

VIEW OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE BELOW THE FALLS.

Length of Span from centre to centre of Towers, - - - - -	822 Feet.
Height of Tower on Canada Side, - - - - -	78 "
" " " American Side, - - - - -	88 "
Height of Track above the Water, - - - - -	250 "
Weight of whole Superstructure, - - - - -	3,659 Tons.
Aggregate Strength of Cables, - - - - -	12,4000 "
Supporting Strength of Cables, - - - - -	7,300 "

TABLE ROCK ALBUM

AND

SKETCHES OF THE FALLS

AND



SCENERY ADJACENT.

BUFFALO
STEAM PRESS OF THOMAS & LATHROP.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Proprietor of the Niagara Falls Museum, most grateful to the traveling public for the liberal support he has received during a residence of twenty-five years at the Falls, would respectfully announce, that he has just completed a new road, leading down the bank to the foot of Table Rock and the great Horse Shoe Falls, for the accommodation of those wishing to get the grandest view, and pass under the great sheet of water.

The road is immediately opposite the Museum, near Table Rock. It is perfectly safe of ascent, being cut through the solid rock. The view, in passing down, is one of the finest that can be had. The Proprietor furnishes all the necessary dresses and good guides, who will point out all the interesting localities to those wishing to go under the Great Cataract.

He would also call the attention of the public to his Museum, so highly spoken of by all scientific men who have visited it. Such institutions, in cities, are generally made more a repository of works of Art than those of Nature. He has made a great many improvements and additions to his already large collection, of which particularly the native things are worthy of the attention of the stranger.

THOMAS BARNETT.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1848, by

JEWETT, THOMAS & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the Northern District of the State of New York.

INTRODUCTION.

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 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 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 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 then exhibited. We have given the *best*; and, when in any degree redeemed by wit or humor, we have not been so fastidious, perhaps, as we should have been, in excluding the *worst* specimen of this gratuitous authorship—always endeavoring, 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 criticising the “Album”—if anybody 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 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.

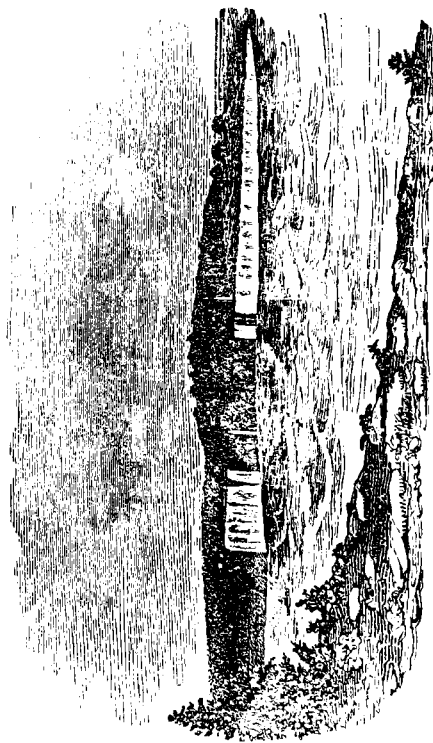
It is likely—very, that there are numerous plagiarisms in this, as in other “Albums.” Nay, we do not know that *we* may not, in some cases, have made a readable stanza, here and there, out of another’s literary larceny: but, not having read all the printed books in the world, we put in ignorance as our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

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 amang 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 furnish the names of our numerous contributors. It has been annoying to us in compiling the present work, to find such 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.

June, 1856.



VIEW FROM ABOVE THE FALLS, CANADA SIDE

TABLE ROCK ALBUM.

PART I.

NIAGARA FALLS.

"There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!"

Thou mayest not to the fancy's sense recall,
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
The tread of armies thickening as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum,
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race,
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisted sweep of human power
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty!
Oh! may the waves that madden in thy deep,
There spend their rage nor climb the encircling steep,—
And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!

MORPETH.

The roaring of thy waters, O Niagara, would have struck me with terror, had I not been long familiar with the roaring of human passion. I should have wondered at thy eternal motion, had I not felt my own soul to be infinitely more motion; at thy unchangeable perpetuity were there not in my own soul a voice forever crying—"through the ages I am the

same, and my years end not." My soul has felt a deeper fall than thy waters, O Niagara, and experienced a higher rise than thy sun-penciled steams. All that thou hast, and art, most wonderful! long ago the unseen engendered in my soul; and I hail thee now, though seeing thee for the first time as a familiar friend. Thou art the actual type of my ideal—and yet, not the highest, for I believe in greater than thou—for is not the Greater present in every conscious, thinking soul?

HENRY G. WRIGHT,

June 8, 1843.

Ham, Surry, England.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen visiting Niagara Falls, that he has taken up his residence in its vicinity, for the purpose of aiding those of an ambitious temperament, in their efforts at immortalization. The subscriber has effected arrangements with several artists of reputation and science, and will be happy, at all times, to supply those who may favor him with their orders. Signs of all descriptions and sizes, both of board and tin, and in Roman, Greek, or German characters, in blue, red, or green colored lettering. He would urge upon the public the superiority of this plan over the old one, of carving the name on the barks of trees. By adopting his plan, greater legibility and publicity is obtained, as well as greater durability. The subscriber has engaged several expert climbers, who will fasten these signs, if needed, to the tops of the highest trees, or weld them on the most remote rocks. But to those professing to be their own artists, he would say that he intends having a full supply of paints and brushes, of the most approved make, as well as an abundant quantity of the softest kind of red chalk. Such gentlemen as prefer the time-honored custom of carving their names, can obtain, at the subscriber's place, the best Barlow penknives of the most approved patterns, including the celebrated style used by the facetious gentleman that cut his way through the pine swamp. A call is respectfully solicited from all.

GUIDO BUCKTOP, *Artist,*

Cave of the Winds.

I have gazed on nature—here—abroad,
I have wandered o'er the briny deep;
Of all thy works, Almighty God,
This is the greatest, this is the chief.

A roaring cataract, ever foaming, ever rushing,
Ever boiling, ever raging, ever roaring, ever gushing
From some great source, which I dare not tell,
It dashes madly down, as though to the very pit of hell.

Presumptuous man, you dare to write
Of nature's works and the Great Architect of all!
Bend down thy knee, and revere His might,
Who formed this cataract, who made this fall.

HENRY D. O'REILLY.

Forgive these lines; they emanate from the pen of one who derives his inspiration from the sublime works which surround him. Poetry is not my forte. I was never formed to be a brilliant writer; but silence is not the only admiration which these great works deserve. I have been affected, aye, and deeply too, by incidents which occur in every day life, by the selfishness of mankind, the coldness of friends, the signs of mortality, as some cherished companion, some favorite branch, was suddenly lopped from the great tree of life; nay, I have even been touched more nearly than this—I have lost home, friends, kindred,—I am a solitary wanderer o'er the world's wide waste—I have sipped, to its very dregs, the cup of affliction, and my spirit has drank deep from the cup of agony; but, in spite of all, I cannot gaze upon this spot without feeling how little, very, very little and insignificant are my sorrows when compared with the ills of the many; and power, who, in one moment, can level all mankind with the dust, especially when I witness these great signs of the Creator's—can root out the seeds of evil from the earth, and the germs of sorrow from the heart, planting in their place the everlasting fruits of righteousness, of peace, of comfort, and of glad tidings unto all.

HENRY D. O'REILLY,
Dublin, Ireland

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

I have stood in the forest, with no one near but God, and mused upon his grandeur, his power and his great mercy; while the low winds, sighing among the trees, seemed as if breathing a requiem over some departed soul. I have stood upon the banks of Huron, while the waters were lashed into fury, and seemingly striving to discover some helpless object to overwhelm in their rage; then I thought, “How wonderful are thy works, O God, and thy ways past finding out.” Again, I have stood, when it seemed as if God had said to the waves, “Peace, be still,” and their low, satisfied murmur seemed to reply, “Thy will, O Lord, and not mine be done.” I have stood on the banks of the river as it glided peacefully by, seeming to say, “Thus shall the soul of the just man be—yea, their peace shall flow as a river.” All these have I seen; but when I saw Niagara, I stood dumb, “lost in wonder, love, and praise.” Can it be, that the mighty God who has cleft these rocks with a stroke of his power, who has bid these waters roll on to the end of time, foaming, dashing, thundering in their course; can it be, that this mighty Being has said to insignificant mortals, “I will be *thy* God, and thou shalt be *my* people?” O! Lord, thy *mercy* as well as thy *power* endureth forever! Who can go “within the veil” which thine own hand hath spread, and thus separate from the busy world, with nought but the thunderings of thy power to be heard, say “there is no God?”

Roll on! thou great Niagara, roll on! and by thy ceaseless roaring, lead the minds of mortals from Nature's contemplation up to Nature's God.

T. Barnett's Drawing Room, }
 Oct. 17th, 1848. *}*

J. E. HOWARD,
Detroit, Mich.

May the mighty waters of the Niagara smother, in their eternal vortex, all the animosities and rancors that may ever have existed between Great Britain and her fair daughter

of the West, and remain, to succeeding generations, an everlasting and indestructible monument of the *harmony*, which, I trust, will never cease to exist between the two nations, (of one blood,) at once the most enterprising and the most enlightened in the world.

May 23, 1849.

GEORGE MAIR.

Luego que las cataratas vi, luego sus cuidas me dieron, un no se qué, que me hicieron, sorprendente loque vi.

MIGUEL DE AJURIA.

Marro 25, de 1850.

Al for Dr. A. X. S. Martin, Editor de la Cronica, N. Y.

Caro amigo: Bartante enfermo acabo de llegar a las cataratas del Niagara, pero las impresiones que en mi han producido, han hecho desaparecer cari completamente mi mal. Pintar a v. lo que acabo de ver, me es imposible; y u manana vuelvo a leer las descripciones publicadas por varios escritores adocenados, me veire de ellos y los dire que no se metan a pintar y esplicar la naturaliza.

De vd. afmo amigo,

J. B. GHADVEZ.

7 de Juio, 1849.

Mon opinion est qu 'un jour en le viendra a terre.

B. BEGUERRE.

On voit servant des tableaux qui representent les chutes de Niagara,—mais cet imposible d'en faire la moindre idee, et faut en venir sur le lieu pour en juger.

BEGUERRE.

Should cruel fate, by some unconquer'd spell,
Consign our bodies, souls and all, to hell,
May falls like these be sent there too,
To drown us out of such a monstrous stew.

T. J. R.

Aug. 25, '49.

CHUTES DE NIAGARA.

Roulez votre voix de tonnerre! puissantes cataractes. Celui qui vous crea regarde la-haut ce qui se passe ici bas a de'criere ses œuvres immuable, c'est entreprendre de de'passer la limite qu'il a marquee a la capacite de l'homme!

Oh! vous tous qui visitez ces chutes immortelles, abaissez-vous devant la main de Dieu! Dieu, parle cette voix si forte, l'homme doit se taire et adorer!

PETER H. MET.

Jouidi Midi, 15 Nov., 1849.

Hail to thee, fair rainbow! bright emblem of hope—as in the mist of Niagara thou welcomest the rising sun in his resplendent glory.

M. HENDERSON.

January 13, '49.

ETERNAL—BEAUTIFUL—SERENE—SUBLIME.

Eternal—prototype of God!
 When first the morning stars did sing,
 And the all-glorious sun was placed on high;
 How didst thou rear thy awful crest
 At His own bidding, and thy thunders spoke
 Of the creation born—and ever onward
 Through successive ages still is thy impetuous course,
 Bespeaking praise to Him, thy great Creator:
 Lo, the poor Indian doth bend before thee—
 And in thy presence feels that God is nigh!
 And the Great Spirit near him to protect:
 All recognize in thee—power—greatness—vastness!

Beautiful, most beautiful, whether
 In thy murmuring music
 Or thy reverberating, echoing thunders,
 And thy feathery spray, and rainbows,
 Bespeaking hope and faith;
 And as thou dashest o'er the ledge,
 Behold the gorgeous emerald green,

Woven through with silvery thread—
And then thy milky flood below,
And eddies and o'erhanging rocks,
Call forth the exclamation, "beautiful."

Serene—thou art and in thy presence
We do feel sweet peace to steal
O'er us, and that the soul all lost
To earth and all around, doth wing
Its thoughts to other scenes,
And we do dwell afar 'mong those
Long lost and dwellers in a better land.
The mind is lulled to a repose
And we feel
Ready to lean on God and trust in Him.

Sublime—surpassing far all else
Of thy own nature—thou art monarch
Over all and doth feel thy power—
Who shall stop thy way,
Or say unto thy floods, flow not?
Thou wouldst dash aside the net
Woven by vain man to hold thee,
And rend them as the brittle reed.
I have paid my tribute to thee,
And now will I repose—thou hast been
To me a lesson deep and ineffaceable—
And I leave this spot, I trust, a better man.

C. W. ROWLAND.

Philadelphia, Aug. 2, 1847.

NIAGARA.

Niagara, I love to hear thy voice,
And while I look on thy array of waters
Careering onward with resistless force,
And showing forth the might and power of Him
Who ruleth over all—'tis then my soul
Is filled with awe, and I can realize
That God is here, that he is present now,

Oh! let a song of praise ascend to Him
 Who gives us all things richly to enjoy,
 And while we gaze upon this glorious scene,
 Let us remember thou dost shadow forth
 The glory of Omnipotence.
 Awe-struck we gaze on these o'erhanging rocks,
 And mark thy waters as they onward flow,
 And hear, Niagara! thy unceasing roar.
 We watch the clouds of spray as they ascend,
 And view the bright inimitable green,
 Too dazzling to the eye, and then we feel
 That scenes like these, stupendous and sublime,
 Must lose their greatness when compared with Him
 Whose presence fills the immensity; then while 'tis ours
 To gaze upon His works, may we be led
 To worship and adore; to live for him,
 That when earth's scenes shall fail before our eyes,
 We may behold more glorious worlds above,
 And through the sacrifice of Him who gave
 His life for fallen man, dwell ever more
 Where love, and joy, and peace forever reign.

SARAH PRATT.

New York, August 12, 1847.

Niagara—like thy Maker, great.

LINES

On reading that the only words spoken by the young lady recently killed at the
 Falls, after the accident, were—"Let me"—

"Let me," and here the fast-receding breath
 Denied the power of utterance—the throb
 Of that young heart grew faint. Ah, reckless Death,
 How didst thou then of hope surviving bosoms rob!

What was the wish thus less than half expressed,
 That latest image of the aching brain,
 Imprisoned in the fair young sufferer's breast,
 Without the strength to burst the feeble chain.

Was it a prayer that she might longer live,
 Addressed to Him who holds the scroll of fate?
 Or did she wish a parting thought to give
 In trust to those that watching, round her wait?

Some fond remembrance of her distant home,
 Where late perhaps maternal love had shed
 Its hallowed flame,—and when resolved to roam
 Had breathed a farewell blessing on her head.

Ah, who so fitting now to claim her thoughts,
 As she whose hand sustained her helpless years?
 Oh, that the action of that hand, were brought,
 To wipe, with tender care, those dying tears.

See, in this theatre of nature's might,
 In boundless strength the dashing waters rush,
 With headlong fury o'er the dizzy height,
 And threaten e'en the solid rock to crush.

But mark the contrast! On that bed of pain
 The form reclines of nature's noblest art,
 Whose strongest energy is spent in vain,
 To breathe the last conception of her heart.

Great Ruler of the destinies of Man!
 Teach us to reverence thy dark decree;
 Forgive the daring murmur at thy plan,
 And make us yield and humbly trust to thee.

The last words of the dying girl may be
 The first to form the Christian's hopeful prayer;
 Trusting her happy spirit is with thee;
 He cries, "O Father 'Let me' join her there."

O thou, Niagara! no Eloquence can set forth thy own
 native, untiring, ceaseless Eloquence—roll on!—And you, ye
 Poets, stand abashed, nor dare attempt impossibilities.

D.

BY REQUEST.

Niagara! Monarch of earth's wonders,—reflection of Almightiness,—in thy celestial beauty, and thy dread magnificence, and ceaseless thunder song—roll on thy course—echoing ever the nothingness of man—the boundless majesty of God!

T. T. WATERMAN.

August 31, 1847.

A VOLUNTARY.

One would think that emotions of sublimity knocked common sense into “pi” and stirred up foaming fancies in the intellect, something like the boiling waters in this double and twisted caldron down here; after looking over the Albums around here. Why the—Mammoth Cave—don't men know what they are going to write before they begin, and say it so, they and some others know, after it is written.

A KENTUCKIAN.

FAREWELL!

Thou Lord of water power—in thy Majestic Glory—thou art all and *more* than all my soul conceived thee,—I never dreamed thy wonders to be so numberless and vast! beauty in union with grandeur—here fill and elevate, and satisfy my soul.

September 1, 1847.

While standing under the horse-shoe Fall,
Didn't *it* look grand—and *you* feel small?

THOMAS A. DWYN, *Dublin, Ireland.*

Majestic greatness sits, Niagara, upon thy brow,
And o'er thy rocks in thundering grandeur roll;—
We gaze, in silent wonder wrapped and humbly bow,
To thee, O God, who *thus* doth thrill our inmost soul.

B. T. ROMAINE AND LADY.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 30th, 1847.

This is but the breathings of the great "I Am!" What must his anger be?

Mingled with mercy.

Roll on, thou dark green flood, roll on; time measurest not thine age—eternity can but express thy end.—Creation's dawn witnessed thy earliest gush,—Creation's doom can but extinguish—thy perpetual rush.

Oh! God!! Great are thy works! Oh! Man!! How small are thine, when placed in the same view.

A. COMSTOCK,

July 30th, 1847.

Sandwich Islands.

The Falls of "Niagara" far surpass any natural curiosity in the known world. No human eye that has not beheld this cataract, can form any idea of its greatness. Like all the works of God's creation, it shows forth to his glory.

WARD CARPENTER,

August 3d, 1847.

Westchester Co., N. Y.

Niagara—here Nature holds its sway,
While man, with both delight and awe, doth
Gaze and wonder at its magnificence.

Boz.

Niagara—each hour, each hour—each day, each day,
The rich, the poor, the gentle pass your way;
The tradesman from his toil released,
Seeks beauties that our God decreed
To flow from Niagara; mighty as before,
You'll live for ages, when ages shall be no more,
Made by that power, that power that man can ne'er destroy,
Our Lord, our everlasting God, from all eternity:
Steadfastly you stand as ever seen by those,
That thus appreciate the works which God bestows;

Great, beautiful Falls! you'll continue great,
 And live in grandeur, when different is *our* state,
 When old age comes, or sad despair,
 'Tis thus to thee, oh God! we'll pour our prayer.
 Falls, mighty Falls, aloft with moistened eyes,
 I send my humble gratitude with tearful sighs,
 To God who ever sends us hope and trust,
 Though we are sinful he is just;
 If we ask pardon, our mighty God is kind,
 And gives us hope in prayer, in peace of mind.
 Niagara Falls! the mighty work of God,
 I feel how great, how wondrous is our Lord.

CHARLOTTE B——.

August 15, 1847

No man should ever leave this great display of God's works, without entering under the falls, where is afforded the most sublime of the grand scenes here abounding. There he can sit and calmly meditate, shut out from everything but God and his most grand work.

AN OBSERVER.

Let not vanity and presumption attempt a task too great for inspiration. B.

'T was great to speak a world from naught,
 'T was greater to redeem.

T. H. DASHIELL, *Baltimore.*

Mr and Mrs. Stephen B. Sherwood, and company, of Jamesville, Onondaga County, N. Y., say:—"We have visited the 'mighty cataract,' on the American and Canadian shore, and every spot of interest connected with both—but this *Museum* and *Camera Obscura* is truly the most interesting of all; situated, as it is, with such a fine view of the Falls, I trust no *American* will leave without calling here, or spending a day at least on *British Soil*."

Sept. 24, 1847.

Kings of the earth and all people; princes and all judges of the earth, both young men and maidens, can ye stand and gaze upon the mighty flood that rolls its torrents to the deep and *not* "Praise the Lord."

E. E. B.

It is utterly impossible for *any man* to give expression to the overwhelming feeling he experiences on beholding this display of the Great Creator's works. Here is manifested on no minute scale, the glory of "him who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand." This roar of Niagara is but a song of praise to the Almighty God.

R. H. Ball, *Baltimore, Md.*

July 24, 1847.

I came from Wall street,
To see this water sheet;
Having seen this water sheet,
I return to Wall street.

BRYANT.

July 24, 1847.

Niagara Falls is a stereotype proof *sheet* of the Omnipotence of the Almighty.

JAMES T. FRAZEE, of *Glasgow, Scotland*,
now of Wooster, Ohio.

Boast not thy greatness, Yankees tall
Thy pride and arrogance my catch a fall.

To view Niagara Falls one day,
A parson and a tailor took their way;
The parson cried whilst wrapped in wonder,
And listening to the cataract's thunder,
Lord! how thy works amaze our eyes,
And fill our hearts with vast surprise:—
The tailor merely made this note—
Lord! what a place to sponge a coat!!

Visitors, whene'er you wish
 To feast on poultry, flesh and fish,
 And right good wine,
 Leave your fare across the river,
 And like a hearty right good liver,
 At the Pavillion dine.

Since first I saw thee thundering on
 There's nothing of thy beauty gone,
 And though three years have passed away,
 Thou thunderest on with all thy spray.

CHARLOTTE BLANCHE MALCOLM.

1847.

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 thy 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.

Color, depth, height, extension, all unite
 To chain the spirit by a look intense,
 To 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, beautiful 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.

The Yankees generally take, and keep too, whatever they
set their hearts upon having.

ONE OF THEM.

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

* 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.

All but the hopeless victim of despair.
Flood of the forest, fearfully sublime,
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 unworshiped 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,
Ceasless pouring, endless roaring
Music like this—semper amo.

C. W. WILSON, *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 you're blockheads through and through—
'Pon my honor, 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 whensoever 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.

SHOULD'NT IT.

Veni, vidi, and gave up the vici.

JULIUS CÆSAR 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 JACKSON
 mark.

Farewell, O Niagara! rolling in splendor,
 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!*

Now, I'll tell you what it is—these here water works ain't nothin' what they are 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 schoolmaster, Job Diddler, (he'd an awful sight of larmin',—had n't he?)—well, as Job Diddler used to say, "*Fox eat Peter Nichol*"*—great cry and little wool. They ain't good for nothin' for manufacturin'; and they completely spile navigation—that's a fact.

SAM SLICK, *Jun.*

Hark, hark! 't is Niagara's mighty 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 travelers shall e'er return.

Roll on great River, with resistless force,
 Which, like old Time, stays not for human will;
 For who shall stop *him* in his viewless course,
 Or who shall bid *thy* mighty voice be still?
 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 others, and all ears appal;
 Leaping in thunder from the rocky wall,
 And, like a hero, greatest in its fall.

HENRY LINDSAY.

NIAGARA TO ITS VISITORS.

O ye, who come from distant climes,
 To visit me and read my rhymes,
 Ere you condemn my noise and vapor,
 Read what I have to say on *paper*.
 Through LAKE SUPERIOR, it true is,
 I descend from old St. LOUIS.
 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 loud outcry on *E*,
 Sure two such tumbles well may vex,
 And make me froth up *Double X*.
 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.
 Traveled so far 't is thought of vital
 Importance I should change my title;
 And though it should be his abhorrence,
 They make my sponsor old St. Lawrence.
 The course I steer is rather critical,
 For, not much liking rows political,
 'Twixt both my favors I divide—
 Yankee and British, on each side.
 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 't is known like Tom Thumb's history,
 By ladies, gents, natives and strangers,
 Led on by *Barnett* through my dangers,
 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 honor *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 vapor—
 But ne'er before have *issued paper*.
 You may think this a brag or a
 Boast of Truly Yours, NIAGARA.

Falls Hall Cave, half past 11, }
July 25th, 1837. }

H. LINDSAT.

Here may each traveler behold
 The name of friends belov'd of old.
 Whate'er the clime from whence 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.

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 'midst 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?

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

* This line is unmitigated nonsense.

With colors brilliant, arch—so bright its rays,
 Thy beauteous Rainbow to frail man displays—
 That wondrous bow which at God's word appeared,
 When Noah, worshiping, 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 thundering 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.

J. E.

Sandwich, U. C.

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 his 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.

If a fellow should slide down from off a slippery stick,
 'Twould be worse nor any Cat-a-lip-tic;
 And if he should go blind, 'tis a plain fact,
 From view-ing—'twould be a cataract.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" as Mr. Shaw says, (quoting from Dominic Sampson.) Sublime! says Mr. Taylor, the second of our party. The grandeur is inexpressible, according to Mr. Hastings. Mr. Harmon 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.

“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—chorussed 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.”

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 pendant from the trees, presents the most imposing view which it is possible to conceive. Descending by Barnett’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 sulphurous smell, and the boiling and writhing of 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 enwrapped 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
are 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, traveler, 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 tho' 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.

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 counsels 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 witnessed 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 decided 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 know, sir, as how I married a vidy." That benevolent gentleman nodded his head acquiescingly, and after looking significantly around, 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.

Chippewa, August, 1834.

The man that's just from behind the sheet,
 Says "The Elephant is *thar*,"
 But I rather guess, if I may speak,
 That it is a monstrous big white "*Bar*."

SOUTH WEST.

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 *vapor*. 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.

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.

E. B.

Yes, but devilish dear.

C. C.

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.

SACRED MUSINGS.

BY REV. JOHN DOWLING, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Niagara! thy mighty voice hath waked
The slumb'ring fancy; and the beams which from
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 dashed upon the meek and holy ONE,
 And wrung the bitter cry—"My God, my God,
 O why dost thou forsake me?"

I behold

The beauteous 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 God's 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,
 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 forever,
 Thus sweetly may the fountains of my soul,
 Be broken up; and tears, luxurious tears,
 Of joy and gratitude forever flow.

Oh! 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 one hundred and fifty 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 *magnificence* 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.

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

Roll on, mysterious river, in thy might,
 Awakening dreams of terrible delight,
 Or thrilling fear, and turning into naught
 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 that's on the breast
 Of yearning love is cradled into rest.

GEORGE MENZIES.

Chippewa, 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 life 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.

The Yankees are going to take Niagara Falls,
Like they thought of taking Montezuma's Halls.

MEX.

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.

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 Niagara'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*.

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 strain of Nature's melody
Before the throne of Him who made the earth,
And seas, and skies, and all that in them is.

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

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

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 drownididerunt,
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 steamboats up
Niagara Falls will sail;
And then no *stage* will be required
To carry up the mail.

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

G. M.

These waters are the perpetual motion.

If the beauty of this Cataract "keeps a falling off" it will
soon cease to be a curiosity.

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 AND 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*, that the troubled waters cease.—
 God ne'er dissembles.

U. C. KEELE.

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

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

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.

*The officiating guide—a colored man.

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!*"

ELIZA 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 Barnett'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.

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
 spay—

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.

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.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—Nov. 17, 1834. Visited the Falls with Miss —— of Philadelphia, and her little sister, 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,
Forever 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.

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

ANNIE TODD.

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.

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 praises of Niagara's roar,
 Our praise should rise from this forevermore.

For 't is 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 votaries of religion's cause.

A. R. P.

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.

'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*!

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 ti.

VOT OF IT?

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, majest-
 Tic Cataract.

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

Forever shall thy waters flow,
 And rush and fall by time intact,
 And boil, and howl and hiss below,
 Tent Cataract.

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

Highgate, 17.

J. G. S.

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 image 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 vapor of an ever-ascending incense to the throne
 of God!

'Tis *did*—my braggin' days *is* o'er,
 I'll brag of old SALT* now no more.
 The look of pride which 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.

CAPTING RALPH STACKPOLE,
Of 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 forever;"
 And in that way thou certainly art *clever*.

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

As on the stormy 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!"

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.

Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
 Is that of seeing Niagara.

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

SOLOMON SWOP.

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.

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.

Chippewa.

G. M.

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.

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.

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 KERLE.

What lots of cotton factories and grist mills this little hydraulic power might drive; but these Canucks can't go ahead, no how.

UNCLE SAM.

I came to see Niagara too late. Five years ago, I was a creature of enthusiasm, poetry and devotion. Now, I am feelingless, heartless, soulless. 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 enjoyed this sight once.

BIT.

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

Light dawned upon the waters; and the Creator called rock, and mountain, and valed 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.

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.

Thou, 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.

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 provi-
 dence 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 five hundred 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 upon 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 mackerel.

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 waters, O,
Loud roars the waters, 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.

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 very depths of the waters smoke. O, THOU art mighty every where, but terribly so at Niagara.

Who that has not 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 his 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 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 't was 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 't is 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—of 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 Vanagher, you're surely *bate*,
 For on my soul they're mighty *nate*."—(Pat.)
 "I'am 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.)

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!

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; therefore 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 your 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.

I AND AUNT MARY.

Are those who try to express their feelings, the most awed
by the sublimity of the 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!"

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 belief is sure to err
 And scan his 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 favored 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 brow 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 trans-Atlantic 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 Captain Marryatt's book on America.

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

JEFFERSON BRAGG.

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.

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. STEVENS,

Esquising, U. C.

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.

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

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 combine,
Like the yellow and red in a calico "gownd!"

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 't is 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 rocky tomb,
Or, at least, he'd be likely to fracture his "trousers!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

If Lovers' 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. STEVENS.

Niagara's tide is pouring,
 Swift down the mighty 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 sunbeams play,
 The rainbow tints bestowing,
 Upon the rising spray.

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 Niagara 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.

JOB 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 saving 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.

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 men 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 thy giddy summit—
Thou wonder of the world.

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. M.

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 dispelled 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 mor-
tals 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 re-
verence I submissively bow.

J. M. SMITH, Jr.

Land of my birth! land of the "stripes and stars!"
Studios 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 climb'd 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 creature save the cows and *shoats*;†
 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 warmed my drizzled frame.
 My pride was humbled, and my boast was small;
For England's King has got the fiercest Fall!

A. U. Z.

United States, June 1, 1836.

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.

* Goat Island.

† Pigs of a certain age.

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

Smile thou, O greatly wise;
 And if fate sever
 Bonds which the 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.

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.

ALETHERS.

Beauty and sublimity—twin sisters, rocked on the bosom of terror!

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.

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

THOMAS P. HUNT, M. D.,

North Carolina.

Well, now, I swow, if Niagara aint a little bit the darndest place that ever I seen. Perhaps, stranger, you've never 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 steamboats and alligators: but I'll be teetotal'd, if it would n'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 convince any *philosophical* mind that this is an excellent place for *Carding Machinery!*

ZINDENDORF.

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.

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 TERMINATION
 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 n't go.

G.

July 30, 1837.

I stare with wonder, and alas!
 How bad a body feels,
 To think how difficult this pass
 To 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!

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.

All ye perturbed souls, that go,
 With restless footsteps to and fro,
 Running here, and scudding there,
 Backward, forward, everywhere—
 Ye who haste, in double time,
 From every region, every clime,
 Hold, one moment—pray ye, stay,
 And harken 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.

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.

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.

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.

name! a bubble—whence came it? Whither gone?
Like the rush of water which hurrieth to the precipice's
edge—'t is forever gone—forgotten! Thus is it 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, by 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.

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 and 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 vord.
 Ma foi, indeed, I tink my verse
 De best—I'm sure 't is not the worst.

FRANCOIS.

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

LYDIA.

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 forever!

QUIZ.

Of the two men who live off this spot,
 Mr. Barnett is the best, I ween;
 Let strangers come *here*, and purchase a lot
 Of curiosities here to be seen:—
 His museum is good, the birds are well stuffed,
 As the *pockets* should be that come here;
 His prices are low, so you cannot be huffed,
 And you don't see him once in a year.

J. W. O.

* Not free from rheumatism, however.

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 isn'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 do n't carry *trunks*.

Elephants do n't carry *sheets* in their trunks, either.

No, nor do you carry brains in your head.

Nor *you* any where else.

The wonder of the world, and a world of wonder.

SAM.

DISCOVERY OF TERMINATION ROCK.

A young salmon, one day,
To his 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 honor 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. SYLVESTER,

Vicarage, Buckingham, England.

October 24, 1839.

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.
 Trembling 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.

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, 1846.

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. SYLVESTER.

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

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

C. O. B.

Hoch, sirs, but its an awfu' place this—its waur and wilder than the Clauchan of Abufayle, only there are nae breeless Hielanders about it. Ma conscience! 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 save 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 Sassenach, as she ca's them in her outlandish gibberish, on the brink o' this awfu' howf, I dinna mak' the least doubt 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, hae thocht 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 down ower their hurdies, and in especial, amang fouk ca'in themselves civileezed, whae 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 finger 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.
 Oh, 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 pure feckless body—
Wha the de’il can write poetry wha canna drink toddy?
What a pour o’ Glenlivit—an ocean and mair—
It would tak’ to mix up that cauld water down there!

ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Hermoso Niagara! yo te saludo.

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 splendors,
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!

I would recommend every visitor 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,

October 26, 1839.

Mississippi.

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."

Niagara Falls, September 21, 1849.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I guess this river is the wrathiast, go-ahead, 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 do look creamish. Squire Barnett, who lives here, ses he gits it up in winter, and sells it out in purspirin times for ice-cream; but may I swallow a hookin ox if I believe him. Sich a noise as it makes I never heerd tell on. It beats high-preshure ingines bustin their bilers. I can't 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 t' other, 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 fallin and fallin, till a feller gets as wet as the inside of a whiskey barl. Folks think nothin of it here—I spose it saves washin; it do n't save ironin though, for I seen two gals go down the starcase with gownds as stiff and pussy as a turkey-rooster; and when they kem back agin you could n't have told 'em from mermaids.

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 was n't Sam Patch, I giv Jim Lane fifty cents to take the job off my hands. Well, he went into a leetle room, while I was a lookin at some puterfactions, kristals, and other scientific things a gal was explainin

to me, when a feller comes behind me, and guv 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 there 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 coat tails flappin round his head till I felt red all over lest the gal should see him. I thought Jim did n't know his trowsers were wore out from settin on stones, 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 himself down the starcase, as strate as a corkskrew 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 weemin ritin thar names in books, and makin 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 munkey when it's done scratchin, and says she, "You *are* a smart chap, and I see by the rooster of your eye, you're a poetizer. 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 'em all lookin at me, my dander got up, and down I sot, and rote her this:

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

But when I got near out of site,
I heerd 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 poetizer;
Rite me a line now most divine,
Nor look away so shy, sir."

Now here it is, and for a kiss,
 I'll write 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 something tu; and when I'd dun, I felt as proud as a gardner's dog with a collyflower tied to his tail; and they was a complimentin me, and I was a bowin 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 out for etarnity. The weemin haw-hawd at him till he slipped away to change his-self; and arter that, we went to the hotel whar I am writin this, which Squire Barnett will forrerd by fust passenger to our place. I'll be to hum soon, and fitch some curositys along with me.

Your dutiful son,

JAKE SLICKERSHIN.

MRS. SLICKERSHIN, }
Slickershin Holler, Ohio. }

Squire Barnett will obleege Jake Slickershin, whot bot a puterfaction of him, if he'll give this here to the fust passenger to Slickershin Holler; and if none offer but Quakers, he'd best keep a kopyy to send by other conveyance.

Should the British Lion ever come to the Falls of Niagara, he will there see the proud eagle of American Liberty sitting in his majesty; and will go roaming down that mighty cataract in despair.

If the American Eagle comes to the British side of the Falls, that same old Lion will pluck his feathers, and compel 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.

Hail! Sovereign of the World of Floods, whose majesty and
might
First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'ercraws the aching sight,
The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendors 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 cataract'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 thy 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 ac-
claim,
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the Great Eternal'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 thy 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 wan-
dering way.

For, if the ocean be as naught 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,
 Oh! 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 dependent 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.

He who 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.

Ad Niagara
 Qui te audit beatus est;
 Beatior qui te vidit;
 Sed qui te comprehendere posset
 Beatissimus est.

A. D. J—s.

July 16th, 1851.

“Enraptured with the view, I ’m lost
In wonder, love, and praise!”

J. L. B.

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 presided 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;
Decked 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—everything 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 darkening 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, changing, 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.

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,
 To-morrow—let it be to-morrow.

W. H. M. M.

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. Barnett something,
 For his kind cognizance of travelers' 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 ye 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.

Having visited the Rock, and received the best of attention from the proprietor of Barnett's Museum, it is the wish of the visitor, that he may be successful in accommodating those *other Rocks*, which he so richly deserves by his earnest efforts to promote the comfort of his visitors.

M. F. N.

May 8, 1850.

Etas aguas torrenciosas, en su salto loco y atrevido, son la simbólica personificación característica del genio activo, inquieto y emprendador de los habitantes de los Estados Unidos.

M. RIVADENEYRA.

9 de Junio, de 1850.

The river, with its lashings,
Like a bosom full of fears,
Has a mist to hide its passions,
And a place to shed its tears.

The bow in beauty bending
So radiant in the skies,
Like a pretty maiden, lending
Love's flashes from her eyes.

The river and the bow
Form a varied scene,
Like our pleasures and our woe,
With a weeping seat between.

ALCIMUS MORSE.

June 22d, 1850.

ADDRESS TO NIAGARA FALLS.

Rush down, thou proud torrent of the mighty West,
Thy work is not done, thou mayest not yet rest;
There's a home in the ocean for Erie's proud lake,
Her waves are in motion, thy power is at stake:—
Dash down her proud waters with thunder and foam—
Drive them into spray, until she goes to her home.

JAS. S. MAXSON.

June 28, 1850.

It is, indeed, the work of an Almighty hand,
 Fearfully beautiful, inspiring grand!

ANON.

A'n't this a grand place for washing sheep?

YANKEE.

Niagara Falls—got up at immense cost, for the exhibition of
 Nature, on a grand scale.

A STRANGER IN AMERICA.

THE LAST SONG OF TABLE ROCK.

The Rock fell June 28th, 1850—nearly the CENTRAL DAY of the CENTRAL YEAR
 of this century.

"SERMONS IN STONES."

Give ear, oh world! my hour is come!
 And I will speak a thunder word—
 Shall make the roaring torrent dumb,
 And by the listening earth be heard.

My hour is come!—I feel it now
 In failing grasp and trembling knee,
 And in the pressure on my brow,
 And gathering drops of agony.

The angel waits; and I must soon—
 A Titan leaping from the rock—
 Strike loud the century's passing noon,
 As with an earthquake's reeling shock.

For this, I have in silence hung
 For ages, waiting, watching, here;
 For this the cataract has sung
 Its syren music in my ear.

"Why fear to plunge?" it ever said;
 "'Tis bold, and beautiful, and free;
 Oh! deep and soft my foamy bed—
 Come down, oh, Rock! and dwell with me."

A heart of stone, to such a song,
For ages harped, must yield at length;—
A grasp of flint may grapple long,
But crumbling age will steal its strength.

From Nature's birth, I heard the sound
Of falling waters creeping near,
And trembled at the shock profound
Of rocks that crashed from year to year.

At last, I saw Niagara's face,
Its bright archangel robe and crown,
And felt the breath and wild embrace
Of floods that strove to drag me down.

Still up I stood, a steadfast wall,
And held my forehead proud and high,
And shook with laughter at the Fall,
Until it slowly passed me by.

Ha! ha! I echoed back its roar,
And shivered with a strange delight,
To think that Time could nevermore
So try again my rocky might.

And I grew happy in the sound
That vainly poured its tempting song,
And while, on wooded slopes around,
A thousand summers swept along.

And I was proud to bear the weight
Of Indian monarchs on my head,
And blest to feel the lovelier freight
Of maidens with their tender tread.

At last, there came the iron heels
Of those who fought the forest sons;
And later still, the grinding wheels
And angry roar of English guns.

A few years more, and all the wild
Grew tame with shapes of man's device
God's grandest temple was defiled
With haunts of Pride and Avarice.

And yet I joyed, that on my head
So many thousands came and went;
'T was good to hear their godlike tread,
Who mused of Love omnipotent.

And here they best could stoop and see
An emblem of the rust of Time—
A symbol great of Deity—
An image of the soul sublime.

And I—ah! who can boast with me
The pressure of so many hands—
The wise, the fair, the great, the free,
And pilgrims from a hundred lands.

But one there was, of lovely mold,
My willing brow of wreaths would rob;—
In vain for her, so sweet and bold,
My pulse a moment ceased to throb.

She heard the torrent's witching words—
"Why fear to fall?" and with the spell,
As shining serpents charm the birds,
The torrent charmed—she swooned and fell.

And one there was, who, in the night,
For grief and madness, sought my brink,
And leaped adown the fearful hight—
No one but I beheld him sink.

Oh! I could tell a thousand tales
Of life and death, of woe and mirth,
That now must sleep till God unveils
The secrets of the air and earth.

To-day, an angel o'er me stood—
A messenger to cast me down;
To-day, the thunder of the flood
Took on a fierce and taunting tone.

"Why fear to fall?" it growled and hissed;
"Will you endure my shaking hate,
The buffet of my furious mist,
Yet fear to dash me with your weight?"

"Why fear to plunge?—the strongest fall,
And conquerors and empires sink;
The stars themselves shall perish all,
Like falling leaves;—and still you shrink.

"Why fear to drop?—at latest, soon
You must in earth's destruction melt;
Oh! strike so loud the century's noon
It shall from star to star be felt!"

I fear not, oh thou roaring tide!
I dare the leap, the whirl, the shock;
And now—and now, to shame thy pride,
I come!—a Cataract of Rock!

H. W. PARKER,

July 1st, 1850.

Cayuga Lake.

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE CATARACT.

Beneath thy torrents, trembling in the spray,
I feel thy spirit, in the rushing foam;
And as the waters fiercely round me play,
It seems as if we had familiar grown.
Thy kiss, though rude, is fresh as dewy tears
Distilled from roseate clouds at twilight's hour;
I have no thought of earthly hopes or fears,
Within the embrace of thy majestic power.

BRITTON A. HILL.

Majestic monitor, thy ceaseless war
Thrills, like the accents of another sphere,
As fierce and fathomless thy waters pour
O'er rocks primeval, in their mad career,
Warning each step that o'er thy banks hath trod,
To look through nature up to nature's God.

W. W. ERAMOSA.

I look on the Falls of Niagara in winter, as a liquid impression of Mount Blanc!

B. B.

From Paris, Ky., I came for to see
 Thy mighty falls, great *Niagareg*;
 But too great are thy wonders for me to relate,
 So I'll hasten back to tell my sweet Kate.

J. W. C.

To render praise where praise is due,
 Seek ye God's wondrous works to view;
 Search the wide world—thy travel done,
 Speak!—and point out the noblest one.
 Almighty power! I bend in fear,
 And own, thy mightiest work is here.

All hail, Niagara! thy deafening roar
 Bespeaks thy great Creator's sovereign power;
 Through thy great voice he tells his creatures here,
 To view his mighty works, admire and fear,
 The king supreme of heaven, and earth, and sky,
 Who dwells in glorious majesty on high!

W. E. B.

And so you've seen this mighty wonder;
 Heard its loud hydraulic thunder;
 Like many another senseless calf,
 Have doubtless scrawled your autograph;
 And now, *Sirree*, perhaps you'll go
 Down the river two miles or so—
 Cross the bridge, think it funny,
 Walk your chalks, and pay your money.

R. V. D.

He recorrido estas hermosas cataratas; la una de lapte Ynglesa, la otra, de lapte, Americana; une parece y. ambas se contemplan, se admiran y setemen, como las dos gdès Naciones, a q. pertenecen; j Plegue alcieto q. la desgraciada Mexico; Megue a tal altura de grandera y de poder, q. sea admirada y temida, de su poderosa vecina!

M. MA. DE TRAZABAL.

I have visited Niagara; and in the presence of the "Water-Thunderer," I feel how weak is man, and how futile are his efforts to describe the mighty Cataract. I am therefore dumb; silence must now be more eloquent than words. One word only would I say:—I have visited the Falls at all hours; I have seen her misty veil shroud her solemn beauties in the morning—have beheld the glorious sun lend his bow—and stood by at even, when the last lingering glimpses of light from the sunken sun hung over her with beauty; but to see her rightly, you must view her by the pale moonlight.

R. S.

I've seen the Falls three times *before*,
And want to see them three times more,
Which is enough according to *my* mind,
And now I'm going to look at them *behind*.

JOHNNY.

July 8th, 1851.

NIAGARA'S AGE.

Thy long white beard proclaims how many lonely centuries thou hast sat upon thy rocky throne, and held thy rainbow sceptre in thy hand; and yet age has not cracked thy voice or rendered less tuneful one note of thy anthem; nor art thou at all childish, although, in the fall of Table Rock, but a little while ago, thou lost the greatest *bump* of thy rocky head, and thy life currents seem to gush on as freely and as wildly as when for the first time thou shook thy infant rattle or leaped first into the abyss.

F. N. ZABRISKIE.

Great Jerusalem! what a fall,
"Take my hat," I give you all.

H. J. H., *Albany, N. Y.*

Y para que todo sea admirable y grandioso en este pais de libertad y de forodijio, se colocó tambien en él! O Niagara sublime! el supremo. Hacedor de la creacion.

R. MA E., *Matanzas.*

From Huron's pine clad shore,
 From Superior's rocky strand,
 Niagara's crested torrents pour,
 Touched by the Eternal's hand.
 God spake the waters into life
 And bade their voices wild proclaim,
 Above the petty din of human strife,
 His dread omnipotence and fame.

JONAH J. MARVIN, *Wis.*

Tremendous torrent, foaming sheet,
 Draw back thy veil, and let me greet
 Thy awful face, I glad would know
 And trace thy surges, whence they go;
 Terrific waves a rumbling keep, —
 They leap and wash thy stony feet,
 Then mount in watery mist on high,
 And paint *young* rainbows on the sky.
 Creation's dawn first lisped thy birth,
 And sent thee echoing through the earth;
 Old ocean stole thy given name,
 "Mother of Waters;" his theme again—
 Thy maddened waves may foam and roar,
 May leap and dash, as in days of yore;
 Till time shall cease, thou shalt not wane,
 But seemingly writhe on in pain.

A. L. C—K.

Aug. 1st, 1851.

Tupper,* where slept thy soul, that could not see
 The highest grandeur in sublimity
 In yon majestic works of power divine,
 Chanting God's praise in thunder tones sublime?
 Vain man—thou canst not justly speak its praise,
 In silent wonder reverently gaze!
 And humbly bow unto the power on high,
 Which reared this wondrous work for mortal eye.

J. S. BYRNE, *Mississippi.*

* Martin F. Tupper, the English tourist, said there was no sublimity in Niagara.

Those who desire to immortalize their names,
 Come here and take a pen and then ransack their brains;
 I own it 's curious to see
 How smart some people try to be,
 But all they write is nought but trash;
 Their heads as void of sense as their pockets are of cash.
 E. F. P.

TO THE IROQUOIS' "THUNDER OF WATERS."

Roll on—most grand and gorgeous river, roll!
 Thou art an impress of thy great Creator's skill, strength, and
 glory;
 And seemest 'neath this summer sky, like some beacon light
 In the spirit land that warns the traveler, and leads him
 Home to God, his maker.
 Below thy awful brink, wind and wave I see in strife,
 True picture of the struggles of our mortal life.
 Shine on—sweet mirror of the lake's wild wandering tides,
 Thou showest how thin the veil that time from eternity divides.
 Alas! I ne'er again may visit thee, Oh! wonder of the world!
 Then amid the "Thunder of thy waters" my last farewell is
 hurled.

NOSWIKTA, *Alexandria, Va.*

Fixed in these terrific Falls—of endless years
 The pillars of Eternal plan appears;
 The raging storm the dashing wave defies,
 Built by architects who built the skies.

PETER J. SULLIVAN, *of the Cincinnati bar.*

Niagara! absorto me quedé al mirante, y solo pude decir
 solo el que te contemplar conoce tu grandera!

Y. P., *Habana.*

How are the Falls like half a fish?
 Because they have got a Gill on one side.

T. GILL.

The mighty Falls with their foam and roar,
Speak a single word to my heart—"Adore!"

J. P. B.

I know a famous word that rhymes to staggerer,
Of course, I mean the waterfall, Niagara.

Oh! thou great structure of God's hand,
The mighty, great and falling sheet
That greets the eye of every man
That goes behind a hundred feet;
Yes, Niagara's falling spray
Is a wonder to the world;
From here to yonder, where you may,
Niagara's *name* is ever hurled.

CHAS. W. HOBART.

Why did the Falls of Niagara on a recent occasion appear
more beautiful than they ever did before?

Because they were adorned with a lovely (haze) *Hayes*.
1852.

TO NIAGARA.

Alike in grandeur and in beauty you rejoice
But most I'm struck with admiration of your voice;
This makes me dumb, for even flattery is dead,
Where nobody can hear a single word that's said.

J. J. G., *New York*.

Oh! Niagara no puedo espresar las emociones y senti al
ver tus caidas; y creo es lo mas grandioso que puede verse:
hé hecho un viage de Cuba aqui verte solmante y vuebbo a
mi patria encantata y con esperanze de volverte á ver.

E. CASANOVA, *Cardenas, Cuba*.

Perpetual motion, but not the work of man.

R. C. McC.

Niagara! Nada enla escomparable con la magnificencia de estas torrentez. Nengs de Europa conde he parado tres aùd, y no me queda nada que Ner en ere Niez *mundo*. Soi nacia en el nuevo, Cajo la influencia del calor tropical. En un liston del gloro Ni la luz; Cuba le mi patria; Cuba á quien james lehiereron dano las influencias políticas, haita hoi que nadie podrá fijar cual sea su porvenir! Sobre Cuba, quien pudiera darte tu felicidad ecliprada! yam le posible; de manos y com tu Cuen hijo propendené á que, comerves pr siempre tu estas de tranquilidad unius que te conviene. No te que me ha camado mat dula imprion, si tavita de esta mara imuna de aquas cayendo intorrentez, á ceptacer de veordar mi pain tan hemejante á cete in a presente my sur Corques, suy prados, suy artiolez, la muneara de Névir dely camperinos, todo lo de Cuba. Cara patria, yo vuelo átee sens, may hiento haurto cuando llory. El que conasca miboria sabra á que aludo, Niagara.

C. C. Y. M.

En el limite de los dos pueblos q. arombran al mundo con sur progresor materiales, coloció Dios la cascada del Niagara q. es la mor marasilla del mundo material. Ojala comprendan ambos y partienlarmte los Anglo Americanos q. la providencia tiene senalado á las naciones un finmoral, antes q. todo; y q. no pueden ser completante felices, si no son honradas y repetadoras de Dios y del dereiho de los demas hombres.

Table Rock, Junio de 1852.

BARTD. HIRREAS.

Il n'y a pas d'expresion
Si l'on a vu de shase pareille
Il faut laissez cela pour la poet.

H. L.

Mar avilla incomparable de la natur aleza; quien no amará y reconocerá un ser supremo y durno del universo, al contemplar tu randa comiente precipit an dose sublime en copos de espuma mas blanca que la niede!!

Ro. Jo. Do. A. B. 72.

Niagara, I have n't much hat, but you may take what I have got.

HARRY WHITBECK.

"She's all my fancy painted her." After an upset in a stage-coach with the Governor of Iowa, I am fully prepared for the beauties of any other *fall*. Niagara is perhaps the best now on hand. What a scene!—and what a place to spend five hundred dollars!—juicy as an orange, and powerful as a brandy-smash oft repeated!

H. HOLT, *Iowa*.

Feb. 22, 1853.

"Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!" but whether the allusion is intended for the upset in the stage-coach, or the Falls of Niagara, I am not prepared to say. Either are all that imagination could paint them,—having participated in both, I can add, that they are "all that heart could wish." The allusion to brandy-smash, however, I consider somewhat *personal*, having participated in that also.

DAVID OLMSTEAD, *Minnesota*.

Niagara, can man look on thee, and say "There is no God?"

L. H. C.

Niagara! Sobertio triunfador del tempo, cano. Loss hombrès al contemplarte esclamarán: ¡Niagara, eres!!

UN CUBANO.

Si mucho me inspiró el canto de sublime ruisenor Cubano José M. Heredia mucho mas me sorperdié el original! El Niagara.

JOSE HERNANDEZ,

Matanzas, Cuba.

"Whorum quorum sapientia."

"STRAY HOOSIER."

De cuanto llevo visto nada me impuero tanto como la bajada
á la cataracta.

B. V.

IMPROMPTU LINES,

Suggested by beholding the terrible rapids and cataract, over which the
unfortunate Avery was dashed.

TO NIAGARA.

When warriors met, and battle's roar
Resounded on thy hostile shore,
Above the pomp and trumpet's blast,
Thy white-plumed billows high and fast
Were rushing onward at thy call,
Thou chief! victorious over all;
And like proud steeds, with foaming mane,
They plunge, but ne'er shall rise again;
For one fierce, overwhelming shock
Has hurl'd them on thy battle-rock,
While o'er them, like the soldier's sleep,
Shall rise the requiem of the deep,
Beneath whose snowy bosom, now
Hath shook fore'er their crested brow,
On which no hero's wreath can bloom,
But incense from thy ocean-tomb
Will, with thy voice, forever rise,
In memory of their sacrifice,—
Gaze on, proud man, and here behold
The high and great, the certain goal
Of wild ambition, whose mad wave
From glory hurries to the grave:
Here wealth, and power, and place, and all
Most prized on earth, shall see their fall
Proclaimed in thunder-tones afar
By thee, invincible Niagara.
But, oh! the blessed hope of man,
When, o'er thy stormy breast, the span,
Whose rainbow hues, when evening glow
Thy God and his in mercy throws,
Pointing the soul, from cloud and storm,
To Heaven, its ever-glorious *home*:—

Yes, when that poor and humble one,
 Clung, in Life's struggle all alone,
 To his frail stay, with none to bless,
 His eye beheld, e'er in thy breast
 He sunk to his eternal rest,
 The rainbow-promise, like a star,
 Shining above the tempest war—
 No slow disease, no lingering death,
 But swept before thy Godlike breath,
 With one fond look and outstretched arm;
 Immortal now he has become.
 His tomb, thy white and spotless wave,
 Thy roar, his knell above the grave.

L. COLLINS LEE,

Maryland.

Cuántas ideas agitan la imaginación
 A contemplar la cristalina agua
 Del olivífero Niagara,
 Solo una mano omnipotente.

PANFELO PITOGERONICA,

Cayo Huesco, Cuba.

Quien ¡oh sublime Niagara! oh prodigioso maravilla de
 la naturaleza! no Joja cru tu vita? pero que podre deciente
 habiendote cantado el illustre é infortunado pretu Cubano?
 mi compatriata Flesedia!

ESTEBAN ESTRADA,

De Bayamo Yslade Cuba.

Man's mind is filled with earthly thoughts no more,
 While wrapt in mist amid Niagara's mighty roar.

MICHIGAN.

No es possible que exista un mortal castante presuntuoso
 qd que crea poder explicar loque se sciente quando se ve la
 cataranta: solo Gteredia ha sido su digna cantor.

JOSE M. RIVERO,

Del Habana.

Son tantas las ideas que se aglomeran la mi mente, que no es posible! oh Niagara! poder inamfestar tu grandeya y sublimidad como nusmo tiempo la admiracion que me has causado.

S. DEL POVO,

Habana.

Admirable y sorpendente,
Es del Niagara el torrente,
Que descende en su Cascada,
Y solo el omnipotente,
La formó tan acabada.

RAMON DIAZ,

Natural del principado de Asturias y luyar de Biercas.

MY MUSINGS!

Niagara, the great, my eye rests on
Thy snow-white troubled spray—ay, rests untired,
Not as of yore, when, thousand leagues away,
Ideal it gazed, measured thy expanse o'er,
Formed lofty scenes and grand, then longed to see
The picture real. I own, now viewing thee,
Imagination's spoiled reality!—
And yet I greet thy fascinating power,
But not thy form, nor yet thy gorgeous garb,
Neither thy magnitude my mind restrains:—
Though minus both the first, the latter thou
Canst boast; and, e'en in that, though joined
With ragged form, there is sublimity,—
It is thy ceaseless roar entrances me,
So emblematic of Eternity!
Yet mighty as thou art, my mind but sees
Thee as a speck of His unbounded work
Who bids the world (thou art of which a part,
A fragment, following great Nature's law)
Revolve around the sun—that sun
The point round which a thousand worlds
Perform their periodic, circled course,
Forming the heavens. One may the many seek
That doubtless circumscribe the Heaven of Heavens!

Yea, imagine farther still!—where shall we stop?
 What art thou, then? A bubble! drop! speck!
 An atom of creative power compared!
 Were man thy framer, then astonished I—
 The work with man's, on equal base comparing,
 I, as a man, must view thee with amaze.
 And yet I gaze!—the spell has magic force!—
 Though through my brain conceptions gloomy course.
 I see the sportful waves rush heedless on,
 Exalting high their heads of pearly spray,
 Regardless of the dread abyss before,
 Till on the brink; then tremble, helpless plunge
 In the dark gulf; then with those 'ready gone
 Commingle, forming one continuous stream,
 Are hurried to the ocean's endless wave.
 Yet, perhaps each drop that falleth o'er thee now,
 Viewless being, raised, condensed, again shall flow
 A lengthy course, and tumble o'er thy brow,
 When each gay one here has passed below!
 A stranger, strange I view the motley throng,
 From every nation of the earth impressed,
 The center there—a loadstone that attracts
 Mankind. For what? Answer, ye scenes around!
 Is it to view their Maker, through His works,
 Hence form exalting ideas of His power?
 Doubtless with some 't is so;—more, more, alas!
 To kill ennui—to sport as butterflies
 In all the gaudy tinsel of a day,
 Revel in pleasure (kin to vice, I fear),
 And culture what shall cause them many a tear
 Surrounded thus by Fashion's votaries gay,
 Thy ceaseless roar vibrating on my ears,
 Seems tho' Jehovah's voice were heard
 Pleading in thunder mild, to those drawn here,
 To pause, to think, ere, like the rushing waves,
 Too late they tremble, plunge into their graves,
 And meet their final Judge, as Pleasure's slaves.
 Reader, judge not I think it any crime
 Thy coming hither to view this scene sublime—
 Ah, no! 't is good, 't is wise, but think of future time.

S. F. Ross.

J'admire la chute de cette masse d'eau, mais sa pensée sa sa vue l'impression qu'elle produit sur mon esprit me reporte sers Dieu (cet abyme infinie), et la me perdant dans son immensité, je sens mon neant, et j'adore.

E. DUSAULX.

"In the spring," I purpose coming here prepared to erect a water-wheel under the Falls, that shall reach from Canada to the United States. The shaft is to be made of iron, sufficiently strong to bear the whole sheet of water. What a grand water privilege! In this act, I shall immortalize my name. I am confident I can get power enough (when brought to bear) to turn this globe the other way upon its axis. Then we shall have a different revolution of things—the sun rising in the west and setting in the east, etc.

D.

Feb. 24, 1854

Adias, Canada,
A darte venga aqui el adias pastrero,
Al greto de lo patria voi lejero,
El lampo del honor,
La libertad sapado,
Defendern mi espado,
Sin rloidaz te amo.—

CONDE QUAN DR COI BARCA,

Madrid.

Subject for a painter.

Here, rising on the scene sublime,
Heaven's sunbeams tint, with hues divine,
The gorgeous torrent and its spray,
Passing in glorious pride away;—
Still mingling with each misty shower—
Rejoicing in each glowing hour—
Embracing, from the grateful skies,
Earth's splendid offering, ere it dies!

CHINCACHOO.

The touters ply,
 The niggers cry,
 The Falls to take you under—
 "Oh pray, sir, go—
 It's such a show;
 Indeed, I'll make no blunder."
 If full of zeal,
 You chance to feel,
 And nerves are tightly braced up,
 Just go within,
 And neck and shin
 Have snugly dressed and laced up:
 Do n't mind the spray—
 There's light of day,—
 Besides you're clothes to bake in.
 But what you see!—
 Oh powers that be!
 Was there ever such a take in?

G. C.

ON VISITING THE NIAGARA FALLS.

By the Hon. C. N. Frazier.

Awestruck and lost in silent admiration,
 I stand and gaze upon thy rushing waters.
 Mighty Niagara, no sportive stream art thou;
 Thy very thunder mocks such poor comparison,
 And to my wildered ear, thy deafening roar
 Makes my heart quail with its own littleness.
 Oh, mighty grandeur! who can silent gaze
 Upon thy verdant, angry foaming spray,
 And not feel touched with the sublimity
 Of such a scene. Magnificent!—pouring forth
 Living streams of glittering, liquid light
 Down from thy dizzy verge in vapor fathomless,
 Faint Memory cannot sketch thy mighty grandeur,
 Awful Niagara! nor could the muse with justice
 Half describe thy majesty. But he who doubts
 There is a God, let him but gaze one moment
 From thy giddy height, and listen to the roar
 Of thy engulfing waters, methinks base infidelity
 Would shrink amazed, and say within itself,

"Surely, this is not chance which thus has formed
 This ocean avalanche, these cloud-hung cliffs
 Speak of some mighty hand, and herald a Creator."
 Nor could he lift his eyes from billows far beneath,
 But he would shrink aghast, and wondering cry,
 "Condemned I stand, convinced of His dread power
 That thus could mould this mighty ornament."
 Albion boasts of her cliffs, her lordly halls,
 Her peasant's homes, her old cathedrals where
 Kings and queens lie buried, but send her sons
 To view these kingly scenes, and gaze upon
 Columbia's mighty rivers, and her lakes
 That mock the haughty sea, and dash their waves
 Against this mammoth land where freedom dwells.

April 12, 1855.

Niagara—always majestic, but most grand and lovely in the
 ice-bound embraces of winter.

J. R. WHITNEY.

Feb. 12, 1854.

Que horrible hermosa presentan las cataractas del Niagara.
 M.

Sei mir begrüßt, des jungen Weltreichs Stolz und Zierde!
 In deinem Brausen, — der Freiheit Donner grollen!
 Umsonst stemmt sich der Fels — unwillig seiner Bürde,
 Der Strom sucht seine Bahn, — des Felsen Trümmer rollen.
 So zieht die Menschheit vorwärts, dem fernen Ziele zu,
 Und erst nach wildem Kampfe winkt ihr des Grabes Ruh.

Sei mir begrüßt, Du schöner muth'ger Strom!
 Aus deinem grünen Spiegel strahlt mir des Lebens Bild
 Du schwingst dich kühn hinunter von deinem hohen Thron,
 Springst in die blaue Tiefe, die weiße Wucht verhüllt.
 Der Mensch, der wagt und ringt, thut manchen kühnen Sprung,
 Und über seine Zukunft liegt dicke Dämmerung.

Sei mir begrüßt, in deiner Majestät und Pracht!
 Mit solchem Zauber schmückt Natur nur Kraft und Muth.
 Des Bächleins Silberwellen, der See in Mondnacht,
 Wie schaal sind ihre Reize gegen deiner Farben Gluth!
 Esmaragde zieh'n hinunter, Demanten steigen hinauf,
 Und Regenbogen spannen rothgoldne Brücken auf.

Sei mir gegrüßt, der Trieb nach Freiheit führte mich zu Dir;
 Ich sehe Dich und meine letzten Zweifel schwinden!
 Wer Freiheit will, muß wagen, zeigst Du mir.
 Frisch vorwärts auf der Bahn, das Ziel wird sich schon finden!
 Vor Wasserdunst, zerstreut im Fall, als leerer Schaum,
 Was nicht der Prüfung Probe hält, ist nur ein eitler Traum.

Josef Leopold Stiger.

Niagara Falls, den 29. Mai 1851.

Gott und die Freiheit zeigen sich in der Natur,
 Drum ehrt in diesen Reichen der freie Geist den Schöpfer nur.

Franz van Daven.

Juli 18. 1851.

Niagara ist ein gar großer Strom
 Viel hundert Meilen wohl lang.
 Dies Dorf hier ich sag's euch ohne Föhn
 Ist ein Dorf, wie's Homer uns besang.

Die Schafe der Alten fehlen uns hier,
 Die Hantees doch füllen den Platz hier für sie.
 Der Alte schenkt auch ein trefflich Glas Bier,
 Ganz mad gleich zwar nicht, doch ist er kein Vieh.

Der Himmel ist blau, das Wasser ist naß,
 Es grunzt die Sau, der Hantee ist blaß.
 Der Herrgott ist hier, wie überall,
 Es schwebet sein Geist auch über den Fall.

Löning Blumauer.

Niagara Falls, 21. Juli 1851.

SKETCHES OF NIAGARA FALLS

AND THE SCENERY ADJACENT.

INTRODUCTION.

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 steamboats and railroad cars are every where so abundant, the traveler 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 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!*

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 amazement 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 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 the 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, envelop 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 some hundred miles. Ample, however, was my recompense. I had, in the course of my life, beheld some of the most celebrated scenes in 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 continued, it might have been attributed to the complete gratification of "hope deferred;" but so far from diminishing, the more I gazed, the stronger 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 waterfalls. 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 to mention 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 traveler: '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 avoirdupois. If we estimate it at six miles an hour, the quantity will be more than 102,000,000, and in a day would exceed 2,400,000,000 tons.'

"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 corkscrew ladder, constructed round a column, to enable travelers 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 its 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 handbill expresses it. To have stood and gazed on a mighty ocean of water rushing innocuously over your head, will be 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. Barnett, 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. Barnett 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 one 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 footpath 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 honor 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 endeavored 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. 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 neighborhood 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 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 around the sun-lit rocks. There was the Table Rock above, with people walking on it like mere specks in the light, the cliffs and the woods all arrayed in the splendor of a noon-tide sun; and then the veil was closed, and I was shut out from the world—left in utter solitude.

"Fellow-travelers, 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 endeavored 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. EDGERTON, *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. Edgerton; 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.

After wrapping yourself closely up in your cloak—the more fur you have about you 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 Fairy. Beautiful, exceedingly, is the workmanship of *John Frost* in this neighborhood; 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.

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, need not say anything 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 unsunned 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 undefinable 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 any thing 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 a 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 his 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 pathway 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 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 anywhere else;" and another observes, "it is said to be quite an adventure to go under 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 neighborhood, that it is as idle to institute comparisons as to attempt descriptions. 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 footpath 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, though differing in some respects from that seen from 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 vast vista of waters, veiled in clouds of mist, and rolling away—away, in peaceful and unruffled majesty, as if they never had been touched 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 labor constitutes a large portion of the sum of human existence, and might be more profitably as well as pleasantly spent in some other way. It is easy to write one's name in a Register or 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 tempest. Not that their power and velocity is less continuously resistless here; but that 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 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 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 influence of modern ultraism—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 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, etc., 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 further information to those whose business it is to furnish it.

We close our remarks on this locality with an extract from a mss. 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 fifty-four feet wide. Looking up between the Islands, this small branch of the river appears to be issuing out of the 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 thirty 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 crystal."

MINOR CURIOSITIES.

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. 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 sweer," as well as "wretched ill o't," we again borrow as follows from Mr. Lane's mss.:

"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 '*half-way 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 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 around 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 was pointed out to me. Some twenty-two 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 anything 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 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

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

battle and of flood—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 Fall 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 the 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.

After the notice already taken of the Ferry, it will be sufficient to state that there is an experienced ferryman on each side of 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 travelers.

THE BURNING SPRING.

Having called again at Barnett's Museum, where, by the way, there is, besides the creature comforts formerly mentioned, also an assortment of mineral specimens, petrefactions, 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."

PASSAGE BEHIND THE CATARACT.

It is not perhaps generally known, that Mr. Thomas Barnett, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Museum and Public Garden on the Canada side, has also, for some time past, had the entire charge of the house at the head of the stairs leading to the passage behind the great Falls to "Termination Rock." Mr. B. during a residence of more than 16 years at the Falls, by his uniform, correct deportment, has won for himself a reputation as enviable as it is deserved. His charges are uniform and moderate, and his guide behind the great sheet is always to be depended upon. We make this mention as an act of justice to Mr. Barnett, the more particularly, as in former years the passage behind the sheet was in the charge of a person whose charges and conduct were not of the kind calculated to win confidence or gain good will; and many persons have been deterred from visiting this point, believing the same objections to still exist.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

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 neighborhood 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 Captain Usher, 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 dis sever 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 on the page of history. The student of nature can have little gratification in contemplating scenes of slaughter and 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."



VIEW OF THE WHIRLPOOL.

