

**THRILLING INCIDENTS  
IN REAL LIFE**

—: AND OTHER :—

**ITEMS OF INTEREST**

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**NIAGARA FALLS  
AND VICINITY.**

BEING REMARKABLE HISTORICAL FACTS,  
GATHERED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES  
AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTION BY

**DAVID YOUNG,**

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y.

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## PREFACE.

The Falls of Niagara is one of the most wonderful works of nature, and since its first discovery by Father Hennipin in 1768, rich and poor, high and low, kings and plebians, have done homage to this wonder of wonders. Countries civilized and uncivilized, christian and heathen lands, all have furnished their quota of tourists to this center of attraction. Consequently many stirring events have taken place in this vicinity, which prove the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction." The writer who has lived within the roar of the Mighty Cataract for more than half a century and who is well acquainted with some of the incidents herein narrated, has endeavored to faithfully record the same in this work, thereby supplying a want long felt by the travelling public.

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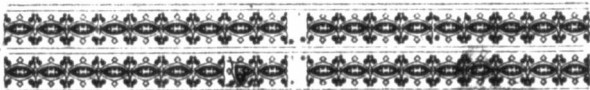
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## THRILLING INCIDENTS IN REAL LIFE

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### NIAGARA FALLS.

#### AVERY ON THE LOG.

On the evening of July 18th. 1853, a man by the name of Hannimam and one by the name of Avery, in the employ of David Brown, who was engaged in boating sand, left the French Landing, (now called Port Day,) for Schlosser where the boat upon which they were employed, was lying. But for some reason they failed to reach their point, but were carried out into the strong current and down the mighty rapids. Hanniman was immediately carried over the Falls, but Avery lodged on a log, nearly midway between Goat Island bridge, and the fearful precipice, being the only place in that portion of the rapids upon which a human being could find footing. The fearful truth of a man being in the

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rapids just above the verge of the Falls was first discovered at about four o'clock on the morning of July 19th by one of the watchman of the Cataract House. The fearful intelligence spread like a fire alarm throughout the village. Ropes were the first thing thought of—no rope on hand. Messrs Gage & Haws, Contractors on the Hydraulic Canal, stripped the rigging from their blocks and gin polls. Citizens owning or having in their possession a pound of rope brought it forward.

Boats owned by rich and poor, were seen being borne on the shoulders of the multitude to the spot, as an offering of Humanity, without a thought of reimbursement. Thus four boats and all the rope in the village, was made a freewill offering by the owners, to attempt the deliverance of an unknown stranger, but a human being, from a situation as perilous as the human mind can conceive. A telegraphic dispatch to Buffalo promptly brought a boat to the spot, the owner not giving the probabilities of remuneration a thought.

Thousands of persons crowded around the scene; each having a plan, to which no one heeds but himself. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could be done in this chaotic state. A meeting is proposed on Goat Island Bridge, by two of the proprietors, to give direction to the efforts about to be made. A vote is taken, and a man is appointed by acclamation, who selects his assistants.

A generous hearted captain from the upper Lakes having heard of the accident at Buffalo hastened down to the scene of action. He was invited to participate in giving direction to the effort about to be

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made—he was prompt and efficient. The boat ex-  
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 a knowledge of the current and the action of the wa-  
 ter through the different channels—another plan is  
 proposed—ropes were gone with the Life Boat—  
 three hundred men man the line attached to the  
 Life Boat sunken in the rapids—the line parts near  
 the sunken boat and was fortunately brought on  
 shore,—the raft is completed and let down into the  
 boiling element from the center of the bridge—(a  
 noble hearted sea captain, a stranger, with a soul  
 stamped with generosity, took one of the managers  
 by the shoulders, and in a whisper, begged for  
 God's sake to let him go down on the raft and help  
 the man keep the ropes clear; and on being refused,  
 he replied, "I know I could help him." Generous  
 hearted man! would the world knew thy name.)—  
 the original design of the raft is thwarted by one  
 line being fifty feet to short to reach the spot, it  
 slips the grasp of those holding it—the raft swings  
 on a line with the remaining rope and bounds down  
 and below the fatal cliff that seemed to stand between  
 life and death—no more rope at hand—nothing  
 daunted the capstan moves on, the raft swings to  
 the embrace of the unfortunate—he reaches the raft  
 and entwines himself among the ropes, he gazes at  
 a pail of provisions lashed, to the raft,—he cannot  
 eat, he sees nothing but death before him. The  
 raft moves slowly sidewise, under the reef towards  
 an almost inaccessible island. The rope becomes  
 entangled among the rocks. What now shall be  
 done? Lower away the raft, now haul her up,

now lower her down, the capstan moves the ponderous weight up and down the stream at bidding, a little lower the raft descends into the swift current, the surges dash over the head of the unfortunate passenger. The capstan turns rapidly around, the raft is again moved under the ledge in smoother water, although the surges had nearly claimed their victim—the unfortunate looses his lashing, stands erect and rests his limbs which had been stripped of their covering by the boiling current. When sufficiently recovered, he again takes his seat upon the bottom of the raft and again makes himself fast, again the capstan heaves, alas, the rope is again fast in the rocks and cannot be moved except up and down the stream, again the capstan turns, the raft is brought close to the perpendicular cliff with sufficient force to lift the stern free from the water. The rapids dash over the bow of the raft and fall harmless in front of the sorrow stricken victim.—What shall now be done? the rope is still fast, the sun is fading in the western horizon, the sable mantle of night will soon veil the scene, shall this man be left another gloomy night in the arms of death? another attempt must be made, again the lightning flashes to Buffalo—a boat wanted. A boat is furnished and the Railroad Agent promptly placed the same upon the cars. The engineer taxes the speed of his engine to its utmost capacity, as human life might depend upon the arrival of the cars, in the shortest possible time—the cars arrive—ere the speed of the cars is arrested, the crowd bear the boat upon their shoulders to the scene of peril—all, all with but one thought, the rescue. So there

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is yet hope that the rescue may be accomplished before nightfall.—Again another call is made for rope, another tackle block is found and stripped, the boat lowered into the stream, carefully the rope slides out from the capstan, until she reaches the fearful cliff, a surge strikes the boat, she is carried to a point, she almost poises over the cascade, the rope stretches but little and that little looses her over the cliff, and forces a plank from her side, the affrighted man has unloosed his lashing and is standing up—the boat strikes the raft—the concussion throws him from it and he is seen tottering from time into eternity. A wail is heard from the lips of thousands of anxious spectators, some run to the brink of the precipice to witness the last struggle ladies swoon and drop like soldiers on a battle field; the multitude heave a deep sigh and turn their faces homewards, few having tasted food since the dawn of day.

The following article was written to the Albany REGISTER:

NIAGARA FALLS, July, 19.

It is verging toward midnight, on the 18th of July, 1853, and the stars shine calmly down through a delicious atmosphere, upon the village at the Falls. Music gives life to the joyous dance at the Cataract and the International Hotels, and pleasure-seekers here, congregated from all parts of the continent, have found enjoyment. Many fair women and brave men still linger on Goat island, unwilling to sever themselves from scenes and sounds so full of harmony—so congenial to the pure activity of soul, which marks alike the worshipper of God and

the being who sins lightly, if at all, by indulging in dreams of earthly love and honor. One plighted couple are returning, and have halted for a moment on the bridge, the hand of each clasped in the other's, as they look upward on the rapids. A thin cloud is drawn for a few moments over the resplendent stars, like the drooping of a bridal veil, and the shadow rests on the arrowy foam of the furious river. And they whisper of approaching union, and of the years of happiness which they doubt not the good God has in store for them who love him so. But what was that dark object which so suddenly sprung to view on the very verge of the horizon above them, as though swung heavenward by a huge wave? He says it was but taller, shadowed pitch of the wild waters, or a floating log. What shook the bridge, then? and did you not hear a shriek, faint and smothered, as though it came from a deep cavern in the earth? Oh, no! It was but the strong blow of an eddying whirl of the fierce river, that made the firm bridge tremble for the instant a very little more than it ordinarily trembles; and if you heard a cry, it was but the near shriek of some high-wheeling knight-bird. There can be no misery near us in a place, and at a time like this, where all is so calm but the great river exulting in its strength, and where we can almost see God's good angels, half-unsphered, watching the world. The gauzy cloud floats westward, and the stars shine out in glory, and the lovers walk on blissfully and cross the bridge and heaven blesses them in dreams that night, while the music of the joyous dancers below sounds in their visions

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But it was cloud-shadowed and that gentle it were two loves as deep which hallo not a strong firm bridge ways trembled crashing like when it dashed the bridge in night-bird, which started the conjoined ing men, while all but drower, and came der maiden, feet away. Cloudward, unseen night. Fifteen but as a step lived till the only knows how surely up in his so step ere he crossed and fifty tures of hope. But for the human judgment

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But it was no dead tree trunk, nor single lifted,  
 cloud-shadowed wave, that caught for a single sec-  
 ond that gentle maiden's eye; it was a boat, and in  
 it were two living men—around each were twined  
 loves as deep, if not so exalted and pure, as those  
 which hallow and beautify her and hers. It was  
 not a strong swirl of the wild waters that made the  
 firm bridge tremble a very little more than it al-  
 ways trembles in the rushing torrent; it was the  
 crashing like an egg-shell of the strong-built boat,  
 when it dashed against the pier, and whirled under  
 the bridge in fragments. It was not the scream of a  
 night-bird, whirling in the dusky air above her,  
 which startled the soft-hearted maiden; but it was  
 the conjoined agonies of two strong-lunged, despair-  
 ing men, which burst forth into a yell which was  
 all but drowned in the deep roar of the majestic riv-  
 er, and came but as a whisper to the ear of the ten-  
 der maiden, intently listening, scarce two hundred  
 feet away. One of the strong men is whirled down-  
 ward, unseen save by God and the starry eyes of  
 night. Fifteen hundred or two thousand feet are  
 but as a step for the great torrent, though, if they  
 lived till they reached the verge of the fall. Heaven  
 only knows how much of misery was suffered, or  
 how surely hope eternal and well founded sprung  
 up in his soul while the wrathful river took that  
 step ere he dashed him on the pile of rocks a hun-  
 dred and fifty feet below, and broke forever the liga-  
 tures of hope and love that bound him to the world.  
 But for the second! Far better would it have been, in  
 human judgment, had he too been swept away at

once into eternity. But not so! for there are many lessons to be drawn from the troubled remnant of his life—at least by those who witnessed it.

About five hundred feet below the bridge, and about one-third of the way across from the main shore, a log is imbedded in the rapids. It lies in the direction of the torrent, and at the lower end, for the length of about fifteen feet, rises above the water, then seems to sink a little, like the hollow of a saddle, and is below water for a foot or two, and then rises at an angle of about forty-five degrees for four or five feet, and so ends abruptly. At about four o'clock of the morning the survivor, a lusty man of twenty summers or thereabouts, was discovered clinging to the upper part of the log, and at once the village was astir. It was a strange chance that cast him upon this mere point—the only one between the bridge and fall where the foot of man could rest. It would seem that Providence, by so miraculous an interposition for his present safety, gave assurance for his final rescue, But God knows best, and the world would be a chaos were not the issues of all our efforts by Him directed. We have only our duties before us, and He will take care of results.

What fascination there is in the peril of another, though he be a stranger to us, and whatever may be his rank in life, his attainments, or his qualities!

What a pity 'tis that the peril which so fascinates us, and nerves us up to deeds of heroism, and to sacrifices of money, and property, and comfort, must, in the general, be an apparent peril of life or limb. Those slow and deadly dangers which beset our neighbors and ourselves, those parents of crime,

which aim at moral purity, stain and wither, the drunkard, the derer, alas! the not on our arm death.

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which aim at the destruction of physical vigor and moral purity, which contaminate life in the fountain and wither it at maturity, which create the drunkard, the libertine, the robber, and the murderer, alas! they fright but few of us, and we put not on our armor to battle against them unto the death.

I could hardly take my eyes from that poor man, from the time I first saw him until his fate was decided. There were hundreds there, who would cheerfully periled there own lives, could reason have been cajoled into holding out the slightest hope of the risk's contributing to the salvation of the stranger. Property was sacrificed without hesitation, for him, and one kind-hearted gentlemen, a stranger, from—the Lord knows where, but may he be remembered in Heaven—offered a thousand dollars to save the sufferer.

When I first saw him in the morning, he was clinging to the log, and occasionally raising his head above its top, and looking from side to side. He must have realized fully the almost hopeless danger of his situation, and was sick at heart, as well as chilled by the night air, and the spray which sapped his strength for so many slow-ebbing hours. His head was bare, but otherwise he was fully clothed. It was impossible for the human voice to reach him. No voice of encouragement could reach him, but the sympathising spirit of the people was not discouraged, and sought to uphold him by signs. He was a German, and some kind persons caused to be painted in big letters. in German, on canvas, the words, "WE WILL SAVE YOU,"

and nailed it, like a banner, on the front of a building on the bank, and he saw and understood it, and waved his hands, we trust, in gratitude. The people, full of sympathy, thronged the shore, both island and bridge. Alas! they could do nothing, unless it were by their mere presence, to encourage hope, and strengthen his sometimes flagging courage.

It is painful to record the efforts that were made for his relief and extrication, and yet a summary of them may not be devoid of interest. In doing so, it is necessary to recall his position in the torrent. All above was a wild waste of water, rushing downward over curved ledges of rock crossing athwart the stream, and so was all below, save that the log to which he clung was imbedded in a basin of foaming water between two ledges, and the water there seemed less unquiet. From the ledge above the fall was more than a foot. On his left the great mass of the river came down in a tumult of green waves and eddies, on his right lay first the foaming basin, then the strong current of a minor channel of the river, and then broken water and an eddy, at the foot of which was a small mass of rocks above water and blackened logs, from which access to a small wooden island below seemed easy. On that island he would be safe, for it could be reached, though with much difficulty, from Bath Island or Goat Island, in a boat. To cross the furious channel on his left to the main shore was impossible.

There he lay from the time he was discovered, until, I should think, about half-past four in the afternoon, the sun beating on his uncovered head,

and without food to him closed at or in air-tight unsuccessful seems strange him a stroke would have

At nine o'clock made. No one were impatient had been which was a light skiff waded into the stream lesser channel was lost.

But here the crowd saw and even cried he erects himself the bridge, examines for the bridge, almost evident is a bare post. The boat is but workers, a beautiful bridge rides the will the main channel the log, while top of it, with

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and without food. Attempts were made to lower food to him from the bridge, the food being enclosed at one time in a basket, and at least twice, in air-tight tin vessels, but these attempts were all unsuccessful. How he endured all that he did, seems strange to me. Certainly God had given him a strong frame and a stout heart and he would have made a gallant sailor.

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At nine o'clock the first attempt at rescue was made. No one had confidence in it, but the people were impatient to do something though a message had been despatched to Buffalo for a life-boat, which was expected by the next train. A strong, light skiff was launched on Bath Island, drawn out into the stream, and let down by two ropes by the lesser channel. She filled and upset, however, and was lost.

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But here comes the life-boat from Buffalo, and the crowd sends up a cheer which rises to Heaven, and even crosses to the poor man on the log, and he erects himself in expectation. It is borne across the bridge, and the gentleman having it in charge examines from different points on the bank and the bridge, the obstacles to be overcome. It is almost evident that they are insuperable, but there is a bare possibility of success, and that is sufficient. The boat is then launched, the bridge cleared of all but workers, and she is gradually lowered. What a beautiful boat she is, and how triumphantly she rides the wild swells! But now she passes down the main chute, and they begin to work her toward the log, while the man stands with his hand on the top of it, with his eyes devouring the space between

himself and what he trusts is his preserver. And, indeed, there would seem scarce room to doubt that he is on the point of being rescued. But now the boat, from the entangling of the rope in the rocks at the bottom, or from some other cause, upsets, and then she rises like a duck—and now she is just at, and a little above the log, and, in a second, the man will be safe. My God! she swings a little beyond, in a swift eddy, and does not right again. I shut my eyes, and when I open them again, she is afar off in the broad channel by the main shore held by a single rope, and almost sunk by the weight and force of the current. And the man, the poor man, who but just now waving his hands this way and that way to guide the people in the management of the ropes, and who, I could swear, from the motion of his head, shouted with joy as the boat neared him—he now clasping the upright portion of the log, and his head droops, and despair, I fear me, is in his heart, and so he lies, inanimate as the thing he rests on, for full an hour.

But the good people are not discouraged, they now commence building a raft. It is made of two long square timbers, with platform most firmly spiked on at one end, and accasional cross pieces to the other end, on which is lashed a barrel. While this is being done, a crowd of men bring on poles upon their shoulders a large broad-beamed skiff. It is concluded to try this before the raft, and is launched from Bath Island, and let down the channel worked across stream to the log. Thank God, the man is safe now! This boat has worked admirably,

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and he is safe! Alas! the rope has, some how or other, got entangled with the log, and though her prow lies on the left and at the very stem of the log, she cannot be moved a foot. The man has been all attention, for some time. He crawls along the log, and tries to move the boat. He cannot stir it. He crawles in, and bales out some water with his hands, and then he pushes the log. He gets upon the log and pushes the boat. Again he gets into the boat and bales with his hands. Then he takes off both boots and bales for some time with one of them. He puts on his boots, and takes off his coat, and folds it and lays it in the bow, and gets upon the log, walks to the further end, lies down upon it, and thrusts his arm into the water, and gets the rope, and pulls with all his might, and then goes to the boat and pushes it; and so he works,—how long it seemed to me!—sometimes in one place and sometimes in the other, and continually in vain. How I longed for a voice to tell him to keep still, and to husband his strength, the whole of which might yet be requisite to save himself. But now he despairs again. God does seem to have declared against him! But now, after a long interval, they are shooting the raft over the rail of the bridge. They have launched it, and down it floats. Now it is in the swift current, and the barrel disappears in the overcharging foam. But it holds together nobly, and passes the shell, and is drawn safely to the very side of the log, and the man so long confined there, I am sure, gives a cheer, and then sits down on the platform, and fixes his feet in and takes hold of stays and loops fixed to the floor of the raft, and

they begin to haul on the ropes. This must have been between four and five o'clock. For a full hour, as it seemed to me, they endeavored to pull the raft directly up the stream, but to drag it over the first fall or ledge was impossible—but still they pull with a will; and now the raft fell back suddenly and swiftly; surely the ropes must have parted, and a perceptible shudder runs through the mass of men around me. So, too, thinks the man, for he starts up on his feet, and with a hurried glance around him, stands prepared to jump to the right and swim for his life; but he is instantly reassured, and calmly resumes his seat, for they have merely slackened the ropes, preparatory to trying to guide the raft to the right or island shore. They do guide it successfully—slowly, but steadily, it swims far away from the log, and the man sits there like a statue. He has so lain on the log, and set upon the raft with his head drooping, as though half-slumbering, and then raising it with a start, like one contending with exhaustion or sleep. And now the raft is on the edge of, is in the raging torrent, the water arches over the barrel in front—the raft is pressed down, and he is waist deep, yet the waves force him backwards, and rush up to his mouth, and he will be drowned; but now, with a great effort he bows forward with his head under water, draws out his feet, and throws them backward, so that he is now kneeling, holding on with his hands, and with his head erect. Again the raft slides to the left, out of the swiftest water; and there she lies so long! what is the matter now? Alas! the rope has caught in a ledge of rock above, and some new contrivance

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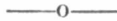
must be resorted to to clear it. Again is hope deferred, yæs, almost crushed

But it is now nearly six o'clock and the large ferry boat is put in the water, and, say the inexperienced, it must be easy to lay her alongside the raft. We can see hope rekindle in the bosom of the sufferer, and can fancy a gleam of hope sparkling in his eyes. Carefully is the beautiful boat let down and see is there almost. She almost touches the raft, and the man rises, and is ready to step in. But, my God! the force of the current dashes her against the raft, and he is thrown into the current! Strike out for your life! Cross but one rod of stormy water, and you are safe! Alas! he swims but faintly, he despairs, and throws himself backward, and a dark spot is seen hurrying toward the fall. As it reaches the verge, with a spasmodic effort he raises breast high from the water, and the poor sufferer, whom we watched so long, will be seen no more upon earth. He has joined his companion, and may Heaven have mercy upon them.

This melancholy affair may be summed up in a few words:—if the unfortunate man had not unloosed his fastenings to the raft on the approach of the boat, and his strength had been sufficient to endure the fatigue of an other ten hours on the raft, (as nothing could be done for him in the darkness of the night,) in all human probability he might have been brought to Chapin's Island the following day, from which his rescue would have been comparatively sure.

The body of the unfortunate Hanniman was

found on the following Saturday, July 23d, near Suspension Bridge, and decently interred by Mr. Sternes, the town poor master. The body of Avery was never recovered.



## DOWNING IN THE WHIRLPOOL.

In 1811, Mr. John Downing, with others, was engaged in cutting cedar posts at the Whirlpool, on the Canadian side of the river, for palisades at Fort George. They were made into small rafts, and set adrift where the current passes out from the Whirlpool, and were afterwards picked up in the river between Queenston and the Fort. While he was fixing something on one of the rafts, the end lying on the shore slipped into the water, and before his companions could help him, he was carried out of their reach. Slowly the raft receded from the shore, passing up the stream. It floated around and around in the Whirlpool and eddies, for nearly half a day, but luckily, was not drawn into the fatal vortex. At length the raft was thrown so near the shore that his companions reached out to him a long pole on which Mr. Downing seized and thereby made his escape from his perilous situation

## DEATH

A sad accident occurred in the city of Toronto, on the 17th of July, 1858. The deceased was a young man, named Thomas, who was employed as a laborer. He was found dead on the street, having added to the number of its victims. A small sail boat was found near the spot, which he knew to be the property of W. R. Barber. He brought the boat to the attention of the police, and was driven home by La Salle, and while Mr. Barber was in his car, he was seen by the eyes.

Mr. Barber's boat was the effect that it cured a boat on the 17th of July for a ple of o'clock. They reached that river to tack to reach further up the water. Mrs. Barber's parasol to her wind filled the



## DEATH OF MRS. P. J. TULLY.

A sad accident, in which Mrs. Tully lost her life, occurred in the afternoon on Thursday the 19th of July, 1888. The Niagara Courier of the following Saturday says: "Our citizens were greatly shocked Thursday evening by a report that rapidly circulated on the street crediting the hungry Niagara with having added two more lives to the terrible list of its victims. William Pierce, while sailing on the river near the foot of Navy Island, picked up a small sail boat belonging to Jesse Shoebridge, and which he knew had been occupied that afternoon by W. R. Barber and Mrs. P. J. Tully of this place. He brought the boat to Port Day and reported his suspicions. About six o'clock Mr. Barber was driven home from H. C. Howard's residence near La Salle, and the mournful fact became known that while Mr. Barber had escaped, the lady who had been in his care had been drowned before his very eyes.

Mr. Barber's statement of the sad accident is to the effect that in company with Mrs. Tully he procured a boat of Mr. Shoebridge and sailed from Port Day for a pleasure cruise about half past three o'clock. They made for Buckhorn island and had reached that neighborhood when Barber attempted to tack to reach a yachting party that were fishing further up the river. The boat careened and took water. Mrs. Tully became frightened and opened her parasol to help Barber bail out the water. The wind filled the parasol and in an instant the ill bal-

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anced boat capsized and threw its inmates into the water. Each caught the boat when they went over and for a while held on and shouted for help. They were heard by people at Mr. Howard's, and a boat was started out to help them. In the meantime S. S. Jewett's steam yacht, the Tintania, came upon the scene. The yacht had to cross the bar at the foot of Buckhorn island to reach the capsized boat, and by the time a small boat from the yacht got to the spot Mrs. Tully had disappeared from view. Barber was rescued in an almost insensible condition and taken aboard the yacht and landed at Mr. Howard's dock. He was still very weak and was kindly cared for by Mr. Howard's family and finally driven to his home at this place."

The drowned lady was the wife of P. J. Tully, who came to Niagara Falls about three months prior to the accident. Her maiden name was Miss Lily Stephens. She was only twenty-two years of age, and had married Mr. Tully three years before at Macon, Ga., where her parents were residing. She was a young lady of rare beauty of face and form and was idolized by her husband who was nearly crazed by her death.

While Mr. Barber had a very narrow escape himself, his gratitude for his own deliverance was drowned in grief over the circumstances attending the death of his companion on the fatal trip. The sad incident adds another terrible warning against trifling with our beautiful but remorseless river. The Niagara at the best is a treacherous flood, swept by still more treacherous winds. They only are comparatively save on the river's breast who thor-

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oughly understand the danger to be encountered and have cool heads and quick comprehension to avoid any mishap that may suddenly confront them. Mr. Barber undoubtedly did his best when the calamity overtook him, but was helpless to avert the fatal ending.

The body of Mrs. Tully was found on Thursday of the following week by Joseph Truesdale who was sailing in the vicinity of Grass island and found the remains floating in dangerous waters, but was able to bring them to Port Day. The remains were taken to Lockport on the following Monday morning.

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## DEATH OF DR. HUNGERFORD.

About 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 27th of May 1859, Dr. Hungerford, of Troy, N. Y., with Mr. Nide, of Columbus, Ohio, and Edwin G. Linsey, their guide, were viewing the river and Falls, near Ingraham's Cave, below the point of Goat Island. The guide having hold of the arm of the Doctor, and standing between him and Mr. Nide, remarked that all had been seen at that point which was interesting to the travellers, and said that they would now go to another place. At that instant he saw the air filled with earth and falling stones; all endeavored to spring aside, but Doctor Hungerford fell, being struck on the head and on his neck and shoulder with the descending rocks. Mr. Linsey immediately raised him, and with the assistance of Mr. Nide, bore him to a more secure place. They were at first unaware of the fatal injury that he had

received. He breathed a few times and expired without a groan or the least convulsive motion.

About half an hour before the party had been standing on the edge of the bank immediately above the spot where the Doctor met his death. While there he was engaged in taking notes of the scene in his memorandum book; and what is very singular he there wrote, and they were his last words he ever wrote, "I CONSIDER THESE ROCKS MY ENEMIES."

Mr Linsey, too received several severe contusions, and had his coat and pantaloon torn, but did not notice his own bruises until some time after.

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### ALEXANDER'S LEAP.

It was on a cold night in the winter of 1836 that a number of men, employed on the Lockport and Niagara Falls railroad, were carousing in a small tavern, in the village of Niagara Falls, that their conversation took a religious turn, and being of different creeds the strife waxed so hot that the Catholics cried "down with Luther's breed," which caused a stampede of Luther's party who made their escape in the darkness of the night. Alexander being a stranger and not knowing in which direction he was going, but seeing some trees ahead supposed that he would find safety in the forest; but instead of finding safety he ran over the bank about thirty rods from the Falls, and strange to say he was not killed. Next morning Alexander was missed and a search was immediately instituted. His foot prints

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in the snow were soon discovered and furnished the evidence that he had fallen over the bank. Some of the searchers went below and after some time they found Alexander in an exhausted condition walking around a stick which he held in his hands, his fingers being frozen stiff. He was rescued from his perilous position and finally, with the loss of some fingers and toes he partially recovered, but he never was the "solid man" that he was before he took his fearful leap over the bank.

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## MAID OF THE MIST.

The "Maid of the Mist," was a staunch little Steamer of about one hundred and ten tons burden, built in 1854, (the first "Maid of the Mist" was built in 1846,) and was employed in carrying pleasure parties from her landing, which was a little above the Railway Suspension Bridge, to the Falls and back. After being employed in this capacity for a number of years, her owner conceived the idea of running her through the rapids for the purpose of getting her clear of a certain mortgage to which she was subject while in the location she then was. For this purpose he engaged two sailors who were used to running the rapids in the St. Lawrence river, but when the day came for them to run the boat down the Niagara their courage failed them and they refused to go, so Mr. Joel R. Robinson was appealed to, who agreed to act as pilot for this fearful voyage. Mr. Jones the engineer consented to go with him, and Mr. McIntyre, a machinist, volunteered his services.

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So about three o'clock in the afternoon on the sixth day of June, 1861, these three men went on board of the boat. Jones took his place in the hold, McIntyre joined Robinson in the wheel house and Robinson took his place at the wheel. Self possessed and calm, he pulled the bell which was the signal anxiously waited for by the engineer, which was to start them on their perilous journey. With a shriek from her whistle and the sound of escaping steam she started up the stream for a little ways, then turning she took her course down the river. Many who saw her thought that the courage of the intrepid Robinson would fail and that he would turn again before reaching the rapids below the bridge, but on she rushed like a thing of life with her crew of brave hearts, and shot like an arrow, as many supposed in the very jaws of death. When about half of the way down the Whirlpool Rapids she was engulfed beneath the mighty waters, her smoke-stack was carried away and part of her deck stove in, Mr. Robinson was thrown flat on his back and Mr. McIntyre was thrust against the wheel house with such force as to break it through, while Jones went down on his knees before the glowing furnace, and as he afterwards said, a more earnest prayer never was uttered. To that prayer he attributes their salvation from a watery grave. But emerging from her fearful baptism she rushed on at the mercy of the waves until she reached smooth water in the Whirlpool on the American shore where for the first time since entering this tremendous current Mr. Robinson again get her under his control. Taking a short turn to the right she again struck

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for the center of the river to battle with the mighty waves. Startling the denizens of the neighboring banks by the shrieks of her whistle and fighting her way through the rapids passing the Devil's Hole, she entered the more placid waters at Lewiston a triumphant conquerer in the short space of seven- teen and one-half minutes from the time she passed under the Railway Suspension Bridge.

Thus was performed one of the most daring feats on record, and many persons enquire how it was possible for them to get through these tremendous waters without getting lost. The answer invariably is "I don't know."

This can not be called a fool-hardy feat, for Mr. Robinson was a very cool and heroic man. He had at various times navigated the rapids above the falls, when it was necessary for him to do so for the purpose of saving life; and he had full confidence in himself that he could guide the little "Maid" through this river of breakers and safely land her in the smooth waters below. But he found the waters more furious than he anticipated. And to the public eye it was simply luck and chance that the voyage terminated so favorably. As an instance of the coolness of Mr. Robinson during this hasty trip, we would simply say, that when Mr. McIntyre was thrown against the wheel house, for some reason or other he was unable to rise, so Mr. Robinson put his foot gently on his breast to keep him from rolling to and fro and thus held him to the end of the journey. This trip had a decided effect on Mr. Robinson, and

many attribute his death to this cause, but this is not true, for the disease which terminated his life was contracted at New Orleans some time after.

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## FIELDS AND THE BEAR.

Soon after the war of 1812, a man named Fields, on a certain day, went out on the river fishing, about three miles above the Falls, and while anchored and fishing from his canoe, he saw a bear in the water making, very leisurely, for Navy Island. Not understanding very thoroughly the nature and habits of the animal, thinking he would be a capital prize and having a spear in his canoe, he hoisted anchor and started in pursuit. As the canoe drew near the bear turned to pay his respects to its occupant. Fields made a desperate thrust at him with his spear. Quicker and more deftly than the most expert prize fighter could have done, bruin parried the blow, disarmed his assailant, knocking the spear more than ten feet from the canoe. Fields then seized a paddle and belabored the bear over his head and on his paws, as he placed the latter on the side of the canoe, and drew himself in. Fields not being able to swim, and being now thoroughly frightened, was in a most uncomfortable position. He felt somewhat relieved therefore, when Mr. Bear deliberately took a seat, facing him, in the bow of the boat. Resolving in his own mind that he would generously resign the whole canoe to the creature as soon as he should reach the land, he raised his paddle and began to pull vigorously toward the shore,

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especially as the rapids lay just below him and the Falls were roaring most ominously. But much to his surprise, as soon as he began to paddle Bruin began to growl, and as he repeated his stroke, the occupant of the bow raised his note of disapproval an octave higher, and at the same time made a motion as if he would "go for him." Fields had no desire to cultivate a closer intimacy and so stopped paddling. Bruin then serenely contemplated the landscape, in the direction of the island. Fields was also intensely interested in the same scene, still more intensely impressed with their constant and insidious approach to the rapids, but most of all exercised as to the manner of his own escape. He tried the paddle again. But the tyrant of the quarter-deck again emphatically objected and as he was master of the situation and fully resolved not to resign the command of that craft until the termination of the voyage, there was no alternative but submission. Still the rapids were frightfully near and something must be done. He gave a tremendous shout. But his Bearship was not in a musical mood and vetoed that with as much emphasis as he had done the paddling. Then he turned his eyes on Fields quite interestedly as if he were calculating the best method of dissecting him. The situation was fast becoming something more than painful. Man and bear in opposite ends of the canoe floating to inevitable destruction. But every suspense has an end. The single shout, or something else, had called the attention of the neighbors to the canoe. They came to the rescue and a man named Tompkins, with a musket which he had used in the war,

insinuated a charge of buck shot into the bear's internal arrangements which induced him to take to the water, after which he was soon taken captive and dead to the shore. He weighed over three hundred pounds.

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## THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

Francis Abbott, a gentlemanly and accomplished young man, of English birth, made his appearance at Niagara Falls on the afternoon of the 18th of June, 1829. For nearly two years he led a solitary life, having but little intercourse with anyone. At one time he had a hut on Goat Island, where it was his delight to walk back and forth like a sentinal for hours. At that time a stick of timber eight inches square extended from Terrapin Bridge eight feet beyond the precipice. On this he was seen at all hours of the day and at night, pacing to and fro without the slightest tremor of nerve or hesitancy of step. Sometimes he would carelessly sit on the extreme end of the timber, and sometimes he would hang by his hands or feet. He wrote a great deal but destroyed his manuscript almost as soon as it was written. He was a great lover of music and as a performer on the flute none could surpass him. He built a hut for himself on what was known as Point-view, to which he removed about the first of April 1831. Though his manner was eccentric, he was harmless, and never molested anyone. On Friday, the 10th of June, 1831, he was drowned while bathing below the Ferry. His body was taken out

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of the river at Fort Niagara on June 21st, 1831. His remains are now lying at rest in Oakwood Cemetery near Niagara Falls.

### BLONDIN ON THE ROPE.

When it became noised abroad in the spring of 1859 that a man was anxious to cross Niagara river on a rope people were incredulous and said that it never could be accomplished. But after they saw the rope stretched across the mighty chasm midway between Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, they were seized with curiosity and all were anxious to see the wonderful performance.

Mons. Blondin began his career as a rope walker very early in life. After travelling in Europe for some years he came to America, travelling with the Ravel family for nearly eight years, and during that time he paid a visit to Niagara Falls. The result of that visit is given to a correspondent of the Buffalo EXPRESS by Blondin himself as follows :

"No sooner did I lay eyes on that wonderful spectacle and specimen of nature's handiwork than I was seized with one of my erratic impulses. I wanted to walk across the chasm above the roaring cataract, and had a rope been at hand extending across the Falls there is no doubt I would have started at once on the undertaking. Wherever I went after that I took Niagara with me. To cross the roaring waters became the ambition of my life, and one night the great sea of waters falling from that fearful height entered into my dreams. I stood by the great Falls,

overpowered by its terrible sublimity. Suddenly my clothing dropped from my form as if by magic and before me, across the boiling flood, was stretched a silken cord as delicate as a thread of gossamer. I ventured upon the cord, and in a twinkling I had crossed the rushing torrent and was looking back upon the shore from whence I started. That dream determined me. I was weary of travel, and the thought occurred to me that I might work for myself and be independent. This was in the winter of 1858, but, determined to settle the practicability of crossing Niagara on a rope, I took up my residence at a hotel there and I began to plan my proposed exhibition. The practicability of my scheme assured, I set to work to bridge the distance with a hempen cord. This done, I published my intention to the world. The bridge of rope on which I purposed making the trip was 1,100 feet in length. It was stretched at an altitude of 160 feet above the river at one side, and crowned the boiling torrent at a height of 170 feet. For a time I was looked upon as a humbug. I was scoffed, ridiculed and laughed at. I kept right on, however, never doubting but that I would succeed, and on the 30th of June, 1859, I made the trip in the presence of 50,000 spectators. My feelings when crossing this mighty cataract were no different from those I had always experienced when engaged in like undertakings, and I felt no more fear than I do now when giving one of my regular performances. The view I had from the center of that rope on that memorable day more than repaid me for the pains and expense of the undertaking. Never had I seen its like before nor have

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I seen anything to equal it since. Many of the various feats performed by me at the present day were done for the first time on that single line of hempen rope 170 feet above the great Falls. Satisfied that I had accomplished what no other man had done before I set about elaborating my performance and made several more trips across the Falls, heavily handicapped, blind-folded and with a man on my back. My greatest exploit, however, was that given during my engagement at the Crystal Palace, when I trundled a wheel-barrow across a rope 200 feet long, with my baby girl, Adele, cosily tucked away therein. If ever I felt any fear it was then—not for myself but my little one. My wife, however, assured me that all was well, which together with the simple faith of the child, led me to make the journey safely.

“Since that memorable day in September, 1860, when in the presence of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales and his suite, I made my last trip across Niagara, I have traveled through India, Australia, China, New-Zealand, Java, the Phillipine Islands, Siam and every country in Europe, but in none do I consider that I have ever equaled my performance at Niagara. The novelty of the position, the uncertainty of the fastenings, the inexperience of assistants, and other sources of danger, were all rendered ten-fold more formidable, from the fact that no human hand could extend the feeblest aid in the case of accident. Medals, decorations and testimonials, however, have also been showered upon me since that most memorable time, but none are more valued than the medal given me over a quarter of a

century ago by the citizens of Niagara City. Audiences that in number have far exceeded the Niagara gathering have assembled to witness my exhibitions, but none have ever received me more cordially. At Brussels 400,000 persons witnessed my performance at the Champs de Mars, and was, perhaps, the greatest audience I ever had, but it was nothing to me compared to the multitude I met when first I crossed Niagara. The receipts of a single performance at Crystal Palace, London, once reached the enormous sum of \$20,000, but though the largest, I ever new in connection with my own performance, they were really less valued than the purse bestowed upon me by the various hotel men in return for my accepted perilous journeys across that foaming torrent. Concerning the alleged peril of my performances I must say a word. I have never met with an accident in all the years that I have been engaged in the profession. To others the work might be dangerous, but not to me. The one great secret of my success is temperance. Chocolate is my only stimulant, and when engaged in my professional work I partake only sparingly of this. My duties call for a code of habits no less rigid than that of the most sturdy athlete, and I regard my profession as a most respectable and commendable one. Rope-walking is indeed an art that might even be taken up as an accomplishment by amateurs. It has been ennobled by illustrious men, and as a means of giving a man confidence in himself, of developing the nerves and of helping one always to preserve his composure, it cannot be too highly commended. Ability to walk a rope would prove a most valuable

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In the summer of 1860 Blondin had his rope across the river below the Railway Suspension Bridge.

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### WEBB'S FATAL SWIM.

Capt. Matthew Webb, the famous English swimmer, made the attempt to swim through the Rapids and Whirlpool of Niagara River on the afternoon of July 24th, 1853, and lost his life in the effort. As he had publicly announced he would do, Capt. Webb left the Clifton House on the Canada side, at 4 o'clock, New York time, and proceeded down the bank to the Ferry landing. Here he stepped into a small boat manned by J. McCloy, ferryman, and was rowed down the river to opposite the old Pleasure Grounds, just above the Maid of the Mist landing, when at 4:25 he jumped from the boat into the river and swam leisurely down to the Rapids which were to engulf him. At 4:33 he passed under the Railway Suspension Bridge into the Rapids. At 4:35 he reached the last of the Rapids before entering the mouth of the Whirlpool. Here he was seen to sink below the crest of the Rapids and he never appeared on top of the water again. Some of the spectators thought that they saw his body near the top of the water 50 or 100 feet below the spot where he disappeared from the surface, but all agree that he never came to the top of the water. When he passed under the Suspension Bridge he seemed to

have perfect control of himself and this all accounts agree he maintained until he reached the height of the Rapids opposite the Whirlpool Rapids Elevators. At this point accounts differ as to his appearance. Some say that he maintained his equipose through that terrible channel, while others say that he appeared like a drowning man, sport of the waves. But certain it is that after passing the fiercest of these Rapids he momentarily regained control of himself, for the spectators on the Whirlpool Grounds on both sides of the river saw him as he emerged into the comparatively still waters that intervene before the Whirlpool is reached, rise upon the surface and throw at least a third of his body above the angry waters. Then he seemed to swim on top of the water for a hundred feet then he disappeared forever. The spectators who saw him disappear waited a few seconds to see him reappear on the crest of the current, but they watched in vain. Then all rushed to the water's edge in the hope he might have passed safely through the great maelstrom and have landed somewhere on the bank. The banks were thoroughly searched, but no trace of him was discovered, and a belief began to grow that he would never be seen alive. The only hope left was that he might have passed unseen into the lower rapids and going through them had left the river at Lewiston or Queeston, but as the hours passed this hope was dissipated and the fact was made known that the brave and intrepid Webb had met more than his match in Niagara's mad waters.

Notwithstanding the fact that Webb's fatal swim was witnessed by a large number of people, much

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Capt. M and 35 year England, eight bein years old, father. W sea, and d famous for were perfe while in S public swi a purse of Russia an London fe ed overbo ternationa nel naked occasion l m. the ne water at t with \$25,0 casion he Beach du harbor. land for t ent times



doubt was expressed as to whether he had actually made the attempt, or if he had, that he might have left the river alive at some point beyond the observation of the spectators. All uncertainty on these points were, however, removed by the finding of Capt. Webb's body about noon on Saturday, July 28th, 1883, four days after his disappearance.

Capt. Matthew Webb was a native of England and 35 years of age. His father lived in Shropshire, England, and there were 13 children in the family, eight being boys. He learned to swim when eight years old, being encouraged in his ventures by his father. While yet a mere youth he ran away to sea, and during his career before the mast became famous for his swimming feats, several of which were performed in saving human life. In 1872, while in South Africa, he won his first laurels as a public swimmer, and in the year following received a purse of \$500 from the passengers of the steamer Russia and a medal from the humane society of London for saving the life of a sailor who was washed overboard. The achievement that gave him international fame was swimming the English channel naked and without aid of any kind, on which occasion he was in the water from 1 p. m. to 11 a. m. the next day. When he was dragged out of the water at the close of this exploit he was presented with \$25,000 by the Prince of Wales. On one occasion he swam from Sandy Hook to Manhattan Beach during a storm that drove vessels into the harbor. In July, 1882, he beat Wade at Coney Island for the American championship and at different times has performed wonderful feats in the

water, of which no record has been made. He made his home in Boston, where his wife, also of English birth, and who was but a few years a resident in America, and two children mourned the loss of his untimely death. Never were physical prowess and courage worse applied than in the brave fellow's last adventure, which, even if successful, would have been of no practical service to the world.

Captain Webb seemed to have realized the danger of his undertaking, for in an interview he is reported to have said: "The current, they say, runs thirty miles an hour, and the river is ninety-five feet deep. It is wide just below the fall and narrow at the rapids. I am only afraid of the two awful ledges of rocks which jut out from the shores into the Whirlpool. The water fairly shrieks and hisses as it boils over them. Now, I want to avoid the sides, and yet I dare not go in the middle, for there lies the vortex, and that means death. I will go out into the middle of the river in a small boat just above the Suspension Bridge. The only clothing I shall wear will be the silk trunks I had on when I swam the English channel. At the time appointed I will leap into the river and float into the rapids. Of course I will make no attempt to go forward, for the fearful speed of the water will carry me through. When the water gets very bad I will go under the surface and remain beneath until I am compelled to come up for breath. That will be pretty often I'll wager. When I strike the Whirlpool I will strike out with all my strength, and try and keep away from the suckhole in the centre. I will begin with breast strokes and then use overhand strokes.

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My life will then depend upon my muscles and breath, with a little touch of science behind them. It may take me two or three hours to get out of the Whirlpool which is about a quarter of a mile long. When I do get through I will try and land on the Canadian side, but if the current is too swift as I think it is, I will keep on down to Lewiston on the American side."

Captain Webb now lies buried in Oakwood Cemetery, near the grave of Francis Abbott, a beautiful monument marking his last resting place.

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## A HEROIC BOY.

On Saturday, the 13th. of July, 1850, as a boy, ten years old, was rowing his father, John Williams, from Chippawa over to his home on Navy Island, the father being so much intoxicated as not to be able to assist any more than to steer the canoe, the wind, which was very strong off shore, so frustrated the efforts of his tiny arm, that the canoe in spite of him, got into the current, and finally into the rapids, within a short distance of the Falls! On went the frail shell, careering and plunging as the mad waters chose. Still the gallant little oarsman maintained his struggle with the raging billows, and actually got the canoe, by his persevering maneuvering so close to Goat Island, as to have her driven by a providential wave in between the little islands called the Three Sisters. Here the father and his dauntless boy were in still greater danger for an instant; for there is a fall between two of the

islands, over which had they gone, no earthly power could have withheld their final passage to the terrific precipice which forms the Horse-shoe Fall. But the sudden dash of a wave capsized the canoe, and left the two struggling in the water. Being near a rock, and the water being shallow, the boy lost no time, but seizing his father by the coat collar, dragged him up to a place of safety, where the crowd of anxious citizens awaited to lend assistance. The poor boy on reaching the shore in safety, instantly fainted, while his miserable father was sufficiently sobered by the perils he had passed through. The canoe was dashed to pieces on the rocks ere it reached its final leap.



### A FATAL FALL.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th of April, 1889, an Italian, named James Mundi, employed in rebuilding the new Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, started from the Canadian end with a box of bolts for workmen some distance out. He carried the box on his shoulder, distributing as he went, but when he got some distance from the Canadian shore he lost his balance and fell into the river below, a distance of about 175 feet. Strangely enough the fall did not kill him, though one arm was seen to be useless, he struck out for the shore. Planks were thrown from the bridge to his assistance, but proved of no avail. A boat started for him, but before the boat reached him the poor fellow sank and was seen no more.

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## THE DEVIL'S HOLE MASSACRE.

The Devil's Hole is a picturesque place on the American side, about a mile below the Whirlpool. It is here where on the the 14th of September, 1763, the Seneca Indians lay in ambush for a British supply train on its way from Schlosser to Lewiston. And as the doomed company carelessly defiled along the brink of the chasm, a murderous volley was fired by the hidden savages, who then sprang forth thirty or forty to one of the survivors, and butchered them with tomahawk and scalping knife. Crazed by the din of firearms and the yells of the savages, part of the teams went off the rocky wall; and even the men in some cases, rather than be hacked to pieces on the spot or roasted at the stake, flung themselves from the cliff. Among the latter was a drummer boy named Mathews, who fell into a tree top, from which he descended without mortal injuries. It is said that only three survived this savage onset. John Steadman, who commanded the supply train, seeing the fatal snare at the first fire of the Indians, spurred his horse through the leaden hail and made his escape, reaching Fort Schlosser in safety. A wounded soldier concealed himself in the dense evergreen bushes and thus escaped the knife and the hatchet; and the drummer boy who was saved by lodging in the tree top. These three were the only ones left to tell the sad tale.

The firing had been heard by the guard posted at the lower landing, and suspecting the state of the case they hastened up the Portage road. The savages had time to complete the destruction of the

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train and its escort and ensconce themselves again in the bushes, with rifles reloaded and tomahawks all ready, before the reinforcements reached the spot, when the massacre was renewed. A shower of bullets from the thicket tore through the close lines of the detachment, felling more than one half of the troops; again the thirsty savages, sallying from their cover, swarmed around their prey, and the scalping knives yet dripping with blood from the latest use, were bathed anew in human gore. Only eight men escaped with their lives who bore the horrible tidings to Fort Niagara.

The little rivulet falling into the glen, and called Bloody Run, first became such on that dreadful day when its waters were crimsoned by the butchery upon its banks. The passer by now looks from his carriage down the gloomy pit, which yawns close beside the roadway, into the bristling treetops that hide its lowest depths, and shudder to think of the situation of men who judged it best to cast themselves into this deep and rugged chasm. Yet one who made this choice long outlived every other actor in this awful tragedy—the drummer Mathews—who died in Queenston at the advanced age of 90 years.

## VESSELS OVER THE FALLS.

The schooner Michigan, a vessel being condemned as unseaworthy, was purchased by a few individuals to be sent over the Falls. Consequently glowing hand-bills announced that "The Pirate

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Michigan, with a cargo of furious animals," would on the 8th day of September 1827, sail down through the deep and furious rapids of Niagara and over the precipice into the abyss below. The day arrived for the vessel to make her fearful voyage, and with it came a large concourse of people. The voyage was successfully made, and the cargo of live animals duly deposited in the river below, witnessed by 20,000 people.

In October 1829 another large vessel called the Superior was sent over the falls, but did not proceed on her voyage of destruction in such gallant style as her predecessor. But lodged on the rocks and remained there for several days, and went over unobserved, except by two or three persons. In this instance no animals were put on board.

In 1841 another condemned vessel of about 500 tons burden named the Detroit, which had belonged to Commodore Perry's victorious fleet, was sent down the rapids. A large number of people assembled from all parts of the country to witness the spectacle. She rolled and plunged fearfully until she got about midway into the rapids when she stuck fast on a bar and there remained until knocked to pieces by the ice.

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## BROCK'S MONUMENT.

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About seven miles below the falls on Queenston heights is Brocks Monument. This monument was erected in honor of Gen. Brock who was one of the most active and most able of the British command-

ers in Canada in the war of 1812. The battle of Queenston Heights was fought between the British and Americans on the 13th of October, 1812. And Gen. Brock fell a little north of the foot of the hill while leading his soldiers on to battle. History tells us that the total loss of the Americans in the battle of Queenston, was estimated at 1000 men. About 100 were killed, 200 who landed with Major Mullany early in the day, were forced by the current of the river on the enemy's shores under his batteries, and were there captured; 293 surrendered with Scott, and the residue were those who landed, but were not in battle.

Soon after the surrender, the gallant Brock was buried under one of the bastions of Fort St. George, with the highest of military honors. Fort Niagara, directly opposite on the American shore was commanded at that time by Captain McKeon. Colonel Scott sent over his compliments, and desired that minute-guns might be fired during the funeral ceremonies. Captian McKeon readily complied with the request; for the noble qualities of Brock had been held in equal esteem on both sides of the line.

The monument that was first buift in honor of Gen. Brock was blown up by "Ben Lett" in 1840, April 17th, and split from top to bottom. It was a complete wreck. The stately column which now does honor to the remains of the noted dead (the remains of Brock were removed from fort St. George to this place) was commenced on the 13th day of October, 1853, and was completed and dedicated on the 13th day of October, 1858, Gen. Scott being present and taking part in the ceremonies. The

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shaft is 216 feet high and there are 235 steps from bottom to top. The top is an elevation of 700 feet above the river. The cost of this magnificent structure was fifty thousand pounds.

### SAM PATCH.

Sam Patch was of obscure origin and was born in Providence, R. I., in 1806. His childhood and boyhood years were passed as a warf rat, spending his days in picking up whatever unconsidered trifles he could find without an immediate claimant, and his nights where ever nightfall found him. He then became a sailor, and being a skillful swimmer amused himself by jumping from yardarms and bowsprits into the sea.

Abandoning the sea he led a roving life on the land, and about the time he reached his twentieth year found himself at Patterson, N. J. He was employed for a time in a cotton mill, and here also he commenced the career that led to his ultimate immortality.

Patterson has, or had in the days of Patch, a famous chasm bridge, suspended some eighty feet over the Passaic river. From the bridge in 1827 Sam made his first daring leap, and became the hero of the hour. After this he went about the country jumping from yardarms and maintops and all sorts of dizzy heights. In this same year the eyes of the whole country were attracted to Niagara Falls, by a widely advertised scheme that a vessel, or as it was called, the Pirate Michigan, would be

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sent down the rapids and over the cataract with a crew of furious animals on board. Thousands of people from all parts of the country journeyed to Niagara to see that spectacle and on the 8th day of September the brig Michigan, a condemned vessel, was sent over the cataract. On board the vessel was a crew in effigy, an old buffalo, an old and young bear, a fox, raccoon, eagle, two geese and a dog. The young bear escaped from the vessel before the falls was reached, and succeeded in swimming ashore; the rest were carried off with the vessel over the falls. One goose was recovered below, the only survivor of those that made the descent.

The exhibition created so much excitement that Sam Patch determined to outdo it. Proclaiming as his motto "that some things can be done as well as some others," he avowed his determination to take a leap from the top of Niagara Falls to the river below. On his way to Niagara Sam gave exhibitions wherever he could find a suitable place. Coming to Rochester he undertook to leap the falls of the Genesee, a height of one hundred feet. As part of the show Sam had a pet bear which he invariably caused to make the first leap. His first exhibition at Rochester was given in the presence of a large number of spectators, the banks of the river being crowded. Ascending the heights at the place selected dragging his bear after him, he calmly surveyed the crowd below him and then shoved reluctant bruin off the ledge into the depths below.

The animals descent was successful and he swam ashore.

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his feet together, his hands pressed to his side, he shot like an arrow into the pool below. When the crowd saw him emerge from the water a great cheer resounded, and the people rushed to the water's edge, and carried him triumphantly up the bank.

The report of this leap attracted great crowds to Niagara to witness the leap to be made there. The place where it was made is called "Sam Patch's Leap" and is pointed out to visitors to this day. It is on the west side of Goat Island, and is ninety-seven feet from the river below. A ladder was raised, and the bottom resting on the edge of the river, the top of the ladder inclining over the water, stayed by ropes fastened to trees on the bank. A small platform reached from a ledge of rocks to the ladder. From this elevation Sam made two successful leaps in the presence of vast crowds of people.

Sam was now invited back to Rochester, to repeat and even excell his former performance. In November 1829 the newspaper of the then village contained an advertisement headed "Sam's Last Leap." Then followed the announcement that on Friday, November 13, at two o'clock p. m. he would leap from a scaffold twenty-five feet in height, erected on the brink of the Genesee Falls into the abyss below, a distance of 125 feet. On that chill November day, every available spot on the river bank was crowded with people, who had come from all over the country to witness the crowning achievement of the great jumper. It was to be his last great feat in the United States. He had already signed the agreement to go abroad, and it was the height of his ambition to leap from London bridge. At the ap-

pointed time with a light heart and full of confidence, he reached the falls and climbed hand-over-hand up a pole to the platform. Standing on the platform and bowing to the vast crowd below him Sam spoke as follows :

"Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies and he conquered nations, he conquered Napoleon, but he couldn't jump the Genesee Falls. This was left for me to do, and I can do it."

He threw himself forward, but instead of descending in an erect and arrow like position, he fell sprawling, with his arms above his head. When he struck the water, a thrill of horror ran through the vast concourse of spectators, and when after some moments the body did not reappear, the crowd incontinently fled, as if some terrible disaster was coming upon them. For weeks afterward the people of Rochester felt as if they had been accessories of a murder, and earnestly reproached themselves for permitting the fool hardy undertaking.

The preachers denounced all the spectators as in the brand of Cain was upon them, and charged that they were murders in the sight of God. The body was not recovered until the following spring. Great excitement was experienced when the news of his death was reported.