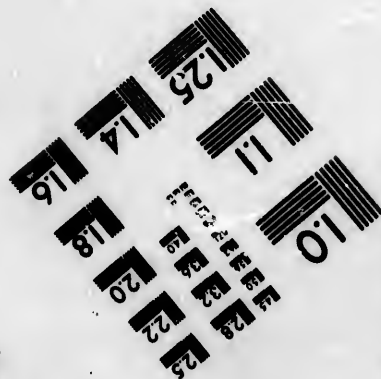
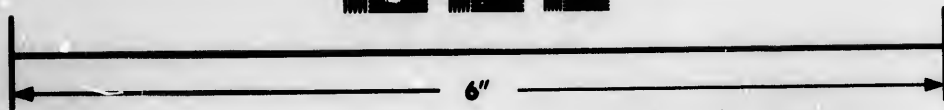
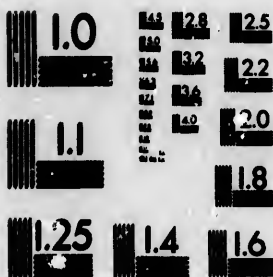


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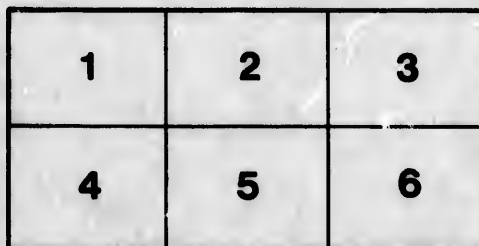
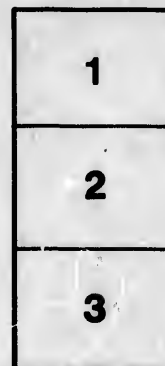
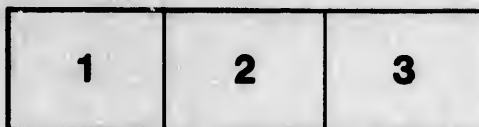
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**A TRIP
TO
NIAGARA FALLS.**

BY BRICKTOP.

Beuch

ILLUSTRATED.



NEW YORK:

COLLIN & SMALL, PUBLISHERS, 59 BEEKMAN STREET.

1876.

Revised according to the Act of Congress in the year 1876, by
COLLIN & SMALL.
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

A TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

MY first lesson in geography did not embrace Niagara Falls, but my curiosity got ahead of the regular lesson, and I found myself gazing at a picture of the terrific slop-over, learning all there was in the book relating to it, and going at recitation time to the foot of the class for not knowing what had been assigned me.

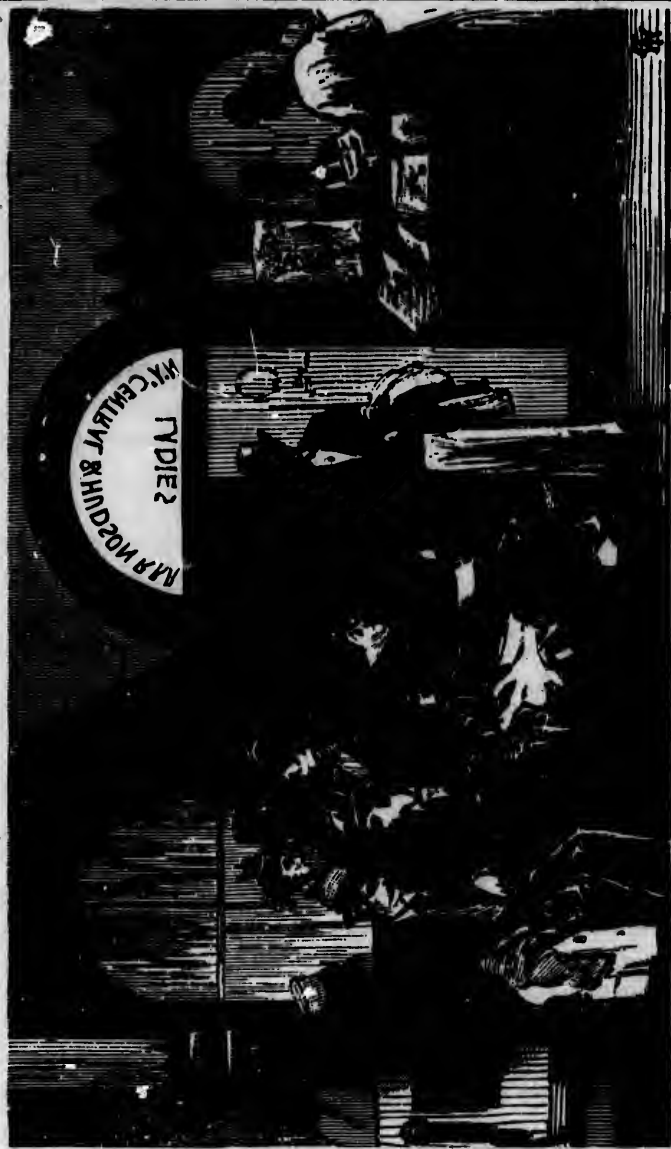
From that day until I began to show polish on the top of my head, did I long to see Niagara. I bought several pictures of it; went to every gallery where a painting of it was to be seen; read tourists' descriptions of it, and in various ways crammed myself full of dry Niagara.

But at length I determined to see the original, and stop fooling with my imagination, and so taking the cars I started for a gentle saunter of four hundred miles, from the seaboard to the border of the Empire State.

There is nothing like being drawn in a drawing-room car, especially when you feel that you are drawing nearer to your destination at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Seating myself I proceeded to get into a position for comfort and observation. I found that the revolving chair fitted me exactly; couldn't have been better had the upholsterer taken my measure.

During the few moments before starting I had a good chance



SCENE AT THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, N. Y.—SETTING OUT FOR NIAGARA FALLS.

to observe my fellow travelers, many of whom were summer tourists and bound also to Niagara.

In came the traveled man, divested of everything but a flask, umbrella and duster. His practiced eye told him at a glance which was the shady and which was the sunny side, from which side there was the most to be seen, and he suits himself to a seat as easily as a frog takes to the water.

Then comes an old couple; each one carrying half a dozen bundles of some kind or other, and they stumble along the aisle, banging passengers' heads; she calling for him to sit in one place, and he insisting upon another locality, the result being, probably, that while they are dodging this way and that, still undecided which chairs to occupy, other passengers take them, and they are obliged to try their luck in another car.

Then comes in a newly married couple, bound for Niagara, of course, and take a survey of the car.

"I'm afraid, Birdy, that we can't get two seats together in this car," he says.

"Well, Woutsey, I wouldn't care to ride in a drawing-room car anyway," she replies.

"Why, Birdy?"

"Because—I—we—that is, George, a chair holds only *one* you know, and—"

He understands; and away they go in search of a car with seats that accommodate *two*.

Then a blustering man comes in, red in the face, frowning at those who have taken the best seats. If looks could blast, the whole car-load would instantly become a peck of dry bones.

Then a timid, bashful man comes in. He has never traveled much and is altogether uncertain as to whether he is in the right car or not. He is loaded with umbrella, bags, bundles, &c., and in his confusion he gets in somebody's way, drops something,



"DON'T GO IN THERE, GEORGE: THE SEATS HOLD BUT *one*."

stops to pick it up, and is run into by somebody's valise, which causes him to recover so suddenly as to drop the remainder of his load, thus blocking up the pasageway and putting everybody out of temper.

Then a fat mother and lean daughter appear. She is red of face and wild of eye, carries several bundles and a poodle dog, while the daughter hesitates along behind her, without apparently knowing or caring what it is all about, anyway. The old lady finds only one seat vacant, but does not hesitate to ask a man in the next, if he will not change to another single seat, and allow

her to occupy his opposite her daughter. The man looks up as though about to say he would see her hung first, when he meets the beseeching, auxiliary eyes of the daughter, bows and vacates with the best grace he has to spare.

And so they come, all kinds, shapes, dress, and disposition, until the signal is given, and away we move slowly out of the depot.

Rumbling over streets, crawling under bridges, and diving into the darkness of the long tunnel; the electric spark at work, recording our passage and announcing our coming miles beyond;



COMING THROUGH THE TUNNEL, AND LEAVING NEW YORK BEHIND.

the chatter of passengers, the click of car wheels, and the general rush of everything marks our exit from Gotham.

Ding-dong, rattle-te-bang—and away we glide out into the country, and in a few moments the beautiful, glorious Hudson river comes in view. Fairer scenes are nowhere to be found than unfold themselves on this rock-walled river. People go to Europe for the same reason that they wear finger rings, not because it is necessary, but because it is fashionable to do so; and yet they see nothing brighter, more romantic or beautiful than they can find along the Hudson.

At Yonkers there were several exits from our car and several entries, and three or four who were dissatisfied with their seats in some other car came in to see if they could better themselves. In some instances they did, perhaps, and in others they even lost the ones they did have and had to stand up until the next stopping place and the next stirring up.

As for me, this changing brought me face to face with an English cockney who had come over to "do" the leading features of America.

It has been given out, and generally believed, that the genuine Yankee asks more questions than anybody else; but it is a mistake. This chap could double discount the ticking of a clock and give it points.

"Hi say, my friend," he asked, wheeling around and tapping me on the shoulder, "Hi say, his this a part of the New York Bay?" pointing to the river.

"Oh, yes, all connected," I replied.

"You don't tell me so! How far does hit reach up this way?" he asked pointing ahead.

"Well, two hundred miles or such a matter."

"Mercy on me! Then hit's something like a river?"

"Oh yes, it is sometimes called a river," said I.



MY COCKNEY FRIEND WHO WAS IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION.

"I dare say, Hit's almost as big as the 'Tems,' hi should say."

Allowing him to have his own opinion respecting his own muddy river and the Hudson. I wheeled around and began to read a paper. But this did not shut him off.

"What place is this?" he asked, as we whizzed through a little hamlet.

"I give it up," I replied, rather tartly.

"Higivehitup! What blarsted queer names you 'ave in this country, to be sure," he muttered.

But I was bound not to disabuse him, and so returned to my paper.

"Hi say, that would be a very nice bit hover there, if hit honly 'ad a castle on it," he said, pointing across the river.

Not wishing to disturb him, I merely nodded.

"Hi say, the trains do not run so fast as they do at 'come, you know," he said, again tapping me on the shoulder.

"In Germany?" I asked, wheeling around and facing him.

"Germany! Bless you, no, *Hingland*!" he said, flushing up with indignation.

"Why, my dear sir, I certainly thought you was a German," said I, looking at him honestly.

"Do hi look an' speak like a blarsted Dutchman? No, sir! hi ham han Hinglishman."

"Indeed. But you must have spent many years in Germany?"

"Never was hin the blarsted country hin my life."

"Oh," and I subsided, hoping he would do the same.

"Be you han Hamarican?" he asked, at length.

"No, sir, I am a New Englander."

"Oh, you be, hey? Wall, 'an do you like this here blarsted country anyway?"

"Oh, can't bear it! Nothing like Old or New England."

"Been here long?"

"Only a few years. But, for fear I may disturb you and take your attention from the delightful scenery, I will give you the leading facts relating to myself all in a lump," said I, facing him again.

He appeared delighted.

"My name is Kennebunk Bricktop. I was born in the State of Maine; am forty years of age; somewhat bald; teeth and eyesight good; am an editor by profession; wear No. 10 shoes; don't pad; am sound in wind, limb and theology; am not a millionaire;

have just left the small-pox hospital, and am traveling for my health."

"Mercy on me!" he exclaimed, starting up with open mouth and eyes. "'Ave you got well of hit?"

"Well, no, but I got tired of staying cooped up in the hospital and thought I would cravel a bit."

"But, my dear sir, hit's catching!"

"Well, yes. But I suppose you have been vaccinated."

"No, blarst my bleedin' hies if I 'ave, though!" he said, gathering up his parcels.



I RECEIVE THE CONGRATULATIONS OF A NEIGHBOR.

"But you are young, strong and healthy. Such people never catch it. Sit down, I want to point out places of interest to you as we ride along," said I.

"No, hi'm blowed his I do, though!" he whispered faintly. And making a bolt for the fore-end of the car, he disappeared like a rocket, leaving me alone in my glory.

An old fellow sitting opposite had overheard and seen enough to understand it all. Reaching over he offered his hand.

"I congratulate you, sir," said he.

I thanked him, of course, and turned away, leaving him shaking his fat belly over the affair.

I read, observed, and slept all undisturbed until the train stopped at Poughkeepsie, where a new neighbor came in and occupied the seat that I had frightened the cockney out of.

He appeared to be a farmer or some relation to one, and until the train started he was bobbing this way and that, evidently trying to see somebody to whom he could nod and say good-by to. He was about fifty years of age; long hair and nose, little blue eyes, and a blow to his nose; old fashioned clothes and substantial boots, which encased substantial feet.

I scarcely noticed him at first, but amused myself watching those who took advantage of the ten minutes wait to procure refreshments. Did you ever notice it, reader? And did it amuse you?

To my thinking it is one of the funniest sights in the world. No sooner does the train come to a halt and the announcement is made, "Ten minutes for refreshments," then a grand rush takes place for the lunch counter.

The old stagers take it calmly; order what they want, gauge themselves as to time exactly in eating it, and return to their seats just in time, while others grab up the first thing eatable they can lay their hands on, and bolt it like an ostrich. They



THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM POUGHKEEPSIE.

choke themselves with sandwiches, scald themselves with hot coffee; daub themselves in various ways; yell at the waiters for what they want, then yell at them to take the pay, after which they rush back to the train as though they had but a minute to save their bacon in, instead of being in their seats certainly eight minutes before the train starts, for sensible folks to laugh over.

And others rush around, ordering from every waiter within hearing, bobbing in to the line here and there, and perhaps get so nervous and panicky that they rush out after all without getting a bite. Such people need a whole hour, the same as mechanics have for eating their dinners.

And any refreshment provider at depots will tell you that many artful dodgers flock to their counters from every train. Some of them to eat quick and get out quick without paying, and others to linger until the bell rings, and then bolt out, leaving the proprietor "out" also.

These characters, together with those who attempt to take a hasty lunch to their female companions; who get excited; stumble over somebody or their own feet; spill their coffee, or step on the cake; who frighten the ladies out of their appetites, for fear they will not have time to get back with the dishes.

One man of this description attracted my especial attention on this occasion. He was dreadfully nervous, and his lady friend seemed to be very hungry. He hesitated a minute or two after the train stopped, as if to assure himself that he had time enough before it started again, or to see if the others got back in time. Finally he ventured off and nervously entered the depot refreshment room. Once in here, seconds seemed like minutes, and it seemed as though twenty-five or thirty of them elapsed before he got his coffee and cake. Then he spilled more than half of it bumping against people before he got back into the car.

A mischievous news boy had "taken him in," and watching

"TEN MINUTES FOR REPRESENTATIVES."—SCENE AT THE LOBBY COUNTER AT Poughkeepsie.





BRINGING REFRESHMENTS INTO THE CARS. ANXIETY ON ALL HANDS.

until the lady had taken a sip or two of the coffee and a mouthful of cake, he got under the car window and called out, "All aboard!"

"Oh, lord, 'Manda, the cars are going! Quick! I—I—what shall we do?" he cried, and seizing the tray he thrust coffee, dishes and cake out of the window upon the platform, and wildly called upon some one to return them to the owner.

The train didn't start for four minutes afterwards, and a sicker looking chap than he was, when that owner entered the car and demanded pay for his crockery, was never seen in the world.



"ALL ABOARD!"—ITS EFFECT UPON A NERVOUS PASSENGER.

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Well, away we went at last, just on time, with everybody on board. A new engine had taken the train, and it was evident that both engineer and engine were feeling fine, for in less than five minutes we were being snaked along at the rate of a mile a minute.

My new *vis-a-vis*, the Poughkeepsie addition, who, by the way, saw no one to say good-by to, began to open the lids of his optics. In fact, they opened just in proportion to the increase of speed, until at length they looked like inflamed hard-boiled eggs. He clung to his chair and divided his attention between the spinning scenery, telegraph poles, etc., and watching the other passengers, evidently ready to scream whenever they did.

But everybody else seemed to be contented and happy. Some were even indulging in naps. This puzzled him, and turning to me he said:

"Great Gomorrah, Mister! how's this?"

"Sir!" I ventured:

"Goin' some, hey?"

"Going? Oh, have we started again?" I asked.

"Started! Great 'tater-bugs! Oh, you're joking. Look at that! Why, Mister, we must be kitin' at the rate of ten miles an hour."

"Ten miles? Why, we are doing seventy miles an hour now. But never mind, the engineer will get out on a plain section soon and bounce us at the rate of a hundred miles an hour," I said, as though condoning for our slow rate.

"What! Faster than this?" he exclaimed, trying to stand up.

"Oh, certainly, and I shall be glad. I hate this slow pace."

"Slow! Mile a minit slow! Merciful goodness, I—I—should call this putty fast."

"Well, yes, a trifle better than a stage coach."

"Say, you, Mister, s'posin' we should run off?" he asked, in great excitement.

"Off? Off where?"

"Off the track."

"Oh, that's only an every-day occurrence. But I suppose your life is insured?"

"In—what?"

"Insured—probably got twenty or thirty thousand on it for this trip."

"I don't understand you, Mister."

"What! you don't pretend to tell me that you are on board this train without having your life insured?"

"No—I—is there any danger?"

"Danger! Got any family?"

"Oh, Lordy, yes. Going up ter Albany now to meet 'em," he moaned.

"And no insurance on your life for their benefit in case you are found in fragments! Well, some men are too simple to travel anyway," said I, turning away as though disgusted.

It was cruel, but I could not help enjoying the old fellow's discomfort. He attempted to stand on his feet, swaying his arms as if protesting against the high rate of speed; but the sway of the car toppled him over and tears filled his eyes. I pretended to sleep, but still watched him, and finally he rummaged through an old carpet bag and fished out a Testament, which he read very nervously.

"I say, Mister, it's downright wicked to run these ere keers so fast as this. S'posin' anything should happen?"

"Well, the company is rich and can stand it," said I.

"Wal, by gracious, you take it cool."

"Yes. Used to it."

"Did you ever get run off?"

"Oh, often. Nothing when you get used to it."

"How about gettin' mashed all ter pieces?"

"Well, you don't mind that either."

"The deuce you don't!"

"After being scattered along the track a few times and picked up in a basket, you rather like it. Nothing like making yourself at home, you know. Traveled much?"

"Much! Mister, this is the fust time I was ever on the keers in my life."

"Well, you may get through all right. Every train don't meet with an accident."

He seemed to breath more freely, and presently the train slackened up a trifle, and his face grew radiant.

I really enjoyed a short nap before he got worked up again. A sudden application of the air-brakes was what woke us both up. Some inadvertance of the man at a switch-station presented a trifling danger and the train was stopped within its length, pitching several out of their chairs. Happening to be riding backwards I was not inconvenienced; but in turning around I saw my Poughkeepsie friend on the floor with his legs branching out in different directions.

"Oh! oh! Help! help! Oh, Maria, Maria!" he was moaning.

Two or three passengers assisted him to his feet.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! Are we smashed? Am I bleeding anywhere?" he asked.

"Nonsense, you are all right," said one of the men who had assisted him.

"You are more frightened than hurt," said the other.

"Nobody killed?" he continued, wildly.

By this time the train was again in motion.

"Say, you; what was it?" he asked of me.

"Oh, nothing; only stopped to take in coal."



THE EFFECT OF A SUDDEN STOP UPON MY POUGHKEEPSIE FRIEND.

"Coal! Gracious goodness, I thought we was all gone ter kingdom come. Du they allus take in coal that way?"

"Always, when they are in a hurry."

"My! Mister, you may think this kind er travel is all O K But it's enermost too suddent for me. I shall come back in the steamboat; this is all I keer for. Never thought I should hanker arter it much anyhow, an' now I know I don't."

"Oh, you'd feel differently if you had a few thousand accident policy in your pocket. As for me, I have a twenty thousand dollar policy and travel to please my wife."

"You don't say so!"

I bowed earnestly.

"An' if you get bust—"

"She will be solid. But I must sleep now, for I am subject to insane spells if I do not get the requisite amount of sleep, and then I am apt to shoot or cut with my dagger. Only let me have sleep enough, and I am all right."

He looked at me a moment with his boiled-egg eyes and subsided as I fell into a dose. I was not bothered by him any more, for he evidently took me for a maniac and an additional danger to the existence of a traveller.



LULLED TO SLEEP BY THE MOTION OF THE CAR. UNADULTERATED HAPPINESS.

I awoke as the train drew up in Albany. But my Poughkeepsie friend had left. He drew away carefully as the trains slowed up, and by the time it stopped and I awoke, he was on the platform and out of danger. But I am sure he will never travel by rail again.

Just before leaving Albany, a lady appropriated the seat he had occupied, and I felt happy. I had not seen her face, but being dressed fashionably I took it for granted she was beautiful, as every gallant man is bound to do.

Soon after starting, however, she raised her veil, and I was vouchsafed a glimpse at her face. It was not a bad-looking face, although I had seen those younger by at least thirty-five years. She turned on me a glance intended to conquer, but it glanced off somewhat, and I still lived.

But what does a railroad or steamboat trip amount to if one can not get up a flirtation? What is life without some such pepper and onions? Just to kill time I resolved to look killing and see how it effected her.

We exchanged several glances, for her very expression seemed to say, "Please exchange."

"Beautiful day," I at length ventured to say.

"Yes, delightful," she replied.

"The country is looking magnificent."

"Lovely. Nature seems to smile with pride in her emerald wardrobe, and like a coquettish maiden, she tempts us to woo her."

Oh Lord! She was a poetess!

"You are eloquently correct," said I.

"Do you love nature?"

"Oh, I worship her in every shape."

"How nice! I love to meet with such people. One enjoys travel so much more. I am a blind worshipper at the shrine of nature. Where she roars in the thunder tones of the tornado,

where she sparkles in the dew drow, or ripples over the heart in bird songs, there I kneel!"

"What heaven to possess such a heart! I should judge that you might give vent to your feelings in the measured melody of rhyme," said I.

"Oh, I have often done so, I am a contributor to several literary publications."

"Delighted to hear it, I should believe it without your saying so. There is a poetic sheen hanging over you that can not be misunderstood."

I was bound to create a sensation under her corsets, somehow.

Just then a train boy placed a copy of *WILD OATS* in my lap.

"Do you admire humor?" I asked.

"Only the most exquisite and fine pointed. No, my nature is so finely drawn that only poetry seems to vibrate the tissues of my heart."

Oh, those tissues!

"And poetry begets love."

"Yes, that higher, better love," she sighed, with a left handed glance at me.

"Such a love as I have always sighed for."

"And have you never found such a love?"

"I have seen others in the enjoyment of it. But I have never enjoyed it myself, alas!"

From that speech the coast was clear, I wished afterwards that I had not made it, for she dosed me with poetry enough to ruin the *Waverly Magazine*. Fortunately she was going no farther than Syracuse, and by the time we arrived there, we had exchanged cards, (I had given her one of a well known merchant that I chanced to have in my pocket,) and with some tender



A LITTLE ROMANCE AND FLIRTATION BY THE WAY.—I ENCOUNTER A GUSHING, POETIC SPIRIT. "THO TWEEET!"

vows we had sworn to become better acquainted, with a view to matrimony. She was to write first.

I here publicly ask that merchant's pardon, for her writing first made a little torrid zone in his household which I am to blame for.

On, on we flew; sometimes faster than the wind, and at other times faster than the canal boats along the route. My fellow passengers had by this time got ugly and sleepy, and at Rochester we all got out for a good square meal. After this the run to Niagara Falls was made with much more pleasure and comfort.



ARRIVAL AT NIAGARA FALLS. GOING THROUGH THE PROCESS OF "BOOKING."

It was dark when we arrived there, and tired, dirty, disgusted and sleepy, we all sought baths, suppers, beds, and transient forgetfulness, reserving until the morrow our visit to the Falls whose thunderous roar even now greeted our ears.

I stopped at the International, and after the day's rocking, whirling, shaking, and dusting, I slept well.

The following morning I awoke clear and refreshed, although not early enough to see anything before breakfast. But I could afford to bide my time; and so I buy'd my grub and a pair of cigars, after which I purchased an Indian cane, and started out to see the sights.

I soon learned that everything at Niagara Falls is Indian, although why this should be so, I found no one who could tell me.

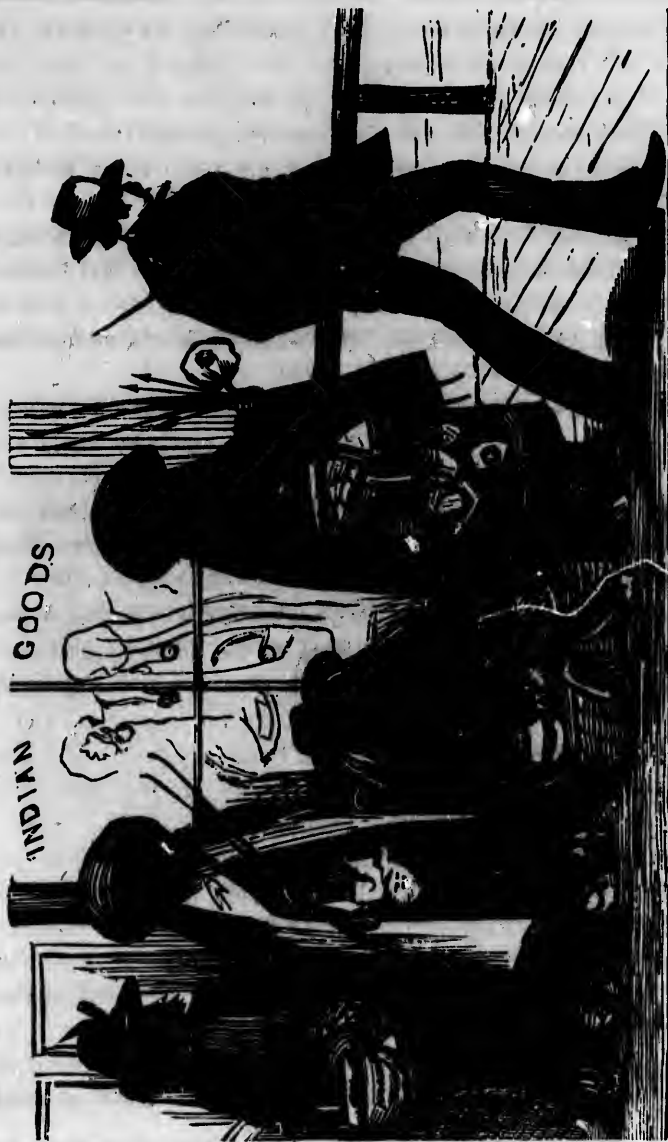
But the roar of those falls was in my ears and I rushed unheeding past the Indian clubs who seemed to own every store and peanut stand.

Having provided myself with a pocketfull of twenty-five and fifty cent stamps, I soon found them to be exceedingly handy to have; for everything has its price there, and not unfrequently more.

At the entrance to Prospect Park I paid my first half dollar and soon saw my money's worth, for this gives you one of the finest views to be had from the American side.

But here at last I stood in the thundering presence of incomparable Niagara. How shall I describe it, or, rather, my feelings at first beholding it?

I felt as probably hundreds of others have felt, that the first sight of the Rapids and Falls was not satisfactory somehow. This is owing undoubtedly to all that has been said, written, drawn, and painted on the subject. But after a few moments' contemplation, their vastness and wonderful proportions grad-



AFTER DUE PREPARATION I SET OUT TO SEE THE FALLS, AND RUN THE GAUNTLET OF INDIAN TRADERS.

ually interest you, gradually dwarf you until you feel about the size of a Kansas grasshopper.

You are gradually overcome, so to put it. The wild, headlong, seething, foaming waters that fret themselves over the stoney declivities of the Rapids; hissing at gnarled obstructions; impatient at delay, seemingly; gurgling and bounding as their momentum increases, and, finally, plunging like a vengeful sea of glass over the high precipice, down, down, breaking into rainbow thrones as it goes, one hundred and sixty feet below, stunned into snowy foam—and there roaring, whirling, splashing, boiling, like the angry cauldron of a mighty god!

A fellow is bound to get poetic over the subject in spite of himself.

I was contemplating in review, having gone back several rods for the purpose of taking it all in again before going any further, and was gazing at the Rapids between Prospect Park and Goat Island, (and mentally threatening a world, that had always used me well enough, with a thousand-line poem,) when a man, evidently a Westerner, touched me on the arm.

"Say, you, stranger, what's this?" he asked, pointing to the Rapids before us.

"The Rapids," I replied.

"Before or arter the tumble?"

"Before."

"Wal, whar does she dive?"

Feeling poetic at the time, I was of course shocked at the fellow's flippancy. But mastering my emotion, I pointed him to the lower end of the Park, and he crept towards it with evident awe, and to complete his punishment, I afterwards saw him in the hands of a hackman.

Going back again to the extreme point of the Park, the scene was grander, mightier than before; the mightiest and grandest



VIEW OF THE FALLS BY A SUSCEPTIBLE SON OF THE SOIL. "GREAT GOSH!"

vouchsafed to mortal eyes! Looking at it with the eye of an engineer, there I beheld power enough, could it be curbed and utilized, to turn all the machinery in the world. Then looking at it with an artist's eye, I could immortalize myself by transferring it to canvas; as a poet, I could astonish the world with a description of it.—Common sense coming to my rescue, (together with the memory of other attempts,) saved me and the poor public.

The manner in which a sight of the Falls affects different beholders is quite as varied as the number of people who visit



VIEWING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA WITHOUT ANY PARTICULAR POETIC EMOTION.

them. Some are awe-struck, some enraptured, some frightened, and others struck dumb, this being the best stroke of the lot in most cases.

We stood at this point, gazing down into the snowy abyss of broken waters; viewing also the green river below, the Canadian shore opposite, the extreme point of Goat Island, and the Horse Shoe Falls, drinking deep at the wholesale source of inspiration, when an old lady punched me in the ribs with her umbrella.

"Drefful, arn't it?" said she, motioning towards the Falls.

"Very huge, madam," I replied.

"Drefful!" she sighed again. "But there's one thing I've got agin General Scott," she added, shaking her folded awning over at Canada.

I looked at her in wonder, thinking what the glorious old hero, whose first laurels were won just opposite, could have done to deserve her enmity.

"Madam, I fail to understand you," I said.

"Wal, what I'm down on General Scott for is this, while he war about it, why didn't he jist lick Canada out o' the other half of these ere water-works? He might ha' done it jist as well as not—jist as well. Now that's why my Ebenezer, my husband, never voted for Scott for President, an' if he's put up forty times, he'll never vote for him. Only think o' he's lickin them at Lundy's Lane, an' not gobblin' t' is feak o' nature!"

"Madam, General Scott will probably never run for President again," said I.

"Wal, he'd better not, that's all."

"Madam, General Scott is dead."

"Dead! Wal, in that case I forgive him. He more'n likely sees his mistake now. But let that pass, I'm here for fun. You seem to be a putty nice sort of a man, an' so I don't mind tellin'



A GROUP, SHOWING HOW A VIEW SEEN OF THE TUMBLING OCEAN AFFECTS DIFFERENT PERSONS.

ye. This is my darter Jane," she said, presenting a bashful, cornfed maiden.

I let go a city bow.

"We're seein' all we can for our money. Jane's goin' ter get married in 'bout a month, an—"

"Law, mother, how you do go on!" blushed and spoke the cornfed maiden.

"Bah: This man arn't no fool. Guess he knows what gittin' married is. He knows that a woman 's got ter see what she can afore she gets married, for the goodness knows she'll never get a chance arterwards."



I SALUTE THE LOQUACIOUS OLD LADY'S "DARTER JANE."

"Oh, come along, mother!" And after some protesting and energetic whispering they withdrew and left me alone.

Again I was drawn to the Falls; again did I begin to sup in poetic grandeur; once more the poem I should write flashed athwart my mind in suggestive stanzas. At the present writing I have no means of knowing how far I might have gone with that poem, when fortunately, perhaps, a well-dressed man pulled my Pegasus by the tail.

"I say, my dear sir, is this the Niagara Falls?" he asked.

He was evidently an English tourist.

"Yes sir, these are the Falls of Niagara."

He turned to his companion and they both looked at the sight with evident indifference.

"Blarsted 'umbug, sir; that's my hopinion, sir," said he, at length, turning to me again.

"Sir!"

"Why, my dear fella, we 'ave plenty of such little dashes as this at 'ome, you know."

"Oh I dare say you have," said I, willing to humor his vanity. "But there is one curiosity that we have in America that you cannot possibly have in England."

"Hand what is that?" he asked, with some interest.

"The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky."

"Hand why not?"

"Because your blarsted tight little island is not large enough to furnish a cover for it."

"Oh, 'umbug!" was his impatient reply.

"But I dare say, these falls would look better to you from across the river," I added.

"Why so?"

"Because that is Her Majesty's Dominion over there."

"Oh, well, I dare say. Come, Tom, we are very near 'ome;

just across the bridge, you know. I say, sir, his that han Hamerican bridge?" he added, as he was about to turn away.

"Oh, no, my dear sir; built wholly by the English. Everything you see around here that amounts to anything was built by the English," I replied.

"Oh, I dare say. Come, Tom," and away they went, again leaving me to my poetic meditations.

But somehow or other, it seemed as though nature had ordained me for a guide post or directory, for in less than five minutes an Irishman tackled me.

"Be gorra, but that's big!" said he, drawing himself up and evidently taking it all in.

I bowed acquiescence.

"Are they the biggest in the would?"

"They are."

"An' can they stop 'em?"

"No."

"Then fut good are they?"

I gave it up and turned away to continue my draughts of inspiration.

There were visitors of all kinds there by this time; the coarse and stolid; sensitive and poetic, (my kind;) flighty and matter-of-fact; and they were all commenting on the grandeur before them, expressing themselves as they were impressed, (the half of which would fill a volume;) and while I stood facing the Rapids just above the Falls, a tall, homespun Yankee approached me.

"I say, you, mister, them are Niagry don't 'mount tu much arter all, du they?" said he.

"Grand, sir, grand! Wonderful beyond expression."

"Git out! Why, we've got falls down in Maine that lay



"OH, AH! ALL ELABORATED 'UMBROG, YEE KNOW."

right over them thar," he said, pointing to the Rapids, and evidently mistaking them for the Falls.

"Do you think so?" I asked, smiling.

"Clean way over. Why, I don't see anything 'bout them to get highsty over."

"Come this way," I said, taking him by the arm and leading him down to the lower end of the Park where the whole scene flashed at once upon the sight. "How about that?"

The Yankee's lower jaw dropped in an instant and his eye-balls began to protrude like peeled onions. He stood like one lost in amazement for at least a minute before he could find his tongue.

"Thunder an' wampum! By the great homespun! Great Jericho! I—I s'ay, you, mister, them's a drefful powerful squirt, arn't they?"

I nodded my agreement with him on the subject.

"Gracious Ann! Why, mister, I thort them thare ruffles above thare war the Falls. By the great jumping jack, but them's awful. Why in thunder hadn't I brung Nancy along, an 'stonished her? Biggest in the world, arn't they?" he asked, at length.

"They are indeed, although there was an Englishman here a moment since who said they had larger in England."

"An Englishman? One of them chaps what we wholloped inter the Revolution?" he asked, earnestly.

"One of that very kind; one of the same fellows."

"Thunder an' pitch! whar's he gone?" he yelled, spanking his big fists together. "Show him tu me. I ken lick the goose grease out o' him in three minutes by the clock; whar's he gone?"

I took particular pains to show him the road the Englishmen had taken, and to describe their dress and general appearance. And I had the satisfaction to learn the next day that Yank had



"SHOW HIM TU ME! I KEN LICK THE GOOSE GREASE OUT O' HIM IN THREE MINUTES BY THE 'CLOCK!"

found his men, and made his boast good by thrashing both of the Brittishers, and that all three of them were locked up by the authorities of Drummondsville for engaging in an American rough and tumble argument.

Thus do we get even with our enemies.

Well, after doing the Park, getting my picture taken by an enterprising photographer, who assured me that my face would thereby be handed down to a happy posterity, I went down the inclined plane to the river below, where by subsidizing a boatman I was enabled to take in more than I had seen before.

The scene from the river, looking up at the Suspension Bridge, at the Bridal Veil, the whole sea of thundering waters that leap over the high table-rock, the eddying, subdued currents, and up at the heights above, the scene is more awe-inspiring than from any other point.



VIEW OF THE FALLS, FROM THE CANADIAN SHORE, OPPOSITE GOAT ISLAND.

Back again, through the Park, over the bridge that spans the Rapids to Goat Island, there to see the sights and gain more inspiration than can be gained from any other point about the Falls.

Goat Island is a perfect park ; one of the most delightful spots in the world.

The first object of interest to visit was the Cave of the Winds. This is one of the sensational features of the place, and next to going over the Falls it is the most so. I didn't go over the Falls,



A VAPOR-BATH OF HUGE DIMENSIONS.—GOING TO THE "CAVE OF THE WINDS."

but allowed myself to be taken in by the Cave of the Winds, and was amply repaid for so doing. Why, a visit beneath this over-pouring sea is better than a hard-shell sermon or a confessional. There was never a person who visited this cave who did not

promise to do better in the future—at least that portion of the future embraced in getting out of the place.

But such a shower bath as one can get there from the mighty mists which rise up between the sheet of water and the rocky wall; such a peel from nature's double, bass organ pipe—so insignificant does it make one feel, that one is inclined to wish that several people in the world could be there, that their bump of self esteem might get moistened.

Polite guides furnish you with flannel suits, and show you how to "do" the place, and those who fail to take in this feature will only see the surface of Niagara Falls.

Luna Island is one of the most romantic spots imaginable. Joined to the main island by a bridge, under which the angry waters rush; surrounded on all sides by the Rapids, and standing right on the brink of the precipice over which the torrents tumble, it really possesses greater attractions for the tourist than most any other locality.

There were quite a number of visitors there before me, and next to the surrounding grandeur many of them interested me very much, for as usual they were of all kinds and degrees.

"Perfectly lovely!" whispers a poetic Miss.

"Charming," replies her soft cavalier.

"Wonderful!" cries a pious old dame.

"The Lord is mighty and will prevail," says her husband, who can think of no other sentiment that will express his feelings, and so they all take turns in using adjectives.

An Indian approached with beaded work and curiosities. He was quickly surrounded, and reaped a rich harvest as usual, giving reminiscences of his tribe as he sold his wares; and when they had all bought and departed, he came up to where I stood gazing over the Falls.

STANDING ON THE BRIDGE SPANNING THE RAIDS BETWEEN GOAT AND LUNA ISLANDS.



"Buy of the poor Indian?" he asked, presenting his basket full of beeded work.

"Indian! You are no Indian," I replied.

"Big Indian. My forefathers live here many hundred years ago, before the white men came here."

"Oh, bosh! You came from Ireland."

He looked at me in surprise.

"No, Indian!" he said, turning away.

"You are an Irishman; a bloody far-down. I know those who know you well," I persisted; and it was evident that he was getting madder and madder every moment.

"Who knows me?" he asked, savagely, but without his Indian dialect.

"Pat Mahony says you're as Irish as Mrs. Murphy's pig."

"Pat Mahony is a darmed liar, be gob!" he exclaimed, setting down his store and rushing up to me with clenched fists.

By jingoes! I had hit upon an acquaintances of his, sure enough.

"He's a darmed liar! An' *you're* a darmed liar if you say Pat Mahony 's a gintleman."

"Oh, I don't say anything about his social standing. I merely wanted to convince you that you have mistaken your nationality, that you are not a native American Indian. You may be a good enough Irish Indian; I do not say that you are not, but—"

"Howly Moses! Am I ter be insulted loike that? Whoop!" he yelled, with a strong Irish accent, and sprang at me for an earnest business transaction.

I never was that kind of a business man to any great extent, and so I lit out. I went lively, and that Irish Indian was after me. If I ever blessed my long legs, I blessed 'em then.

He chased me for about twenty rods, when, probably remem-



AN IRISH INDIAN :—"PAT MAHONY IS A DAMNED LIAR, BE GOSH!"

bering his stock in trade, he stopped and shook his fist at me a moment, and then returned. But it spoiled his day's business, for he got so mad that he could'n't speak in any but an Irish intonation until after he had enjoyed a night's sleep.

I can get along tolerably well with an American Indian, but the Irish Lo's are too much for me.

My next visit was down the Stairs, leading out to a point nearest the Canadian Shore, where a magnificent view of the Horseshoe Falls is to be had. If possible, there is more grandeur visible from this point than from any other. To the left, as far

as the eye can see, the great river comes tumbling and tearing down the long, rough incline that creates the Rapids, and hurrying on with resistless power attains a velocity of thirty miles an hour, when it reaches the edge of the precipice over which it plunges. A fellow don't feel larger than a mouse, while contemplating the scene.

From this point a trip to the Sister Islands is next in order; three beautiful, romantic islets, connected by suspension bridges, and standing there tree-veiled and adamant in the midst of the maddened waters. A view can be had that delights, especially a temperance man.

After "doing" these romantic "Sisters," I took a turn backwards, recrossed the bridge and was soon at the hotel again where dinner and refreshment awaited me.

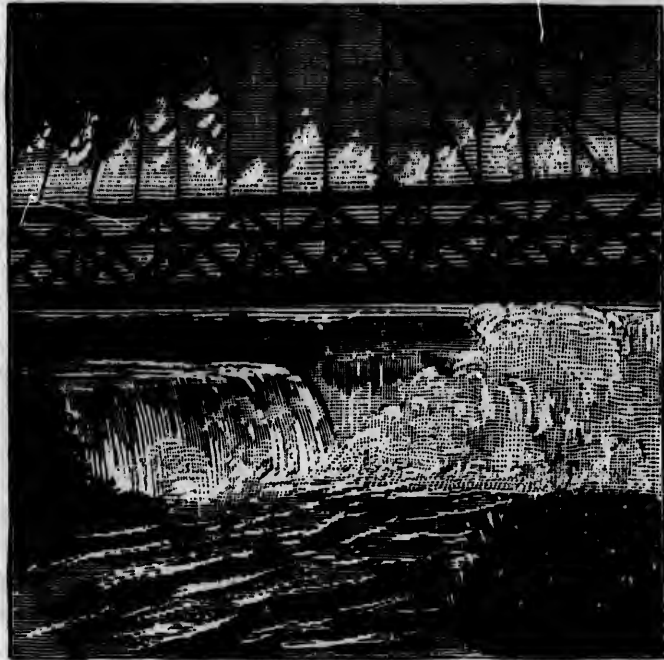
In the afternoon I set out for the Canadian side, to see what was to be seen from there; resolved on doing, while in Canada, as Canadians did, although I lived to take back that resolution so far as it's being applicable to the transactions of life.

For one dollar the tall keeper allowed me to walk over the narrow suspension bridge. But it was money well invested, for the view from the bridge is overwhelming almost. The Falls to the left, including both the American and Canadian; the waters of the river below, streaked and flecked with foam from the recent plunge, still without rest, whirling in a thousand eddies, and slowly moving along towards the whirlpool some two miles below. And yet still closer, to the right, the Bridal Veil (or veils)—two thin, gauzy sheets of water which fly over the precipice one hundred and fifty feet high, spreading out indeed like a bridal veil which fairies might have fashioned in imitation of the supreme work of Nature farther up.

Here, suspended in mid air, one can see enough almost for a lifetime; and just here it is that one can understand why it is

that no brush or pen has ever yet presented Niagara truthfully, and never will. Genius is paralyzed before the subject.

Along over the narrow bridge I walked, drinking in of the grandeur on every side, and finally set foot on Her Gracious Majesty's soil, Canada. Said soil being exceedingly pulpy, at the



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, THE ONE SPANNING THE RIVER NEAREST THE FALLS.

time, I had no difficulty in putting my foot into it almost deep enough to take root.

A mild-eyed hackman approached me. I was a fly and knew it; he was the spider with that same old song. "Will you step

into my little carriage?" But having heard such horrible stories regarding these fellows, I resolved to misuse them by using my feet.

"Got a nice carriage here, sir," said he.

"I am glad to hear it, my dear sir," I replied, at the same time moving on. But he followed.

"Take you all around cheap, sir."

"Cheaper than I shall feel if I walk?"

"No, sir," he replied, laughing, and the very fact of his seeing one of my jokes made me feel friendly towards him right away. I only wanted a little urging to throw myself into his carriage for him to do with as he should see fit.

"Take you to the Falls; Lundy's Lane, Burning Spring, Whirlpool, and bring you back for one dollar."

"What!"

"One dollar."

"Do you mean it? No extra's?" I asked, utterly unable to comprehend the statement.

"None, only tolls."

"Say it all over again!"

He repeated his proposition.

"Take me," was all I could say, and he took me in, remarking as he did so that he was not a whit moved by my surprise, for it was only natural after the slanderous stories that had been circulated regarding their exorbitant charges. But truth was gradually getting the best of the matter, and one by one he was convincing visitors that the Niagara Falls hackmen were honest, moderate men, earning their bread by the sweat of their horses.

He first drove to the Falls. A hotel stands there, and a mild-mannered landlord threw open the carriage door as it came to a standstill, and told me to walk right up stairs for the finest view, and assuring me at the same time that there was no



THE GENTLE NIAGARA FALLS HACKMAN.—"TAKE YOU ALL AROUND FOR A DOLLAR."

charge. The view from a balcony is very fine indeed, embracing as it does everything but a small portion of the Falls almost directly beneath the observer.

"This 'no charge' business I very soon dropped on, for whenever I met it, I encountered a museum of Indian curiosities which I was expected to partake at least sparingly of. In fact, there is always some eloquent man or persuasive maiden about to convince you that your visit would only be a sham and a mockery without a few dollars' worth of souvenirs in the shape of bows, arrows, Indian canoes, and stone war clubs, pipes,

skins, petrified wood, or something of the kind. I confessed that I had rather have mine a mockery than otherwise, and did not purchase.

"Now, then, to the famous battle field of Lundy's Lane," said the driver, as I again sought his carriage.

"Go it!" I replied; and he did.

A ride of fifteen minutes brought us to the place, and the driver pulled up before a tall observatory. Again that 'no charge' landlord appeared, opened the carriage door, and told me which way to go.

Up several stairs I climbed and found the top of the observatory, and an old man ready to instruct me about the locality. The far-away battle fields of Chippawa was pointed out, and my attention called to the beautiful scene that lay spread out like a panorama beneath, by the old guide who also claimed to have been a soldier under General Scott, to have fought at the battle of Lundy's Lane, and to have been taken a prisoner there. I hope that is true, for I gave him an extra dollar on account of it.

He pointed out the lines occupied by the British and American troops, and then proceeded to give a graphic account of the battle. And a bloody one it was, too; fifteen hundred dead being buried in the trenches. The place is a grave-yard now. The guide varied a trifle from history, but when he became convinced that I was an American, good and true, he worked up a bully victory for Scott and his gallant men.

I pondered, and felt big, and in spite of my patriotism I found my eyes wandering away over to the Falls, the suspension bridges, the town of Niagara, the Rapids, together with the wild hill and dale for fifty miles around.

Again seeking the waiting carriage, I found that suave landlord in waiting for one dollar, "the usual charge."



SURVEYING THE BATTLE FIELD OF LUNDY'S LANE.—THE OLD HERO-GUIDE POINTING OUT THE POSITIONS OF THE TWO ARMIES.

Luxuries must be paid for, even if there be bones in them. I had been up in his observatory, and come down—and I “came down” again, to please the keeper.

But why tire you with further description. You may know how it is yourself, or live long enough to. I went to the Burning Spring—a great curiosity, by the way—and to the Whirlpool, where suicides are found after “doing” the Falls, and was driven back again to the toll-house from whence I had set out.

The driver had certainly acted fairly, and although he undoubtedly “stood in” with the owners of places where relics were

sold, or information given, yet I must say that he was as far ahead of the New York hackmen in point of honesty, as *they* are ahead of politicians and lawyers. At the toll-house I parted with him, making a neat little speech to grace the occasion.

"Dear sir," said I, "you have both delighted and surprised me. I am convinced that you are a maligned and much abused class. Here is your largest dollar. I would make it more, only I wish to have the truth on my side when I reach the other side, and be able to astonish the world with my experience while in your hands."

He removed his hat and bowed so low that his nose got caught in his boot-straps.

Then he proceeded to say :

"Dear sir ; you look honest and intelligent enough to be an editor. Indeed, you may be, for aught I know. But if you are, and you would help unload a burden from the shoulders of a much-abused class, speak then, write then in behalf of the hackmen of Niagara Falls. We have not earned the reputation which we now have ; it has been thrust upon us by cheap wits, jokers, men who wished to say something regarding their visit and couldn't trust themselves to attack the Falls, and so took something nearer their own social and mental level."

"Sir, you should have been a member of the Canadian Parliament. Your eloquence should be expended for the public good."

He smiled and bowed, evidently delighted that one man had discovered his ability.

"Why, my dear sir," I continued, "were you a citizen of the United States we should at least make an Alderman of you."

He bowed again. But I afterwards learned that he had been a citizen of this free and expansive land, but that certain irregularities regarding the possession of a horse made it more desirable for him to continue to do his good work in Canada.



THE WAY A MAN IS LIABLE TO GET LOADED DOWN WITH INDIAN CURIOSITIES, IF
HE LISTENS TO ALL THE SIRENS WHO BESSET HIS PATH.

He looked at that "honest dollar" again and turned it over, but he couldn't make two of it, and somehow looked disappointed.

But we parted the best of friends, although he would undoubtedly have taken an extra dollar, and allowed me to lie to the public regarding the transaction. But we are all human.

I returned to the United States, but scarcely had I set heel in the bully soil again before another jehu sought to convince me that I had been in the hands of novices, and had as yet seen nothing of the glories of Niagara. I calmly took a Colt from my pocket, and he whipped away his horses.

Once more in Prospect Park I took a seat, for the purpose of taking a review of all I had seen during the day. It was sunset; glory upon glory! I was tired, and fain would have allowed my soul to loaf and grow fat, but the stirring sensations of the day had set me all on wires.

I was about reverting to that contemplated poem again when a country minister approached me.

He seemed to want somebody to talk to. Was overflowing, so to speak, and didn't know what to do with the surplus.

"What awful grandeur!" he began. "What wild and conclusive tremendousness!"

Oh, he "had 'em," I could see that well enough.

"Oh, how puny and insignificant appear the works of man, when contrasted with all we now see before us. What shall we say; how express ourselves; where find a place that is low enough for us to crouch in, in order to look up and render due homage?"

"Sir!" said I, as though uncertain of what he was driving at.

"How can we express ourselves?"

"I give it up," was all I could say.

That overflowing preacher looked at me a moment, first with surprise, and then disgust in his face, and his bubbling imme-



ANOTHER IMPRESSION: "WHAT AWFUL GRANDEUR! WHAT CONCLUSIVE TRE-
MENDOUSNESS!"

diately subsided. He went right away, and before this has doubtless built a sermon on my stupid indifference.

I went to the brink to look upon the cataract in the glowing twilight. Everything was tinged with color and beauty.

The mists rose up like the tinted curtains before the bed of a goddess, and the last rays of the sun had parted with the Falls and lingered with a rosy good-night on the islands and the Rapids above.

Of all hours of the day, twilight sits the most lovingly on Niagara.

The world will never know what an escape it had just at this point, for I went so far while under the inspiration of this twilight hour as to note down the leading features of my thousand-line poem.

Yes, on a stray sheet of paper that I found in my pocket I blocked the work all out in pencil, and just as I had noted down the climax that was to electrify the world, a gust of wind blew it from my hand, and away it went into the river.

I didn't follow it, and my best friends have since congratulated me on my forbearance.

During my visit I had encountered many newly married people, and at this moment there were several of them standing near me. And—oh, they were so soft, and gushed so! And how they murmured Byron, Moore, and Shakspeare. It was very effecting.

"O, George, how lovely!" exuberated a fond new wife on my right, glancing up into her husband's face.

"Yes, Evelina, it is beautiful; almost as beautiful as you are, Birdy," he replied, stooping down to see if her lips tasted any different from what they had all along.

"So good of you, George, to bring me here. I shall never forget it, never. Gorgeous!"



"HOW TRUE IT IS, BIRDY, THAT LOVE ALONE CAN AID US TO APPRECIATE ALL THIS."

Then they looked at each other's eyes and squeezed hands. Oh, it was *so* nice!

"How true it is, Birdy, that love alone can fit us to appreciate the grand and beautiful of Nature."

"Yes, George. Oh! George, the 'skeeters bite!" she added, flying to his arms for protection.

"Did 'em? Well, they *shan't* bite my sweet woutsy-poutsy. We'll go back to the housey-pousey."

"Oh!" she sighed, and folding his arm around her as though



THE DULL ROAR OF THE FALLS STILL SOUNDED IN MY EARS.

to keep the mosquitoes away, they walked off in the direction of the hotels.

Hungry and tired I followed suit, my mind filled with a conglomeration of feelings and memories. I had "done" Niagara Falls, and was about done for myself.

The dull roar still sounded in my ears, even after I had gone to bed, assisting my dreams to be more realistic.

I sat up in bed now and then and gazed out upon the moonlit scene. I had partaken so fully of the subject that I really felt that I had water on the brain, and when a few hours afterwards

I dreamed of going on an excursion over the Falls, I managed by superhuman struggles to escape from danger and to roll out of bed upon the floor. Then I felt indeed that it was high time for me to get back to New York again, the abode of still waters.

But whenever you feel like a change of scene, like taking a spin of a few hundred miles, do as I did ; pack your collar-box and take A TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

THE END



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