

White Haven—Arrarat.

## CITY OF ARRARAT.



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

## JEWISH CITY OF ARRARAT.

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

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

Jewish Monument—Grand Island.

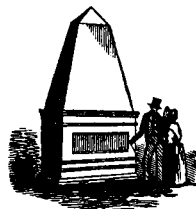
There is a Monument to be seen, however, composed of brick, mortar and wood on which are engraved in the Hebrew character the following words:

שמע ישראל  
יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ

ARRARAT.

A CITY OF REFUGE FOR THE JEWS:

Founded by Mordecai M. Noah; in the month  
Tizri, 5586,  
September, 1825, in the 56th year of American  
Independence.



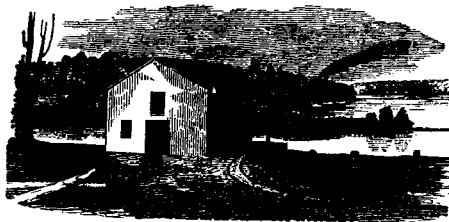
GRAND ISLAND has many cultivated lots scattered over it; and land is offered by the proprietor at very reasonable terms to induce the complete settlement of it. The Island abounds in game, is watered by numerous springs, and is in every way adapted to agricultural purposes. It is constantly visited by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



SPORTSMEN.

Schlosser Landing—Navy Island—Grand Island.

## SCHLOSSER.



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

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

Ferry Boat *Caroline*—Its destruction resolved on.

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

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

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

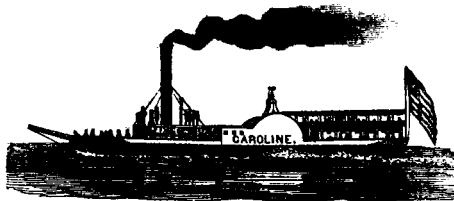
Destruction of the *Caroline*.

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

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

The *Caroline* on fire.

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



Plankroad—Chippewa—Fort Schlosser.



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

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

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

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

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

Village of Niagara Falls—Railroad to Lockport.

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

### THE VILLAGE OF NIAGARA FALLS.



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

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

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

Places of Amusement—Newspaper—Telegraph.

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

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



THE EXPRESS.

Emerald Steamboat.

## STEAMBOAT ROUTE TO THE FALLS.



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



STEAMBOAT.

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

Canada.

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



SHOT AT.

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



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

"Queen City of the Lakes"—Fort Erie.

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

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

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

## The Red Mill—Waterloo.

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

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

## WATERLOO.

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

## Steam Ferry—Chippewa.

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

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

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

Grand Island—Niagara River.

## THE ISLANDS.

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

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

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

Sudden Falls—Buckhorn and Navy Island—French Vessels.

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

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

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

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



The Patriots—Canadian Rebellion.

## NAVY ISLAND.



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

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

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

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

General Sutherland—Wm. Lyon McKenzie—General Scott.

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