
 to his tail ; and they was compimentin me, and I was a bow-
 in to the ladies, when Jim comes up, the miserablest critter
 that ever got out of a mill-pond. He sed he'd been skeert
 eeny most to death, and thought his pipe was put out for
 etarnity. The weeming haw-hawed at him till he clipped
 away to change hissself ; and arter that we went to the
 hottel, whar I'm ritin this ; which Squire Starkey will
 forrerd by fust passenger for our place. I'll be to hum soon,
 and fitch some curocitys along with

Your dutiful Son,

JAKE SLICKERSHIN.

Mrs. Slickershin,
 Slickershin Holler,
 Ohio.

Squire Starkey will oblaege Jake Slickershin, who bot a
 puterfaction of him, if he'll give this here to the fust passen-
 ger to Slickershin Holler ; and if none offer but Quakers,
 he'd best keep a kopy to send by other conveyance.

I would recommend every visiter to go behind the "Great Sheet of Water" to "Termination Rock." I have not been there myself; but from all accounts, it must be a "tarnation cute" place.

T. C. TUPPER, *Mississippi.*

October 26, 1839.

At this season of the year, I should advise the visitors to go under the *blankets*; which would be quite as likely a way to show *their* "cuteness."

Hail! Sovereign of the World of Floods, whose majesty
and might,
First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching
sight.

The pomp of Kings and Emperors, in every clime and
Zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendours of thy glorious watery
Throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress—no armies bid thee stay;
But onward, onward, onward, thy march still holds its way,
The rising mist that veils thee, as thine herald, goes before,
And the music that proclaims thee, is the thundering cata-
ract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green, of the clearest, purest
hue,
Set round with waves of snow white foam, and spray of
feathery dew;

While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample
sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems, in tribute at thy
feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient days, thy sceptre from on high,
Thy birth was when the morning stars together sang with
joy:

The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee
 now,
 Saw the first wreath of glory that entwined thine infant
 brow.

And from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy
 stream,
 From age to age, in winter's frost, or summer's sultry
 beam ;
 By day, by night—without a pause—thy waves, with loud
 acclaim,
 In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the Great Eter-
 nal's name.

For whether on thy forest-bank, the Indian of the wood,
 Or since his days the Red Man's foe, on his father-land have
 stood ;
 Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrents
 roar,
 Must have bent before the God of All, to worship and
 adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God!
 From this primeval altar—the green and virgin sod—
 The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
 To Thee; whose shield has guarded me through all my
 wandering way.

For, if the ocean be as nought in the hollow of thine hand,
 And the stars of the bright firmament, in thy balance, grains
 of sand ;
 If Niagara's rolling flood seems great, to us, who lowly
 bow,
 O! Great Creator of the Whole! how passing Great art
 Thou!

Yet though thy power is far more vast than finite man can
 scan,
 More boundless is thy mercy shown to weak dependant
 man :

For him Thou cloth'st the fertile fields, with herb, and
fruit, and seed;
For him the woods, the lakes, the sea, supply his hourly
need.

Around, on high, or far or near, the Universal Whole
Proclaims thy glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll;
And from Creation's grateful voice, the hymn ascends
above,

While Heaven re-echoes back to earth, the chorus—" God
is Love!"

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Clifton Hotel, Niagara, July 23, 1840.

Niagara Falls Pagoda at Sunset.

Oh! wond'rous scene! how mighty thou
Who shap'd the forms on which I gaze,
Thy signet's on Niagara's brow,
Thy voice is heard amid its waves.

Skeptic, from haunts of care worn men,
Thy weary feet now turn aside;
This lofty fabric once ascend,
Despite of care, and fear, and pride.

And gaze abroad as I have gaz'd,
And think as God has thought of thee,
List here his voice, see here his power,
And look thou on eternity.

There lift thine arm, if e'en thou canst,
Thy puny arm this summer's e'en,
The sky above, the cataract 'neath,
And swear there is no god in heaven.

Vain, vain man, that awful voice
Of mighty waters bids thee stay,
Nor tempt by rude blasphemy HIM
Before whom earth shall flee away.

Come tutor, thou of soul lit eye,
 And pallid cheek, this is thy home ;
 Come student, with thy purpose high,
 And cool thy spirit's fever, come !

And bright eyed maiden, hasten now,
 With fairy footsteps to ascend,
 Fling back the ringlets from thy brow,
 And here in adoration bend.

Ye weak, ye wise, oh would you eye,
 Eternity from time's bleak shore,
 Gain the Pagoda's summit high,
 And list Niagara's solemn roar.

Stanzas Addressed to the Sojourners at Niagara Falls.

Those who have rambl'd o'er this wild domain,
 And still desire to view it once again,
 Enter the garden where an Abbot dwelt,
 And roam where he, enraptur'd, gaz'd and knelt.
 Still, e'en yet those plaintive streams I hear
 Which once he waken'd—and the pensive tear
 Steals softly o'er my cheek, while the full heart
 Essays to know what sorrow wing'd the dart
 Which sent him forth a wanderer from his home,
 'Mid these majestic scenes in silent grief to roam !

Say, wanderers ! would ye dare the wild excess
 Of joy and wonder words can ne'er express ?
 Would ye fain steal a glance o'er life's dark sea,
 And gaze, though trembling, on Eternity ?
 Would ye *look out, look down* where God hath set
 His mighty signet ! Come—come higher yet,
 And from the unfinish'd structure gaze abroad,
 And wonder at the power of our God !
 To the Pagoda's utmost height ascend,
 And see earth, air and sky in one alembic blend !

Up—though the trembling limb, and nerveless hand,
 Strive to detain thee on the solid land ;
 Up—though the heart may fail, the eye grow dim,
 Soon will the spirit nerve the quivering limb.
 Up the rude ladder ! gain the utmost verge—
 Far, far below, behold the angry surge ;
 Beneath your feet the rainbow's arch declines,
 Gleaming with richer gems than India's mines ;
 And, deep within the gulf yet farther down,
 'Mid mist, and foam, and spray, behold Niagara's crown.

ALMIRA.

August 11th, 1843.

He would immortalize his name—
 Jump from the Falls, mix with its thundering roar ;
 And his would be high on the list of fame
 As any that would wish to soar.

J. BURKE.

Oh, Mr. "J. Burke," thou art a sad wag, I ween,
 Suppose you try the trick yourself, and let posterity
 Know how you felt afterwards.

Should the British Lion ever come to the Falls of Niag-
 ara, he will there see the proud Eagle of American Liberty
 sitting in his majesty ; and will go roaming down that might-
 y cataract in despair.

If the American Eagle comes to the British side of the
 Falls, that same old Lion will pluck his feathers, and com-
 pel him to take shelter behind a cotton bale.

Farewell Niagara—may thy mighty waters roll on till
 time is no more, that man may learn how insignificant are
 all his works compared with those of the almighty.

B. P. W.

Cataracte de Niagara, 18 Juin, 1841.

De Dieu venez-voir le génie,
 Venez de l'eau qui tombe écouter l'harmonie !
 Oh ! venez ce spectacle est beau !
 Descendez vers le fond, et du torrent qui fume
 Allez, allez braver la foudroyante écume !
 Suspendez-vous sur ce tombeau !
 Et quand vous reviendrez du tournoyant abîme
 Adorez du Seigneur la puissance sublime,
 Courlez vos deux genoux !
 Car c'est pour vous qu'il fit ces sublimes merveilles,
 Oui ce beau luth d'écume enchantant vos oreilles,
 Hommes fut fait pour vous !

C. O. DUGUZ.

Invocation.

Great power above ! this wond'rous work of thine,
 An emblem is of man's all changing course ;
 Amid such scenes he worships at thy shrine,
 And absent from them loses all their force.
 Here man stands captive, with his soul o'erawed,
 A reverential bow he yields to Thee ;
 Anon he revels at the drunkard's board—
 Heedless of time, and of eternity.
 Oh ! that frail mortals saw but Eden's shrine,
 With all its scenes of endless joy and love ;
 How soon they'd break the fetters that confine
 Their souls to earth, and fly to heaven above.

E. RAWSON, W—.

*Philadelphia.**June 22, 1841.*

If little Vic. could see these Falls,
 She'd jump right up and give three squalls.

"Thy path is on the deep waters."

Thou of the universe, whose sovereign sway
 Call'd light from darkness, and from night made day,
 Alone presid'd o'er all nature's birth,
 Gave ocean bounds, and energy to earth ;
 Sun, moon and stars, to each their place assigned,
 Subject to laws, all perfect in their kind ;
 Deck'd this gay world with foliage, flowers and fruit,
 With various seasons as each clime best suit,
 With mountain, valley, rivulet, rock, dell,
 Lawn, meadow, lake, so wisely and so well,
 All living creatures formed beneath the sky,
 From the huge mammoth to the smallest fly ;
 Birds, beasts, fish, insects—every thing below,
 Life, instinct, being, to thy bounty owe ;
 Man, lord, and woman, loveliest of all,
 The tempted still, since tempted first to fall ;
 Emblem of hope o'er sorrow's darkning gloom
 Man's solace from the cradle to the tomb.
 But, viewing nature with admiring eye
 In all her charms, wood, landscape, ocean, sky,
 While due proportion will in each appear,
 While all is good, the master piece is *here*.
 Here, where 'mid waters wild, and torrents hoarse,
 Mighty Niagara rolls its rapid course,
 Sublimely awful ! seeming, even now
 An ocean flowing o'er a mountain's brow ;
 So grand, and yet so fearful is the gaze
 No pen can paint, no tongue can tell its praise ;
 While standing spell-bound, motionless, beside
 Its ceaseless, changeless, overwhelming tide,
 The eye will see, the heart must feel, how small
 Is man compar'd with the first cause of all.
 O may we learn, without the chastening rod,
 Wondering at nature's scenes, to worship *thee her God*.
 DOUGLAS STUART.

September 16, 1844.

June, 1841.

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ALBUM EXTRACTS.

Here is recorded the startling fact,
 I have been beneath the Cataract ;
 Bid Niagara's fairest daughter
 Bring me a glass of gin and water,
 When half seas over, fairly reeling,
 I'll tell thee all about that feeling.
 Talk not to me of feelings now
 But wipe the wild spray from my brow
 And on the bridge the radiant bow,
 A heaven above, a hell below,
 We'll speak of love, or fear, or sorrow,
 Tomorrow—let it be to-morrow.

W. H. M. M.

I see the mist arise like drifted snow,
 And view the waters jump Jim Crow ;
 Who can describe thy wonders ? I wont try,
 But leave to wiser heads the laurels, so good-bye.

J. C.

Oh for the pen of Byron ! I'm inspired
 By a great theme, and it is loftier, I know,
 Than that which erst the "gloomy Harold" fired,
 When singing of thy cataract, Velino !
 Alas my verses halt and blindly stagger, a-
 Long 'neath their load, Oh most sublime Niagara.

I am unequal to my task, yet feel
 That I owe generous Mr. Starkey something,
 For his kind cognizance of traveller's weal,
 And tho' this way of paying is a rum thing,
 I do it cheerfully, and hope this sample,
 Will make all poets follow my example.

I love to read these books of turgid verses,
 They help me to appreciate the sublime ;
 And it is pleasant to see witless—
 Scratching their pates and conjuring up rhyme ;—
 While gaping crowds stand by in stupid wonder
 To see them almost split their skulls asunder.

Four stanzas are, I think, a dose sufficient ;—
 Read these, ye would be bards, and let me tell ye,
 If you would like to be in verse proficient,
 I have the secret which I'll cheaply sell ye ;
 My price is fixed, I cannot from it vary,
 Two shillings for my rhyming dictionary.
July 4, 1841.

Well I have reached Niagara ! Yes, three days here I've
 staid—
 And spent much time in eating cakes, and drinking lemon-
 ade,—
 The Falls I think are pretty good, the rapids rather fair,
 But how will sights so poor as these with eatables com-
 pare ;
 So go your way, and soak yourselves, ye travellers as ye
 please ;
 But leave me here to rock myself, and take my fill of ease.
July 1841. To-to-so-s.

H. M. M.

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ST. MARTIN'S WORKS

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PART II.
SKETCHES OF NIAGARA FALLS, &C.

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INTRODUCTION TO PART II.

IT is not the purpose of this publication to furnish the tourist with a guide to the Falls of Niagara. Books with this object are already as numerous as the routes which they describe; besides, in these days when steam-boats and railroad cars are everywhere so abundant, the traveller can have no difficulty in reaching his destination, without the aid of a "Guide Book," provided he can make himself intelligible to the people whom he encounters on his journey, and have money enough to pay for his passage. We intend to accompany him only while he is *at* and around the Falls, and to point out to him, in as concise and explicit terms as possible, the different objects which are usually deemed most worthy of the stranger's observation; at the same time giving a brief outline of the peculiar features of the more remarkable of these objects. Description, properly so called, will not be attempted; because, at best, it would only be an unsuccessful attempt. It might be easy enough to write a voluminous essay in "prose run mad;" or to indite a poem—if we possessed that gift—about the Falls; but neither the one nor the other would be at all descriptive of the scene. Niagara is itself a *poem* of God's own making; and written comment on its characteristics can convey no

idea whatever of them to those who have not traced, with their own eyes, the finger of the Almighty Author in this stupendous work of his creative power. It is beyond the reach alike of delineation and analysis; and he who reads all the other books, and ours into the bargain, which profess to describe the Falls, will know as little about them, after all, as if he had never read a word on the subject—let him *come and see!*

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SKETCHES OF NIAGARA FALLS, &c.

The Crescent, or British Fall.

WE shall so far depart from established custom in treating on this subject, as to plunge at once *in medias res*—not *a-la* Sam Patch, however; but, in plain English, we shall commence with our remarks at the FALLS themselves—the great centre of attraction, and diverge, as fancy or caprice may suggest, to the objects of subordinate interest around.

It matters little from what quarter or by what route the tourist may come, he must, either in the first place, or subsequently, perch himself on the Table Rock; and notwithstanding all the rules—differing from each other, according to the varying tastes of individuals—which have been laid down as to the best point from which to take a first view, it will, in general, be found to be of little or no consequence, whether he take up his position now or afterwards at this, that, or the other place. Whoever comes to the Falls in search of a startling first impression, will undoubtedly make the nearest approach to the object of his search by giving the preference to the view from the Table Rock; but generally, if not invariably, the first impression is one of partial disappointment. Many a garnered stock of poetry and anticipated enthusiasm has the first view of the Falls swept away; and though affectation may crack its jaws in giving utterance to all the rumbling polysyllables expressive of a

mazement in the dictionary, it is affectation nevertheless. Let the man who gives vent to such exclamations as "how grand!" "how terrible!" &c. when he first plants his foot on the Table Rock, go home at once, and attend to the business of measuring pennyworths of tape, or any other equally prosaic occupation, to which he may have an especial calling. He has evidently anticipated nothing—there is none of the enthusiasm which he affects in his composition—he has come to see the sight, because it is the fashion. "Home, home, I say!"

Now there is no paradox in this at all; because if anticipation has been busy previously to arriving here, the very process of demolition which the fancy-picture of the Falls must necessarily undergo in the presence of the dread reality, will occupy the mind to the exclusion of those feelings of amazement and terror which the scene is so well calculated to inspire. It may be argued that this cannot be the case, inasmuch as the reality far surpasses all that could have been anticipated; but it should be remembered that the mind cannot easily, and at once, forego its own long indulged conceptions—they have become part and parcel of itself; and the act of dissipating cherished visions must in some degree unhinge the mind for a moment, and incapacitate it for comprehending at once the full measure of a new and magnificent idea. The wonder is so great that our anticipation should have been so different in kind from the reality, that we only partially realize at first the difference in degree of magnificence; and it is not until, by protracted contemplation of the reality, the picture sketched by fancy is forgotten, that the full glory of this sleepless concentration of might and majesty bursts on our astonished senses. Thus it is, that disappointment is, in most cases, the feeling with which the Falls are first beheld by the stranger—his attention is distracted and bewildered between his own receding dreams of Niagara, and the unimagined sublimities of the actual scene itself, gradually developing themselves before him. We should hold it as being generally true that he who is not more or less disappointed with the Falls when they strike his eye for the first time, from whatever

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point he views them, is incapable of appreciating the glories of the scene, which only gradually appear to the eye of contemplation. He has seen all that he can see of the sight; therefore, after having uttered all the unmeaning exclamations which are patent at this place, let him refresh himself with a glass of brandy and water at the bar—if indeed his poetical ejaculations have not already sprung from that source, rather than from surveying the wonders of nature—and then hie him home, with all convenient speed, to his shop; and let him never come back, unless he has a wife and children to bring with him the next time.

If it were possible in these days, when "the school-master is abroad," for a person to light accidentally on the Table Rock, without having previously read or heard of the Falls of Niagara, he might legitimately indulge in the tropes and figures of astonishment; because he would not experience the feeling of disappointment to which allusion has been made. But would he do so. Assuredly no. His emotions would be those of intense, unutterable terror and amazement; and the idea of expressing them by words would not for a moment occur to his imagination. The "how beautiful!" of this boarding-school miss, the "how sublime!" of that unfledged poetical law or divinity-student, and the "Oh my God!" of Mrs. Fanny Butler, are all "leather and prunella"—the quintessence of absurdity and affectation.

But this is a long digression, besides perhaps, a violation, of the rules laid down in the Introduction.

Well, you are on the Table Rock—say for the first time. There is a view before you, such as has no parallel in the world. At first, if you have been dreaming of the Falls before your arrival, you will probably say *bah!* to this; but don't be in a hurry. Wait till your dream has vanished—evaporated in thin air; and then say, if you can, how immeasurably beneath the truth your highest imaginations were. The vastness of the volume of water—its great breadth especially—and the impenetrable clouds of foam, which, rising from the fathomless gulf below, envelope and conceal from your view, perhaps, nearly half the altitude of

the cataract, detract materially from the apparent altitude. It is, by the way, in regard to this deterioration of the apparent height, or rather depth—for it is at the bottom where the concealment is—that the feeling of disappointment spoken of is in the greatest degree experienced. But look again and again. Perhaps the best way, if you have nerve enough, is to prostrate yourself flat on the edge of the precipice, and look down, and down, till you are giddy with terror—nay, not terror either, but some undefinable feeling for which language has no appropriate name. But in this case, be sure that you have some person to hold you by the feet. It is otherwise a dangerous experiment, especially if you are of an excitable temperament. In such circumstances a mysterious fascination will come over you, if you gaze too long, and you will feel an irresistible impulse to spring into the dread abyss—there to sport amid the rainbow-glories, and wrestle with the incomprehensible terrors of the “secret deep.” This is no ideal exposition of the sensations felt in making this experiment. The writer, in company with others, has tried it again and again; and the result has invariably been as above described. But even standing erect, you will find the scene, if you keep your eye steadily fixed on any one feature of it, growing in beauty and grandeur as you gaze. The cataract in general presents one expansive sheet of foam rushing on and on, for ever and ever, except where the water is deepest, and there the mighty torrent, imbued with vermilion as intense as it is unvarying, pours itself down with a calmer, but far more impressive majesty, conveying the idea that the power which shakes the solid rocks under your feet, hath its throne and its sanctuary there, and there alone. There may be beauty “unspeakable and full of glory” in the prismatic arch which spans the restless ocean beneath, and fancied mysteriousness in the clouds of spray that are ever and anon rising in spiral columns, and rolling away and away over the otherwise cloudless expanse of the azure heaven, but it is in that ever living rush of deep green waters that the omnipotence of Him who holds them in the hollow of his hand, is most vividly typified.

Pshaw!—We too are getting poetical, notwithstanding our recorded determination to the contrary; but, situated as we are, on a chair which is rocking under us, with the table on which we write trembling visibly before us, and the ceaseless thunder of Niagara booming at the lone hour of midnight in our ears, how can we help it? In such circumstances even an oyster would be a poet! Wait till daylight, and then we will come down from the clouds, and talk of matters of fact.

Well, then, the great cataract, called the "Horse Shoe Fall," though the name is not now descriptive of its form, is before you. The idea of altitude is completely lost in that of velocity and power. The tremendous force of this mighty torrent is especially manifested in the quivering of the pillared rocks beneath your feet, and the perceptible vibration of the earth for miles around. But, in the absence of any power of description of our own, we subjoin an article, which contains some *statistical* information respecting this "wonder of nature," copied from the Album kept at the Table Rock.

"Never shall I forget the intense anxiety with which I anticipated the sight of Niagara Falls, and still less the awful moment when I first beheld the mighty cataract displayed before me.

"To enjoy this moment I had made great sacrifices, and encountered some difficulties. I had not only protracted my absence from home, but increased my distance from it by some hundreds of miles. Ample, however, was my recompense. I had, in the course of my life, beheld some of the most celebrated scenes of nature—Etna and Vesuvius, the Andes, almost at the highest point of elevation, Cape Horn, rugged and bleak, buffeted by the Southern tempest, and last, though not least, the long heavy swell of the Pacific; but nothing I have ever seen or imagined can compare with the FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"My first sensation was that of exquisite delight at having before me the greatest wonder of the world. Strange as it may appear, this feeling was immediately succeeded by an irresistible sensation of melancholy. Had this not con-

tinued, it might have been attributed to the satiety incident to the complete gratification of "hope deferred;" but so far from diminishing, the more I gazed, the stranger and deeper the feeling became. Yet this sense of sadness was strangely mingled with a kind of intoxicating fascination. Whether the production of such a feeling is peculiar to Niagara I know not; but certainly it has been generally observed that the spirits are affected and depressed in a singular manner by the magic influence of this stupendous cataract.

"About five miles above the Falls, the river expands to the dimensions of a lake; after which it gradually narrows. The Rapids commence at the upper end of Goat Island, which is half a mile in length; and divides the river at the point of precipitation into two unequal parts; the larger of which is distinguished by the several names of "Horse Shoe"—"Crescent," and "British Fall," from its semi-circular form and contiguity to the Canadian shore. The smaller is named the "American Fall." A portion of this Fall is divided by a rock from Goat Island; and though here insignificant comparatively, this portion would rank high among European water falls. The height of the British Fall is 175 feet, and its breadth, in one unbroken stream, is 700 yards. The extremity of Goat Island, which separates the cataracts, is 320 yards in breadth. The American Fall is 370 yards in breadth, and 160 feet high—making the total breadth nearly 1,400 yards. I must not omit mentioning that, though the bed of the river sinks to so great a depth, the level of the circumjacent land continues nearly the same as above the Falls.

"The quantity of water which rushes over at the cataracts is thus computed by an American traveller:—The river, at the ferry below the Falls, is seven furlongs wide, and on an average 250 feet deep. The current runs about six miles an hour; but, supposing its velocity to be only five miles an hour, the quantity of water which passes the Falls in that space of time, would be more than 85,000,000 of tons a voidupois. If we estimate it at six miles an hour,

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"My object being to approach as close to the cataract as possible, I descended the bank by a steep winding path, to a narrow slip which forms the immediate margin of the river. Along this I advanced about a hundred yards, till I arrived at the very edge of precipitation. A person may at this point place himself within an inch of the Cataract, and dip his hand into the water. Proceeding a little farther in the direction of the stream, I came to a kind of cork-screw ladder constructed round a column, to enable travellers to descend to a path by which they gain the lower part of the Cataract, and have a magnificent view upwards.

"In the evening I again visited the Cataract to behold it by moonlight. Taking my seat on a projecting rock, at a little distance from the Falls, I gazed till my senses were almost entirely absorbed in the contemplation of this most magnificent scene. Although the shades of night increased the sublimity of the prospect, and 'deepened the murmur of the falling flood,' the moon, in placid beauty, shed her soft influence upon the mind, and mitigated the terror of the scene. The thunders which bellowed from the abyss, and the brilliancy of the falling waters, which glistened like molten silver in the moonlight, seemed to exhibit in absolute perfection the rare union of the beautiful and sublime.

THOMAS DAY.

Termination Rock.

You have *looked* down; but the half has not yet been seen—you must *go* down; not indeed into the gulf unless you are

"Crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love,"

but under the "great falling sheet of water," as the hand-bills express it. To have stood and gazed on a mighty ocean of water rushing innocuously over your head, will be



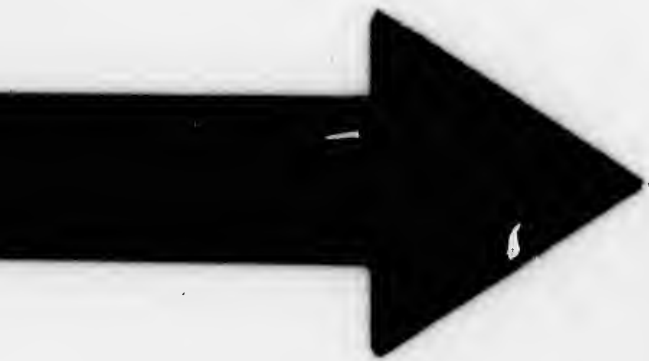
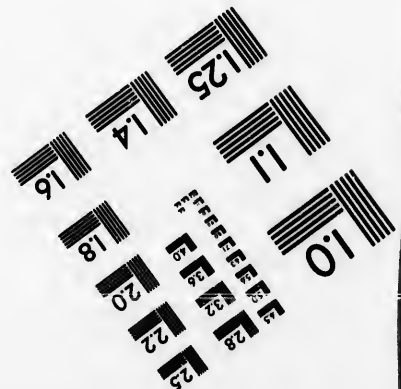
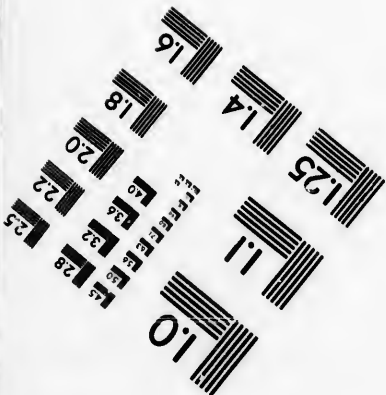
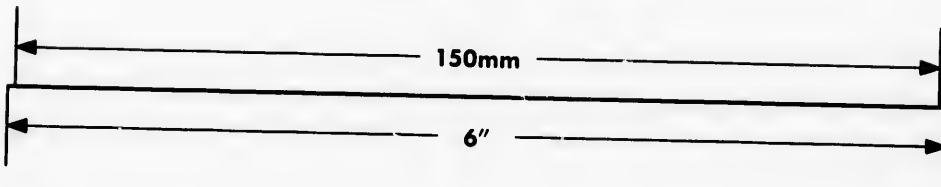
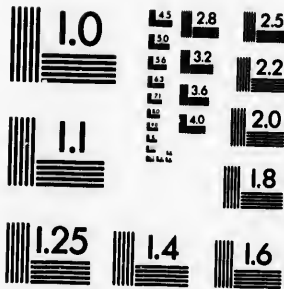
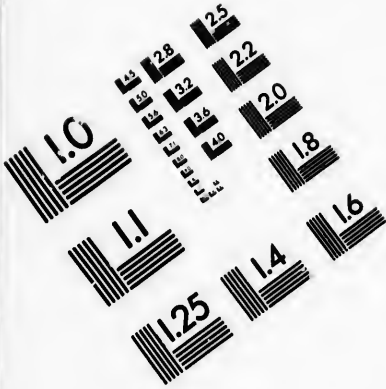


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something to talk of in all your after days; and if you perform the feat, you will be furnished with a certificate to that effect, under the hand of Mr. Starkey, the guide, assuring all and sundry whom it may concern of the fact. Before going on this voyage of discovery, however, you have a metamorphosis to undergo. You must strip "*in puris naturalibus*;" but, don't be startled—you do not go down into the great deep in this state of primitive nudity. Starkey has an ample, though grotesque wardrobe for your especial use, from which you may select fitting equipment for the occasion. There are dressing rooms too, as well as dresses; and if you are a lady, you will have one of your own sex to wait upon you at your toilette. You will look rather odd, to be sure, in your oil-cloth habiliments and straw hat; but never mind—"beauty is, when unadorned, adorned the most." You will also have an experienced guide to accompany you "within the veil."

Your path is somewhat circuitous certainly; but it is a good and safe path nevertheless, providing your guide is an experienced one. From the bottom of the stairs is a shelving declivity over immense rocks and fragments of limestone down to the river. After you get down, there is a foot-path, by which you can reach with perfect safety, the end of your journey, appropriately named "Termination Rock." Never mind the projecting cliffs, frowning in terrible grandeur high over head, on the one side, nor the fathomless gulf of turbulent waters on the other. You may, of course, and you ought, to look and wonder at both; but you need not be frightened, for if you keep by the guide you are perfectly safe, and if you are nervous, he will take care of you. Pay no regard to the spray; it makes a good shower-bath for the benefit of your health. Your silk or satin dress, you know, is in no danger of being spoiled. Your curls may get a little discomposed; but what of that? You will see—but why should we attempt to describe what you will see. There would be just as much sense in going out with a land-surveyor's chain to measure the extent of the universe, or in professing to compute the cycles of eternity by the vibration of a pendulum, as in trying to describe the

scene on Termination Rock. Perhaps we cannot better supply the want of a description of that which is indescribable, than by giving place to the following little bit of *autobiography* from the pen of one who seems to have exhibited a tenacity to the rock which would do honour to our friend the oyster mentioned above:—

“Being under the ‘Sheet of Water,’ a few days ago, with a gentleman, and observing a tolerably smooth surface of rock, I was seized with a desire of cutting my name upon it. My companion endeavoured to dissuade me from the attempt, as being one attended with much difficulty and some danger—the latter arising from exposure to wet for so long a time as would be necessary to accomplish the task. I determined, however, to persevere; and having obtained tools this morning, (August 2, 1835) I entered alone, and commenced my work. I did not expect to accomplish the whole at one visit; and therefore left the initials of my christian names, with the date for another time; but I succeeded in cutting the other letters legibly three inches long. The depth of them I purpose increasing, as well as adding the date of the year, with the remaining letters—having found it impossible to accomplish the whole at one visit. I staid a full hour behind the water; but getting benumbed with cold, and apprehensive of being seized with cramp, I deemed it prudent to desist. If I am no worse for cold or ague, I shall go again to-morrow. I have carefully examined the rocks behind the great ‘Sheet of Water,’ and find no indications of carving. I can therefore confidently assert that mine is the first, and, at this date, the only name to be found there; and while, in the neighbourhood of the Falls, every pillar, rail, staircase, seat, rock and tree is covered with names, mine stands *alone!*”

“August 3.—My desire of yesterday is fulfilled; and I have been again under the ‘Sheet of Water,’ to finish cutting my name in the rock. The wind blowing in gusts to-day directly against the rocks, occasioned me much more inconvenience than yesterday, by so deluging me with water that I could with difficulty see my work. The sleeves, too, of the oilskin coat I wore continually filled as far as the

elbows, adding considerably to the weight of my tools, and fatiguing me greatly. I again felt an inclination to cramp, to which my inaction rendered me peculiarly liable; but I finished my task in a little less than two hours. The direction of the wind, though causing me some obstruction, amply repaid me during my momentary periods of rest, by occasionally opening in part the silver curtain of the waters, and exhibiting the foaming tide below, as it eddied round the sun-lit rocks. There was the Table Rock above, with people walking on it like mere specks in the light, the cliffs and woods all arrayed in the splendour of a noon-tide sun; and then the veil was closed, and I was shut out from the world—left in utter solitude.

“Fellow-travellers, who, like me, come to view scenes surpassing all others in grandeur and sublimity, do not leave without going under the ‘Sheet of Water.’ Take the advice of one who has endeavoured to study nature in all her varying moods. The way is safe; the entrance only is startling. Danger there is none. If you have any enthusiasm in your composition, you will be gratified—enchanted; if you have not, you deserve to be disappointed.

D. T. EGERTON, *London, England.*”

It is something to have been “within the veil” at any time; but he who has not penetrated the mystery in winter knows it only in part. At that season of the year, you are, of course, not very likely to emulate Mr. Egerton; nor is it at all probable that you will stay long enough to make a poem on the scene around you. It is cold exceedingly: still a winter view of the Falls from “Termination Rock,” is perhaps the most inconceivably magnificent of any in the whole compass of creation. All that the most exuberant fancy ever imagined of beauty and of grandeur falls immeasurably short of the reality that presents itself to your view, while standing on “Termination Rock” in winter. On one hand, there is the same dark wall of solid rock which you see in summer, beautifully festooned with icicles of a thousand various shapes, and of immense magnitude; on the other, there is a massive wall of ice, with, here and there, an aperture of most grotesque conformation, through

which you can see the rushing torrent and the wreathing foam; while over head the ever living waters are rolling on and on, intact and unsubdued by the relentless power of the ice-throned monarch of the season.

When you come out, make all convenient speed to the Cottage; and be sure to take a glass, not of wine—that is a summer beverage—but brandy, to bring you to your senses; for if you ever had any—and in courtesy we are bound to credit you with something of that kind—the bitter, bitter cold must have dissipated them. Of course, you took the precaution to fortify yourself in this way before venturing to the Rock. Remember, we don't recommend "strong drink" on ordinary occasions; but this is nothing of that sort—it is an era in the history of your perhaps otherwise monotonous existence. After wrapping yourself closely up in your cloak—the more fur you have about it the better—look leisurely around you, if you did not do so previously; and you will see more than was ever "dreamed of in your philosophy." Every rock, every tree and shrub—nay, every fragment of rock, every limb of tree and shrub, is pendant with a gorgeousness and glory unparalleled in the poet's dreams of the land of Faëry. Beautiful exceedingly is the workmanship of *John Frost* in this neighbourhood; but it must not be forgotten that in spite of "pilot-cloth," flannel and fur, there is still, as in every human enjoyment, a peg loose—a deduction to be made—"Poor Tom's a-cold."

The American Fall, &c.

We have been long enough on one side of the river—let us go to the other. Perhaps the greater number of our friends have been there first; but no matter for that. Whoever has seen the Falls on one side, and not on the other, needs not say any thing about them when he goes home—he knows nothing of the matter at all. It is of no moment whether you are first "caught" on one side of the river

or on the other ; there is a ferry, and a safe one, just under the American Fall ; and you either ascend or descend, as the case may be, by a flight of steps, such as has been before mentioned. Perhaps from no point is the American Fall seen to greater advantage than from the river in crossing the Ferry. In a clear day the scene is indescribably beautiful ; and if you have just been viewing the British Fall, the prospect of the bright sparkling torrent of water, white as un-sunned snow, and studded with innumerable rainbows, broken into fragments, and vibrating amid the dashing spray, has an exhilarating effect on your spirits, and contributes to dissipate that udefinable sensation of awe which always comes over the mind, while contemplating that magnificent " wonder of the world." Accounts differ as to the comparative height of the two Falls. One has been already copied ; others again make the American Fall 164 feet and the " Crescent" only 158 feet high. But it is not a question of any moment whatever. That petty national jealousy, or interested rivalry, which is so ludicrously displayed in the " Guide Books," cannot add a foot to the one Fall, or deduct anything from the other. There they roll away, side by side, unconscious alike of national distinction and local prejudice, pealing in unison their deep monotonous hymn to the Almighty Monarch of the universe.

Although it is only from the Canada side, or from the river at the Ferry, that a full front view of both the Falls can be obtained, still for variety of prospect, the palm must be yielded to Goat or Iris Island, which is situated in the midst of the Rapids, and constitutes the wall of partition between the Cataracts. After ascending the stairs from the Ferry to the village of Niagara Falls, where there are several magnificent hotels for public accommodation, you reach the Island by a wooden bridge thrown across the Rapids, for the use of which you have to pay 25 cents. The toll-keeper has always on hand a large stock of Indian and other curiosities for sale. The guides are Messrs. Hooker and Sons, who, with their assistants, will render you prompt and willing service in exploring the beauties of this island paradise.

At the lower end of the Island there is a spiral stair-case, by which you can descend to the margin of the river, 185 feet, along which there is a path-way leading to the great Crescent, by which when the wind blows up the river you can go with great safety and pleasure under the sheet of water; and another leading to one of the most stupendous scenes in this interesting locality—the “Cave of the Winds.” This cave is situated immediately behind the middle Fall, which we have omitted to notice particularly, on account of its comparative inferiority; though in any other vicinity it would of itself be an object of wonder. Mr. Parsons, the author of the “Book of the Falls,” says “this cave is about 120 feet across, 50 feet wide, and 100 feet high.” The same writer remarks that the “astounding roar of the waters, owing to the echoes or reverberations, is apparently a hundred times greater here than any where else;” and another observes, “It is said to be quite an adventure to go under the Table Rock: it is a much greater one to visit this cavern.” Such, however, is the vastness, and such the variety of the scenery in this neighbourhood, that it is as idle to institute comparisons as to attempt description. Every particular feature is so striking *per se*, that it displaces in a great degree the idea suggested by another feature previously contemplated.

After having winded your toilsome way up the “Biddle stair-case,” keep along the foot path across the Island till you come to the Terrapin Bridge, which leads you to a stone tower forty-five feet high, erected near the verge of the precipice. You reach the top of this tower by a flight of winding steps; and there you behold a scene, which, tho’ differing in some respects from that seen from the Table Rock, is yet worthy of all comparison, in so far as comparison is at all admissible. There is the headlong torrent rushing impetuously over the precipice, far beneath your feet, and the “hell of waters” boiling, hissing, foaming and thundering in the unfathomed abyss still farther down. There too, you have a partial, yet striking view of the “American Fall;” and your eye reaches down the dark vista of waters, veiled in clouds of mist, and rolling away, away, in peaceful and unruffled majesty, as if they never had been touch-

ed by a sterner influence than that of the summer breeze. A deep feeling of mystery, not unallied with terror, possesses the mind, and you cling with involuntary and unconscious tenacity to the railing which surrounds the vibrating platform on which you stand.

Go round the Island, and you will see the adjoining "Moss Islands," and the turbulent water struggling and rushing with fearful velocity between them. The trees are literally hacked with names and initials—some of them so far up that the trouble of inserting them there, is but poorly compensated by the vague and evanescent immortality thus obtained. Every seat and every wall—nay, every rail and stray log of timber, is crowded with the same evidences of "this longing after immortality." *De gustibus non est disputandum*; but surely the aggregate of the time consumed in this idle and unavailing labour constitutes a large portion of the sum of human existence, and might be much more profitably, as well as pleasantly spent in some other way. It is easy to write one's name in a Register or an Album of which there is an abundant store on both sides of the River; and it will just answer the purpose as well; for unless you have done something more worthy of note than merely going to see the Falls, the inscription of your name on a tree or rock will not perpetuate your memory. The name may indeed remain; but who can tell, after a few brief years, to whom it belonged?

From the upper end of the Island you have, perhaps, one of the best views of the Rapids that can be obtained—certainly the best on the American side. But it is undoubtedly in the neighborhood of Mr. Street's house on the British shore that they present the most vivid picture in miniature of the ocean lashed into fury by a tempest. Not that their power and velocity are less obviously resistless here; but the view is more obstructed and not so extensive. If the grandeur, however, is less impressive, the variety of beauty is much more enchanting. This Island, in short, is one of the most attractive and delicious retreats in the world; and he who traverses its solitudes on a summer morning, or under the more solemn influence of an autumnal moon, in early life,—ere the withering touch of worldly care and worldly

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sorrow shall have deadened the perception of glory and of beauty in his bosom, will have one green spot the more whereon memory may repose in all his after years of wandering and of weariness.

Why should we tell you of a paper-mill and a poultry-yard in such a place as this? It is rather an unpoetic blending of the *utile cum dulce*; but there they are, nevertheless, on this very Island. They are on the outskirts of it, however; and the water-girdled paradise is, in general, left undesecrated by the beggarly influences of modern utilitarianism—a fitting shrine for love, poetry, or any other kind of moping madness.

“O! that *this Island* were my dwelling-place,

With one fair spirit for my minister;

Where I might all forget the human race,

And, hating no one, love but only her.”

But it may not be; for to say nothing of the “fair spirit,” we are not likely to “forget the human race” here, seeing all the world, with his wife and daughters, would visit us every summer.

We might swell our book by telling you a thousand things about the Falls, which you have doubtless heard and read of before:—of this vessel and the other being sent over the cataract, with bears, geese, &c. as passengers; of one “startling incident,” and another “frightful occurrence,” such as Sam Patch having leaped into the Fall here, and William Chambers being carried over it there, one stormy night in a canoe, and disappearing forever; and we might make a very pretty romance out of the strange but true story of Francis Abbot, the “hermit,” who lived in utter seclusion for two years on the Island, played a guitar, wrote Latin, lived on water mixed with flour, and finally was drowned when bathing. But all these things have already been chronicled in the “Guide Books.” We merely hint at them; and refer you for farther information to those whose business it is to furnish it.

We close our remarks on this locality with an extract from a M. S. description of the Falls by Mr. Edward Lane:—

“Luna Island is connected with Goat Island by means of

two pieces of timber laid across, and within a few yards of the brow of the cataract or centre Fall, which is about 54 feet wide. Looking up between the Islands, this small branch of the river appears to be issuing out of a wood, and coming down a flight of steps, some eight or ten feet distant from each other, forming, if not so sublime, at least as beautiful a view as that of the Falls themselves. From the Island, which is about 30 yards in width, a side view of the American Fall may be obtained. From its edge that which in front appears to be straight, or nearly so, assumes almost as much the shape of a curve as the Grand Crescent itself. From this point, too, when the sun is shining, and has reached sufficient altitude, a beautiful rainbow may be seen immediately beneath the feet of the spectator; such as is indeed presented at every point of the Falls under similar circumstances. The moon also by night produces the same phenomenon, while the white foam of the falling waters, the ascending mist and agitated bosom of the river, assume the appearance of living liquid chrysal.

Minor Curiosities, &c.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

It is the same with this as with other wonders of the Niagara River—personal inspection is the thing. Books are mere transcripts of impressions made on the minds of their respective writers. They furnish nothing like description, any more than the unutterably wretched wood-cuts which are put into them by way of embellishment and illustration afford even the remotest idea of what they profess to represent. Still it may be well enough, after you have seen with your own eyes, to listen to what others think and say of what you have thus seen; but we hold it as a good general rule to look first, and read the book, whether it calls itself a "Guide" or not, afterwards. But we are forgetting the Whirlpool. Having no knack at what is called description, and being withal "dead sweet," as well as "wretched ill o't," we again borrow as follows from Mr. Lano's manuscript:—

"Once arrived at the water's edge—no matter by what means—the eye is directed to the Whirlpool, which seems to be a sort of natural basin, or "*halfway house*," where the river may rest and refresh itself after its recent exertions.* It is nearly circular, and, as far as I can judge, about a mile in circumference.

"From the appearance of the land upon the hill, I am led to imagine that the Falls were anciently situated here; and have gradually receded to the place at which we now find them.(?) Unfortunately on my visit, the Whirlpool was about five feet below its usual level; still it possessed sufficient attractions to repay me amply for my trouble. A tree which had either been precipitated over the cataract, or had accidentally fallen into the river below it, continued for two hours—the duration of my visit—most perseveringly performing a rotary motion round a circle a furlong in diameter.

"The river at this place turns abruptly round a point, as if with an intention to retrace its course; as part of the current dashes suddenly round, and pursues its onward way, while another portion, obstructed in its progress by the intervening promontory, recoils, and produces the eddying of the waters, called the "*Whirlpool*." Numerous accidents have taken place here. The places of interment of three individuals were pointed out to me. Some 22 years ago, (from 1835,) when the British were stockading Fort George, one Macdonald, in Government employ, was engaged with others in rafting timber down the Niagara. The crib on which he happened to be situated broke from its moorings; and for several hours the unfortunate Scot, with no other music but the roaring of the waters and his own groans, and without the slightest exertion on his part, performed a dance somewhat different from the "*highland fling*," which, however novel, he found any thing but entertaining. To rescue him from his perilous situation a boat was brought by land from Queenston, with the intention of lowering it down the precipice; but fortunately at

*This "*half-way house*" seems to be rather a disorderly resting place.—Ed.

the moment of its arrival, Macdonald, by means of a rope, which had been thrown to him, was extricated."

In any other vicinity the Whirlpool, and indeed the whole of the scenery on the bank of the river from the Falls to Queenston, would be objects of attraction to strangers. As it is, all should be viewed. Independently of the natural characteristics of the locality, it abounds with historical associations of battle and of blood—of death and desolation. From the top of Brock's monument on Queenston mountain, there is a prospect, perhaps unparalleled for beauty and extent in North America. There is the pure pellucid Niagara winding its circuitous way beneath your feet, as calmly and peacefully as if its waters had never known the turbulence and turmoil of the Falls above; there is the deep blue Ontario in the distance. with its placid bosom studded with numerous merchant vessels, and the darker, but more rapidly shifting forms of passage ships, propelled by the invisible agency of the great magician, steam; there is the rural hamlet embowered amid ancestral trees, the white-walled village, the rising city, and the interminable forest stretching far and wide into the dim obscurity of distance.

The Ferry—Clifton House, &c.

After the notice already taken of the Ferry, it will be sufficient to state that there is an experienced Ferryman on each side the river; there is a little inconvenience arising from spray for part of the way across when the wind is blowing down the river, but there is not the least danger.

The Clifton House adjoining the Ferry on the Canada side is a large and splendid hotel. The view of the Falls from the galleries is magnificent; and the house within affords ample accommodation for travellers.

The Burning Spring.

Having called again at Starkey's rooms, where, by the way, there is, besides the creature comforts formerly mentioned, also an assortment of mineral specimens, petrifications, walking canes, &c. for sale, you may pay a visit to

the "Burning Spring," which is about a mile South of the Falls, where a well is enclosed in a small wooden building; and you are here, as at the other points of particular attraction, accommodated with a guide, who takes a lighted candle with him, on applying which to the orifice of a metal tube fixed in the bottom of an inverted wooden vessel which covers the spring, a bright flame is emitted. A writer, who examined the place minutely, says, "There are two other similar springs some distance farther up the river, the sites of which are known to but few. Therefore, from the consideration that a large quantity of this sulphureate hydrogen gas is emitted from a comparatively small quantity of water, it is probable that a sufficient body of gas might be collected to be applicable to purposes of utility." There were once grist and saw mills on this spot; but they were destroyed during the last American war, and have never been rebuilt. There are also sulphur springs oozing from the rocks behind the "Sheet of Water."

Conclusion.

We might protract our intercourse with you *ad libitum*, if we were your professional guide; but we leave you in charge of the initiated, who will tell you all about the battle grounds, &c. in the neighbourhood of the Falls. The history of this frontier is more deeply written in blood than that of any other portion of Upper Canada. Even recently it has been the theatre of numerous acts of conflagration and robbery, and one atrocious murder—that of Capt. Ussher, who was roused from his bed at dead of night, by masked assassins, and deliberately shot in his own house. All these deeds of violence are supposed to originate from the late unhappy and insane attempt of a portion of the people of the province, led on by a few turbulent and ambitious demagogues, to dissever the connection of these Colonies with the Mother Country. We might tell you about the occupation of Navy Island by Mackenzie and his band of outlaws; the burning of the Caroline, and a number of other matters of local interest; but they are recorded in the journals of the day, and will doubtless in due time appear

means of a rope, ed."

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on the page of history. The student of nature can have little gratification in contemplating scenes of slaughter and of strife; and there needs not the adventitious aid of historical recollection to enkindle the devotion of the pilgrim who comes from afar to worship in this sublime and solitary temple of the Eternal.

"Our task is now accomplished. "What is writ is writ— would it were worthier!" In parting with our fair and gentle readers, perhaps forever, we wish

"To each and all a fair good-night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

FINIS.

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