

solemn rocks three miles below, watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied, and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough.

"I think in every quiet season now, Still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below; still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold; still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God."

(17)

But no words, however appropriate—no combination of ideas, however felicitous, can do justice to Niagara; and those who are wending their way thither will need no description: yet it is satisfactory to know the feelings and thoughts of those who have gone before us.

Table Rock is no longer the extensive platform that it once was, large portions of it having fallen from time to time. It overhangs the terrible caldron close to the Horse-Shoe Fall, and the view from it, as already described, is most sublime. In 1818, a mass of 160 feet long and 40 feet wide broke off and fell into the boiling flood; and in 1828 three immense masses fell with a shock like an earthquake. Again, in 1829, another fragment fell, and in 1850 a portion of about 200 feet in length and 100 feet thick. On one of those occasions, some forty or fifty persons had been standing on the rock a few minutes before it fell! The work of demolition still goes on, for another portion of Table Rock fell in 1857. In 1867, a large crack or seam having formed around it near the road, it was deemed unsafe, and the Canadian Government caused it to be blasted away, and now all that remains of the once famous Table Rock is a huge mass of rock at the edge of the river below the bank.