GUIDE TO NIAGARA FALLS.

Depth of the River below the Falls.

This has never been ascertained. Engineers and others have at different times attempted to sound it, but, owing to the strong and irregular undercurrents, no definite report could be made. It is thought to be from 150 to 250 feet deep.

The Falls Cannot be Described.

There is too much sublimity, majesty, and overwhelming grandeur for finite minds to comprehend or explain. No language is adequate to give to the stranger a correct idea of these stupendous works of the Almighty. And they have always appeared to the author like the hand of the Deity stretched out for his creatures to look at. "Lo, these are parts of his ways!" "But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

Winter Scene.

It is thought by many, who have visited the Falls at this season, that it far surpasses that of summer. The icicles, in the shape of inverted cones, hanging from the high banks, the dazzling splendor of an effulgent sun darting his fiery beams upon them; the frozen spray, clothing the trees in its silvery robe; the roar of the ice, as it rushes onward to try the fearful leap; the ceaseless thunder of the cataract; the bow of promise smiling serenely upon
the angry flood; the enchained river within its icy embrace, struggling like some monster of the deep to be free,—all combine to render the scene awfully grand and terrific. No language is adequate to give a correct impression; it must be seen before it can be appreciated.

The First Man who saw the Falls.

The first white man who saw the Falls, as far as we have any authentic record, was Father Hennepin, Jesuit missionary, sent out from the French among the Indians, as early as the year 1678, 185 years since. His descriptions were visionary and exceedingly exaggerated. He thought the Falls six or seven hundred feet high, and that four persons could walk abreast under the sheet of water, without any other inconvenience than a slight sprinkling from the spray. But we would not attribute this wild and fanciful description to a want of candor, or an intention to deceive. The fact probably was, he had no means of measuring its height, and undoubtedly got his account from the Indians, which very likely would be incorrect.

Indian Tradition.

The Indians, it is said in Judge De Veaux's works, have a tradition that two human beings, yearly, will be sacrificed to the Great Spirit of these Waters.

Whether any reliance can be placed upon the tradition of the Indians or not, it is nevertheless true, that almost every year has proved fatal to some one. The following instances can be mentioned.

Casualties.

Dr. Hungerford, of West Troy, was killed by a rock falling upon him, between Biddle Stairs and the Cave of the Winds. May 27, 1839.

John York is supposed to have gone over the Falls, as pieces of his boat and part of the loading were picked up below, 28th Nov. 1841. William Kennedy was in the boat with him, and found dead on Grass Island, just above the Rapids.

J. H. Thompson, of Philadelphia, was washed off of a rock below the Falls, under the great sheet of water, by leaving the guide and venturing too far upon places of danger. August 16, 1844.

Miss Martha K. Rugg, from Lancaster, near Boston, Mass., while picking a flower, fell over the bank, just below Barnett's Museum (Canada side), one hundred and fifteen feet. August 23, 1844. She lived about three hours.

Charles Smart, from Philadelphia, fell about forty feet from a rock in the Cave of the Winds. Aug. 31, 1846. Killed instantly.

John Murphy, aged fourteen years, son of a widow lady of our village, attempting to cross the
river in a canoe, about a mile above the Falls, was drawn into the current and went over. His body was never found. June 13, 1847.

A son of Mr. White, aged five years, and his sister, about one year and a half older, were playing in a canoe; it floated out into the stream. The agonized mother beheld this heart-rending scene; she rushed into the river nearly up to her neck,—rescued the girl; the boy went over. He was last seen sitting in the bottom of the canoe, holding on to each side with his hands. July 9, 1848. His body was never found.

A gentleman from Buffalo, supposed to be on an excursion shooting ducks; his boat was drawn into the Rapids above the grist-mill—seen by several of our citizens to pass under the bridge—heard to exclaim, "Can I be saved?" His boat, with the velocity of lightning, passed on, dashed against a rock nearly opposite the chair factory; he was thrown out; went over feet foremost, near the American shore. August 25, 1848. His body has never been found.

A Mrs. Miller cut her shawl in pieces, tied them together, and hung them over the bridge leading to Goat Island, intending, doubtless, to induce the belief that she had let herself down into the angry flood and had gone over the Falls. Very few of our citizens believed it, as there was too much pains taken, for the purpose of committing suicide. It was all a farce, as she was heard from at Syracuse and other places, a few days after. Some love-affair occasioned this wild freak. Her father, a very respectable lawyer, died soon afterwards, it was thought of a broken heart.

A gentleman from Troy, N. Y., in the winter of 1852, while passing over the bridge to the Tower, fell into the river, was instantly carried to the verge of the precipice, and lodged between two rocks. Mr. Bruster L. Davis rescued him, by throwing some limes in the direction; he had just sufficient strength left to tie them around his body, and they drew him to the bridge, whence he was taken to the Falls Hotel. He remained speechless for several hours, but finally recovered.

Avery on the Log.

On the morning of July 19, 1858, a great excitement was created by the discovery of a man on a log in the Rapids, midway between the main shore and Bath Island, and about forty yards below the bridge which leads to the toll-gate on the island. The rock against which the log had lodged can be seen from the bridge, or from the bank. The circumstances, as near as are known, of the way he got there, are these. This man, Avery, and another man, being in the employ of Mr. Brown, boating
sand above the Falls about two miles, got into a boat at ten o'clock at night to take a pleasure-sail. The next morning Mr. Avery was discovered on the log above mentioned, which being reported called thousands of people to the spot to see the unfortunate man and do what they could to rescue him. In the first place a small boat was let down; but it filled with water, and sunk before it reached him. By this time a life-boat from Buffalo had reached the spot, and was lowered into the stream, which reached the log he was on, passed by above it, capsized, and sunk, which was the last of that. Next, a small boat was let down, which reached the spot all right, but the rope got entangled under the log, and could not be got loose; so that boat was useless. Another plan was tried: a raft was let down to him all right, and he got on it, and the raft was moved toward Bath Island as far as it could be, but the ropes soon got entangled in the rocks, and the raft stuck fast. Then another boat was let down to him, to take him from the raft; but as the boat reached the raft, the water dashed the boat against the bow of the raft, which gave it a sudden jog, and Avery, not using the means that were prepared for his safety, viz., ropes for him to hold on to, or tie himself with, stood erect on the stern of the raft; and as the boat struck, he fell off backward, and the rapid water carried him over the

Falls, at about six o'clock p.m., at which time the crowd (being about three thousand in number) left the spot with slow and solemn steps for their homes. It was an awful scene.

A Visit to Goat Island by Moonlight.

Thousands, in the summer season, when the weather is fair, promenade through the island at night—it is a delightful treat. The carriage-road is fine; the dark forest, in all its native grandeur, is around them; not a breath moves the surrounding foliage; the moon, pouring a flood of mellow light through the openings of the trees, the silence of death is only interrupted by Niagara's ceaseless roar, filling the mind with emotions of awe, grandeur, and sublimity which it is impossible to describe. It must be witnessed before it can be appreciated.

The Lunar Bow

can only be seen about once a month, or when the moon is within two or three days previous or after its full. The reason is, there is not light enough to form the bow. The best points from which to view this grand spectacle are at the foot of Goat Island, on Luna Island, and Horse Shoe Tower. If the sky is clear, the wind right, and the atmosphere favorable, an entire arch can be seen. The author has frequently seen a whole arch, with three colors very
distinct; and we are inclined to believe, as far as we can learn from travellers, that this is the only place on the globe where a rainbow at night, in the form of an arch, can be seen at all. It is indescribably grand, worthy the attention of the tourist, and will amply repay him for a trip to the island to behold. "Thou hast told us right," said a party of Friends, from Philadelphia, to the author: "this sight alone is sufficient to pay us for a journey to the Falls." The mind takes a wild and sublime range, but its emotions cannot be expressed.

Local Distances about the Falls—American Side.

From Cataract House to Ferry.......................... 90 rods
" International to Ferry.......................... 80 "
" American to Ferry.......................... 120 "

From the hotels to the
Suspension Bridge.......................... 2 miles
Whirlpool............................................. 24 "
Devil's Hole, or Bloody Run.......................... 24 "
Indian Village........................................ 9 "
Lewiston............................................. 7 "
Fort Niagara............................................ 14 "

Number of steps at the Ferry.......................... 290

Indian Village

is nine miles from the Falls, on the American side. There is nothing here that has the shape of a village. A few scattering huts, most of them log houses, are all that is to be seen. A ride to the meeting-house on the Sabbath is frequently made; there is preaching in English by a missionary, which is interpreted into the Indian language by the chief, or one of the tribe. They are the Tuscaroras, formerly from North Carolina, once a powerful, warlike tribe, but now diminished to a mere handful. Their women are at the Falls nearly every day during the visiting season, and are very ingenious in making bead-work, which they offer for sale. As to charge for a carriage to the village, there is no definite price; it is generally from three to six dollars.

Niagara

is a corruption of the Indian word Onyakarra, supposed to be in the Iroquois language, as the Iroquois were the first who dwelt here, as far as we know. The meaning of the term is "mighty, wonderful, thundering" water. It lies in latitude 43 degrees 6 minutes north, and longitude 2 degrees 5 minutes west from London.

Health of the Visits of the Falls.

No place in the United States can boast of a greater degree of uninterrupted health than the Falls. The town contains about three thousand inhabitants. Not an epidemic, not a case of cholera, has ever originated here. This is attributable, doubtless, in some degree, to the rapid current of the river and the pure and exhilarating state of the
atmosphere. Whatever may be the cause, such is the fact; and it is acknowledged by every one.

Hotels.
The Cataract House and International are considered among the best first-class houses in the United States. The American is also a good hotel, and all are well patronized during the summer season.

The Nearest Route to Canada (Table Rock, Burning Spring, and Lady's Lane Battle-Ground) is by the Ferry. The view of the Falls and river from the ferry-boat is one of the very best; and the visitor should not fail to witness it. The ferry-boats are new, commodious, and perfectly safe. Not an accident has occurred at the Ferry for forty-five years. As you land on the Canada side you can procure a hack to take you to Table Rock, &c.

The expenses by this route will be as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ferryage, including cars down the bank</td>
<td>20 cts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hack to Table Rock, from 12 to 59 cts.</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or hack to Table Rock, Burning Spring, and Battle-Ground</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If you go under the sheet of water, 50 cts. to $1.00,</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge at Burning Spring,</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge at Battle-Ground for going up on the Pagoda</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferryage returning</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cars up the bank</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For table of distances, see page 42.

Landing on the Canada Side.

There is a good carriage-road up the bank, and, if the visitor feels disposed, he can walk at his leisure, and thus have more time to contemplate and appreciate this wonderful scene. If he prefers riding, he can get a good carriage, with careful drivers, to take him to Table Rock, generally for twelve and a half or twenty-five cents. It would be advisable to make a bargain before you start, as the drivers will sometimes tell you they will carry you for a shilling,—meaning Canada currency. One shilling of that money is twenty-two cents on this side. Price of carriages by the hour, for the party, on that side, is usually seventy-five cents.

Clifton House.

This is a large, first-class hotel on the Canada side, at the top of the hill as you ascend the bank from the Ferry. Eighty rods below, on the edge of the bank, is Victoria Point.

The Museum is near Table Rock. Charge for admittance is twenty-five cents. About twenty rods below the Museum is the point where Miss Martha K. Rugg fell over the bank, one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. (See Casualties.) The next grand and all-absorbing point of interest is Table Rock.
The route to Canada (Table Rock, Burning Spring, and Landy's Lane Battle-Ground), by the Suspension Bridge.

Many prefer to engage a carriage on this side and go to Canada via Suspension Bridge. The time required for this trip is usually half a day, or from three to five hours.

The charges may be put down as follow:—

Carriage-hire, $1.00 per hour, or, if by the job, from 3 to 4½,—say.......................... $3.50
Toll at bridge for carriage going and returning... 50
Toll at bridge for each person (driver free)........ 25
Charges at Table Rock, nothing,—unless you go under the sheet of water, which will cost........ 1.00
Charges at Burning Spring.......................... 25
Charges at Landy's Lane Battle-Ground........... 25

If you purchase any goods, it will be well to remember that you have to pay a duty of thirty-three per cent., unless the Custom-House officer neglects his duty.

Suspension Bridge

is two miles below the Falls, is eight hundred feet long, and extends two hundred and thirty feet above one of the maddest streams on the globe. It is owned by a stock-company, and cost about five hundred thousand dollars. It was built under the superintendence of J. A. Roebling. The cars of the Great Western Railroad pass over the bridge to connect with the New York Central.
GUIDE TO NIAGARA FALLS.

The following are the dimensions:

Length of span from centre to centre of towers 822 ft.
Height of tower above rock on the Amer. side... 88 "
" " " on the Canada side. 78 "
" " " floor of railway 80 "
" " track " water 246 "
Number of wire cables 4
Diameter of each cable. 101/2 in.
Number of No. 9 wires in each cable 3050
Ultimate aggregate strength of cables 12,100 tons.
Weight of superstructure 800 "
" " " and maximum loads 1250 "
Maximum weight the cable and stays will support 7309 "

Note.—The wires were first got across by means of a kite.

Table Rock

is on the Canada side, near the great Horse Shoe Fall, and the terminus of the carriage-road in this direction. It was formerly about fifteen rods long, and three wide, and projected over the precipice from fifty to sixty feet. Thousands of the most tiried have stood upon this giddy eminence with perfect safety, and gazed upon the resplendent grandeur of this enchanting, bewildering scene. While contemplating it, the mind is lost, and sinks back upon itself amid the immensity of God's works. Two large portions of Table Rock have fallen within a few years, but have detracted but little from this grand view.
The charge for going under the sheet of water is one dollar: when opposition is strong between the two places, the charge is often less.

**Fall of Table Rock.**

On the 26th of June, 1850, our citizens were startled with the report that Table Rock had fallen. Many of us instantly repaired to the place, to witness for ourselves an event we had long expected. What a chasm! What a tremendous crash! The rocks heaved, the earth trembled. A mass of rock, nearly two hundred feet long, sixty wide, and one hundred thick, fell into the river, and almost every particle disappeared from sight. The noise produced by this falling rock was something like the rumbling of an earthquake. It was heard four or five miles on each side of the river. Fortunately, no lives were lost, though some forty or fifty persons were standing upon the rock but a few moments before. In 1818, a portion of Table Rock fell. In 1828, a large mass fell from the centre of the Horse Shoe Falls. Another mass fell, connected with Table Rock, and extending under the sheet of water toward the point of the Horse Shoe, about one hundred and fifty feet long, fifty wide, and one hundred deep, carrying with it a canal-boat that had lain on the verge of the Horse Shoe for months.

**Manitou Rock.**

The large rock at the edge of the water below Table Rock is called Manitou Rock, and is the one on which the Indians used to sacrifice a dog to the Great Spirit.

**Burning Spring.**

This spring is situated two miles above the Falls, on the Canada side, near the water's edge. It is the carbonated sulphuretted hydrogen gas that burns. Touched with a match it gives out a brilliant flame, rising two or three feet high. Many are very much interested, and to those who have never seen any thing of the kind it is an object of a good deal of interest. Charges, twelve and a half cents.

**Chippawa.**

The village of Chippawa is on the British side, three miles above the Falls.

**Lundy's Lane Battle-Field.**

Lundy's Lane is a mile and a half west of the Falls, on the Canada side. The battle, in its hottest fury, was fought principally in the night, with the bayonet; Gen. Peter B. Porter commanding the volunteers,—Generals Brown and Scott wounded, Riell and Drummond (British generals) wounded and taken prisoners. This, it is said, was the severest battle ever fought on this continent. The British
had in killed and wounded eight hundred and seventy-seven, the Americans eight hundred and sixty. It was a drawn game,—both parties claiming the victory. July 25, 1814.

The above is taken from General Brown’s official report to the Secretary of War. This is sometimes blended with the Chippewa battle, but it is a mistake: Chippewa battle was fought near the Burning Spring, July 5, 1814. The charge for ascending the Pagoda at the Battle-Ground is twenty-five cents.

Local Distances—Canada Side.

From the water’s edge to the Clifton House......... 106 rods
From the Clifton House to Table Rock............... 220 “
From Suspension Bridge to Table Rock............... 2 miles
From Table Rock to Landy’s Lane Battle-Ground, 1½ “
To the Burning Spring................................... 2½ “
To Chippewa..................................................... 3 “
To the Whirlpool............................................. 4½ “
To Brock’s Monument..................................... 7½ “

Burning of the Steamer “Caroline.”

If the appearance of a ship on fire at sea, at night, in a thunder-storm, is grand and terrific, no less so was that of the steamboat Caroline in flames, as she was lassoed from her moorings at the old landing near Fort Schlosser, and towed out into the middle of the river, by the command of Colonel McNab, a British officer. Here she was abandoned and left to her fate. The night was intensely dark. She moved steadily on; a broad sheet of lurid flame shot high into the heavens, illuminating the western clouds with its red glare; rockets were ascending from the Canada shore, expressive of the success of the expedition. A universal shout rings out upon the night air from the frontier who have just left the doomed boat. She enters the Rapids at the head of Goat Island, nearest the Canada shore, careens over, rights, and passes on, like a flaming meteor, to her final doom. Striking upon Gull Island, she swings around, awfully shattered by the conflict, the flames rolling up for a moment, as if not alarmed by Niagara’s roar, but determined not to be enwrapped within its cold embrace or to be beaten by its mighty and terrific power. The war of the elements continues for an instant; the Caroline has disappeared, leaving “not a wrack behind;” and Niagara is victor, proclaiming to the world that its power is not lessened by the strife of men, or any casual floating substance upon its bosom. Very few, however, beheld this grand spectacle, as it was during the night, and most of the inhabitants had retired from the frontiers. It is not our purpose, at this time, to enter into the minutiae of this affair: suffice it to say, the boat was charged by the British with aiding the refugees by carrying provisions and arms to Navy
Island, which doubtless was true. This specification was brought before the court by the British consul at the trial of McLeod for the murder of a gentleman from Buffalo who was shot on board the Caroline. It will be recollected McLeod was acquitted.

The fragments of the boat that lodged on Gull Island remained there until the next spring. What was left of her after passing the Rapids went over the point of the Horse Shoe Fall. No person, we believe, was on board. December 29, 1839.

The Line between the two Governments, as agreed upon by the commissioners (General P. B. Porter was one, on behalf of the United States Government), is in the centre of the river, or deepest channel, passing through the point of the Horse Shoe, through the centre of Lake Erie, Lake Superior, and so on to the northern boundaries of the United States.

Fort Schlosser

is two and a half miles above the Falls, on the American side. It is memorable for its antiquity, and its associations of the British and French, each holding alternately the possession up to the year 1775.

Scarcely a vestige of the ruins marks the place where it once stood. It is not visited by travelers.

Indian Offering to the Falls.

In the month of August, 1851, the writer accompanied a party of Indians from the northwest wilds of Minnesota (on their way to Washington) to the foot of the American Falls. The wind was favorable, and we approached within a few feet of the falling sheet. They gazed in rapt wonder on the mighty flood, as it rolled its angry waters and fell upon the resounding rocks below. For a long time, every muscle of their countenances indicated a religious awe, and their thoughts appeared to be communing with some superior power. At a signal from the chief, they drew a small red pipe from their girdle, and, with a great deal of solemn gesturing, each threw his pipe under the Falls. This, I was told by the interpreter, was a religious offering to the Great Spirit, that he would be propitious to them on their journey and return them in safety to their homes. We then conducted them to the Tower, on the west side of Goat Island. They were induced, by some ladies and gentlemen present, to give their views of what they saw. They did so, in the following words, as far as their language could be interpreted.

"Brothers," said the chief, "we live in the woods, far towards the setting sun. Our fathers once owned these lands and this river; they have told us of these Falls, but now we see them. Brothers,
you are great, but you cannot stop this water; you cannot put your hand on its mouth and make it still. Yonder," pointing to the clouds, "is the Great Spirit; he made these, and this is his work; and yonder," pointing to the rainbow (which at the time shone most brilliantly), "we see his face,—we see him smile. We shall tell our children what we have seen. Brothers, our hearts are glad that we turned aside from our path to see this great wonder. Brothers, we thank the whites for our good treatment." The emotions of Red Jacket, the celebrated Indian chief, while visiting the Falls some years since, were of a very different character. He admired the grandeur of nature's work, but not with that religious awe and devotional feeling with which those wild untutored sons of the forest mentioned above were inspired. Envy and jealousy rankled in his bosom against the white man, the destroyer of his race. He saw, at a glance, the superiority of the white man over the red man of the woods, and he hated him because he had not the power to become his equal.

Point View
is a few rods to the right of the Ferry-House, on the American side. This was the last residence of Francis Abbot, the Hermit of Niagara. On this spot a pagoda was raised, which placed the spec-

Gaitie's Cave
is on the American side, about sixty rods below the Ferry, and this is the only way of getting to it. The bank is steep and precipitous, and difficult of access. It is about fifteen feet wide, and ten high. Except as containing a few specimens of petrified moss, it is not an object of interest, and is seldom visited by strangers.

Bender's Cave
is on the Canada side, about half-way between the Clifton House and the Suspension Bridge. It is a cavity in the bank, about six feet high and twenty long, formed by a decomposition of the limestone. It is not a place of resort.

The Whirlpool,
on the American side, is three miles below the Falls, and is visited on account of the wild and magnificent grandeur of its scenery. The river here turns abruptly to the right, forming an elbow, and as the waters rush against the opposite banks a whirlpool is formed, in which logs and other bodies have been
known to float for many days before finding their way out.

If you wish to take the trouble to descend the bank, you can get one of the best views of the Rapids from below that is to be had; and you will wonder how the steamer "Maid of the Mist" ever passed down here with its crew and lived; yet such is the fact. For particulars, see page 50.

While standing upon the rocks near the water's edge, cast your eyes up the river towards the Canada shore; you will at once perceive that the river is very considerably higher in the centre than it is on each side. The height in the centre above that on the banks is estimated by the engineers to be eleven and a half feet. If two men were to stand, the one with his feet in the water on the American side, and the other on the Canada shore, and extend their hands as high as they could reach, with a handkerchief or anything of the kind in it, it could not be seen by either.

The charge for visiting the Whirlpool grounds is twenty-five cents: the proceeds go to the support of the De Veaux Orphans' College, which is located on the grounds near the main road.

Devil's Hole

is three and a half miles below the Falls, on the American side, formed by a chasm in the eastern bank of the river one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet deep. An angle of this gulf is within a few feet of the road, offering the traveler, without slighting, an opportunity of looking into the yawning abyss beneath. During the French War, a detachment of the British army, while retreating from Fort Schlosser, were decoyed into an ambush of French and Indians. The yell of the savage, as it rung out upon the midnight air, was the first indication of their attack. Baggage-wagons, officers, men, women, and children, were encircled and pushed over the bank, and plunged into the awful chasm below. By the most authentic account, the number of those who perished was two hundred and fifty. Only two persons escaped,—a drummer who was caught in the branch of a tree in his descent, and a man by the name of Stedman (the same who put the goats upon Goat Island): while attempting to flee, the bridle-reins were seized by the savages; he instantly cut them loose and escaped. The Indians afterwards gave him all the land he encircled in his flight, which was the point between the Devil's Hole and Fort Schlosser, including the Falls. The visitor can descend the stairs to the water's edge, if he chooses; but, like the "Indian gun, it costs more than it comes to."

What has produced this wonderful chasm, is left much to conjecture to determine. Sir Charles Lyell
thinks the small stream that pours over into the
gulf, near an old saw-mill, would have been “per-
fectly competent to have cut the ravine, and we
need look for no more powerful cause.” The battle
above mentioned occurred in 1765. The charge
for going on to the rock, and descending the stairs
below, is twenty-five cents. Chasm Tower, or Mount
Eagle, is a few rods below.

“Maid of the Mist” going through the Whirlpool.

She left her moorings, about a quarter of a mile
above the Suspension Bridge, June 15, 1861, and
swung boldly out into the river, to try one of the
most perilous voyages ever made. She shot forward
like an arrow of light, bowed gracefully to the
multitude on the bridge, and with the velocity of
lightning passed on to meet her doom. Many beheld
this hazardous, daring adventure, expecting every
instant she would be dashed to pieces and disappear
forever. Amazement thrilled every heart, and it
appeared as if no power short of Omnipotence could
save her. “There! there!” was the suppressed ex-
amination that escaped the lips of all. “She careens
over! She is lost! She is lost!” But, guided by
an eye that dimmed not, and a hand that never
trembled, she was piloted through those maddened
waters by the intrepid Robinson in perfect safety,
and is now performing less hazardous voyages on the
St. Lawrence.

She is the only craft, as far as we know, that
ever made this fearful trip and lived. Though our
intrepid hero had performed many hazardous ex-
plits in saving the lives of persons who had fallen
into the river, yet this last act, in taking the Maid
of the Mist through the Whirlpool, is the climax
of all his adventures. The boat lost her smoke-
stack, but otherwise received no injury, being very
strongly built.