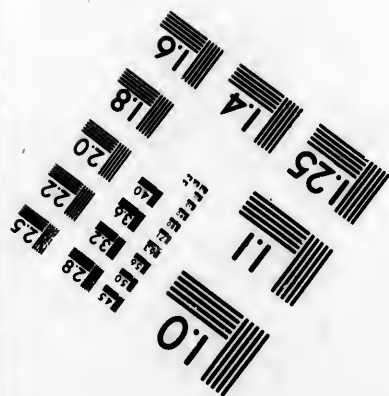
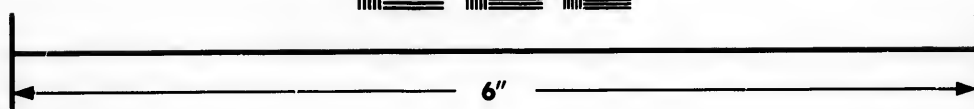
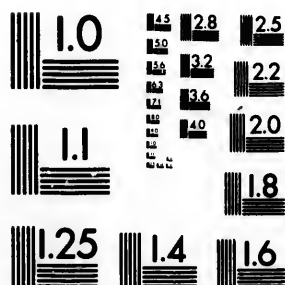


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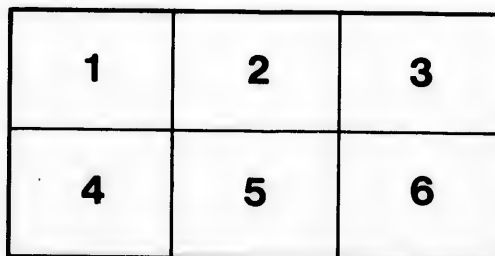
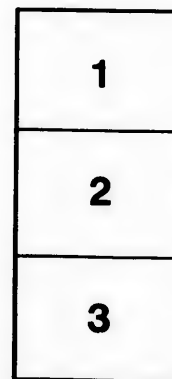
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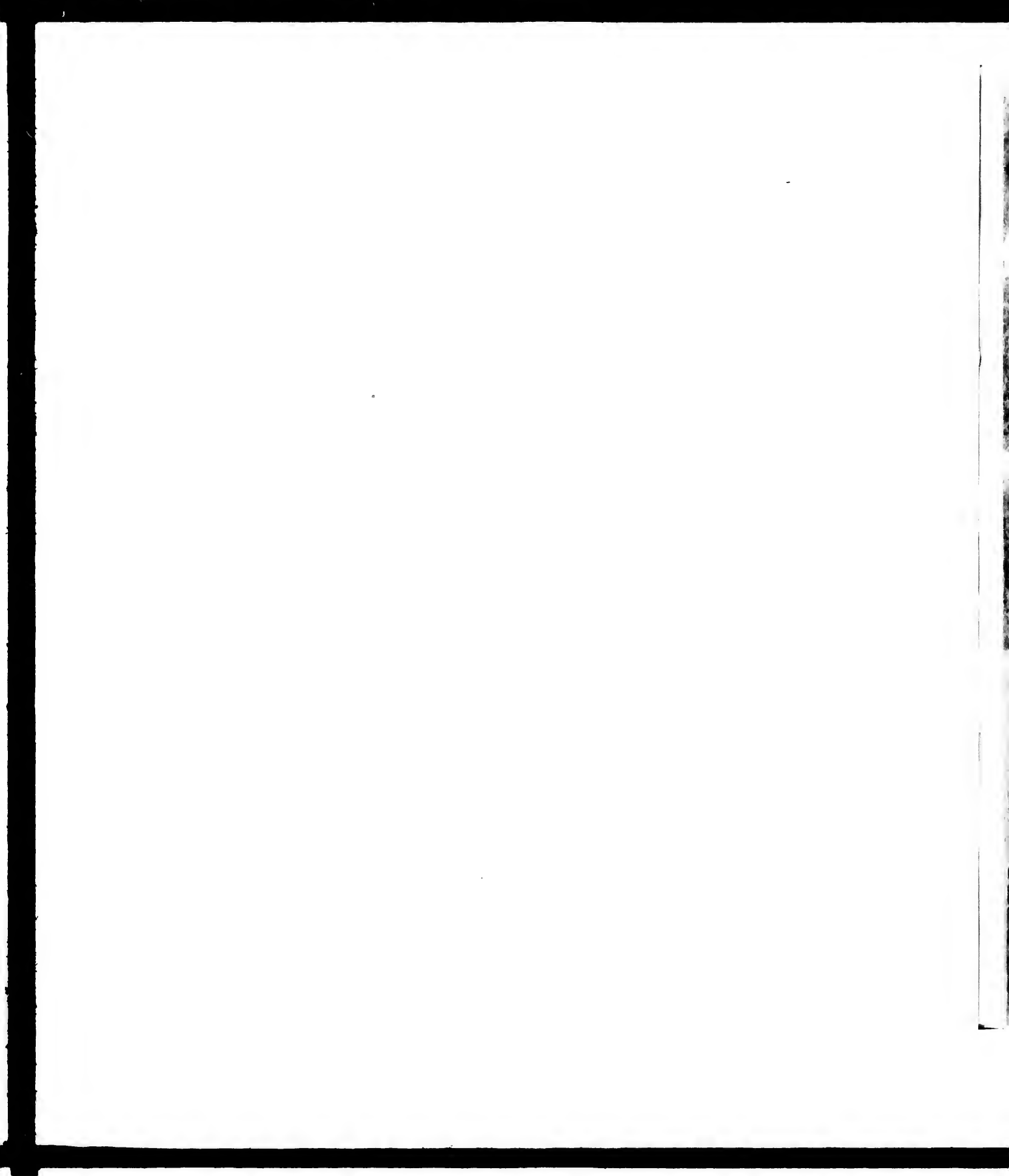
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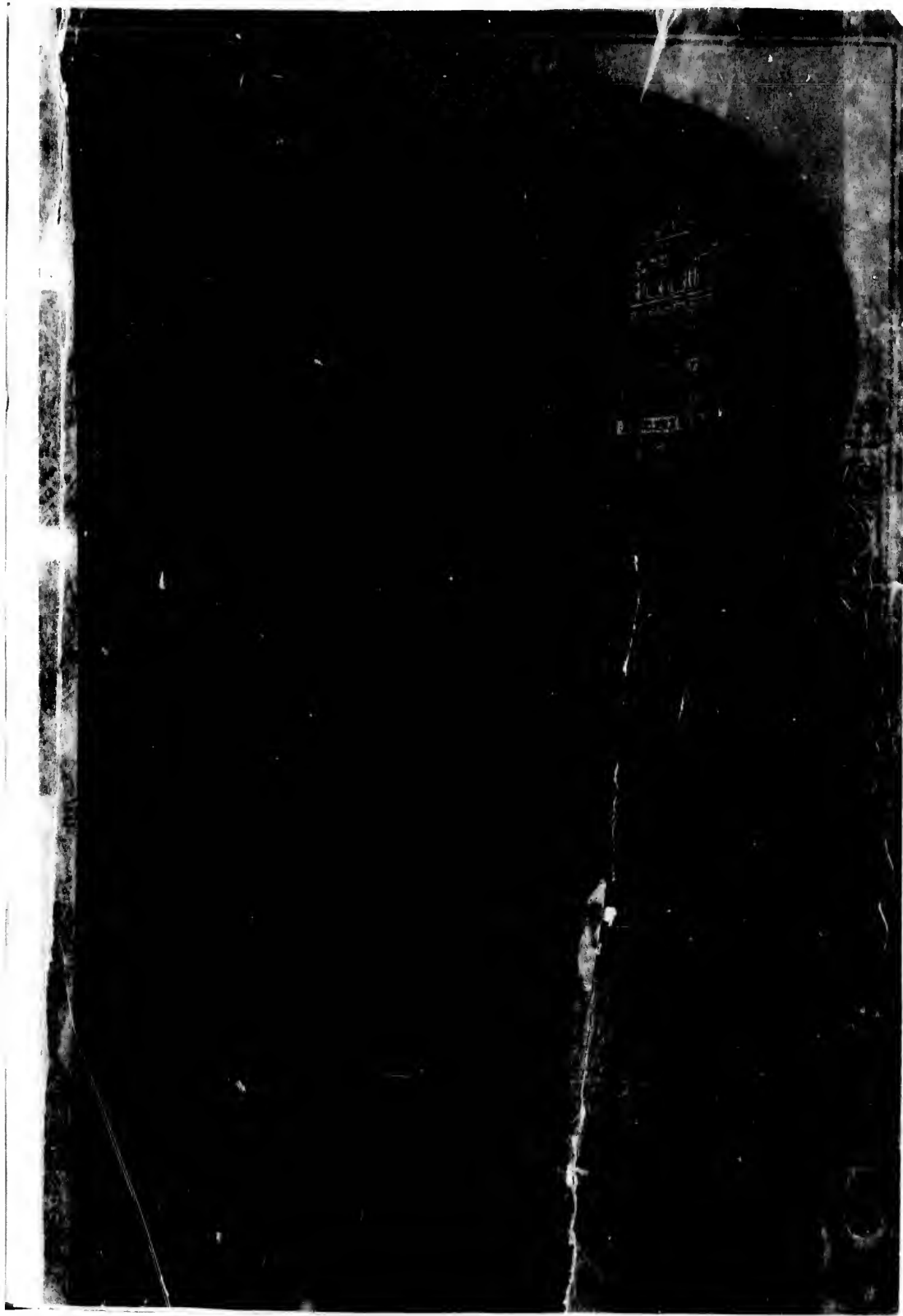
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Beginning Sunday, April 29th, and continuing every day thereafter, the handsomest train in the world will be run between CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY over the new

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This Train will stop at Dearborn Station, cover Dearborn and Park Square, Chicago, Union Union Depot, Kansas City, and will carry over Washburn Sleeping Cars for St. Joseph, Arkansas and Florida without change.

No Extra Charge on this Train.

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Chicago.

The
MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

"THE NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE."

HENRY B. LEDYARD,
President and General Manager, Detroit.

E. C. BROWN,
General Superintendent, Detroit.

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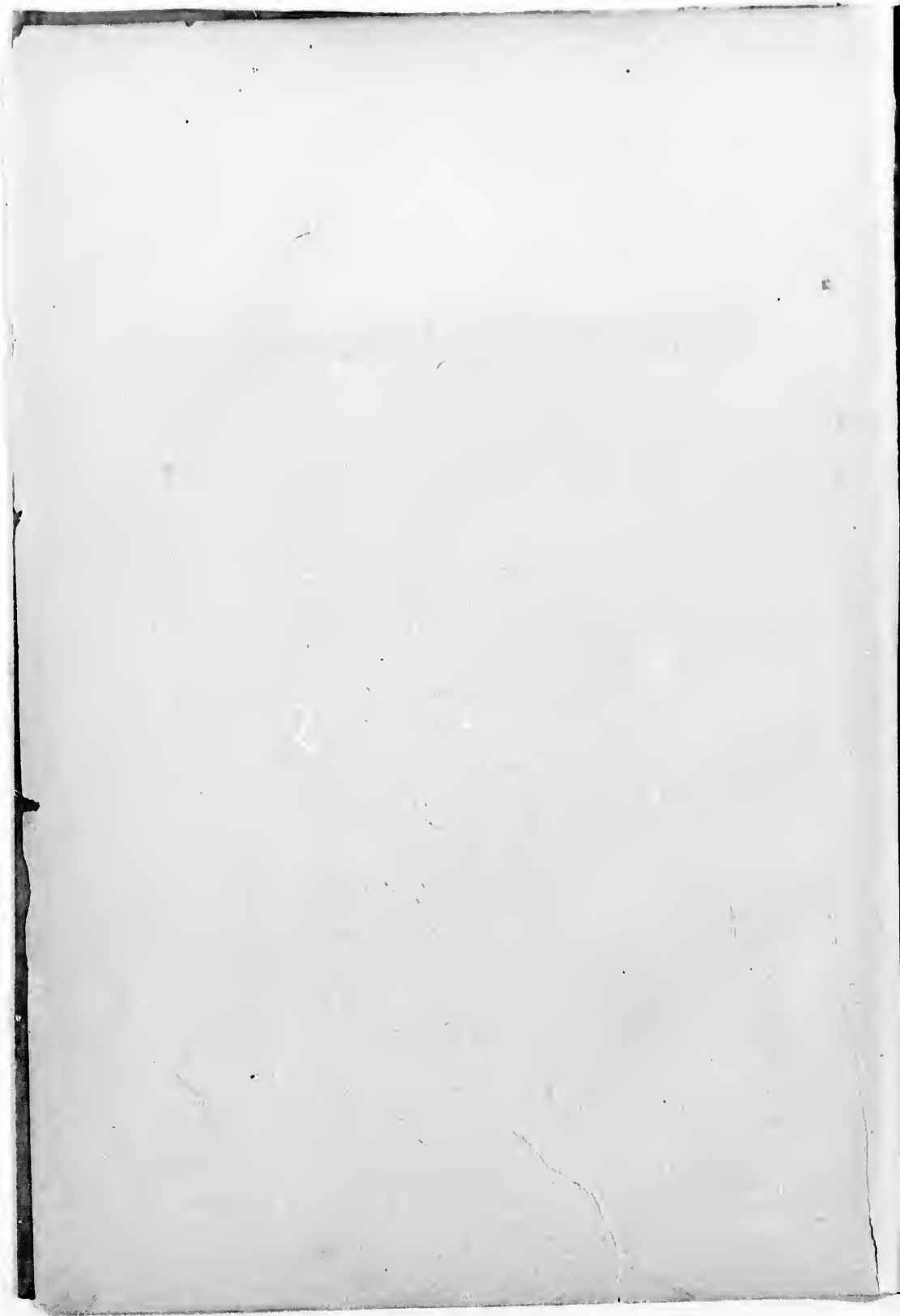
GENERAL OFFICES:

Michigan Central Passenger Station, foot of Third Street, Detroit.

Grand Central Depot, New York City.

Adams Express Building, Chicago.

"The Michigan Central is the only real 'Niagara Falls Route' in the country. It is the only railroad that gives a satisfactory view of the Falls. Every day train stops from five to ten minutes at Falls View, which is what the name indicates—a splendid point from which to view the great cataract. It is right on the brink of the grand canyon, at the Canadian end of the Horseshoe, and every part of the Falls is in plain sight. Even if he does not get out of his car, he can see the liquid wonder of the world from the window or the platform. This is the Michigan Central's strongest hold on popular favor, its greatest advantage, its chief attraction. So long as the waters of that mighty river thunder down to the awful depths below, so long as the rush and roar, the surge and foam, and prismatic spray of nature's cataractic masterpiece remain, to delight and awe the human soul, thousands and tens of thousands of beauty-lovers and grandeur-worshipers will journey over the only railroad from which it can be seen. There is but one Niagara Falls on earth, and but one direct great railway to it."—COL. P. DONAN in *St. Louis Spectator*.



How to See Niagara.

The visitor having first reached his hotel as the basis of his explorations, he should first, by means of this map and the descriptions which he will find in the following pages, some of which he may have read prior to his arrival, obtain a clear idea of the geography and topography of the Falls and surrounding country. He should then take Prospect Park and the walk up the Upper Rapids along the shore of the Niagara Reservation, passing then over the bridge to Goat Island, and around the island by the upper shore to the Three Sisters, and down to the brink of the Horseshoe Fall, returning by way of Luna Island.

Having thus obtained a view of the Falls and Rapids from above, of the American side, we will cross the Suspension Foot Bridge and go up through the Canadian International Park to the brink of the Horseshoe, reviewing the entire face of the great cataract. Should his hotel be on the Canadian side he will, of course, reverse this programme. He should then descend to the Inclined Railway from Prospect Park, viewing the American Fall from its northern end, and take the trip by the "Maid of the Mist" to the Horseshoe Fall, returning either to the ferry landing on the Canada side or to his point of departure, to the foot of the Inclined Railway. The Cave of the Winds should be visited by means of Biddel's Stairs, and the Horseshoe Fall below Table Rock. This done with all attending details, there remain the picturesque views of the River Gorge below, the Cantilever and Suspension Bridges, the Whirlpool Rapids, and the Whirlpool itself, the magnificent views from the ancient lake terrace at Queenstown Heights or above Lewiston, and from the high bluffs on the Canada side, where Falls View overlooks the cataract. In all this the experienced traveler will trust to his own legs as far as possible. But however thorough a pedestrian he may be, he must still avail himself of other means of locomotion, and in spite of contrary rumor he will find hack and other fares quite as reasonable here as at other places of resort.

ADMISSION FEES AND TOLLS.

Cave of the Winds (with guide and dress).....	\$1 00
Inclined Railway (Prospect Park).....	10
Behind Horseshoe Falls, with guide and dress, Canada side.....	50
Museum.....	50
Whirlpool Rapids (either side).....	50
Whirlpool (either side).....	50
Crossing New Suspension Bridge.....	25
Crossing New Suspension Bridge, extra for two-horse carriage.....	25
Crossing Railway Suspension Bridge (over and return).....	10
Crossing Railway Suspension Bridge, extra for two-horse carriage.....	25
Ride in van around Goat Island.....	10
Ride in van around the entire reservation, with privilege of stopping off at any or every point of interest, and continuing the ride in following vans.....	25
"Maid of the Mist," from foot of Inclined Railway to Horseshoe Falls, landing on Canada side and return.....	50
Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge Street Railway Company, from Soldiers' Monument, Niagara Falls, to Suspension Bridge, fare 5 cents	
Round trip to the Whirlpool Rapids, Canada side, via old Suspension Bridge and horse-car line.....	55
Round trip to Whirlpool Rapids, American side, via cars.....	45
Round trip to Whirlpool, American side, via horse-car and transfer carriages.....	55

Rates of Fare Allowed by Law in the Village of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

For the Use and Hire of Carriages where no express contract is made therefor.

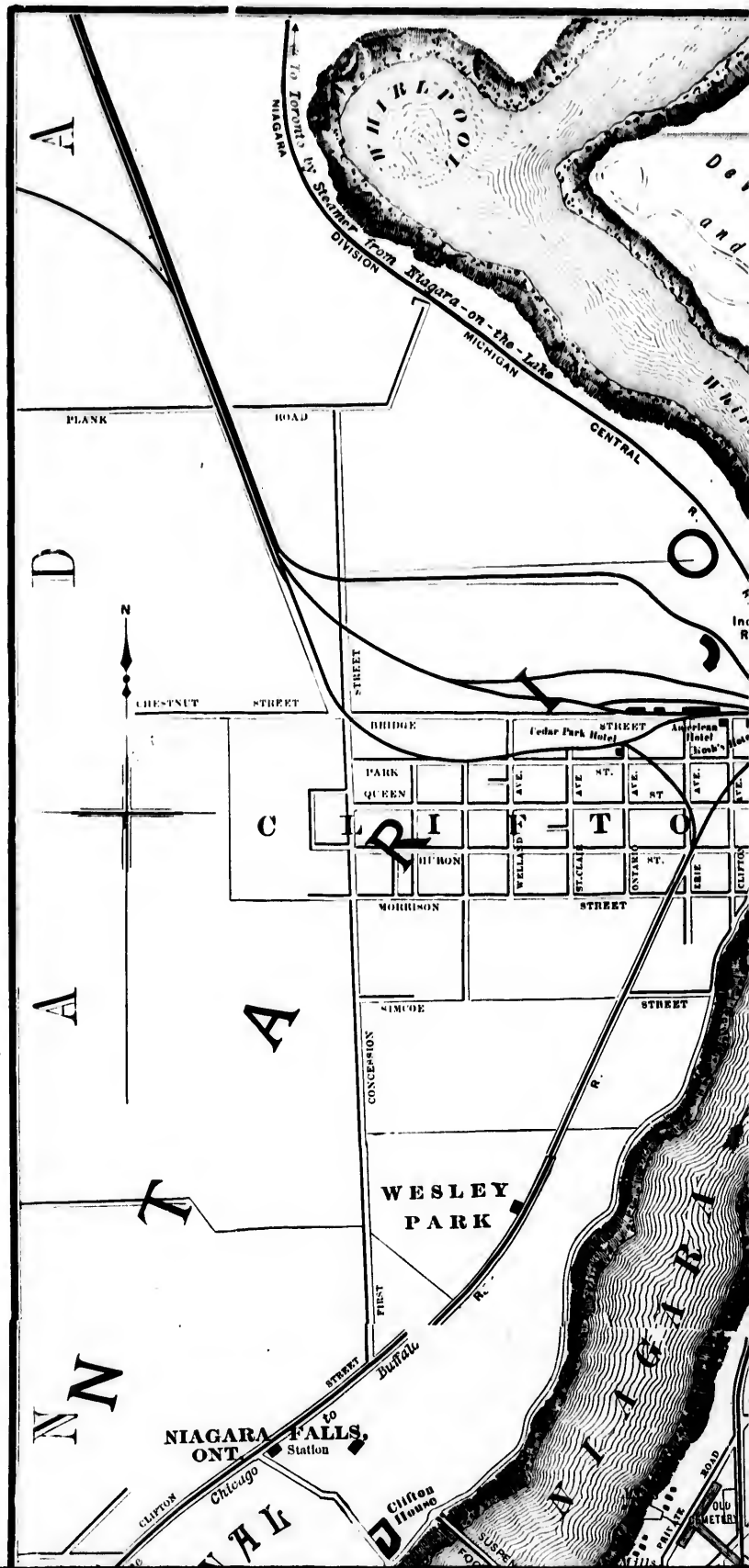
For carrying one passenger and ordinary baggage from one place to another in the village.....	\$0 50
Each additional passenger and ordinary baggage.....	25
For carrying one passenger and ordinary baggage from any point in this village to any point in the village of Suspension Bridge.....	1 00
Each additional passenger and ordinary baggage.....	50
Each additional piece of baggage, other than ordinary baggage.....	12

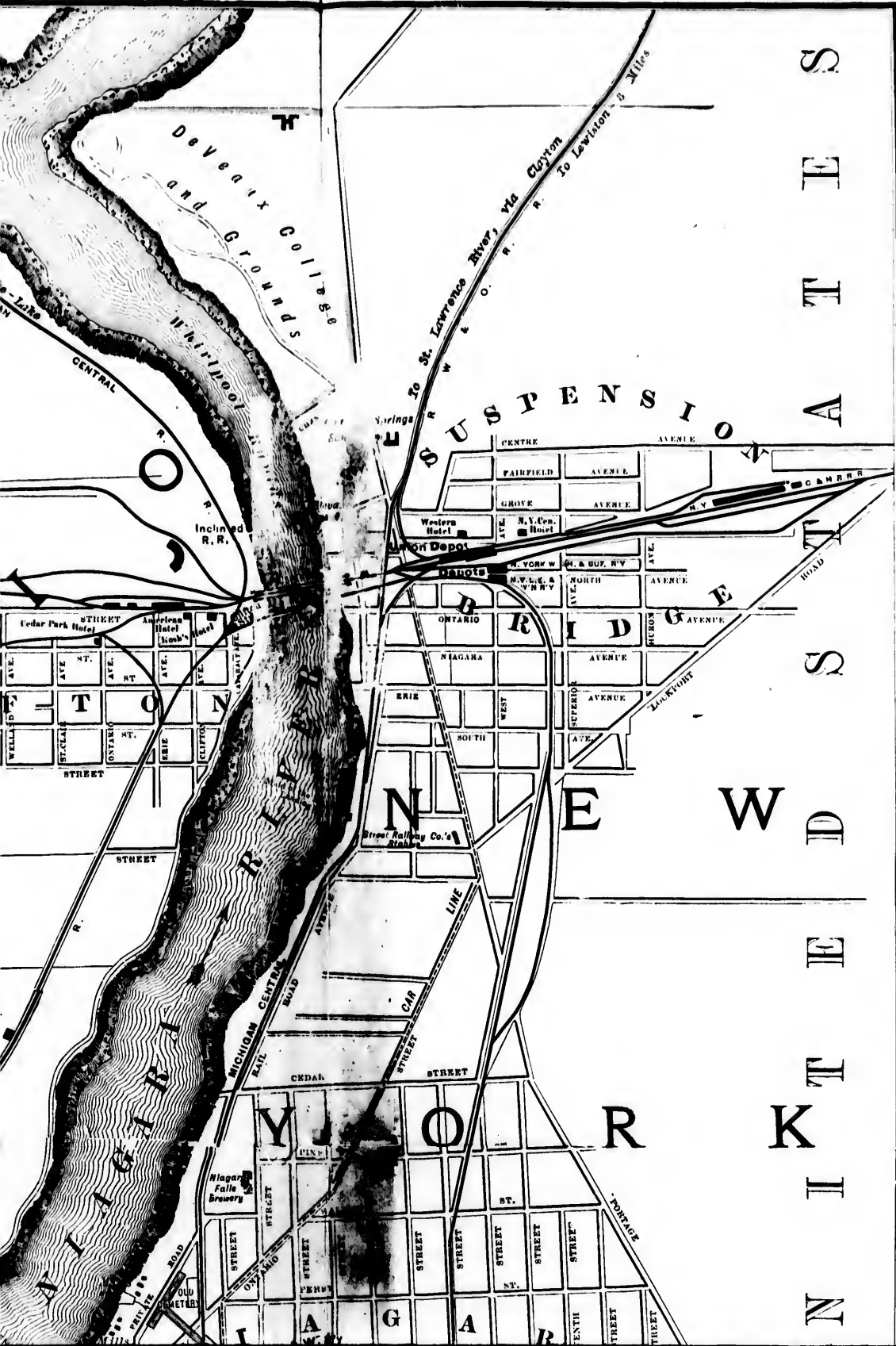
Children under three years of age, free.

Over three years and under fourteen years, half price.

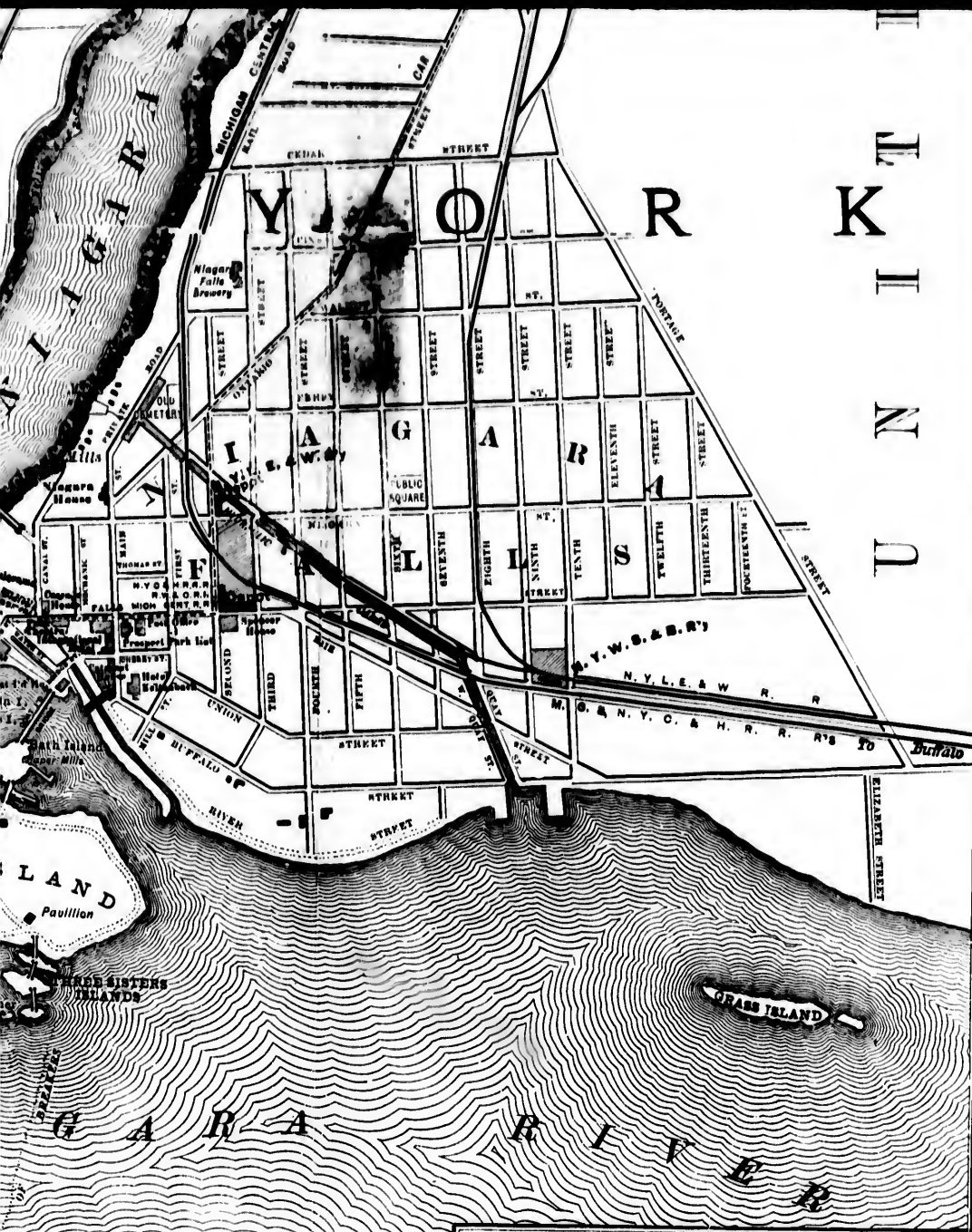
Ordinary baggage is defined to be one trunk and one bag, hat or handbox, or other small parcel.

For carrying one or more passengers, in the same carriage, from any point in this village to any point within five miles of the limits of the village, at the rate of \$1.50 for each hour occupied, except that in every instance where such carriage shall be drawn by a single horse the fare therefor shall be at the rate of \$1 for each hour occupied.





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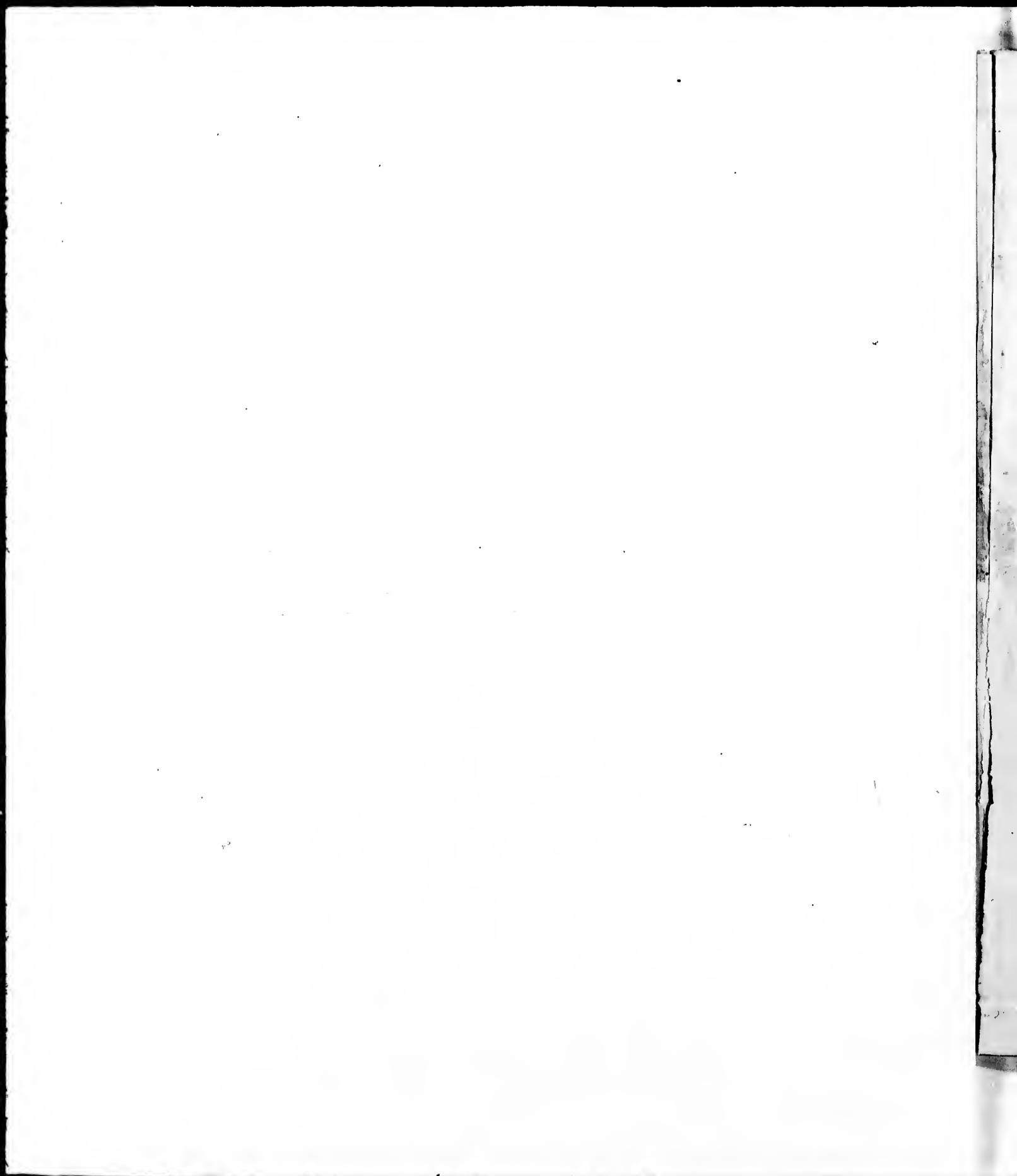


MAP OF
NIAGARA FALLS,
 SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND VICINITY,
 SHOWING THE LINES OF THE
MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"THE NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE."
 COMPILED FROM LATEST GOVERNMENT SURVEYS.
 Engraved and published by RAND, McNALLY & Co., Chicago.



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FROM



CITY TO SURF



*4
Guide case*

COMPLIMENTS

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

"THE NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE."

CHICAGO.

RAND, McNALLY & Co., PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS.
1888

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NEW YORK

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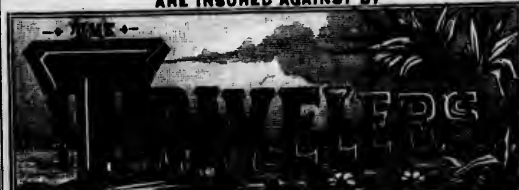


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SURPLUS
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PAID POLICY
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“THE NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE”

FROM CITY TO SURF.



FIVE times a day one may see a throng of travelers gathered within the walls of the Michigan Central Passenger Station, at the foot of Lake Street, in Chicago, as the hour approaches for one of the finely appointed express trains of this favorite line to pull out on its rapid journey to the rising sun. All classes of the population are found there, and representatives of every nation and every people of the globe; but, in the summer-time, from the first appearance of civic dust and heat, the predominating element is the summer tourist,—quiet, well dressed, intelligent, knowing the best places to go to and the best means of getting there. For the American, man or woman, is a traveler, and knows how to travel, and, finding himself or herself at that wonderful centre of teeming life and industry, the Garden City of the Lakes, goes eastward by the Michigan Central, “The Niagara Falls Route,” to the thousand places of natural beauty and sublimity, of fashion, of health and of trade, that crowd the eastern and northern portions of our country. And grouped here about the long train of superb coaches led by the iron horse of glossy coat, powerful, and quivering in readiness for the race like a thing of life, the scene is one of interesting activity. The pyramid of baggage rapidly disappears in the portals of the capacious baggage car; the uniformed conductor shouts “All aboard!” the last farewells are hastily spoken; the iron horse snorts as he leaps forward toward the mountains and the sea, and off we go.

The traveler usually sees but the seamy side of the cities he passes through by rail. Not so of Chicago, as he looks through the clear plate-glass of the Wagner Palace Cars of the Michigan Central. For miles, as he speeds rapidly along, he sees on the one side the lovely lake, placid, rippled or storm-tossed, according to its varying moods; on the other, verdant lawns and blooming parterres, palatial mansions and villas half hidden in trees and

shrubbery, telling of the wealth, the luxury and the taste of the wonderful city arisen from its ashes. Then come the charming suburbs of Hyde Park and Woodlawn Park, the busy, interesting town of Pullman, on Calumet Lake, and then the broad expanse of level country. We have a chance now to look about us, and, though the softly-cushioned seats of our elegant coach, replete with all the comforts and conveniences that ingenuity can suggest and skill can furnish, woo us to luxurious rest, we hunger, as do all travelers, and seek the Dining Car. We find it a palatial hotel on wheels, with all its appointments elegant and tasteful, scrupulously neat and clean. The accomplished *chef* prepares, and the active waiters serve, a sumptuous and admirable meal that incites us to valiant trencher duty. We linger long at table, for the pleasure of a good dinner is enhanced by the charming panorama that glides swiftly by, and adjourn to the comfortable smoking-room of our palatial Sleeper to crown our enjoyment with the reveries of a cigar from the Dining Car's superbly stocked coffers.



At MICHIGAN CITY (fifty-eight miles from Chicago) we get picturesque glimpses of Lake Michigan, bordered by curious lofty sand-dunes, and with a sturdy-looking light-house at the entrance of the harbor. Ten miles farther we take our last view of the great lake at NEW BUFFALO, worthy of note only as the junction of the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, which takes through cars and sleepers of the Michigan Central through the great fruit region of Michigan to Grand Rapids and Muskegon, famous for their furniture factories, plaster quarries and lumber yards. THREE OAKS (seventy-five miles) is a handsome, prosperous village, with encouraging manufacturing prospects, developed by the famous featherbone industry. Passing BUCHANAN, we soon reach NILES, on the St. Joseph River, a handsome and well-built manufacturing city of nearly 5,000 inhabitants, in the midst of a rich agricultural region. The Air Line Division to Jackson diverges here, and upon it, two miles beyond the town of Cassopolis, is the summer resort of DIAMOND LAKE, full of natural beauty, with an emerald isle rising from its crystal



A Glimpse of a Dining Car.

depths. From DOWAGIAC (107 miles) stages run to SISTER LAKES, a delightful summering place, ten miles from the railroad. The hotel and cottages are located on an elevated peninsula between Round and Crooked Lakes, covered with magnificent shade trees of the original forest. It is a favorite resort for the families of city business men, being within



Sister Lakes.

reach of Sunday visits, and marked by freedom, comfort and refinement. As we pass on through Michigan, we find all the way to Detroit River a rolling and picturesque country, full of fine farms, pretty villages and prosperous towns, with neat stations along the line. The country that the first surveyors pronounced utterly unfit for settlement and habitation has proved, under intelligent agriculture, to be of wonderful fertility.

KALAMAZOO (142 miles), a recently incorporated city, with 14,000 inhabitants, is regularly laid out, with broad, well-shaded streets, and contains many fine business blocks, costly residences and numerous manufactories, which, in 1886, turned out products valued at more than \$6,000,000.

The spacious and imposing buildings of the State Lunatic Asylum, a Baptist College and Female Seminary are located here. Nowhere does celery grow

larger, whiter, more tender or more delicate in flavor than in the deep black soil about the city, and nowhere is that toothsome vegetable grown more extensively. The Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad crosses the line at this point, and a branch of the



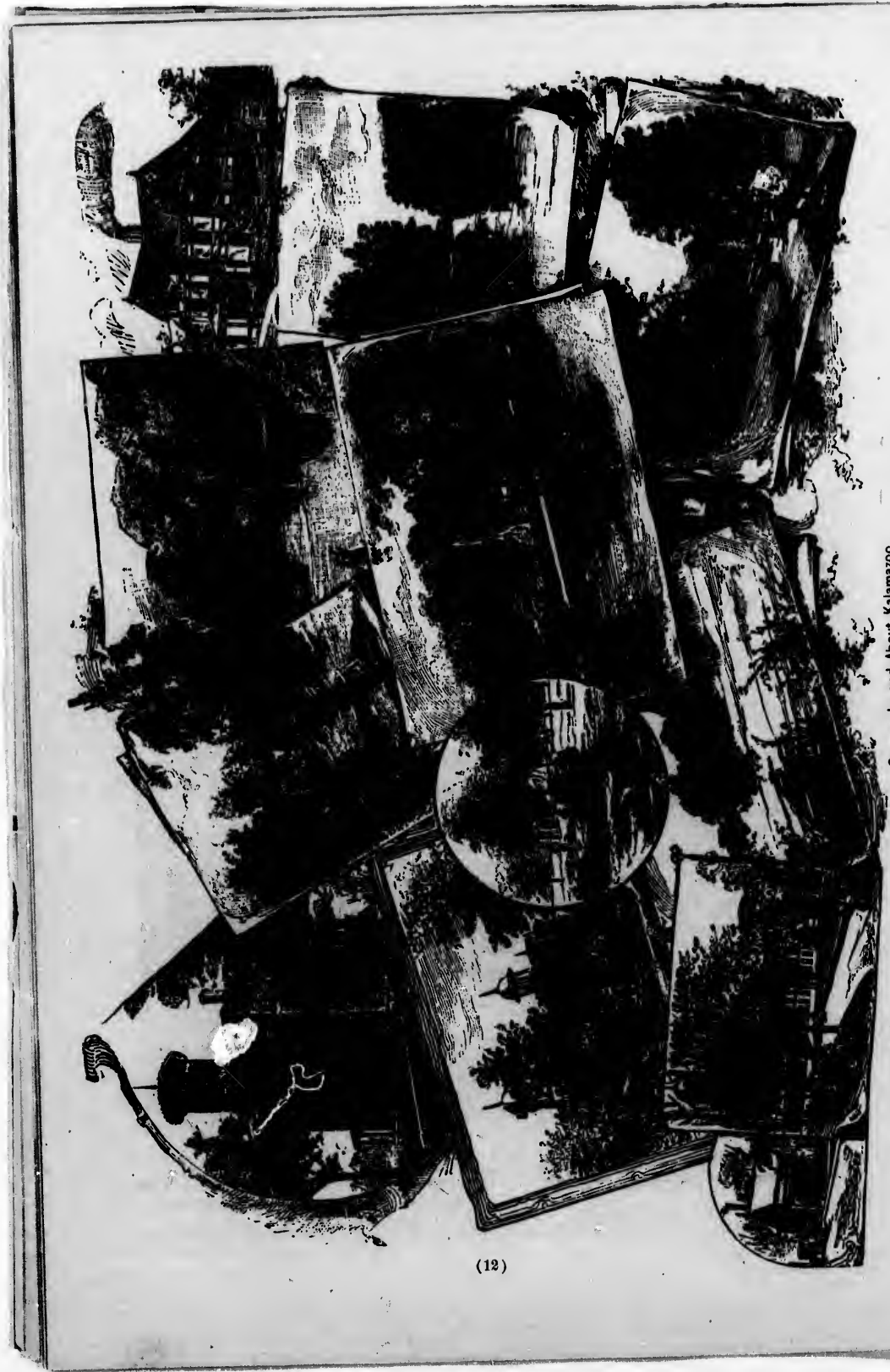
Michigan Central Station, Kalamazoo.

Michigan Central runs out forty miles to SOUTH HAVEN, a charming summer resort on the shore of Lake Michigan.

BATTLE CREEK (165 miles) is a well built city of 10,000 inhabitants, at the confluence of Battle Creek and Kalamazoo River. It is famous for its splendid water-power and its manufactures,—particularly of carriages, wagons, threshing machines, agricultural implements and flour,—which are more extensive than those of any other town of its size in the world. It is also the headquarters of the Seventh-day Adventists, who have here their large publishing house, printing books, newspapers and periodicals in a dozen languages,

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Scenes In and About Kalamazoo.

an excellent college and a magnificent sanitarium of high repute, occupying a noble, elevated site.

MARSHALL (178 miles) is a pretty little city of 4,000, famous for its flour, for the valley of the Kalamazoo is a noted wheat region. Some of the finest stock-farms in the State are in this vicinity, and the herds of magnificent thoroughbred horses, cattle and sheep, with pedigrees of royal length, are beautiful to behold.

ALBION (190 miles) is pleasantly located at the confluence of the two branches of the Kalamazoo, in one of the richest farming sections of the State, ships flour of a high reputation, and is the site of an excellent Methodist Episcopal College. We leave the river at PARMA (199 miles), and in a few minutes stop at JACKSON

(210 miles), a busy manufacturing city of over 20,000 people, on the Grand River, at the intersection of six railroads. One division of the Michigan Central runs down the valley of this river, ninety-four miles to Grand Rapids, the second city of the State, while another runs northward, through Lansing, the State capital, to Saginaw, Bay City and Mackinaw,



Summer Cottages at South Haven.



Michigan Central Passenger Station at Jackson.

on the strait of the same name; and a third forms the Air Line to Niles, running through the thriving towns of Homer, Union City, Three Rivers and Cassopolis. Through cars from Detroit run over the former, and from Chicago over the second. The city is regularly laid out, and substantially built. It lies near the edge of the coal deposits of the State, and

the mines can be seen from the cars. The spacious stone buildings of the State Penitentiary are located here, and are well worth visiting, the institution being a model one in all respects. The Michigan Central Passenger Station here was the finest in the State, until the construction of the company's fire building in Detroit.

ANN ARBOR (248 miles) is built on both sides of the Huron River, has a population of 8,000, and is noted as the site of the University of Michigan. This is one of the leading institutions of learning in the West, and, with no distinction of sex, very low fees, and a high standard of scholarship, attracts students from all parts of the country. It has eighty-three professors, and 1,380 students in all its departments, under the presidency of Prof. James B. Angell, LL. D. The grounds are extensive,



University of Michigan.

and thickly planted with trees. University Hall, occupied by the departments of literature, science and art, is 347 feet long and 140 feet deep. There are numerous other buildings, including a new fire-proof library, large and valuable museums, and, on a hill a mile distant, a fine observatory, but no dormitories. The Union School building is one of the



MICHIGAN CENTRAL Passenger Station, ANN ARBOR, Mich.

finest in the State, and accommodates a thousand pupils. There are five mineral springs in the city, over one of which has been erected a large water-cure establishment, an opera house and several fine churches. The new Michigan Central Passenger Station, recently built of limestone, is one of the finest

specimens of modern architecture applied to railroad structures. Leaving Ann Arbor, the train follows and frequently crosses the Huron River, the—

"Bright, swift river of the birch canoe,
Threading the prairie ponds of Washtenung,"—

affording many snatches of lovely scenery, despite the rapidity with which it passes them.

YPSILANTI (256 miles) is a thriving city of 5,300 inhabitants, noted for its extensive flour and paper mills and other factories, its valuable saline springs and excellent sanitarium.



The State Normal School, with nearly eight hundred students, is located here, and here also many Detroit business men have their suburban homes. The city is prettily located on the Huron River, which affords ample water-power and lovely bits of scenery.

DETROIT (285 miles) is reached in another hour, and the traveler finds it a flourishing, prosperous city of 150,000 inhabitants, whose seven miles of magnificent water front, lined with shipping and crowded with gigantic elevators, clanging foundries and smoke-plumed furnaces, give ample reason for the fine business blocks, imposing public buildings, elegant churches, and magnificent broad avenues of palatial residences not always found in cities

of more pretension. The central point of the city, from which the avenues radiate, is the Campus Martius, where stood the old frontier fort built by Cadillac in 1701, and in which Pontiac besieged the English for eleven months,—surrendered by Hull, and won again by Harrison. Facing it is the City Hall, a handsome structure in the Italian style, ornamented by marble statues of men famous in the long and eventful annals of the city. Opposite is a fine monument in granite and bronze to the memory of Michigan's dead in the war of the rebellion, and an artistic drinking fountain presented to the city by ex-Governor Bagley, to whom Michigan owes no



inconsiderable portion of her fame and prosperity. The guide book states that "the freight depot of the Michigan Central is one of the most noteworthy structures in the city. It stands on the wharf, and consists of a single room 1,250 feet long, and 100 feet wide, covered by a self-sustaining roof of corrugated iron." The new Passenger Station of the same road is probably the finest building of its kind in the State, and is one of the architectural features of the city. The visitor to Detroit should not omit the United States Marine Hospital, just above the city, which commands a fine view of the Canada shore; Fort Wayne, a bastioned redoubt on the river bank three miles below; Belle Isle,



the city's beautiful island park; and Grosse Point, where many wealthy citizens have built magnificent homes, seven miles above the city, at the end of a beautiful drive.

At Detroit close connection is made in the company's magnificent Passenger Station at the foot of Third Street with its Bay City and Mackinaw Divisions, which run 290 miles northward to the straits, the Toledo Division bringing more passengers from St. Louis, Cincinnati and the South, and with the Flint & Pere Marquette and Detroit, Lansing & Northern roads, which traverse the State to the northwestward. Here another Palace Sleeping Car for New York or for Boston is attached to the long train that our unwearied courser pulls along with seeming ease. On gigantic ferry-boats of steel, propelled by the most powerful engines, we cross the great river, picturesque with its busy craft. The officers of Her Majesty's Customs pass through the cars; but their sole duty seems that of hurriedly but courteously affixing to each piece of baggage the little label that passes it free of search or duty through Her Majesty's loyal Dominion. Meanwhile we take advantage of the opportunity to mount the hurricane-deck of the steamer and enjoy the animated scene the broad estuary offers, bearing on its bosom every variety of sail and steam craft, and bordered for miles by the attractive city front, from which we can faintly hear the clang of its numerous foundries and machine shops. Far below are the ramparts of Fort Wayne, with the old windmill of Sandwich opposite. Far above are the wooded shores of Grosse Point and Belle Isle.

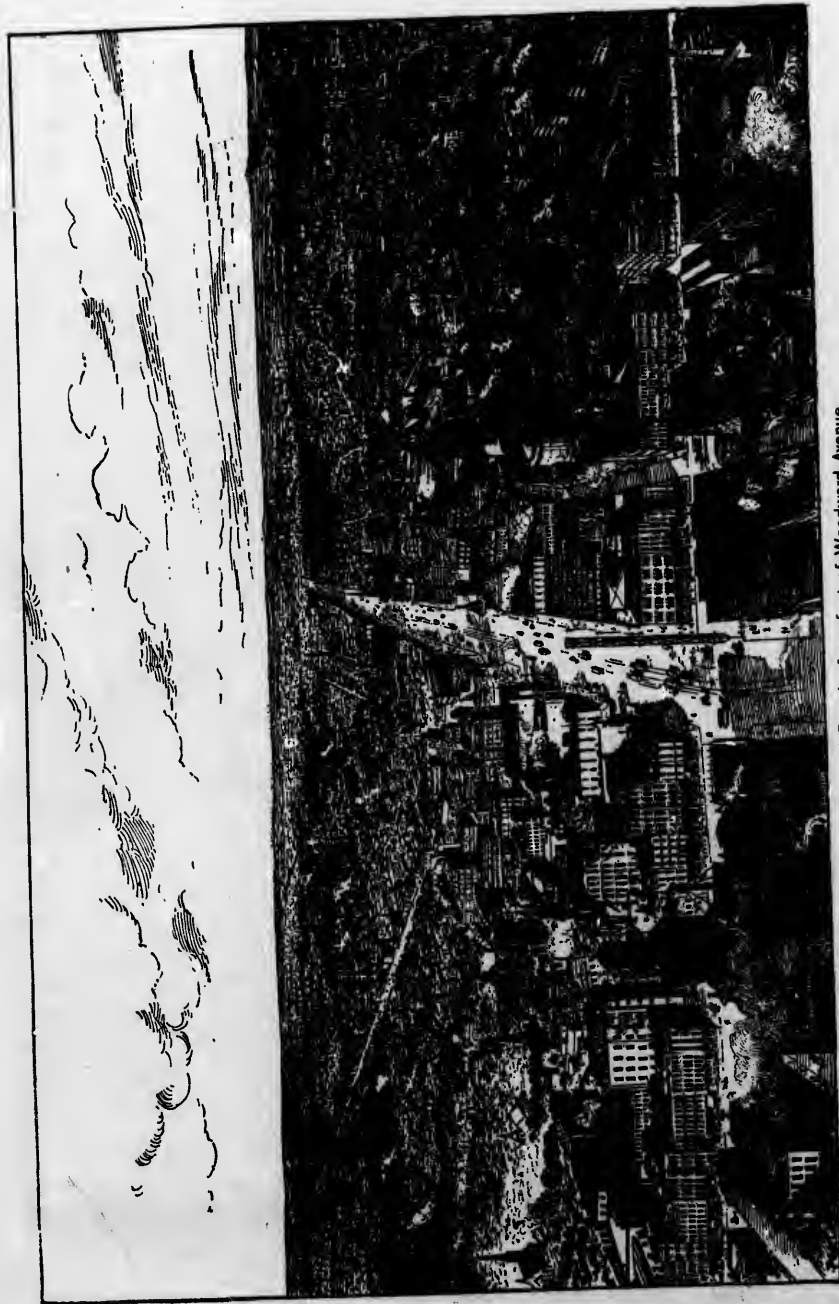


Wonderful speed we make through Canada over the long tangents; but so smooth are the steel rails and so perfect is the construction of the cars that we find no unpleasant jarring as we read our paper or our book. And, however great the speed, there is the utmost safety. The Michigan Central has always enjoyed a singular immunity from serious accidents,—an immunity due not merely to good luck, but to perfect construction, admirable discipline and incessant watchfulness. Science has invented a hundred curious automatic devices that stand between us and danger, and the vigilance of the man at the throttle is unabated.

We enter ST. THOMAS (398 miles) over the ravine of Kettle Creek, by a long, high iron viaduct that has replaced the wooden structure portrayed in *Picturesque Canada*. It is a prosperous and handsome town of 12,000 inhabitants, about half way between the Detroit and Niagara Rivers. It owes its prosperity to its railroad facilities, and easy access to Port Stanley, only eight miles distant, the chief harbor on the north shore of Lake Erie. The city is built on an escarpment of considerable elevation, and from its western edge

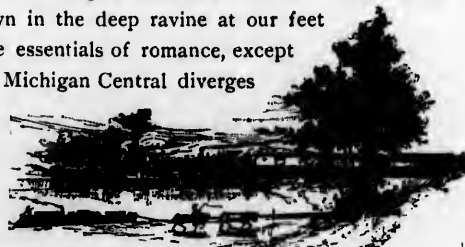
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Bird's-eye View of Detroit, from foot of Woodward Avenue.

commands a magnificent outlook. "As far as the eye can reach, country villas and trim farmsteads stand out in relief against graceful bits of wildwood, or are only half concealed by plantations of spruce and arbor-vitæ. Intervening are broad stretches of meadow or long rolling billows of harvest land. Down in the deep ravine at our feet winds a beautiful stream, which has all the essentials of romance, except the name." The St. Clair Division of the Michigan Central diverges here, and here also the Toronto sleeper that has accompanied us from Chicago is taken by the Canadian Pacific and carried to Toronto, the Ontario metropolis. At Toronto Junction it connects with a magnificent Parlor Car running through, via Peterborough and Ottawa, and down the wild-rushing Ottawa River to Montreal, and also with other cars for that wild and lovely region of the Muskoka Lakes, a very paradise for the angler, the sportsman and the lover of the untamed beauties of nature.



The Canal and the Railroad.

Meanwhile, by day or by night, we hasten onward to meet again the waters we saw at Chicago's front, and flowing majestically past Michigan's chief city, Detroit.



At HAGERSVILLE (457 miles), a neat little town of 1,000 inhabitants, connection is made with the Northern and Northwestern Railways for Hamilton and points North up in the Muskoka, Nipissing and Simcoe Lake region. At WELLAND (498 miles) we cross the famous ship canal which has made possible the carriage of grain from Chicago to Liverpool without breaking bulk, and, seeing the lumbering old craft in its basins, inwardly contrast the old with the new. Ten miles farther the Michigan Central has very extensive yards at MONTROSE (508 miles), where is handled the

immense quantity of freight brought into and through Canada by the Niagara frontier.

A few minutes' ride from Montrose the train comes to the bank of Niagara River, and stops at FALLS VIEW, nearly two hundred feet above, and almost over the brink of the Horseshoe Fall. The passengers may alight, and walk to the edge of the bluff, or enjoy the scene from the car windows or platforms. The view is incomparably grand, and the most comprehensive to be had from any single point. The eye reaches far up the placid river



Bird's-eye View of Niagara River and Buffalo, showing Lines of the Michigan Central.

upon either side of Grand Island before the water breaks into the surging, angry rapids that rush impetuously to the brink of the dread abyss. Across the boiling caldron below we see the rich, snowy tracery of the American Fall; in mid-river the forest-covered Goat Island, and directly below the grand curve of the Horseshoe, over which pours the emerald flood. Its deep diapason fills the air and shakes the earth, and from the unseen depths rises ever the column and cloud of many-tinted spray, dissolving slowly as it soars heavenward.

At this point the Michigan Central will erect a building of large proportions and of an architectural character entirely in harmony with its purpose and surroundings, that will add greatly to the convenience and enjoyment of travelers. This place was formerly known as Inspiration Point, and of the scene from it Howells wrote:

"By all odds, the most tremendous view of the Falls is afforded by the point on this drive (from the Clifton House to the Burning Spring), whence you look down on the Horseshoe, and behold its three massive walls of sea rounding and sweeping into the gulf together."

A little way down the river is NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. (511 miles), where, on a bold projection of the river bank, are the Prospect and Clifton Houses, from which very extensive and impressive views are obtained of the whole amphitheatre and its rocky and aqueous walls. Just before reaching this station, the traveler who is on the lookout for it catches a most charming glimpse of the snowy American Fall through the leafy vista

of a sunken road. From a point near the Clifton, stretches the gossamer thread of a suspension foot-bridge 1,268 feet long to the American side of the river, and of the views from which Howells gives an admirable description in *Their Wedding Journey*. A short distance below the station is Wesley Park, a kind of Canadian or International Chautauqua. From Falls View to CLIFTON (512.5 miles) the road passes along and through the International Park now being laid out by the Canadian Commissioners. Here diverges the Niagara Division of the Michigan Central, which runs down the river to NIAGARA ON THE LAKE, and there connects with steamers across Lake Ontario to Toronto. One of the most charming outings for the citizens of Buffalo or sojourners there is had by taking one of the double daily trains on this Niagara Division at the Union Depot or



A Glimpse of the American Fall.

Black Rock, crossing the International Bridge, and following the Canadian shore of the river, passing Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, stopping at Falls View, following the river cañon to the Cantilever Bridge at Clifton, then making a detour through the hills to Queenston, within sight of Brock's monument, on the heights, and finally taking the delightful sail across the lake to Toronto. Niagara-on-the-Lake makes little noise in the world; but is one of those thoroughly enjoyable summer resorts that sensible people always like to return to. Its location is charming, the excellent drives in the vicinity are through a rich and beautiful country, and boating, fishing and bathing may be enjoyed without end. Across the river is Fort Niagara, one of the oldest fortifications in the United States, and still garrisoned; and but a short distance on the Michigan Central is Paradise Grove, a favorite resort for a day's outing.



Cantilever Bridge.

Continuing on the main line, we cross the cañon of Niagara River two hundred and fifty feet above "the angriest bit of water in the world," by the Cantilever Bridge, one of the most famous triumphs of modern engineering skill and daring. It is 895 feet in length, built wholly of thoroughly tested steel, and, slight as it is in appearance, sustained upon its

double tracks, when tested, the enormous weight of eighteen locomotives and twenty-four heavily loaded gravel cars, with a temporary deflection of but six inches. It is undoubtedly one of the strongest and safest bridges in the country. In passing over it, there is a magnificent view of the Falls, the Rapids and the rocky walls between.



Father Hennepin's Sketch, 1698.

which the surging waters pour, while below are seen the Lower Rapids and the Suspension Bridge.

At SUSPENSION BRIDGE (513 miles) connection is made with the Niagara Falls Division of the New York Central, running to Rochester, via Lockport, and with the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, whose Sleeping Cars run through from Niagara Falls to

Clayton, near the head of the St. Lawrence; Fabyan's, in the heart of the White Mountains; and Portland, on the sea-shore. An attractive little village has grown up here, with several good hotels and a sanitarium of merit, and a horse railroad has been constructed to the Whirlpool Rapids, a mile or two down the river. Leaving the station, the train backs down on a Y, and then runs up the river to NIAGARA FALLS Station (515 miles), sometimes so close to the edge that one may look down upon the madly turbulent waters far below and get fine views of the Cantilever Bridge, the American and Horseshoe Falls, and the foaming amphitheatre into which they pour. As on the Canadian side, the road skirts the new International Park, which the State of New York, now being seconded by the Dominion, has, with wise liberality, made free to the world for all time to come. The American portion of the park embraces some three hundred acres. Unsightly buildings have been removed, and the shores are gradually retaking the wild natural beauty they wore when Hennepin first gazed upon them two hundred years ago. The hackmen, about whom so much has been written (not always with strict veracity), are controlled by ordinances that prevent annoyance or extortion; neat phaetons run through the Reservation to all points of interest, for an insignificant fare; Miller's carriages and transfers take the traveler anywhere at fixed and reasonable rates; and the old charges that met one at every turn, have nearly all been abolished. The Falls, Rapids and Islands have been vividly pictured by the pens of Dickens, Trollope, Bayard Taylor and Col. Donan, Tissandier, Bigot and Bodenstedt; and Howells and Warner have graphically described the vil-



(From Sumner's "Inkling of Buffalo.")

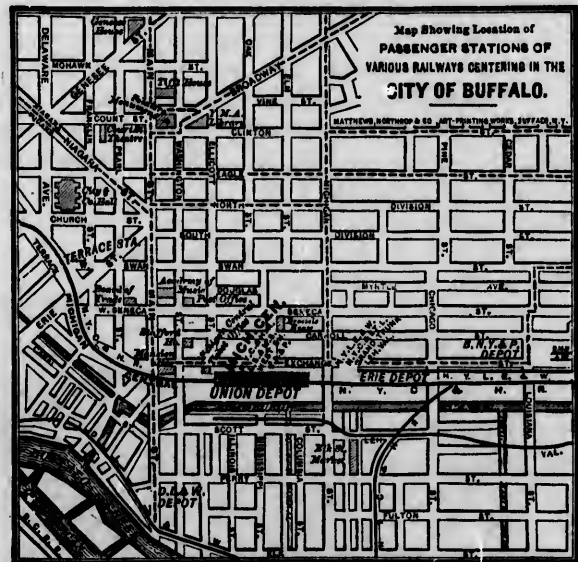
lage as well in *Their Wedding Journey* and *Their Pilgrimage*, with which every tourist should be familiar. We will not linger here, therefore. But, passing on, glimpses are had of the white-capped rapids and green islands, with the clouds of spray rising in the background; of the river above widening out until the distant shores lose their sharpness of outline and distinctness of color, with its broad, placid bosom giving no token of the irresistible power of its current, nor of the fate to which it so smoothly glides; of fine farms, prolific orchards, neat villages and prosperous-looking homesteads.

At TONAWANDA (526 miles), New York's great lumber depot, the Erie Canal is crossed; and soon we pass at Black Rock the International Truss Bridge of the Fort Erie Division of the Michigan Central, completed in 1873 at a cost of a million and a half of dollars, the commodious harbor at the head of the river, and enter the city of BUFFALO, halting in the splendid Union Passenger Station on Exchange Street, 536 miles from our starting point. Our entrance into Buffalo beneath the picturesque water-works and beside the canal and lake, is a fit pendant to our departure from Chicago. We see nothing of the squalor of the

city, if squalor exists, but only cheerful villas, broad plaisances, and blooming parterres on the terraced heights on one side; on the other the broad harbor out of which Niagara flows, picturesque with its shipping, and the delicate blue of the lake stretching into an horizon of turquoise and amethyst.

BUFFALO is the third city in size in the State, and contains about 250,000 population. A year younger than the century, for it was first settled in 1801, its growth has been very rapid since the completion of the Erie Canal, of which it is the terminus. It is well and handsomely built, and is famed for its extensive lake commerce, for its gigantic elevators, through which run unfailling rivers of grain, for its manufactures of metals, for its malt and beer, for its gigantic coal and ice traffic, and as the converging

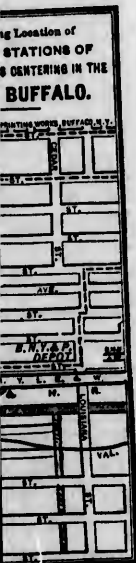
point of ten different lines of railway. The streets are mostly broad and straight, and those in the more elevated portions of the city are bordered with a profusion of shade trees, which adorn also the five public squares of the city and the Terrace, a broad, open space in its busiest section. A portion of the river front is a bold bluff of sixty feet, on which are the ruins of old Fort Porter and the barracks, where several companies of the United States Army are quartered. This bluff and the greater elevations farther back, afford fine views of the city, lake and river, the Canada shore and hilly country to the southeast.



The most important avenues have numerous fine residences, and many of its public buildings, banks and churches are costly and imposing edifices. The Court House and City Hall is a splendid and spacious granite structure, fronting on Franklin Street; the State Arsenal, on Broadway, is a handsome turreted building of limestone; St. Paul's Cathedral is built of red sandstone, in the early English style, and contains a fine chime of bells; St. Joseph's Cathedral, on Franklin Street, is a fine Gothic edifice of bluestone trimmed with white stone, with a chime of forty-two bells. The State Insane Asylum, with a frontage of 2,700 feet, located in extensive grounds adjoining the Buffalo Park, is one of the largest and most favorably noted institutions of its kind in the world. The Grosvenor Library, and those of the Young Men's Association and Buffalo Historical Society, as well as the collections of the Society of Natural Sciences, are large and valuable.

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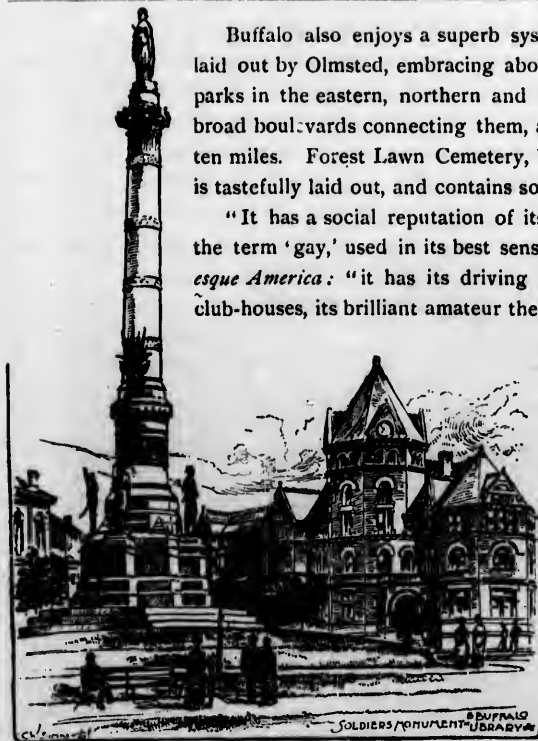


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Buffalo also enjoys a superb system of public parks, designed and laid out by Olmsted, embracing about 530 acres, divided among three parks in the eastern, northern and southern sections of the city, with broad boulevards connecting them, and forming a continuous drive of ten miles. Forest Lawn Cemetery, bounded on two sides by the park, is tastefully laid out, and contains some fine monuments.

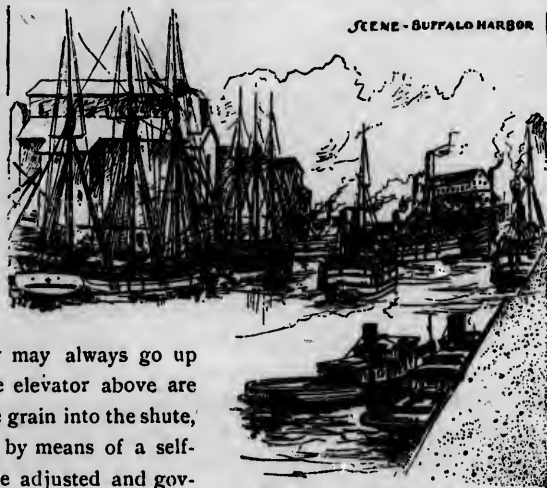
"It has a social reputation of its own, which may be described by the term 'gay,' used in its best sense," says Miss Woolson, in *Picturesque America*: "it has its driving park and annual races; it has its club-houses, its brilliant amateur theatricals, and well-supported public theatres, while its private balls and parties are renowned for their gayety throughout the whole Lake country, with its chain of cities.

"The most noticeable feature of Buffalo is its mode of handling grain in bulk, by means of its numerous elevators. These wooden monsters with long trunks and high heads, stand on the bank of the river waiting for their prey. In from the lake come the



(From Sumner's "Inkling of Buffalo.")

vessels and propellers, laden with grain, from Milwaukee and Chicago, and the tugs carry them up within reach, and leave them to their fate; then down, out of the long neck, comes the trunk, and, plunging itself deep into the hold of the craft, it begins to suck up the grain, nor pauses until the last atom is gone. Within this trunk are two divisions; in one, the troughs full of grain pass up on a pliable band; in the other, they pass down empty. In the hold of the vessel or propeller are men who shovel the grain toward these troughs, so they may always go up full; and in the granary of the elevator above are men who regulate the flow of the grain into the chute, and cause it to measure itself, by means of a self-registering apparatus, the whole adjusted and gov-



(From Sumner's "Inkling of Buffalo.")

erned by the weight of a finger. It may be that this grain is to go eastward by the Erie Canal; in that case, the canal-boat is waiting on the other side, a man opens another door, the grain runs down another trunk into its hold, and, behold, it is ready for its journey to New York City. The transfer of forty bushels takes less than half a minute, and costs less than half a cent. Americans pass these elevators with but slight attention; every one is supposed to understand their workings, and no one sees anything remarkable in them unless it be their ugliness. But visitors from foreign countries pause before them with curiosity; our uncouth planked elephants on the river banks excite their interest, and, for written descriptions of them, we must go to European books of travel.

"Buffalo is attractive by reason of its situation at the eastern end of Lake Erie. It takes its place boldly at the foot of the lake, and catches every breeze and every gale in their full strength. Through the vista of its broad streets, glimpses of blue water meet the eye, and the waves seem full of life, as they dance across the bay toward the gateway of the Niagara River, through whose portal they will soon glide past Grand Island, faster and faster, among the rapids and over the foam-wreathed, misty precipice into the deep, green basin below."

Within the huge carapace of the depot, which seems alive with puffing of engines, transfers of baggage, and bustle of passengers ever coming and going, the Michigan Central connects with the New York Central & Hudson River, the only four-track railroad in the world, the West Shore, and the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh. Two of the Central's tracks are set apart for the immense freight traffic of the line, and two for the passenger trains that fly over the steel rails with lightning speed, yet with perfect safety, and the traveler soon feels that his chance of realizing on his accident insurance policy is too slight to be thought of. The Sleeping Cars leaving Chicago for Syracuse, Boston and New York, run through without change, and the traveler is undisturbed by their transfer at Buffalo from one train to the other.



All the way across the Empire State we look from the windows upon farmstead and croft, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards and waving grain fields shimmered by gentle breezes, lazily moving canal-boats, rippling brooks, cool pastures and verdant hillsides dotted picturesquely with sheep and cattle,—a thousand scenes of quiet pastoral beauty such as Birket Foster loved to draw. All along and near the line are resorts that tempt the traveler to halt: Lakes Seneca, Cayuga, Oneida; Canandaigua, Seneca, Cayuga, Owasco and Oneida; Genesee, Ithaca, Taghkanic and Trenton Falls; Clifton, Avon, Richfield, Ballston and Saratoga Springs; Watkins Glen, Canandaigua, Ithaca and numerous other delightful places are not far off. Populous and prosperous cities, too, appear and disappear. Passing Batavia (574 miles), a pretty village of 4,000 people, with broad and beautifully shaded streets, the site of the State Institution for the Blind, we come to Rochester (606 miles), a busy city of 90,000 inhabitants, noted for its beautiful falls of the Genesee (about a hundred yards from the railroad bridge), with which are associated Webster's postprandial speech and Sam Patch's fatal leap; its flour, its boots and shoes, its engines and boilers, its agricultural implements, and its nurseries and seeds, its tobacco and patent medicines, its splendid university and lovely cemetery, while *Their Wedding Journey* has thrown about it a tender, roseate glow of delicious sentiment that induces the sojourner to seek the veritable hotel that Basil and Isabel found so charming. The "old road" diverges from the main line at Rochester, and runs via Canandaigua, Clifton Springs, Geneva Ithaca and Auburn to Syracuse, 104 miles. Lyons (639 miles), the centre of the dried-fruit industry, is passed and the train halts at Syracuse (686 miles), whose extensive salt springs and works will forever preserve it in history, and whose pleasant location at the end of Onondaga Lake, important manufactures and fine public buildings make this city of 70,000 people a memorable one. Chittenango (700 miles) is noted for its iron and sulphur springs. Oneida (712 miles)



Trenton Falls from the Pinnacle.

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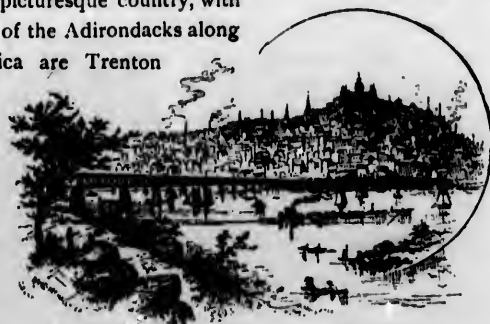


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is six miles from the lake of the same name; at Verona (716 miles) is another mineral spring, and at Rome (725 miles) are railroad shops, rolling mills and an important lumber market.

Utica (739 miles) is a large and handsome city of 35,000 inhabitants, on the side of old Fort Schuyler, possesses extensive and varied manufactures, and is an important railroad and canal centre. Northward to the St. Lawrence runs the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, through a remarkably picturesque country, with numerous gateways to the lake region of the Adirondacks along the line. Eighteen miles from Utica are Trenton

Falls, one of the most entrancingly beautiful and graceful series of cascades upon earth. At Utica we are in the rich and picturesque Mohawk Valley, and we continue its descent through Richfield Springs, Little Falls (760 miles), Palatine Bridge and Fonda (whence a little railroad runs up into the Adirondack region),



Albany.

to the old Dutch city of Schenectady (817 miles), once the council ground of the Mohawks, later a Dutch frontier trading post, and fifty-five years ago the terminus of the Hudson & Mohawk Railroad, over which ran the first train on what is now a part of a great trunk system. Union College is located here, and the city counts 14,000 inhabitants now. At this point the Saratoga and Champlain Division of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.'s Railroad diverges to Ballston, Saratoga, Lakes George and Champlain and the Northern Wilderness. Half an hour later we roll into the quaint, historic city of

ALBANY (834 miles), the capital of the Empire State, with a population of nearly a hundred thousand. The terminus of the Erie and Champlain canals at the head of navigation of the Hud-



son, and the centre to which several important lines of railway converge, and with many great manufacturing industries, Albany is a live, active, prosperous city, and occupies a proud commercial position. It has celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, and occupies a proud commercial position. Rich in its traditions of Dutch and English sovereignty, in its historic associations with the Revolution and the birth and infancy of the Republic, in its literary and scientific accumulations, in its magnificent triumph of modern architecture and interior decoration that crowns its lofty Capitolian Hill, and in its lovely vistas of the lordly Hudson that bathes its feet, it is full of interest to the observant traveler, and worthy of a lengthy halt.

Here separate our Palace Cars that started from Chicago and have journeyed so far together. One Sleeping or Drawing-Room Car, as the case may be, goes directly eastward

over the Boston & Albany Railroad, through the Tughkanic and Berkshires Mountains, to Boston. We watch it devoutly climbing the beautiful green hills beyond the river, and then also, crossing the magnificent iron bridge, follow the course of the noblest stream in the world through a hundred and fifty miles of grand, beautiful and ever-varying scenes, not one of which is uninteresting. At first the river is shallow, filled with islands, picturesque with great white groups of ice houses, bordered by broad meadows, and lined by jetties and breakwaters to confine to its channel the waters that would too idly linger by the wayside.

We can see the Overslough where the *Half Moon* anchored and Hendrik Hudson took to his pinnace nearly three hundred years ago. Beyond to the westward loom up the solid blue masses of the Helderbergs, full of caverns and fossils, of mystical tradition and of memories of the war of the Anti-Renters. Gradually the meadows narrow and sometimes disappear, and the numerous bold headlands rise more abruptly from the water.

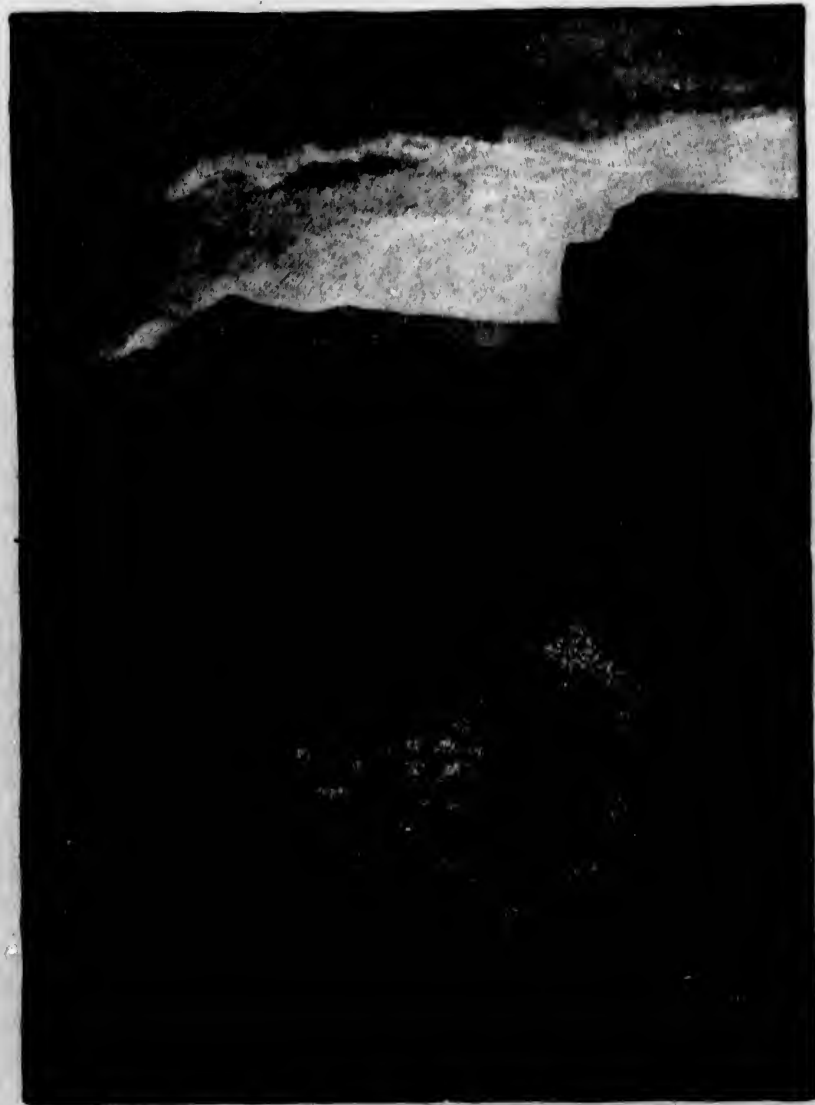
At Hudson (863 miles), the head of ship navigation, and once an important whaling port, but now a quiet city of 12,000 people, more noted for its iron manufactures, the river has swollen into greater proportions of depth and breadth, and we gaze upon the strikingly beautiful panorama of the Catskill Mountains beyond it. On a lofty promontory near the

city is the home of the artist Church, and from Prospect Hill, 500 feet high, the view of the Catskills is incomparably fine. Four miles below is Catskill Landing, the point of departure for the mountains, and the view of them is varied with every curve in our course and every change in the atmospheric conditions. Round Top is 3,800 feet high, and only eight or nine miles from the Landing, whence the little railway runs to the Kaaterskill House. All along the country is full of old Dutch homesteads, neat, well tilled



Kaaterskill Falls.

modern farms and costly villas, most of which, however, are concealed from view by the high bank under which the railroad is constructed along the water's edge. More and more grandly do the hills arise from the opposite side. More and more grandly does the river flow on between its confines or expand into lake-like bays, bearing on its bosom a picturesque fleet of steam and sail. Passing the vast and stately buildings of the Hudson River Insane Asylum, on a commanding eminence, the train halts for refreshments at Poughkeepsie (903 miles). From the station one sees little of the city, which is a large and handsome one,



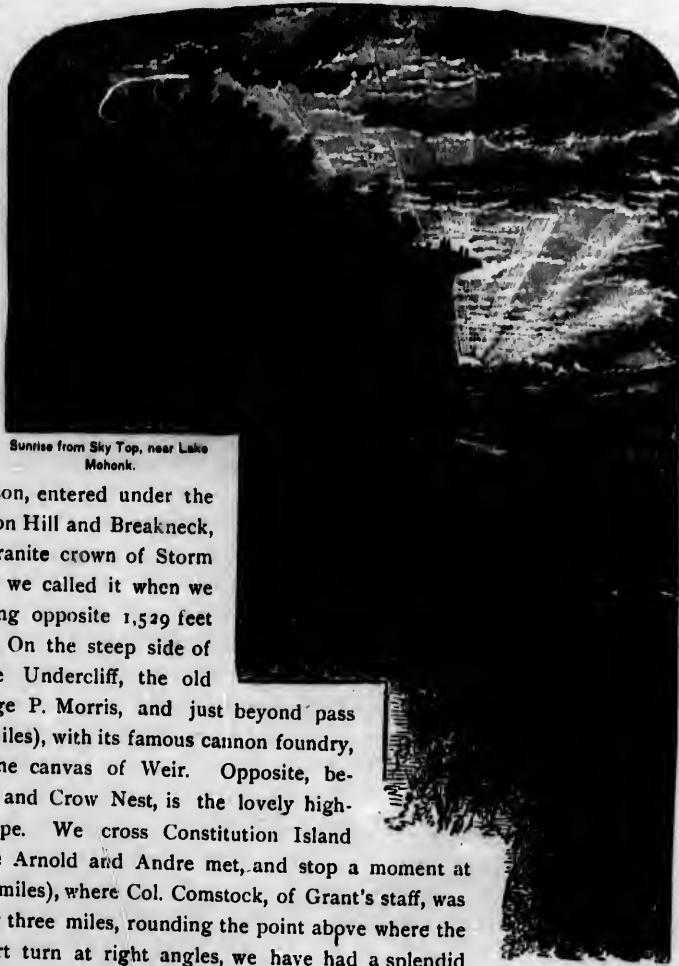
The Iron Duke, Catskill Mountains.

built on an elevated plateau, and possessing eight important educational institutions, one of which, Vassar, is probably the most noted female college in the world. Fourteen miles from New Paltz Landing, across the river, is the delightful summer resort of Lake Mohonk, on the Shawangunk Mountains, 1,243 feet above the sea.

Fifteen miles below Poughkeepsie is Fishkill (917 miles), where a steam ferry runs to Newburgh, a handsomely built city of 18,000 inhabitants, on the west shore, where an old gray stone mansion, in which Washington had his headquarters, is still preserved. Just below the broad expanse of Newburgh Bay comes to an end, and we come to the famed High-

lands of the Hudson, entered under the precipices of Beacon Hill and Breakneck, with the massive granite crown of Storm King (Butter Hill, we called it when we were boys) towering opposite 1,529 feet above the water. On the steep side of Bull Hill we see Undercliff, the old residence of George P. Morris, and just beyond pass Cold Spring (923 miles), with its famous cannon foundry, immortalized on the canvas of Weir. Opposite, between Storm King and Crow Nest, is the lovely highland Vale of Tempe. We cross Constitution Island near the spot where Arnold and Andre met, and stop a moment at

Garrison's (926 miles), where Col. Comstock, of Grant's staff, was killed. For two or three miles, rounding the point above where the river makes a short turn at right angles, we have had a splendid view of West Point, with its great piles of buildings that constitute the National Military Academy,—its barracks, academic hall, library, observatory, etc.; its level parade; Kosciusko's monument, gleaming white under the trees; and Sedgwick's and Scott's, of which only glimpses can be caught. Just below the ferry landing from Garrison's, but on the lofty bluff just beyond the Academy grounds, is Cranston's (formerly Cozzen's), a famous



Sunrise from Sky Top, near Lake Mohonk.

summer resort. Near by Buttermilk Falls tumble over the ledges into the river, and way above, on Mount Independence, the crumbling walls of Fort Putnam can still be distinguished. Just below Garrison's we pass Beverly's house, whence Arnold fled to the *Vulture* on hearing of Andre's capture. Every foot of the way here and onward is historic ground. Soon we run through a long tunnel under Anthony's Nose, and, emerging into daylight, sweep around the head of Peekskill Bay, with the imposing granite height of the Dunderburg on the opposite point, and Iona Island in the sharp bend guarding the southern portals of the Highlands. Around the foot of the Dunderburg and through the Highlands may be seen some magnificent engineering, where a shelf has been cut out of the solid rock for the construction of the West Shore railroad, now leased by the New York Central.

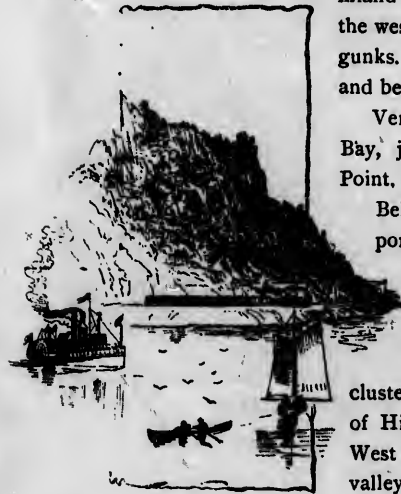
The traveler in the Michigan Central St. Louis and New York sleeper will pass over it; but the finer view, nearly the whole length of the river, is from the eastern shore. At Peekskill, the home and birthplace of Chauncey M. Depew, the river broadens to an inland lake. The mountains spread apart, culminating to the westward in the solid masses of the distant Shawangunks. The banks are still rocky, but less precipitous, and beauty succeeds to grandeur.

Verplanck's Point closes in the southern end of Peekskill Bay, jutting far out into the river as if to meet Stony Point, where Anthony Wayne gained his well-won fame.

Below, Haverstraw Bay broadens out to majestic proportions, bearing on its bosom as varied and picturesque fleets as any waters in the world. It is always beautiful, whether its peaceful waters reflect the snowy clouds floating in the azure sky above, or are lashed into foam by the black storms that cluster about the Dunderburg, or are hurtled from the crags of High Torn Mountain, to the side of which clings the West Shore track, which here reaches the river from the valley of the Hackensack, back of the Palisades.



Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh.



Then come Sing Sing (944 miles), with its vast State Prison; Tarrytown (950 miles), with its memories of Sunnyside and Sleepy Hollow, of Washington and Andre, of Diedrich Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle; the broad Tappan Zee; the populous suburban city of Yonkers (961 miles); and then, after twenty miles of the grand unbroken precipitous



The Highlands of the Hudson.

ice of the Palisades, turn from the lordly Hudson to run down the bank of Spuyten Duyvel Creek, stopping a moment at the magnificent new up-town station at 138th street. We have enjoyed such a glorious panorama as the world nowhere else affords, and which remains forever ineffaced in the memory. And we can not but believe forever afterward with the great traveler, Bayard Taylor, that "there is one river which, from its source to the ocean, unrolls a long chain of landscapes wherein there is no tame feature, but each successive view presents new combinations of beauty and



138th Street Station.

majesty, which other rivers may surpass in sections, but none rival as a whole,—and its name is The Hudson."

Along Spuyten Duyvel Creek to Harlem, fifteen miles yet from the Battery, we see the building of the city; splendid villas crowning the heights, and here and there giving way

to the solid blocks and paved streets of the metropolis: the elevated railroads show us the presence of urban traffic. At last, after several miles of brick-walled sunken way, we rush into the Grand Central Depot, the only railroad depot in the city of New York (976



Bird's-eye View of the City of New York.

(X Location of Grand Central Depot.)

miles), and one in every way worthy of the great financial and commercial metropolis of the Nation. We find ourselves right in the heart of the great American metropolis, having avoided all tedious ferry transfers of person and baggage. The best hotels in the city are not far off, and some are very close at hand. At the door is a station of the elevated railway, whose swift trains will quickly whisk us about the city. Street cars, omnibuses, hacks and cabs are at hand. Baggage does not hinder us; for, when we purchased our tickets at the Michigan Central's office in Chicago, our baggage was checked through from our residence to our destined hotel in New York. This is a feature of railroad management that saves much annoyance and trouble, and is in vogue in all the principal cities of "The Niagara Falls Route."



Checking his baggage at home, he may dismiss the subject from his mind, and, reaching his destination in Boston or New York, in Brooklyn, Jersey City or Hoboken, he will find his trunks there about as soon as himself.

Our route ends at the Grand Central Depot; but of course the traveler will go farther. He will cross and inspect the wonderful bridge that spans the East River to Brooklyn; he will wander in the winding and shady paths of Central and Prospect Parks and Greenwood Cemetery, the beauty of which has little that is funereal in its aspect; he will go down the magnificent harbor and outer bay, past Bedloe's Island, where towers Bartholdi's colossal statue, munificent gift from the French people,—past Governor's Island, with its antiquated fortifications,—past Staaten Island, with its wooded and villa-covered slopes,—past the grim batteries of Forts Lafayette and Wadsworth, until Sandy Hook is rounded, with Coney Island on the left and Long Branch off to the right, and he feels the mighty pulsations of old ocean's breast.





Niagara Falls from the Canada Side, above Falls View, near Montrose Junction.



NIAGARA FALLS.

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.



OF all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see,—at least of all those which I have seen,—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights, I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of His creatures. This is a long word ; but, as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful.

I would not by this be understood as saying that a traveler wishing to do the best with his time, should first of all places seek Niagara. In visiting Florence, he may learn almost all that modern art can teach. At Rome, he will be brought to understand the cold hearts, correct eyes, and cruel ambition of the old Latin race. In Switzerland, he will surround himself with a flood of grandeur and loveliness, and fill himself, if he be capable of such filling, with a flood of romance. The tropics will unfold to him all that vegetation in its greatest richness can produce. In Paris, he will find the supreme of polish, the *ne plus ultra* of varnish according to the world's capability of varnishing ; and, in London, he will find the supreme of power, the *ne plus ultra* of work according to the world's capability of working. Any one of such journeys may be more valuable to a man,—nay, any one such journey must be more valuable to a man, than a visit to Niagara. At Niagara there is that fall of waters alone. But that fall is more graceful than Giotto's tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green. The finished glaze of life in

Paris is less invariable ; and the full tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful.

I came across an artist at Niagara who was attempting to draw the spray of the waters. "You have a difficult subject," said I. "All subjects are difficult," he replied, "to a man who desires to do well." "But yours, I fear, is impossible," I said. "You have no right to say so till I have finished my picture," he replied. I acknowledged the justice of his rebuke, regretted that I could not remain till the completion of his work should enable me to revoke my words, and passed on. Then I began to reflect whether I did not intend to try a task as difficult in describing the Falls, and whether I felt any of that proud self-confidence which kept him happy at any rate while his task was in hand. I will not say that it is as difficult to describe aright that rush of waters, as it is to paint it well. But I doubt whether it is not quite as difficult to write a description that shall interest the reader, as it is to paint a picture of them that shall be pleasant to the beholder. My friend the artist was at any rate not afraid to make the attempt, and I also will try my hand.

That the waters of Lake Erie have come down in their courses from the broad basins of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and Lake Huron ; that these waters fall into Lake Ontario by the short and rapid river of Niagara, and that the Falls of Niagara are made by a sudden break in the level of this rapid river, is probably known to all who will read this book. All the waters of these huge Northern inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream ; and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no eye can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds of ice in the days of the early summer. How many cataracts does the habitual tourist visit at which the waters fail him? But at Niagara the waters never fail. There it thunders over its ledge in a volume that never ceases, and is never diminished,—as it has done from time previous to the life of man, and as it will do till tens of thousands of years shall see the rocky bed of the river worn away, back to the upper lake.

This stream divides Canada from the States, the western or farthest bank belonging to the British crown, and the eastern or nearer bank being in the State of New York. In visiting Niagara, it always becomes a question on which side the visitor shall take up his quarters. On the Canada side, there is no town, but there is a large hotel, beautifully placed immediately opposite to the Falls, and this is generally thought to be the best



The Falls
From Prospect Park.

locality for tourists. In the State of New York is the town called Niagara Falls, and here there are two large hotels, which, as to their immediate site, are not so well placed as that in Canada. I first visited Niagara some three years since. I stayed then at the Clifton House, on the Canada side, and have since sworn by that position. But the Clifton House was closed for the season when I was last there, and on that account we went to the Cataract House, in the town on the other side. I now think I should set up my staff on the American side if I went again. My advice on the subject to any party starting for Niagara would depend upon their habits or their nationality. I would send Americans to the Canadian side, because they dislike walking ; but English people I would locate on the

American side, seeing that they are generally accustomed to the frequent use of their own legs. The two sides are not very easily approached, one from the other. Immediately below the Falls, there is a ferry, which may be traversed at the expense of a shilling ; but the labor of getting up and down from the ferry is considerable; but it is two miles down the river, making a walk or drive of four miles necessary, and the toll for passing is four shillings, or a dollar, in a carriage, and one shilling on foot. As the greater variety of prospect can be had on the American side, as the island between the two Falls is approachable from the American side, and not from the Canadian, and as it is in this island that visitors will best love to linger and learn to measure in their minds the vast triumph of waters before them, I recommend such of my readers as can trust a little—it need be but a little—to



Ferry Landing,
Canadian Side.

their own legs, to select their hotel at Niagara Falls town. It has been said that it matters much from what point the Falls are first seen; but to this I demur. It matters, I think, very little, or not at all. Let the visitor first see it all, and learn the whereabouts of every point, so as to understand his own position and that of the waters ; and then, having done that in the way of business, let him proceed to enjoyment. I doubt whether it be not the best to do this with all sight-seeing. I am quite sure that it is the way in which acquaintance may be best and most pleasantly made with a new picture.

The Falls are, as I have said, made by a sudden breach in the level of the river. All cataracts are, I presume, made by such breaches; but generally the waters do not fall precipitously as they do at Niagara, and never elsewhere, as far as the world yet knows, has a

breach so sudden been made in a river carrying in its channel such or any approach to such a body of water. Up above the Falls, for more than a mile, the waters leap and burst over rapids, as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. Here the river is very broad, and comparatively shallow; but from shore to shore it frets itself into little torrents, and begins to assume the majesty of its power. Looking at it even here, in the expanse which forms itself over the greater fall, one feels sure that no strongest swimmer could have a chance of saving himself, if fate had cast him in even among those petty whirlpools. The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This color as seen early in the morning, or just as the sun has set, is so bright as to give to the place [one] of its chiefest charms.

This will be best seen from the further end of the island,—Goat Island, as it is called, which, as the reader will understand, divides the river immediately above the Falls. Indeed, the island is a part of that precipitously broken ledge over which the river tumbles; and no doubt in process of time will be worn away and covered with water. The time, however, will be very long. In the meanwhile it is perhaps a mile round, and is covered thickly with timber. At the upper end of the island the waters are divided, and, coming down in two courses, each over its own rapids, form two separate falls. The bridge by which the island is entered is a hundred yards or more above the smaller fall. The waters here have been turned by the island, and make their leap into the body of the river below at a right angle with it,—about two hundred yards below the greater fall. Taken alone, this smaller cataract would, I imagine, be the heaviest fall of water known; but, taken in conjunction with the other, it is terribly shorn of its majesty. The waters here are not as green as they are at the larger cataract, and, though the ledge has been hollowed and bowed by them, so as to form a curve, that curve does not deepen itself into a vast abyss, as it does at the horseshoe up above. This smaller fall is again divided, and the visitor, passing down a flight of steps, and over a frail wooden bridge, finds himself on a smaller island in the midst of it.

But we will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of that upper hell of waters. We are still, let the reader remember, on Goat Island, still in the States, and on what is called the American side of the main body of the river. Advancing beyond the path leading down to the lesser fall, we come to that point of the island, at which the waters of the main river begin to descend. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues itself in one unabated line. But the line is very far from being direct or straight. After stretching for some little way from the shore, to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, at the end of which stands a



The Cataract above Goat Island.

tower upon the rock,—after stretching to this, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the flood,—in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horseshoe is immeasurable. It has been cut with no stinting hand. A monstrous cante has been worn back out of the centre of the rock, so that the fury of the waters converges, and the spectator, as he gazes into the hollow with wistful eyes, fancies that he can hardly trace out the centre of the abyss.

Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye-control which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious, and soft withal, though loud as thunder; it fills your ears, and as it were envelopes them, but at the same time you can speak to your neighbor without an effort. But at this place, and in these moments, the less of speaking I should say the better. There is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature, and of art too, I fancy, it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination, and much should be half concealed in mystery. The greatest charm of a mountain range is the wild feeling that there must be strange, unknown, desolate worlds in those far-off valleys beyond. And so here, at Niagara, that converging rush of waters may fall down, down at once into a hell of rivers for what the eye can see. It is glorious to watch them in their

first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying color, as though conscious that in one moment more they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow. The vapor rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horseshoe is like a tumult of snow. This you will not fully see from your seat on the rail. The head of it rises ever and anon out of that caldron below; but the caldron itself will be invisible. It is ever so far down,—far as your own imagination can sink it. But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape you will be looking at is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which at first was only great and beautiful becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss



American Fall and Foot Bridge
From Goat Island.

to find an epithet for its own use. To realize Niagara, you must sit there till you see nothing else than that which you have come to see. You will find yourself among the waters as though you belonged to them. The cool liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful and pure. Then you will flow away in your course to the uncompassed, distant and eternal ocean.

When this state has been reached and has passed away, you may get off your rail and mount the tower. I do not quite approve of that tower, seeing that it has about it a



The Horseshoe Fall from Goat Island.
(Photograph by George Barker.)

gingerbread air, and reminds one of those well arranged scenes of romance in which one is told that on the left you turn to the lady's bower, price sixpence; and on the right ascend to the knight's bed, price sixpence more, with a view of the hermit's tomb thrown in. But, nevertheless, the tower is worth mounting, and no money is charged for the use of it. It is not very high, and there is a balcony at the top on which some half-dozen persons may stand at ease. Here the mystery is lost, but the whole fall is seen. It is not even at this spot brought so fully before your eye,—made to show itself in so complete and entire a shape, as it will do when you come to stand near to it on the opposite or Canadian shore. But I think that it shows itself more beautifully. And the form of the cataract is such that, here on Goat Island, on the American side, no spray will reach you, although you are absolutely over the waters. But on the Canadian side, the road as it approaches the fall is wet and rotten with spray, and you, as you stand close upon the edge, will be wet also. The rainbows, as they are seen through the rising cloud—for the sun's rays as seen through these waters show themselves in a bow as they do when seen through rain—are pretty enough, and are greatly loved. For myself, I do not care for this prettiness at Niagara. It is there; but I forget it, and do not mind how soon it is forgotten.

But we are still on the tower; and here I must declare that, though I forgive the tower, I can not forgive the horrid obelisk which has latterly been built opposite to it, on the

gingerbread air, and reminds one of those well arranged scenes of romance in which one is told that on the left you turn to the lady's bower, price sixpence; and on the right ascend to the knight's bed, price sixpence more, with a view of the hermit's tomb thrown in. But, nevertheless, the tower is worth mounting, and no money is charged for the use of it. It is not very high, and there is a balcony at the top on which some half-dozen persons may stand at ease. Here the mystery is lost, but the whole fall is seen. It is not even at this spot brought so fully before your eye,—made to show itself in so complete and entire a shape, as it will do when you come to stand near to it on the opposite or Canadian shore. But I think that it shows itself more beautifully. And the form of the cataract is such that, here on Goat Island, on

Canadian side, up above the fall; built apparently—for I did not go to it—with some camera obscura intention for which the projector deserves to be put in Coventry by all

good Christian men and women. At such a place as Niagara, tasteless buildings, run up in wrong places with a view to money making, are perhaps necessary evils. It may be that they are not evils at all,—that they give more pleasure than pain, seeing that they tend to the enjoyment of the multitude. But there are edifices of this description which cry aloud to the gods by the force of their own ugliness and malposition. As to such it may be said that there should somewhere exist a power capable of crushing them in their birth. This new obelisk or picture building at Niagara is one of such.

And now we will cross the water, and with this object will return by the bridge out of Goat Island on the mainland of the American side. But, as we do so, let me say that one of the great charms of Niagara consists in this,—that, over and above that one great object of wonder and beauty, there is so much little loveliness; loveliness, especially of water, I mean. There are little rivulets running here and there over little falls, with pendant boughs above them, and stones shining under their shallow depths. As the visitor stands and looks through the trees, the rapids glitter before him, and then hide themselves behind



The Rapids above the American Fall.

islands. They glitter and sparkle in far distances under the bright foliage till the remembrance is lost, and one knows not which way they run. And then the river below, with its whirlpool,—but we shall come to that by-and-by, and to the mad voyage which was made down the rapids by that mad captain who ran the gauntlet of the waters at the risk of his own life, with fifty to one against him, in order that he might save another man's property from the sheriff.

The readiest way across to Canada is by the ferry; and, on the American side, this is very pleasantly done. You go into a little house, pay twenty cents, take a seat on a wooden car of wonderful shape, and, on the touch of a spring, find yourself traveling down an inclined plane of terrible declivity, and at a very fast rate. You catch a glimpse of the river below you, and recognize the fact, that, if the rope by which you are held should break, you would go down at a very fast rate indeed, and find your final resting place in the



The Bridge, Sister Islands.

river. As I have gone down some dozen times and have come to no such grief, I will not presume that you will be less lucky. Below there is a boat generally ready. If it be not there, the place is not chosen amiss for a rest of ten minutes, for the lesser fall is close at hand, and the larger one is in full view. Looking at the rapidity of the river, you will think that the passage must be dangerous and difficult. But no accidents ever happen, and the lad who takes you over seems to do it with sufficient ease. The walk up the hill on the other side is another thing. It is very steep, and, for those who have not good locomotive power of their own, will be found to be disagreeable. In the full season, however, carriages are generally waiting there. In so short a distance, I have always been ashamed to trust to other legs than my own; but I have observed that Americans are always dragged up. I have seen single young men of from eighteen to twenty-five, from whose outward appearance no story of idle, luxurious life can be read, carried about alone in carriages over distances which would be counted as nothing by any healthy English lady of fifty. None but the old and invalids should require the assistance of carriages in seeing Niagara; but the trade in carriages is, to all appearance, the most brisk trade there.

Having mounted the hill on the Canada side, you will walk on toward the Falls. As I have said before, you will from this side look directly into the full circle of the upper cataract, while you will have before you at your left hand the whole expanse of the lesser fall. For those who desire to see all at a glance, who wish to comprise the whole with their eyes, and to leave nothing to be guessed, nothing to be surmised, this, no doubt, is the best point of view.

You will be covered with spray as you walk up to the ledge of rocks; but I do not think

that the spray will hurt you. If a man gets wet through going to his daily work, colds, catarrh, cough, and all their attendant evils may be expected; but these maladies usually spare the tourist. Change of air, plenty of air, excellence of air, and increased exercise make these things powerless. I should, therefore, bid you disregard the spray. If, however, you are yourself of a different opinion, you may hire a suit of oil-cloth clothes for, I believe, a quarter of a dollar. They are nasty, of course, and have this further disadvantage, that you become much more wet having them on than you would be without them.

Here, on this side, you walk on to the very edge of the cataract; and, if your tread be steady, and your legs firm, you dip your foot into the water exactly at the spot where the thin outside margin of the current reaches the rocky edge, and jumps to join the mass of the fall. The bed of white foam beneath is certainly seen better here than elsewhere, and the green curve of the water is as bright here as when seen from the wooden rail across. But, nevertheless, I say again, that that wooden rail is the one point from whence Niagara may be best seen aright.

Close to the cataract, exactly at the spot from whence in former days the Table Rock used to project from the land over the boiling caldron below, there is now a shaft, down which you will descend to the level of the river, and pass between the rock and the torrent. This Table Rock broke away from the cliff and fell, as up the whole course of the river the seceding rocks have split and fallen from time to time through countless years, and will continue to do until the bed of the upper lake is reached. You will descend this shaft, taking to yourself or not taking to yourself a suit of oil-clothes, as you may think best. I have gone with and without the suit, and again recommend that they be left behind. I am inclined to think that the ordinary payment should be made for their use, as otherwise it will appear to those whose trade it is to prepare them that you are injuring them in their vested rights.

Some three years since, I visited Niagara on my way back to England from Bermuda, and, in a volume of travels which I then published, I endeavored to explain the impression made upon me by this passage between the rock and the waterfall. An author should not quote himself; but, as I feel myself bound, in writing a chapter specially about Niagara, to give some account of this strange position, I will venture to repeat my own words.

In the spot to which I allude, the visitor stands on a broad, safe path, made of shingles, between the rock over which the water rushes and the rushing water. He will go in so far that the spray rising back from the bed of the torrent does not incommode him. With this exception, the further he can go in the better; but circumstances will clearly show him the spot to which he should advance. Unless the water be driven in by a very strong wind, five yards makes the difference between a comparatively dry coat and an absolutely wet one. And then let him stand with his back to the entrance, thus hiding the last glimmer of the expiring day. So standing, he will look up among the falling waters, or down into the deep, misty pit, from which they reascend in almost as palpable a bulk. The rock will be at his right hand, high and hard, and dark and straight, like the wall of some huge cavern such as children enter in their dreams. For the first five minutes he will be looking but at the waters of a cataract,—at the waters, indeed, of such a cataract as



Approach to the Cave of the Winds.

we know no other, and at their interior curves, which elsewhere we can not see. But by-and-by all this will change. He will no longer be on a shingly path beneath a waterfall; but that feeling of a cavern will grow upon him, of a cavern deep below roaring seas, in which the waves are there, though they do not enter in upon him; or, rather, not the waves, but the very bowels, of the ocean. He will feel as though the floods surrounded him, coming and going with their wild sounds, and he will hardly recognize, that, though among them, he is not in them. And they, as they fall with a continual roar, not hurting the ear, but musical withal, will seem to move as the vast ocean waters may perhaps move in their internal currents. He will lose the sense of one continued descent, and think they are passing around him in their appointed courses. The broken spray that rises from the depths below, rises so strongly, so palpably, so rapidly, that the motion in every direction

will seem equal. And, as he looks on, strange colors will show themselves through the mist; the shades of gray will become green or blue, with ever and anon a flash of white; and then, when some gust of wind blows in with greater violence, the sea-girt cavern will become all dark and black. Oh, my friend, let there be no one there to speak to thee then; no, not even a brother. As you stand there, speak only to the waters.

Two miles below the Falls the river is crossed by a suspension bridge of marvelous construction. It affords two thoroughfares, one above the other. The lower road is for carriages and horses, and the upper one bears a railway belonging to the Great Western Canada line. The view from hence, both up and down the river, is very beautiful; for the bridge is built immediately



over the first of a series of rapids. One mile below the bridge these rapids end in a broad basin called the Whirlpool, and, issuing out of this, the current turns to the right through a narrow channel overhung by cliffs and trees, and then makes its way down to Lake Ontario with comparative tranquillity.

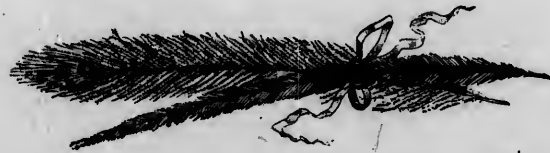
But I beg you take notice of those rapids from the bridge, and to ask yourself what chance of life would remain to any ship, craft, or boat required by destiny to undergo navigation beneath the bridge and down into that whirlpool. Heretofore all men would have said that no chance of life could remain to so ill-starred a bark. The navigation, however, has been effected. But men used to the river still say that the chances would be fifty to one against any vessel which should attempt to repeat the experiment.

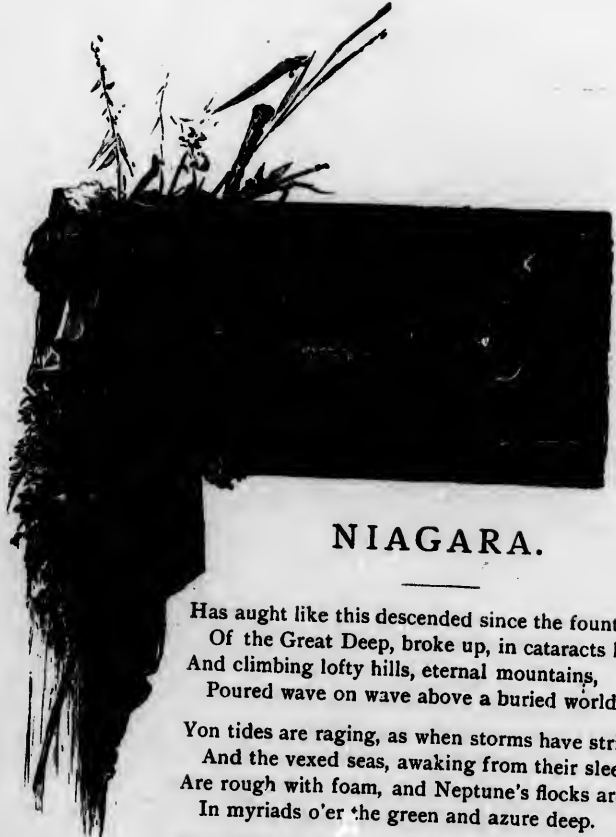
The story of that wondrous voyage was as follows: A small steamer, called the Maid of the Mist, was built upon the river, between the Falls and the Rapids, and was used for

taking adventurous tourists up amidst the spray, as near to the cataract as was possible. The Maid of the Mist plied in this way for a year or two, and was, I believe, much patronized during the season. But in the early part of last summer an evil time had come. Either the Maid got into debt, or her owner had embarked in other and less profitable speculations. At any rate, he became subject to the law, and tidings reached him that the sheriff would seize the Maid. On most occasions the sheriff is bound to keep such intentions secret, seeing that property is movable, and that an insolvent debtor will not always await the officers of justice. But with the poor Maid there was no need of such secrecy. There was but a mile or so of water on which she could ply, and she was forbidden by the nature of her properties to make any way upon land. The sheriff's prey therefore was easy, and the poor Maid was doomed.

In any country in the world but America such would have been the case ; but an American would steam down Phlegethon to save his property from the sheriff ; he would steam down Phlegethon, or get some one else to do it for him. Whether or no in this case the captain of the boat was the proprietor, or whether, as I was told, he was paid for the job, I do not know ; but he determined to run the rapids, and he procured two others to accompany him in the risk. He got up his steam, and took the Maid up amidst the spray, according to his custom. Then, suddenly turning on his course, he with one of his companions fixed himself at the wheel, while the other remained at his engine. I wish I could look into the mind of that man, and understand what his thoughts were at that moment,—what were his thoughts, and what his beliefs. As to one of the men, I was told that he was carried down, not knowing what he was about to do ; but I am inclined to believe that all the three were joined together in the attempt.

I was told by a man who saw the boat pass under the bridge, that she made a long leap down as she came thither, that her funnel was at once knocked flat on the deck by the force of the blow, that the waters covered her from stem to stern, and that then she rose again, and skimmed into that whirlpool a mile below. When there she rode with comparative ease upon the waters, and took the sharp turn round into the river below without a struggle. The feat was done, and the Maid was rescued from the sheriff. It is said that she was sold below at the mouth of the river, and carried from thence over Lake Ontario, and down the St. Lawrence to Quebec.—*North America*, 1862.





NIAGARA.

Has aught like this descended since the fountains
Of the Great Deep, broke up, in cataracts hurled,
And climbing lofty hills, eternal mountains,
Poured wave on wave above a buried world?

Yon tides are raging, as when storms have striven,
And the vexed seas, awaking from their sleep,
Are rough with foam, and Neptune's flocks are driven
In myriads o'er the green and azure deep.

Ere yet they fall, mark (where that mighty current
Comes like an army from its mountain home)
How fiercely yon steeds amid the torrent,
With their dark flanks, and manes and crests of foam,

Speed to their doom,—yet, in the awful centre,
Where the wild waves rush madliest to the steep,
Just ere that white, unfathomed gulf they enter,
Rear back in horror from the headlong leap,

Then, maddening, plunge. — A thousand more succeeding
Sweep onward, troop on troop, again to urge
The same fierce flight, as rapid and unheeding,—
Again to pause in terror on the verge.

* * * * *

Oft to an eye half closed, as if in solving
Some mighty, mystic problem,—half it seems
Like some vast crystal wheel, ever revolving,
Whose motion, earth's,—whose axle, earth's extremes.

We gaze and gaze, half lost in dreamy pleasure,
 On all that slow, majestic wave reveals,
 While fancy idly, vainly, strives to measure
 How vast the cavern which its veil conceals.

* * * * *
 Whence come ye, O wild waters? By what scenes
 Of Majesty and Beauty have ye flowed,
 In the wide continent that intervenes,
 Ere yet ye mingle in this common road?

The Mountain King, upon his rocky throne,
 Laves his broad feet amid your rushing streams,
 And many a vale of loveliness unknown
 Is softly mirrored in their crystal gleams.

They come—from haunts a thousand leagues away,
 From ancient mounds, with deserts wide between;
 Cliffs, whose tall summits catch the parting day,
 And prairies blooming in eternal green;

Yet, the bright valley, and the flower-lit meadow,
 And the drear waste of wilderness, all past,—
 Like that strange Life, of which thou art the shadow,—
 Must take the inevitable plunge at last.

Whither we know not;—but above the wave
 A gentle, white-robed spirit sorrowing stands,
 Type of the rising from that darker grave
 Which waits the wanderer from Life's weary lands.

How long these wondrous forms, these colors splendid,
 Their glory o'er the wilderness have thrown!
 How long that mighty anthem has ascended
 To Him who wakened its eternal tone!

That everlasting utterance thou shalt raise,
 A thousand ages ended, still the same,
 When this poor heart, that fain would add its praise,
 Has mouldered to the nothing whence it came!

When the white dwellings of man's busy brood,
 Now reared in myriads o'er the peopled plain,
 Like snows have vanished, and the ancient wood
 Shall echo to the eagle's shriek again,

And all the restless crowds that now rejoice
 And toil and traffic, in their eager moods,
 Shall pass,—and nothing save thine awful voice
 Shall break the hush of these vast solitudes.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.



NIAGARA FALLS.

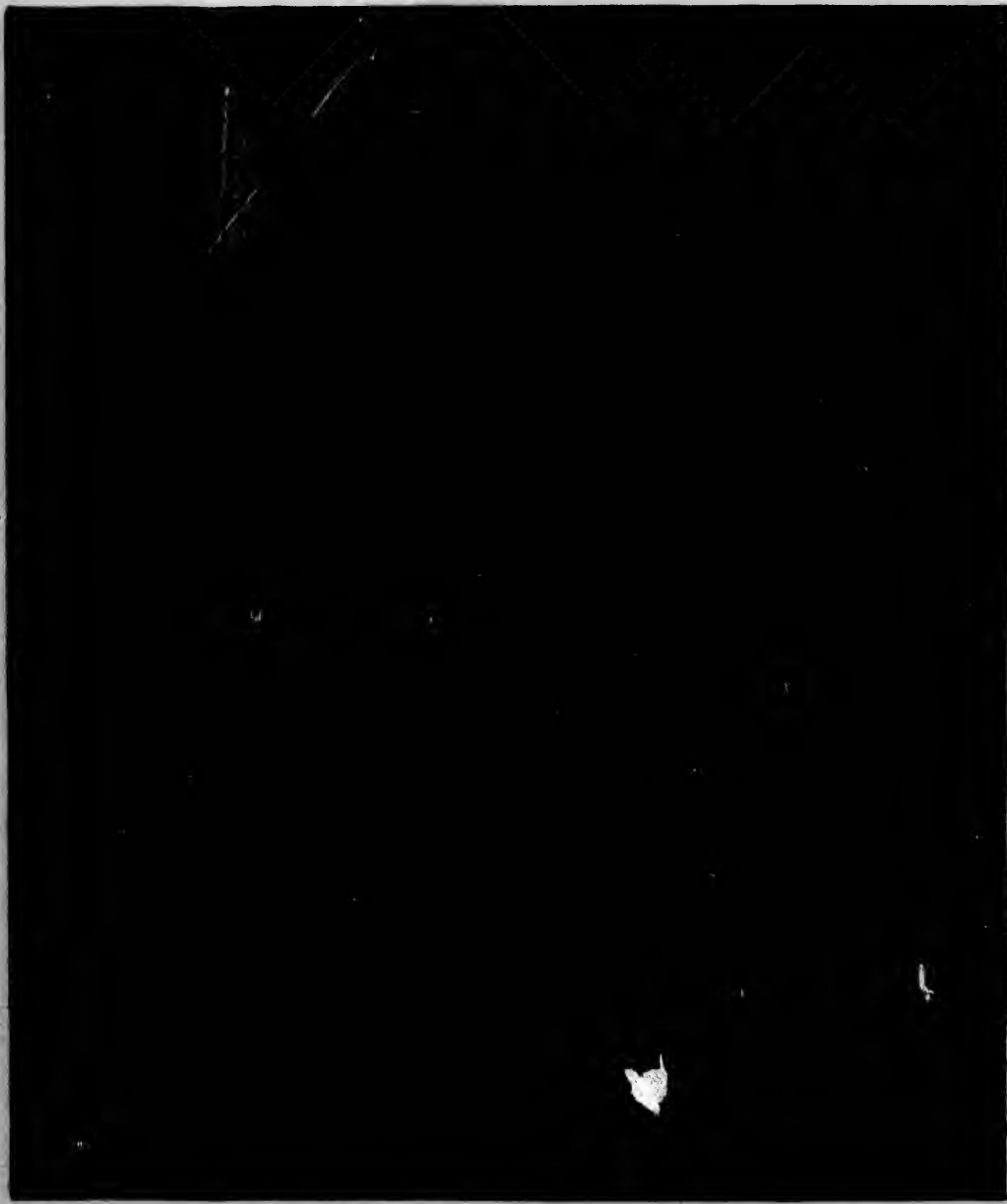
There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall !
Thou mayest not to the fancy's sense recall,—
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep ;
Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies ;
The tread of armies, thickening as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum ;
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race ;
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisted sweep of human power ;
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty !
Oh ! may the waves which madden in thy deep,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep ;
And, till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HOWARD.

NIAGARA.

Majestic torrent, God hath set His seal
Of beauty, might and grandeur on thy brow,
For signs of these to see, and hear, and feel—
Beneath His shining sky, transcendent thou !

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.



Les Rapides par-dessus la Chute Américaine.
D'après une photographie instantanée par Geo. Baker.



VOYAGE AU NIAGARA.

PAR

CHARLES BIGOT.



Et rendez-vous est à dix heures à la gare du *Central-New-York*; nous y trouvons notre hôte, M. Chauncey Depew. Nous y trouvons aussi l'aimable secrétaire du comité américain, M. Richard Butler, sa fille charmante et son gendre non moins charmant, M. et Mme. Glenzer. Nous prenons place dans le train spécial préparé à notre intention; il se compose du wagon particulier de M. Vanderbilt, qui contient une cuisine, un grand salon-salle à manger, décoré et meublé avec autant de goût que de luxe, une chambre à coucher, un boudoir coquet à l'arrière. Nous n'aurions pu trouver tous place dans ce wagon; un second, fort élégant lui aussi, a été joint au premier.

Nous franchissons sur un pont le petit bras de mer qui enclôt l'île où est bâti New York; nous voici maintenant longeant la rive gauche de l'Hudson. Pendant quatre heures, jusqu'à Albany, nous ne cesserons pas de remonter cette rive, ayant toujours l'Hudson à notre gauche.

On a souvent célébré la beauté pittoresque des rives de l'Hudson; on ne la célébrera jamais trop. C'est vraiment un des plus beaux spectacles qui se puissent imaginer. Tantôt les collines s'abaissent et descendent par une pente douce jusqu'à la rivière; tantôt leurs sommets boisés dominant l'eau à pic et ressemblent à de superbes falaises. Le Rhin entre Cologne et Mayence, le Danube entre Orsova et Belgrade n'offrant pas des paysages plus grandioses. La beauté de ceux-ci, c'est qu'ils ne sont pas trop sauvages: l'humanité s'y montre à côté de la nature. À notre gauche, au delà du fleuve, à notre droite, près de nous sur les collines, nous découvrons seulement nombre de villas, de châteaux de tous styles, entourés de vastes parcs. C'est ici que les heureux de la vie choisissent de préférence leur résidence d'été. À droite de la rivière aussi bien qu'à sa gauche, la vue doit être féerique.

Pour nous, nous ne pouvons détacher nos yeux de ce panorama qui sans cesse se transforme comme un décor de théâtre qui se déroulerait devant nous. Toujours au premier

plan l'Hudson aux eaux jaunâtres, large à peu près comme l'est le Danube à Giurgevo, sur lequel passent et se croisent des bateaux à vapeur, des barques, des chalands. Et de l'autre côté de l'Hudson des collines et des collines, des fermes, des châteaux, des villages ou des petites villes, des champs et prairies, des bois surtout et des forêts. À midi, nous apercevons à mi-hauteur des collines, sur la rive droite de l'Hudson, West-Point, l'École de Saint-Cyr américaine. Aucun emplacement plus admirable que celui-ci. Nos futurs officiers, enfermés au fond d'une cuvette dans la vieille maison bâtie par Mme. Maintenon, seraient jaloux de leurs émules du nouveau monde, s'il leur était donné de voir leur admirable installation. Un professeur de Saint-Cyr voudrait bien pouvoir s'arrêter et visiter West-Point.



Au-dessus la chute Américaine.

Albany franchi, l'aspect du pays change. Nous avons quitté l'Hudson, nous dirigeant vers le Nord. Nous remontons un petit affluent de l'Hudson, tantôt rivière, tantôt presque torrent, aux rives sauvages et accidentées. Les villes et les villages sont plus rares ; nous sommes en pleine campagne américaine. Et celle-ci ne ressemble pas à nos campagnes de la France, de la Belgique, de la Hollande, de l'Angleterre ou de l'Allemagne du Sud, où la terre a tant de prix, est si disputée et si morcelée. Beaucoup de landes, beaucoup de bruyères aussi ; partout là où les arbres ont gardé leurs feuilles, des tons d'un rouge incarnat, se détachant sur le sol noirâtre et l'herbe pâlie. À la matinée grise et couverte a succédé une après-midi splendide ; l'air est léger et transparent ; le ciel n'a plus le moindre nuage ; nous voyons le soleil se coucher dans toute sa gloire, au milieu d'une auréole flamboyante.

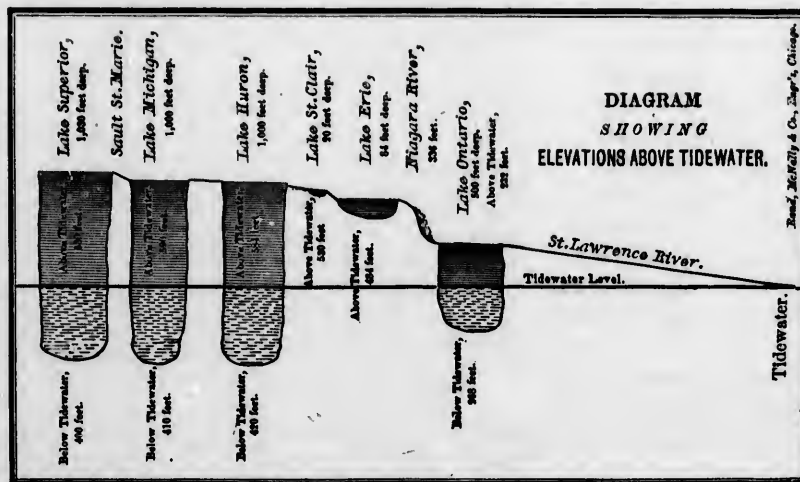
Le diner est servi. À peine est-il achevé joyeusement que le train s'arrête encore, et, au moment où nous y pensions le moins, M. Depew nous annonce que nous sommes arrivés au Niagara. Il est neuf heures précises ; nous avons fait en onze heures exactement l'énorme trajet de New-York aux chutes. Pour nous rendre à l'hôtel, nous n'avons qu'une rue à traverser. Nous sommes bien au Niagara ; tout près de nous, un peu à notre gauche, nous entendons la voix incessante, à la fois sourde et forte, des masses d'eau qui se précipitent.

Nous sommes trop près du monstre pour résister à la tentation de l'approcher davantage encore. La nuit est claire, piquée d'innombrables étoiles qui scintillent. Une toute petite lune, une lune nouvelle, montre dans un coin du firmament son mince croissant. C'est bien "l'obscur clarté" dont a parlé le poète. Quand nous sommes arrivés, après une descente de cinq minutes, au bord du Niagara, ceux qui ont de bons yeux peuvent déjà discerner les deux chutes et l'île qui les sépare ; les autres aperçoivent seulement, au-dessus des chutes, les taches blanches qui bouillonnent, au-dessous des chutes, comme un nuage blanc qui monte de l'abîme. Dans le silence et le sommeil de la nature qui nous environne,

ce qui nous frappe le plus, c'est la grande voix du Niagara, toujours égale, qui jamais ne s'enfle ni ne s'abaisse; toujours grave, imposante et inexorable comme la fatalité; plus menaçante qu'aucun éclat de fureur; qui paraît d'autant plus formidable qu'on l'écoute plus longtemps.

Si j'étais un grand peintre la plume à la main M. Zola ou M. Pierre Loti par exemple— et il faudrait se sentir un grand peintre pour entreprendre cette tâche—j'essayerais de vous décrire, à mon tour, ce que j'ai vu au Niagara. Mon ambition, plus modeste, sera seulement de faire comprendre ce qu'est le Niagara, et de raconter notre visite.

Le Nord de l'Amérique forme un immense plateau sur lequel les neiges tombent et s'accumulent durant la longue saison de l'hiver. Lorsque les neiges se fondent, elles déversent leurs eaux dans les parties basses et centrales de ce plateau, dans cinq grandes



cuvettes, dans ces lacs qui s'appellent le lac Supérieur, le lac Michigan, le lac Huron, le lac Érié et le lac Ontario. De ce dernier sort le Saint-Laurent, ce fleuve énorme au cours rapide, aux eaux claires, qui charrie à l'océan Atlantique le trop-plein des eaux de ces lacs. Les trois premiers et les trois plus considérables, les lacs Supérieur, Michigan et Huron, communiquent entre eux; un large canal fait à son tour communiquer le lac Huron avec le lac Érié. Mais entre le lac Érié et le lac Ontario un énorme obstacle, un seuil rocher d'une épaisseur de trente-six milles, de plus de quatorze lieues, s'élève. Ce seuil de rocher n'a pu arrêter l'eau débordante; elle s'est frayé un passage à travers l'obstacle; elle s'est ouverte sa voie. Cette voie, c'est la rivière du Niagara. Entre le lac Érié et le lac Ontario la différence de niveau est considérable. L'eau du lac Érié a pu franchir le seuil de rocher, elle n'a pu s'y creuser un lit qui, par une pente douce, la conduise insensiblement au lac Ontario. Une chute brusque et violente ne pouvait

manquer de se produire là où l'obstacle s'arrêterait tout à coup, on se manifesterait la différence des deux niveaux.

Il fut un temps certainement où la chute du Niagara se faisait à l'entrée du lac Ontario lui-même, à son bord escarpé de l'ouest. Le Niagara se précipitait dans le lac même, d'une hauteur de cent mètres au moins, avec sa masse d'eau immense ; et ce devait être alors un prodigieux spectacle, auquel nul homme n'a assisté. Mais peu à peu l'eau a usé la roche à l'endroit où elle se précipitait ; elle l'a limée, entamée, détruite ; et ainsi de jour en jour, d'année en année, de siècle en siècle, s'éloignant de la rive de l'Ontario, la chute du Niagara a reculé vers le lac Érié. Elle est aujourd'hui presque au milieu de l'espace qui sépare les deux lacs ; à quatorze milles de l'un, à vingt-deux milles de l'autre. Le Niagara ne cesse de continuer son œuvre ; doucement, patiemment, invinciblement, il use la roche de laquelle il se précipite. On a pu mesurer son travail depuis qu'on l'observe ; aujourd'hui des géologues pourraient déterminer approximativement de combien de milliers d'années le Niagara est âgé. Ils pourraient nous dire aussi dans combien de milliers d'années il aura achevé de creuser entre les deux lacs son passage tourmenté et violent. Il n'y aura plus alors de chute du Niagara ; il n'y aura qu'un chenal étroit où l'eau se précipitera, impétueuse, tourbillonnante et furieuse, avec rapidité de la flèche. Mais, de même que l'humanité n'a pas vu le commencement de ce travail, il est possible qu'elle n'en voie pas la fin.

Actuellement, je l'ai dit, la chute du Niagara est située au milieu des terres, et voici l'aspect qu'elle nous présente. Au-dessus de la chute, une masse d'eau large, relativement peu profonde, courant d'une vitesse extrême sur un lit formé de blocs de rocher détachés et emportés par le torrent. Une île située au milieu du courant, flanquée de quelques îlots plus petits, l'île des Chèvres (*Goat Island*), divise cette masse d'eau en deux bras inégaux. Le petit bras court à droite, du côté de la rive américaine, car le Niagara forme la limite entre les États-Unis et la Canada ; le grand bras, trois fois large comme le premier, court à gauche, du côté de la rive canadienne, l'eau, violemment roulée sur ces blocs de rocher rejaillit, bondit, tourbillonné et écume en tous sens : ce sont là ce que l'on appelle les "petits rapides."

Au-dessous, à l'endroit où se termine *Goat Island*, sont les chutes. D'un côté, la chute américaine, la chute du petit bras, la petite chute ; de l'autre, la grande chute, la chute canadienne, le *Horse-shoe*, le Fer-à-cheval, ainsi nommée à cause de sa forme. De l'une comme de l'autre, d'une hauteur de cinquante-deux mètres, le Niagara tout entier se précipite dans une immense cuve de roc, aux bords taillés à pic. Et plus bas maintenant, c'est par une route étroite, resserrée entre deux parois escarpées, que l'eau, incessamment versée par les deux chutes, se rue vers le lac Ontario.

On a peine d'abord à concevoir qu'elle puisse trouver place dans ce chenal resserré. On n'est pas étonné d'apprendre qu'elle y atteigne la profondeur effrayante de cent quatre-vingt-dix pieds anglais, près de soixante mètres, une profondeur tout juste égale à la hauteur qui sépare le niveau de l'eau de celui de rives elles-mêmes. On divine aussi quels effrayants remous, quelles luttes entre les divers courants s'agitant dans cette profondeur de soixante mètres. Et c'est en effet au-dessous des chutes du Niagara, à une distance de

trois milles environ que se produisent ces gigantesques tourbillons que l'on nomme les "grands rapides" et qui ont coûté la vie au téméraire capitaine Webb.

Maintenant que j'ai donné au lecteur une image de la scène aussi exacte qu'il a dépendu de moi, laissez-moi vous raconter brièvement notre visite.

Il avait été convenue que le lundi matin tout le monde serait prêt à huit heures exactement : vous pensez bien que personne n'a été en retard. Les promesses du soleil

couchant d'hier n'ont pas été une mensonge : le matinée est radieuse et met la joie dans tous les yeux et tous les cœurs. Nous partons sous la conduite de surintendant du Niagara ; car le Niagara est aujourd'hui propriété nationale restituée à la nature, et un fonctionnaire y représente le gouvernement. Il a bien voulu se faire lui-même notre obligé cicerone.

Nous franchissons le petit bras, le bras américaine, sur un pont dont le milieu s'appuie sur un étroit flet. En amont, l'eau moutonne, se brise sur les blocs de rocher, rejailit en crêtes blanches, puis rebondit et jaillit encore. C'est un bruit qui tantôt s'enfle, tantôt diminue ; et, sous le pont avec une impétuosité qui attire, qui donne le vertige, le courant fuit. Il vous



Au-dessous la Chute Canoe'enne.

souvent de ces tableaux où Ruysdaël a représenté des torrents furieux, sautant sur leur lit de pierre ; alentour, un paysage d'hiver nu, décharné, sauvage ; sur l'eau noire et qu'on sent claire cependant, des centaines de taches blanches qui bouillonnent. Grandissez par l'imagination, en énormes proportions, un de ces paysages de Ruysdaël : vous aurez quelque idée du spectacle que nous offre en cette saison la traversée du petit bras du Niagara.

Nous voici dans l'île des Chèvres, à laquelle il ne manque, pour justifier son nom, que des chèvres. On y tracé des allées pour les voitures et des chemins plus étroits pour les

piétons. Elle est remplie d'arbres de toute essence, d'où tombent en ce moment les dernières feuilles. De distance en distance, des inscriptions avertissent qu'il est défendu, sous peine de l'amende et de la prison, de toucher ici à quoi que ce soit, de cueillir une fleur ou un brin d'herbe, de casser une branche. Trois ou quatre minutes nous suffisent pour arriver à l'extrémité inférieure de l'île, au bord du gouffre. Ici, un escalier muni d'une rampe solide a été établi ; nous traversons un ponceau, nous entrons dans un flot, et voici devant nous, tout près de nous, à notre droite, la chute américaine. Qu'on se figure une immense table de marbre à l'extrémité arrondie en forme d'arc de cercle : telle est la petite chute. L'eau arrive rapide, transparente, glissant sur la table de marbre qu'elle semble lécher ; soudain le terrain lui manque ; elle s'élanche dans l'abîme d'une hauteur de



Les Rapides Canadiennes, de l'île des Chèvres.

cinquante-deux mètres avec un fracas assourdissant, décrivant une légère courbe ; elle avance d'un mouvement toujours égal, impassible et irrésistible. Du fond du gouffre rejaillit presque à mi-hauteur un flot d'écume blanche. L'air est rempli tout autour de nous de fines gouttelettes d'eau réduite en poussière. Sur le nuage blanc, sous le clair soleil, un arc-en-ciel nous montre ses sept couleurs brillantes et un peu brutales. Sous nos pieds, presque au niveau de l'eau du gouffre, nous voyons une mince passerelle jetée parmi les blocs de rocher : c'est ici que l'on peut s'avancer, pénétrer sous la chute même, s'aventurer sur la pierre glissante entre le rocher et l'épaisse nappe d'eau qui tombe. Nombre d'audacieuses américaines, se tenant par le main, n'hésitent pas à se hasarder là ; mais personne dans la Délégation ne se sent l'humeur assez hardie ou le pied assez solide pour leur faire concurrence. On assure, du reste, que ceux et celles qui ont fait cette

folie ne sont guère tentés de la renouveler ; ce que l'on en rapporte le plus, ce sont des cauchemars.

Notre cicerone nous conduit maintenant de l'autre côté de l'île des Chèvres, au bras canadien du Niagara. Nous voici tout près de la grande chute, du *Horseshoe* ; mais on ne la voit ici qu'obliquement et imparfaitement.

Nous remontons l'île des Chèvres ; nous franchissons un îlot, puis un second ; nous nous trouvons bientôt au bord de l'eau bouillonnante. C'est le même spectacle que celui du petit bras mais combien plus vaste et plus saisissant ! Les blocs entraînés par le courant sont à la fois plus nombreux et plus gros ; la nappe d'eau semble large comme la Seine un peu au-dessus de Rouen. Et partout, sur cette nappe d'eau, des crêtes blanches, des bouillonnements furieux, des tourbillons, tandis que des mugissements frappent et épouvantent l'oreille. De seconde en seconde, le spectacle se transforme, et pourtant il est toujours le même.

Notre cicerone nous ramène sur la rive américaine, au bord du gouffre. Tout près, à notre gauche, la chute américaine se précipite ; au fond, en face de nous, le terrible *Horseshoe*, le Fer-à-cheval, lance dans l'abîme sa trombe d'eau toute blanche. Jamais nom ne fut mieux choisi que ce nom de "fer-à-cheval." Au centre, le rocher se creuse profondément, tandis qu'il s'avance à droite et à gauche. Quand nous avons bien regardé ce spectacle, on nous fait prendre place dans un petit chemin de fer funiculaire qui descend dans le rocher avec une inclinaison de quarante-cinq degrés environ. En moins d'une minute nous sommes au fond du gouffre, presque au niveau de l'eau. Nous voyons la chute américaine tomber à côté de nous, presque sur nos têtes ; nous sommes enveloppés d'une pluie fine.

Lorsque nous remontons, un photographe est là avec ses appareils tout prêts, qui veut prendre le groupe de la Délégation. C'est, du reste, une mode américaine de se faire photographier au Niagara. Et l'air est si pur en effet, que les photographies y viennent admirablement. Il serait difficile d'en imaginer de plus belles que celles que nous voyons ici, de toutes grandeurs, à tous les prix, qui représentent le Niagara sous tous ses aspects.

Nous montons maintenant en voiture. Un peu au-dessous du gouffre, nous traversons le Niagara sur un pont en fer hardi et d'une seule arche ; le Niagara est large, en cet endroit, à peu près comme la Seine au pont des Saints-Pères. L'eau est claire, d'un bleu pâle, presque verdâtre, avec un éclat d'émail persan. C'est près d'ici que Blondin traversait le Niagara et faisait sur son fil ses étonnants exercices, portant sur son dos, tantôt ce poêle sur lequel il fabriquait et mangeait une omelette au milieu du passage, tantôt un homme qui certes ne devait pas être, plus que lui, un poltron.

Le pont en fer est étroit ; il n'a que la largeur d'une voiture. Le givre et les glaces s'y accumulent en telles quantités durant la saison d'hiver, que l'audace américaine elle-même a craint qu'en le faisant plus large il ne fléchit sous le poids. Après le succès de l'expérience, il est question de l'élargir aujourd'hui.

Le pont franchi, nous sommes dans le Canada, sur le domaine de Sa gracieuse Majesté britannique, l'impératrice des Indes. Nous remontons la rive canadienne durant quelques centaines de pas ; nous nous retrouvons au bord du gouffre, tout près du *Horseshoe*. De

tous les spectacles que nous avons eus jusqu'ici sous les yeux, celui-ci est le plus magnifique. C'est un fleuve énorme qui tombe incessamment, avec un fracas assourdissant, du Fer-à-cheval. L'immense cuve s'enfoncé devant nous. Rien de plus joli, de plus varié, de plus harmonieux même, au point de vue de la couleur, que l'île des Chèvres avec son paysage déjà presque depouillé, la rive américaine avec le village Niagara, l'eau verdâtre dans le lointain, le nuage blanc, épais au fond, de plus en plus léger à mesure qu'il s'élève de l'eau brisée dans la chute, qui remonte en mince poussière ; les arcs-en-ciel qui se forment çà et là et se déplacent, par cette superbe journée, à mesure que le spectateur change de place lui-même. Mais on n'a guère la pensée de s'arrêter à ce qu'offre de gracieux et de joli ce spectacle. C'est l'effet imposant, terrible, du *Horseshoe*, de sa masse d'eau im-



Vue Générale des Chutes de Niagara, de la Rive Canadienne.

meuse, qui s'empare de l'esprit et qui le domine. Les plus bavards eux-mêmes n'euprouvent ici qu'un besoin : celui de se taire.

La roche est plus tendre de ce côté que sur la rive américaine. Chaque année, le *Horseshoe* se creuse davantage.* C'est par ici que le Niagara se fraye son lit. Un jour viendra sans doute—dans quelques siècles—où il passera tout entier de ce côté de l'île des Chèvres, où la chute américaine aura disparu.

Nous n'avons plus à visiter que les grands rapides, à quelques milles au-dessous des chutes. En un quart d'heure les voitures nous y ont conduits. Nous trouvons là un nouveau chemin de fer funiculaire, qui nous fait descendre presque au niveau de l'eau. Rien

* Depuis notre voyage un éboulement s'est en effet produit au *Horseshoe* et a entraîné la chute de 28,000 mètres cubes de rocher.

ne saurait donner l'idée de cette rivière, profonde de soixante-dix mètres, qui, dans le lit étroit qui l'emprisonne, sur les blocs de roche qui en forment le fond, plus rapide que le torrent le plus furieux, s'agite, tournoie, tourbillonne. J'ai vu, l'autre année, le Danube aux Portes de Fer ; je me souviens des épaves qui passaient au fil de l'eau, rapides comme la flèche ; j'entends encore les coups de piston répétés de la machine, luttant pour remonter le courant ; mais en comparaison du Niagara le Danube lui-même, aux Portes de Fer, n'est qu'un ruisseau paisible.

Notre visite a duré quatre longues heures qui ont passé aussi vite qu'une seule. Quand

j'essaye de résumer l'impression de cette matinée, je ne trouve qu'un mot que l'exprime bien ; c'est le mot de terreur. Le

Niagara n'est pas seulement grand, imposant, magnifique : il est terrible, il est formidable, il est effroyable. Plus on visite,

plus on s'arrête, plus on regarde, plus le sentiment de l'effroi va croissant. C'est une puissance de la nature déchaînée, auprès de laquelle

l'homme n'est rien.

Si l'antiquité eût connu

le Niagara, elle l'eût divinisé

bien plus encore que Char-

rybde et Scylla ou les Roches

Symphlégades. Elle eût offert

des victimes au monstre tou-

sant. Le Niagara n'est, si

chute d'eau agrandie, le

loi de pesanteur que nous

lorsque nous versons le matin

phénomène que nous trou-

ons au déversoir de tous les moulins dans les cascades des montagnes, à la chute



L'Escalier à les
Grandes Rapides.

jours rugis-

vous voulez, qu'une

même phénomène de la

voions s'accomplir

de l'eau dans notre cuvette, le même

phénomène que nous trouvons au déversoir de tous les moulins dans les cascades des montagnes, à la chute du Rhin à Schaffouse ; mais ici les proportions sont tellement supérieures à nos mesures ordinaires, l'œil et l'oreille en même temps en reçoivent un tel choc, que tous nos nerfs sont ébranlés, notre raison se tait, notre imagination même est dépassée et confondue ; on se sent terrassé et écrasé. N'y eût-il en Amérique à voir que la Niagara, il faudrait y venir. Je n'ai rencontré dans tous mes voyages qu'une seule impression aussi forte, aussi *unique* en un autre genre : celle que l'on éprouve dans les Pyrénées, lorsqu'au sortir du Chaos on pénètre tout à coup dans le merveilleux Cirque de Gavarnie, comme arrivé devant cette immense muraille de rocher demi-circulaire, à la limite même du monde.

Avant notre départ, fixé à quatre heures, nous nous répandons dans les boutiques pour acheter des photographies, de coquets éventails de plumes blanches, des souvenirs du Niagara, ainsi qu'ils sied à tout touriste qui se respecte. Notre train spécial nous mène d'abord de long de la rive américaine faire une petite promenade jusqu'au lac Ontario, Nous ne cessons d'avoir la rivière à nos pieds à notre gauche ; de la hauteur où nous sommes on dirait, à la voir, un métal en fusion. Nous revenons au Niagara, et

maintenant en route pour le retour ! Bientôt nous avons atteint le lac Érié, semblable à une vaste mer sur laquelle naviguent des flottes. Nous atteignons Buffalo, en train de devenir une des grandes villes de l'Amérique et d'où part le canal de l'Érié, qui va à Albany rejoindre l'Hudson.

Après une après-midi magnifique, un coucher de soleil splendide, la nuit est tout à fait tombée; M. Depew fait servir le dîner,—le dîner d'adieu offert à la Délégation. Le temps superbe, le voyage si parfaitement réussi, l'incomparable spectacle dont nous venons de jouir ont mis tous les esprits en belle humeur. Dans un charmant discours qu'il nous adresse au dessert, M. Depew nous raconte comment sa famille est d'origine française; elle s'appelait Dupuis alors. Il a dans les veines du sang de presque toutes les nations d'Europe. Avec



Les Grandes Rapides Tourbillonnées.

tout cela, il est Américain, bien Américain. Du combien d'autres bons patriotes de l'Union, cette histoire n'est-elle pas l'histoire! Quoi qu'on en dise, ce n'est pas l'unité de race, c'est l'éducation commune qui fait les nations

L'heure est venue de souhaiter le bonsoir après une longue causerie. Notre hôte, prévoyant en tout, a fait attacher à notre train spécial deux *sleeping-cars*. Chacun trouve une chambre à coucher qui l'attend, et à côté de la chambre à coucher, un cabinet de toilette. Après une nuit de paisible sommeil, quand nous nous réveillons au petit jour nous nous retrouvons sur le bord de l'Hudson. Il est sept heures un quart quand le train s'arrête dans la gare de New-York. Il ne nous reste qu'à remercier avec effusion le président du *Central-New-York*, à qui nous devons certainement le plus précieux souvenir de notre voyage en Amérique!—*De Paris au Niagara, 1886.*

semblable à
en train de
à Albany

tout à fait
Le temps
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Notre hôte,
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LE NIAGARA.

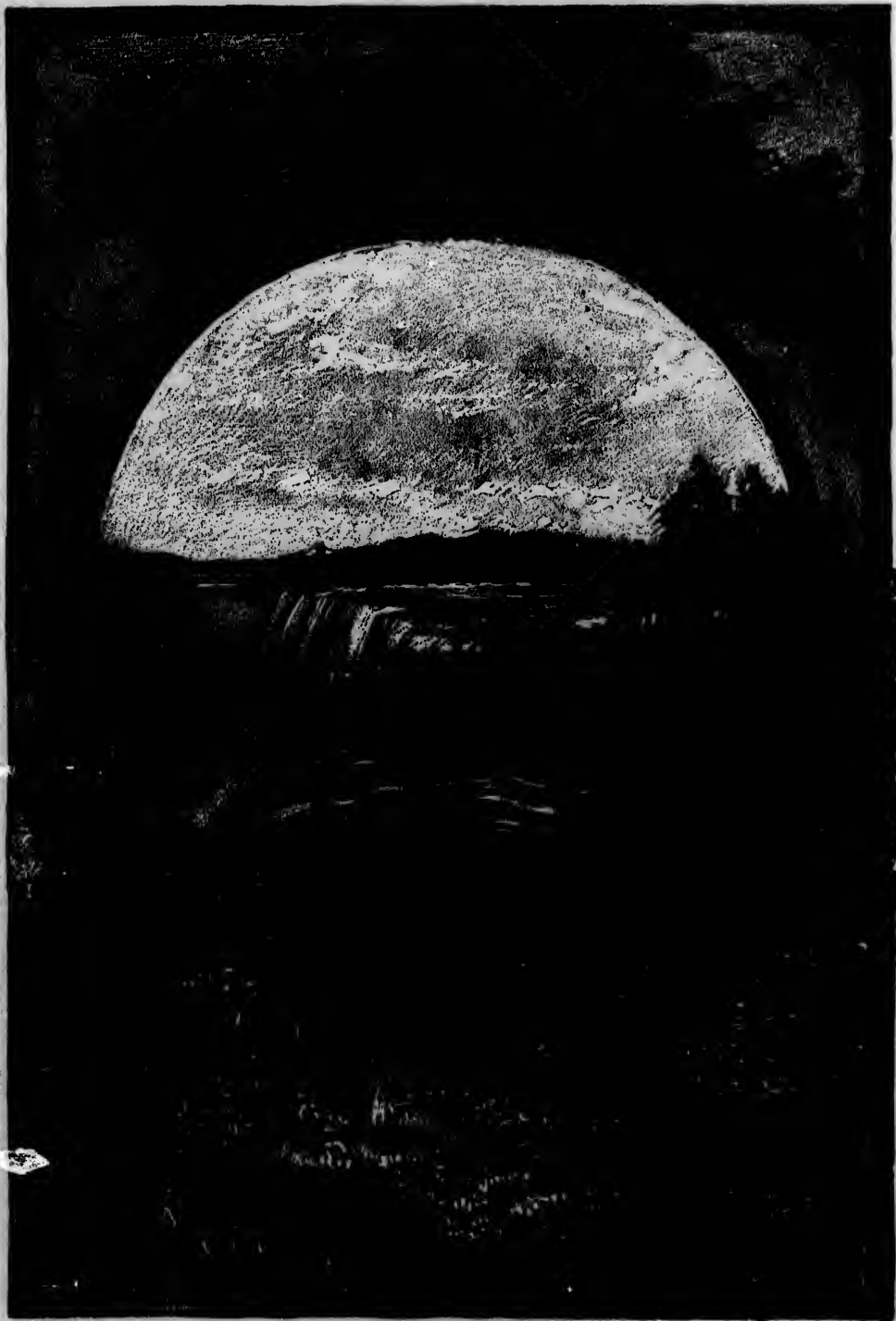
L'onde majestueuse avec lenteur s'écoule;
Puis, sortant tout à coup de se calme trompeur,
Furieux, et fraffant les échos de stupeur,
Dans l'abîme sans fond le fleuve immense croule.

C'est la chute ! son bruit de tonnerre fait peur
Même aux oiseaux errants, qui s'éloignent en foule
Du gouffre formidable, où l'arc-en-ciel déroule
Son écharpe de feu sur un lit de vapeur.

Tout tremble ; en un instant cette énorme avalanche
D'eau verte se transforme en monts d'écume blanche,
Farouches, éperdus, bondissant, mugissant

Et pourtant, ô mon Dieu, ce flot que tu déchaines,
Qui brise les rochers, pulvérise les chênes,
Respecte le fétu qu'il emporte en passant !

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE.



American Fall from Goat Island.

By Charles Volkmar.

(64)



Ein Besuch der Niagara-Fälle.

Von Friedrich Bodenstedt.



Das überwältigend großartige Naturschauspiel, das der Niagara als Grenzstrom zwischen dem Staate New York und dem britischen Canada bietet, indem er, die Wasser des gewaltigen Eriesees in den Ontariosee wälzend, an seinem Ausflusse sich in zwei Arme theilt, welche die Insel Grand Island umschließen und dann wieder zusammenströmen, um bei weiterm Laufe plötzlich in scharfer Ausbiegung von Westen nach Norden die großartigsten Wasserfälle der Welt zu bilden, verbirgt sich dem Blicke des Suchenden, bis er dicht am Rande des Stromes steht, in dessen felsigem Grunde es sich entrollt. Aber auch hier wird es von schimmernd hochaufsteigenden, aus versprühendem Schaum gebildeten Wolken verschleiert.

Man sieht zuerst nur die, selbst bei trübem Wetter, wie wir es hatten, in wunderbarem Farbenspiel herabstosenden Stromschnellen, welche durch ein hoch und breit aufragendes Eiland (Goat Island, auch Friesinsel genannt) in zwei Theile zerrissen werden und so getrennt in einem Sturze von etwa 150 Fuß zwei Katarakte bilden, wovon der eine, welcher innerhalb des Unionsgebietes liegt, Fort Shloser Fall, der andere, der halb zu Canada gehört, Horseshoe Fall (Hufeisen-Fall) genannt wird. Dieser ist der größere, bei einer Breite von beinahe 2000 Fuß. Doch der andere, obwohl nur 1069 Fuß breit, ist der schönere, wenn hier überhaupt verglichen werden kann, wo sich kein gleichmäßig übersichtliches Bild bietet und jeder in seiner Art, bei näherer Betrachtung, überwältigend wirkt. Von oben herab gesehen, verlieren sie beide an Wirkung; denn in ganzer Größe zeigen sie sich nur, wenn man in ihr tiefgewundenes Felsenbett hinabsteigt, um sie mit aufwärts gerichtetem Blicke zu betrachten.

Wir fiel, nachdem wir den Wagen verlassen hatten, um die günstigsten Punkte der Betrachtung aufzusuchen, zunächst der oben zuerst genannte schmälere Fall in die Augen, der uns

von der linken Seite entgegen schimmerte, als wir die Schritte nach der hohen Hängebrücke lenkten, welche zum canadischen Ufer hinüberführt und mir als ein Wunder der Baukunst erschien.

Ich gestehe, daß diese frei und kühn durch die Luft gespannte Brücke, über welche eben ein langer Bahnzug hinrasselte, dessen Schwere sie nicht im geringsten zu bewegen schien, während sie doch selbst so leicht und fein aussah, wie aus Draht gesponnen, mir als Wert von Menschenhand beim ersten Anblick einen noch größern Eindruck machte, als der mit Donnergetöse in die Tiefe stürzende Arm des Niagara.

Jene Brücke bot meinem Auge in ihrer zierlichen Gestaltung trotz der weiten Spannung ein völlig übersichtliches Bild, während die gewaltigen Wassermassen, die sich vor mir schweren Dranges über die Felswand herabwälzten, nur oben in einer gewissen Gleichmäßigkeit sichtbar blieben, nach unten sich mehr und mehr lösend, zerflatternd und Schaumfunken sprühend, die Schleier und blühende Wölkchen bildeten, unter welchen die Sturzflut in wilden Wirbeln vom Strome weiter getragen wurde. Die Wöden, welche die Wassergebilde umflatterten, machten den Eindruck, als ob sie erst eben aus dem Schoße des Sprühschaums ins Leben geflogen wären.

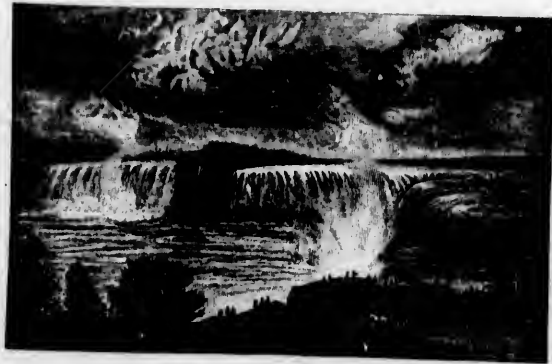
Je mehr ich mich in das wechselvolle Schauspiel vertiefte, desto größer wurde der Zauber, den es auf mich übte, und doch mußte ich meinen Begleitern, als sie mich weiter zogen, gestehen, daß ich noch weit Größeres erwartet hatte, als ich gefunden. Sie begriffen das vollständig; war es ihnen doch einst ebenso ergangen; seit sie aber die Fälle hundertmal gesehen und täglich sehen konnten, war ihre Bewunderung mit der nähern Bekanntschaft gewachsen.

Was sich vor meinen Augen aufgethan, und noch dazu bei schlechter Beleuchtung, war eben nur ein Theil vom Ganzen. Um das übrige zu sehen, beschritten wir zunächst die imposante Hängebrücke, die, durch Drahtseile an beiden Ufern gehalten und sonst frei in der Luft schwebend, von amerikanischem Boden auf englischen führt. Sie besteht aus zwei Stockwerken, welche zu gleicher Zeit Raum für lange Bahnzüge, Fuhrwerk aller Art, Reiter und Fußgänger bieten.

Von der Mitte dieser Brücke aus gewahrten wir zuerst die canadischen Fälle, doch in einer Entfernung, welche sie nicht größer erscheinen ließ, als die vorhin geschilderten. Wir fuhren dann nach dem canadischen Ufer hinüber, welches, abgesehen von einem unbedeutenden Höhenzuge, in ziemlicher Entfernung vom Rande der Niagaraschlucht ebenso flach ist wie das amerikanische und auch ebenso wie dieses mit Niesenhôtels, Landhäusern und indianischen Bazars geschmückt oder verunziert, wie man es nehmen will. Hier befindet sich, nahe am Hufeisenfall, auch ein sogenanntes Museu, und in geringer Entfernung davon ist der beste Standpunkt, um die Niagarafälle als Gesamtbild zu sehen.

Die steil abfallende Ziegeninsel (Goat Island) trennt den vor uns donnernden Hufeisenfall (so genannt nach der hufeisenförmigen Felswand, über welche er stürzt) von dem amerikanischen, und der Anblick dieser unerschöpflichen Wassermassen, deren Wucht sich in unserer Nähe am mächtigsten zeigt, hat bei ihrem blendenden Farbenpiel, von schneeigem Weiß bis zum smaragdnen Grün und tiefdunkeln Blau, etwas Ueberwältigendes, wozu das feierliche Schallen, Rauschen, Plätschern, Zischen und Stürmen der Sturzflut halb erhebend, halb betäubend mitwirkt.

Wir stiegen nach dem Gesamtüberblick von oben so tief hinab, als wir kommen konnten, um die Fälle von unten zu sehen, wo die Felswände, über welche sie sich wälzen, in ganzer Höhe erscheinen, und klonnen dann, einen langen Weg machend, bis zur Höhe der Fälle selbst empor, wo man einen großen Theil der hochschäumenden Stromschnellen, aus welchen sie herabdommern, übersehen kann. — „Vom Atlantischen zum Stillen Ocean“.



Niagara.

Erüb war der Himmel, als ich zuerst dich sah
 In deiner wilden Größe, Niagara!
 Wie fernes Donnern schlug mir dein Schall ins Ohr,
 Als mein Blick sich im Suchen nach dir verlor
 Im flachen, verödeten Wintergestirde,
 Verdüstert durch bleierne Wolkengestirde.
 Doch näher und näher stets hört' ich es schallen,
 Wie wenn Wasserberge an Felsen zerprallen
 Im unendlichen Meer, vom Orkan gehoben,
 Mit unsichtbaren Händen geschleudert nach oben.

Da plötzlich erhebt sich vor mir ein Gesimmer
 Von versprühendem Schaum, der in eigenem Schimmer
 Aus der Tiefe aufsteigt, und ein Wolkengewimmel
 Erzeugt, weit glänzender als das am Himmel.
 Und ich folge dem Glanz, und jählings thut
 Sich ein Abgrund auf voll demantener Stut,
 Wo die mächtig stürzenden Wasser von oben
 Tief unten zerfließen mit donnerndem Toben.
 Da wühlt es und bäumt sich und wirbelt und gärt
 In verwirrender Wuth, doch lieblich verklärt
 Durch verschleiernd Gewöl aus versprühendem Schaum,
 Das sich schimmernd erhebt, leicht schwebend die Flamm.

Nun, als trüg' er dem Glanze oer Tiefe Steid,
 Zerreißt auch der Himmel sein Wolkentleid
 Und die Sonne gießt ihre ganze Stut
 Hinab in die tosende Wasserstut,
 Um in flüchtigen Bildern noch Schönres zu zeigen,
 Als an ewigem Glanze ihr selber zu eigen.
 Die Sturzfluten trinken den sonnigen Glanz

Und strahlen ihn wieder, gesättigt ganz
 Und wie Künstler mit gottverliehnen Gewalten
 Aus sich selbst die erhabensten Bilder gestalten,
 So scheint nun in des Niagara Borden
 Jede Welle, jeder Tropfen zum Künstler geworden,
 Und Schöneres kommt durch sie an den Tag,
 Als menschliches Schaffen zu bilden vermag.
 Die Wogen glähen von Schönheit trunken,
 Aus den Schaumkronen springen blitzende Funken,
 Es leuchtet in allen Formen und Farben:
 Hier erheben sich schimmernde Strahlengärten,
 Dort, aber die Irisinsel gezogen,
 Schwebt hoch ein durchsichtiger Regenbogen,
 Und darunter die Felswand hemmt auf den Wegen
 Des gewaltigen Stroms sich ihm breit entgegen,
 Daß die Wasser getheilt das Eiland umwinden,
 Bis sie unten sich wieder zusammenfinden —
 Nach tiefem Sprung von getrenntem Gang —
 In donnerndem Triumphgesang.

Nie erschien mir ein Strombild an Wundern so reich,
 So stürmisch im Wechsel, doch immer sich gleich
 In bezaubernder Macht urgewaltigen Seins
 Und hehrer Gebilde des Schalles und Scheins.

Trüb war der Himmel, als ich zuerst dich sah
 In deiner wilden Größe, Niagara,
 Und die Sonne war schon im Untergehn
 Als ich kam, dich zum letzten Male zu sehn.
 Und du hiebest mich selbst tief hinuntersteigen,
 Um dich mir in voller Größe zu zeigen
 Im tiefen, gewundenen Felsenkette.
 Dich umragt keine schimmernde Bergeskette,
 Deine Ufer sind flach und öde ganz,
 Doch du brauchst keines prangenden Rahmens Glanz:
 Deine eigene Glut, deiner Wellen Klang
 Wird mir leuchten und klingen mein Leben lang.

Friedrich Bodenstedt.



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE, AND HOW IT WAS BUILT.



IT would seem peculiarly fitting that in the immediate vicinity, and in full view of the grandest natural object of the globe, should be erected one of the greatest triumphs of engineering science, and most remarkable manifestations of the skill and power of man. The construction of the Suspension Bridge in 1855, by John A. Roebling, established the reputation of that great engineer; but so far had advanced the science of mechanical engineering that when, in 1883, a new bridge was to be built across the chasm for the Michigan Central Railroad, an altogether new and untried principle was brought into use. The result is a structure of unusual beauty and remarkable strength and safety, which, in a greater degree, perhaps, than almost any other work of the century, has attracted the attention of the scientific world, and brought interested witnesses to the spot from all quarters of the world. The unprecedented rapidity of its construction, and the marvelous accuracy and perfection of the work in all its details, are not its least interesting features.

The location of the bridge, a short distance below the Falls of Niagara, precluding the possibility of any supports in the centre of the stream, which at this point is five hundred feet from shore to shore at the water's edge, and the construction of a suspension bridge being inadvisable on account of the very great expense and time involved, and also the inevitable wave-motion of that class of structures when loads are moved over them, necessitated a peculiar manner of construction, and a style different from that of any bridge already constructed.

The design is what is known as the cantilever bridge, the principle of which is that of a trussed beam, supported at or near its centre, with the arms extending each way, and one end anchored or counterweighted to provide for unequal loading. It was in practice entirely novel, no other bridge having then been completed upon this principle.

Each end is made up of a section entirely of steel, extending from the shore nearly half way over the chasm. Each section is supported near its centre by a strong steel tower, from which extend two lever arms, one reaching the rocky bluffs, the other extending over the river 175 feet beyond the towers. The outer arm having no support, and being subject like the other to the weight of trains,

a counter advantage is given by the shore arm being firmly anchored to the rocks on the shore. The towers on either side rise from the water's edge; between them a clear span of 495 feet over the river, the longest double-track truss-span in the world.

Building the Piers of the Cantilever.



Constructing Shore Arm of the Cantilever.

The ends of the cantilevers reaching on each side 395 feet from the abutments, leave a gap of 120 feet filled by an ordinary truss bridge hung from the ends of the cantilevers. Here provision is made for expansion and contraction by an ingenious arrangement between the ends of the truss bridge and of the cantilevers, allowing the ends to move freely as the temperature changes, but at the same time preserving perfect rigidity against side pressure from the wind. There are no guys for this purpose, as in a suspension bridge; but the structure is complete within itself. The total

length of the bridge is 910 feet. It has a double track, and is strong enough to carry upon each track at the same time the heaviest freight train, extending the entire length of the bridge, headed by two "consolidation" engines, and under a side pressure of thirty pounds per square foot, produced by a wind having a velocity of seventy-five

miles per hour, and even then will be strained to only one-fifth of its ultimate strength. The foundations rest on the solid rock; four blocks of most substantial masonry are carried up fifty feet above the surface of the water, and from these the steel towers supporting the cantilevers rise 130 feet. The load of 1,600 tons that comes upon each pair of steel columns is so distributed that the pressure upon the foundation rocks is only 25 pounds per square inch. From the tower foundations up, the whole bridge is steel, every inch of which was subjected to the most rigid tests from the time it left the ore to the time it entered the structure.

The structure has very much the appearance of an ordinary truss bridge, but, in view of the conditions and surroundings, very different in the manner of its erection. The towers on the water's edge and the shore arms of the cantilevers have, of course, been erected with the help of temporary scaffoldings and a resting point on *terra firma*, and

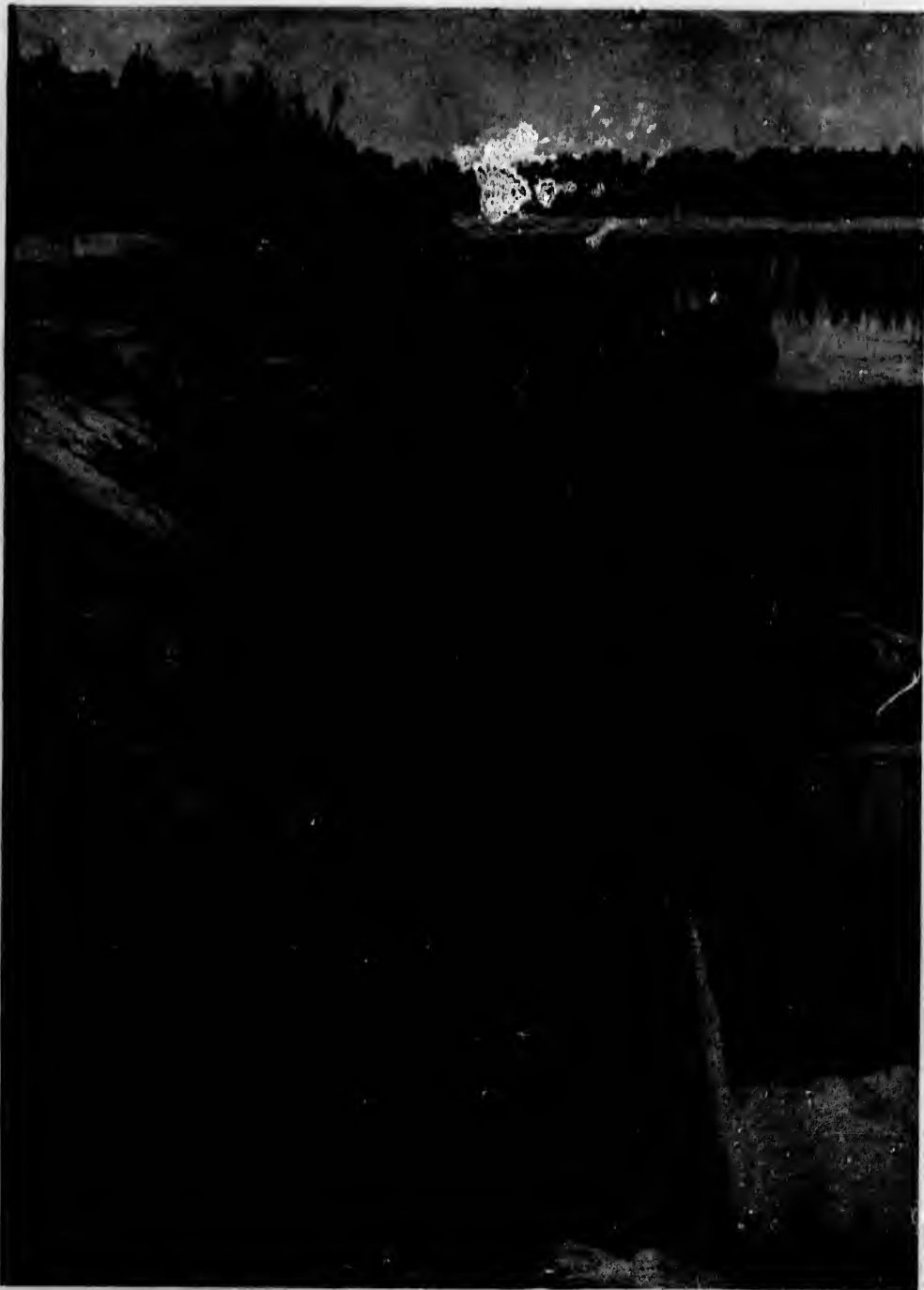
the superstructure was easily put in place from the shore to the steel towers. But after this came the difficult portion of the work, *i. e.*, to span the 495 feet across and 239 feet above a roaring river whose force no earthly power can stay. No temporary structure could survive a moment, and here the skill of the engineer came in to control the powers of nature. The design of the cantilever is such that, after the shore arm was completed and anchored, the river arm was built out, one panel or section at a time, by means of great traveling derricks,



Constructing the River Arm of the Cantilever.

and self-sustaining as it progressed. After one panel of twenty-five feet was built and had its bracing adjusted, the derrick was moved forward and another panel erected. Thus the work progressed, section by section, until the ends of the cantilevers were reached, when a truss bridge was swung across the gap of 120 feet, resting on the ends of the cantilever arms, thus forming the connecting link.

The contract with the Central Bridge Company of Buffalo was signed April 11, 1883, and the plans were approved by Mr. C. C. Schneider, Chief Engineer, on the 3d of May. Work was at once begun, and in less than seven months, December 1, 1883, the bridge was completed. It was rigorously tested on the 20th of December, and, under the tremendous weight of eighteen locomotives and twenty-four heavily loaded gravel cars, showed a temporary deflection of but six inches, proving to be a grand and perfect success.



Niagara Falls in Winter, from Prospect Park. From Photograph by George Barker.

(72)



NIAGARA IN WINTER.



COMPARATIVELY few persons are aware of the scenes of surpassing beauty presented by the cataract of Niagara in winter. Its appearance is then even more attractive and glorious than in the summer.

The trees are covered with the most brilliant and sparkling coruscations of snow and ice; the islands, the shrubs, the giant rocks, are robed in the same spotless vesture. Frozen spray, glittering and gleaming as brightly and vivaciously as frozen sunlight, encases all things. Niagara Falls is the absolute domain of the Ice King. In bright sun-

shine, the flashing rays from millions of gems produce a bewitching effect.

"At such a moment, the characteristic attributes of Niagara seem fused and heightened into 'something more exquisite still.' Its intrinsic sublimity and beauty experience a liberal transfiguration. Nature is visibly idealized. Nothing more brilliant or enchanting can be conceived. The brightest tales of magic 'pale their ineffectual fires'! Islands whose flowers are thicket diamonds, and forests whose branches are glittering with brilliants, and amethysts, and pearls, seem no longer a luxurious figment of genius, but a living and beaming reality. One feels, in the midst of such blazing



Icicles and Stalagmites under American Fall.

stream being closed below, "and form a natural bridge across it. As they accumulate, they get progressively piled up, like a Cyclopean wall, built of huge blocks of ice instead of stone. This singular masonry of nature gets cemented by the spray, which, rising in clouds of mist as usual from the foot of the Falls, attaches itself in its upward progress to the icy wall, and soon gets frozen with the rest of the mass, helping to fill up the interstices between the larger blocks of which this architecture is composed."

This icy wall or mound rises up from the base of the torrent in a bulwark of pyramidal form, in front of the Falls, within a few feet of the edge of the precipice, to a height sometimes of from

coruscations, and such glorious bursts of radiance, as if the magician's ring had been slipped upon his finger unawares, and, rubbed unwittingly, had summoned the gorgeous scene before him. It is as if Mammoth Cave, with its groves of stalactites, and crystal bowers, and Gothic avenues and halls, and star chambers, and flashing grottoes, were suddenly uncapped to the wintry sun, and bathed in his thrilling beams; or, as if the fabled palace of Neptune had risen abruptly from the deep, and were flinging its splendors in the eye of heaven."

Upon the occurrence of a thaw sufficient to break up the ice in Lake Erie, masses of floating ice, dis severed from the frozen lake and stream above, are precipitated over the Falls in blocks of several tons each. These remain at the foot of the cataract, from the



Winter Foliage on Goat Island.

twenty to forty feet above the level of the upper stream. Scaling the mound is an exhilarating and laborious exercise; but the near sight of the maddened waters plunging into the depths of an unfathomable vortex below, is a fitting reward for the adventurous undertaking.

The ice-bridge generally extends from the Horse-Shoe Fall to a point near the railway bridge, lasts generally from two to three months, and is crossed by hundreds of foot passengers during the winter. The ice forming the bridge is ordinarily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet thick, rising from fifty to sixty feet above the natural surface of the river. The tinge of the waters, from the dark green of summer, is changed to a muddy yellow; huge icicles, formed by an accumulation of frozen spray, hang perpendicularly from the rocks; the trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park seem partially buried; a mass of quaint and curious crystalline forms stands in lieu of the bushes; the buildings seem to sink under ponderous coverings of snow and ice; the tops of trees and



Coasting down the Ice Mountain, Winter of 1887.

points of rock on which the dazzling white frost work does not lie, stand out in bold contrast, forming the deep shadows of the entrancing picture; the whole presents a wild, savage aspect, grand and imposing.

The *Buffalo Courier*, in a graphic description of the great ice-bridge of 1888, says: "Here and there on the icy structure, far from the direct line of travel between the two countries, may be seen an explorer, who as he plods ahead has in mind an arctic expedition: But to fully realize the extent of what has been the subject of your observation



Niagara Falls in Winter. The Ice Bridge below the American Fall.
From Instantaneous Photograph by George Baker.

from the cliff, you must go below, and then it is that the mightiness of the jam that lies between you and the other shore dawns upon you. Now you more fully realize the mountainous, rugged character of the bridge, for those who left your side but a moment ago to cross are hid from view by an icy hillock. You start to cross also, and carefully follow the path until you come to a crevice fully thirty feet deep, and your thoughts revert to the proportion of ice that floats above water to that below. Allowing considerable for the quantity of air throughout a mass piled as this is, let it be supposed that only a third is above water; it will leave sixty feet under water and make the bridge ninety feet thick. As you walk along it is no hard matter to imagine yourself in Switzerland, the home of glaciers and of avalanches."

"I have seen the Falls in all weathers and in all seasons," says Bayard Taylor; "but to my mind the winter view is most beautiful. I saw them first during the hard winter of 1854, when a hundred cataracts of ice hung from the cliffs on either side, when the masses of ice brought down from Lake Erie were together at the foot, uniting the shores with a rugged bridge, and when every twig of every tree and bush on Goat Island was overlaid an inch deep with a coating of solid crystal. The air was still, and the sun shone in a cloudless sky. The green of the fall, set in a landscape of sparkling silver, was infinitely more brilliant than in summer, when it is balanced by the trees, and the rainbows were almost too glorious for the eye to bear. I was not impressed by the sublimity of the scene, nor even by its terror, but solely by the fascination of its wonderful beauty,—a fascination which continually tempted me to plunge into that sea of fused emerald, and lose myself in the dance of the rainbows. With each succeeding visit, Niagara has grown in height, in power, in majesty, in solemnity; but I have seen its climax of beauty."

M. Albert Tissandier, in his recent work, *Six Mois Aux États-Unis*, thus describes the winter aspect of Niagara:

"Si, l'été, les chutes du Niagara et ses abords offrent au touriste un aspect qu'on ne peut oublier, l'hiver, leur spectacle est peut-être plus étrange, plus grandiose encore.

"La *Cave of the Winds*, côté américain, est devenue inaccessible à cause de l'amoncellement des neiges; nous ne pouvions donc y aller, mes amis et moi. Les rochers sur lesquels je pouvais passer au mois d'août étaient couverts, en mars, 1886, d'une couche épaisse de glace produite par la congélation des vapeurs des cataractes. Elles s'amoncellent peu à peu, semblables à d'immenses stalagmites s'élevant à près de 40 mètres de hauteur. La neige recouvre les rochers; les arbres accablés sous son poids sont pliés de mille manières et leur menues branches sont garnies de minces stalactites de glace.

"La masse des eaux s'écoule cependant, brisant tout dans sa chute, entraînant de véritables icebergs provenant du lac Érie.

"Sur les rives canadiennes, près du *fer à cheval*, on peut descendre en toute saison au pied des cataractes. Les grottes que l'on parcourt et qui pendant l'été sont remplies des brillantes vapeurs de l'eau, se transforment pendant l'hiver en incomparables merveilles. Il faut se vêtir comme dans la belle saison des mêmes vêtements de toile huilée.

"Notre guide nous fait descendre par un petit escalier de bois une quarantaine de mètres environ. Nous voici bientôt sous les rochers, les pieds dans la neige épaisse et la

tête arrosée par les nombreuses gouttes glacées des eaux du Niagara. Ces petits inconvénients ne sauraient compter, car la grandeur merveilleuse du tableau qu'il vous est donné de contempler est telle qu'on éprouve une émotion sans pareille. De gigantesques stalactites glacées, de 50 mètres de hauteur environ, toutes brillantes au soleil, semblent



Under the Canadian Fall.

prêtes à vous écraser par leur masse formidable. Les ciernes d'eau étincelantes aux couleurs d'émeraude qui se précipitent du *fer à cheval* accompagnées des vapeurs d'eau s'élevant dans le ciel, la neige éblouissante des premiers plans, forment des scènes si extraordinaires qu'elles dépassent véritablement ce que l'homme peut rêver et pendant les quelques instants de contemplation notre imagination en restait presque comme troublée."

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THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

At Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, the Michigan Central connects with the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad for the Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay and the St. Lawrence River. Most through travelers prefer taking the night train, which connects with the Michigan Central Atlantic Express from Chicago, not only on account of the greater speed, but because Niagara Falls are seen by the morning light, and the



Arrival of the Steamboat Express at Clayton.

most uninteresting part of the journey is made by night. Through sleepers are run on this fast Steamboat Express, landing passengers early in the morning (but not too early for a good night's rest) at Clayton, on the dock of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, and enabling them, without loss of time, to make the trip through the Thousand Islands, and down the Rapids by daylight, and reach Montreal before dark.

Those who have leisure to tarry a little *en route*, and explore this fascinating region, will either stop over at Clayton or make their headquarters at Alexandria Bay or at Thousand Island Park, on Wellesley Island, the largest of the group. Most excellent hotels will be found at all these points, and all afford unlimited opportunities for boating, sailing,

fishing or other forms of pleasuring. A delightful trip may be had by taking the *Island Wanderer*, which plies on an intricate route between Alexandria Bay, Thousand Island Park, Round Island Park, Gananoque and Westminster Park, through tortuous channels and amidst the islands of innumerable shapes, sizes and character; but to hire a boat and wander at one's own sweet will through the mazes of this marvelous archipelago results in the highest and most unalloyed enjoyment. According

to the Treaty of Ghent, there are 1,692 of these islands, but really more than 1,800 are counted, many of them but a few feet of granite rock, or with but a single tree laving its branches in the cool waters, but others of a thousand acres in area. Some are bare as



Thousand Islands, near Alexandria Bay.



Entrance to the Lake of the Thousand Islands.

the hand, some verdant and grass-grown, others thickly umbrageous with forest trees; and shelving beaches of sand or shingle alternate with precipitous cliffs rising sheer from the channel. Several of these islands—Pullman's, Little Angel, Comfort, Cherry and Wau-Winet—are owned in Chicago, and very many are adorned by buildings in every style, from the modest summer cottage to the magnificent villa and imposing caravansary, and numerous summer-resort, fishing and canoe associations and clubs have their headquarters here. Game is sufficiently abundant at no great distance, and the cold green waters fairly swarm with the gamy muskallonge, the bass, the salmon trout and other members of the finny tribe. "During the summer season,

the islands fairly teem with life, and the reticulated channel of the river is flecked with the little sailing yachts and pleasure boats which ply among the islands like gondolas amid the palaces of water-bound Venice. Nor does the scene close with the wane of day; as the setting sun gilds the nestling isles with his parting ray, and the evening shades draw on apace, the glow of lights from one island is soon followed by the friendly response from another, then another, until the illuminated spectacle rivals even Venice herself in the splendors of a carnival dress."

Leaving Alexandria Bay, which is but twelve miles below Clayton, on one of the fine steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, the tourist enjoys a view of most of the Thousand Islands, which, commencing near Clayton, end with the Three Sisters, near Brockville and Morristown. Although the islands below Alexandria Bay are not so attractive as those above, the scenery generally is of a wild and interesting nature.

Brockville (thirty-six miles), the terminus of a branch of the Canadian Pacific, is a substantial town of 7,000 inhabitants, with numerous fine private properties along the rugged river front, and is the prettiest city between Montreal and Toronto. Immediately opposite is Morristown, on the line of the Utica & Black River road. Ogdensburg (forty-eight miles), at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, is the largest and most affluent town in Northern New York, and is the junction point of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg, the Utica & Black River, and Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroads, and has a population of nearly ten thousand, largely engaged in manufacturing and internal commerce. It has pleasant vistas through its beautiful maples, and an interesting history. The commingling of the deep brown waters of the Oswegatchie with the clear green of the St. Lawrence is a curious sight. Opposite is the solid-looking little town of Prescott, terminus of a branch line of the Canadian Pacific running to Ottawa, the Dominion Capital. Below are the first of a series of rapids, Les Gallopes and the Rapide de Plat, not particularly exciting, but serving as preludes to the greater ones to come.

Leaving Dickinson's Landing, the steamer turns out into the swift current, and a mile ahead may be seen the white stormy waters of the Long Sault stretching from shore to shore. There is a sudden cessation of the engine's pulsations, and we feel the strength of the current. Extra men are at the wheel, and others aft at a spare tiller. We plunge over a cascade at "the cellar," and the spirits, even of the nervous, rise. We enter the vast expanse of broken waters, and, glancing at the shore, note the great rapidity of our passage. In front is a vast billow, seemingly motionless as a wall, of the beautiful deep



Isle Royal, Thousand Islands.

emerald hue we noted in the centre of the Horseshoe Fall at Niagara, and we hold our breath as the gallant steamer cleaves its way, only to meet a second, a third, a fourth beyond it. There are several miles of swift water yet to come; but the passage of the raging billows of the rapids is over in three minutes.

Eleven miles below Dickinson's we pass Cornwall, the terminus of the ship canal around the rapids, and four miles farther, on the right bank, we see the Indian village of St. Regis, bisected by the international boundary line, and take our leave of the United States. Dinner is announced as the steamer emerges on the broad Lake St. Francis, twenty-five miles in length. On leaving it we dash down the Coteau Rapids, two miles long, the Cedars, three miles, the Split Rock, most formidable of all these, and the Cascades. The waters and ourselves take breath again for the final plunge as we cross the twelve miles of Lake St. Louis, into which are poured the muddy waters of the Ottawa, at



The Lachine Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

the head of the island of Montreal. From Lachine we see the bold outline of Mount Royal against the sky and the snowy breastwork of the Lachine Rapids across our path. Opposite the Iroquois village of Caughnawaga the paddles cease to revolve, and, as we drift steadily down, the famous Indian pilot, Baptiste, climbs on board from his bateau and takes command at the wheel, as he has done for forty summers. The current grows swifter and swifter. Down the steep declivity of foam, with rocks and reefs and sunken ledges in front and on either hand, we plunge with an arrow's speed. This side and that the steamer swerves and sweeps, escaping destruction time and again by a hair's breadth. At last, as we glide under the great Victoria Tubular Bridge, above the city, we release the tension of nerves and muscles, and marvel at the skill and courage that has guided us safely through the perils of the descent. The danger, however, is much more apparent than real; for the sturdy pilots have made these rapids the study of their lives, and no accidents have ever happened.

Montreal, the metropolis of the Dominion, has a population of nearly 150,000, and a foreign commerce of seventy millions annually. No Canadian city is better known to Americans, and many of our readers will need no description of this picturesque town of gray limestone, with tall spires and glittering roofs and domes backed by Mont Réal; its miles of solid limestone quays and docks and wharfs lined with shipping; its large and magnificent cathedrals and churches; its spacious market and court-house and city hall; McGill College and its unrivaled museum, in which, under the tutorship of Sir William Logan, Trollope thought that even he might become a geologist; and the great bridges over the St. Lawrence. All these, and the beautiful drive through Mount Royal Park and around the mountain, are familiar to all readers by innumerable pictures and descriptions.

After one or more nights in Montreal, the tourist may again take one of the daily steamers of this line 180 miles farther down the river to the quaint old city of Quebec. Varennes, fifteen miles below Montreal, has valuable mineral springs; but the first landing made by the through steamer is at Sorel (forty-five miles), a small place at the mouth of the Richelieu, with good fishing in the vicinity, and in the autumn excellent snipe shooting. Five miles below the river expands into Lake St. Peter, twenty-five miles long and nine miles wide, shallow, with crooked and narrow channel, and noted for its storms. Half way to Quebec is Three Rivers, at the mouth of the St. Maurice, with a population of nine or ten thousand and an important lumber market. Twenty-six miles distant by stage are the famous St. Leon Springs, and thirty miles up the St. Maurice are the Falls of the Shawanegan, with a sheer descent of 150 feet, and second in magnitude only to Niagara. Nothing more of interest is seen until Quebec comes in sight, rising majestically from the river.



Montreal from the Mountain.

This, the oldest, quaintest and most picturesque of Canadian cities, is almost as well known as Montreal. The old city is a walled triangular town, three miles in circumference and with five gateways, three communicating with the lower town,—the St. Louis gate, a beautiful Norman structure leading to the Plains of Abraham, and St. John's, opening to Beauport and St. Roche. The leading attractions are the Ursuline Convent, the great Laval University, the Basilica, and, above all, the superb outlook from the Dufferin Terrace. The drives about the city are very interesting, particularly to the Indian village of Lorette, and down the beautiful Beauport road to the Falls of Montmorenci, 250 feet high. The Chaudiere Falls, and the Falls of Ste. Anne, are also very wild and beautiful.

Passing the Isle of Orleans, below Quebec, the St. Lawrence attains and keeps a width of about twenty miles, with eighteen-foot tides, and the scene is often enlivened by seals and porpoises playing in the clear salt water. Touching at Murray Bay, Rivière du Loup and Cacouna, the Newport of Canada, the steamer crosses the river to Tadousac, 134 miles from Quebec, and passes up the vast wild cañon through which the Saguenay pours

its black waters. Lofty peaks and palisades tower on either side all the thirty-four miles to Trinity Bay, which is guarded by the majestic Capes Trinity and Eternity, rising grandly two thousand feet above the dark waters six hundred fathoms deep. Of this impressive scenery, Bayard Taylor said, "I doubt whether a sublimer picture of the wilderness is to be found on this continent," and Howells wrote, in *A Chance Acquaintance*, "The rock [Cape Eternity] fully justifies its attributive height to the eye, which follows the upward



Capes Trinity and Eternity.

rush of the mighty acclivity, steep after steep, till it wins the cloud-capt summit, when the measureless mass seems to swing and sway overhead, and the nerves tremble with the same terror that besets him who looks downward from the verge of a lofty precipice. It is wholly grim and stern; no touch of beauty relieves the austere majesty of that presence. Cape Trinity is yet loftier than its sister cliff; but it slopes gently backward from the



Trinity Cove, Saguenay River.

stream, and from foot to crest it is heavily clothed with a forest of pines. The summit is crowned with the mass of their dark green plumes, dense and soft and beautiful;

so that the spirit, perturbed by the spectacle of the other cliff, is calmed and assuaged by the serene grandeur of this."

Statue Point and Les Tableaux are next passed, and then Ha-Ha Bay is reached, with Chicoutimi above at the head of ship navigation. Here is a good hotel, a cathedral and convent, and a new stone college, and the Chicoutimi River, swarming with fish, plunges over a fall of fifty feet before entering the Saguenay.

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THE ADIRONDACKS.

"It is the glory of the Adirondack Mountains," says Wallace Bruce, "that no traveler has been able to liken them to any other part of the earth's surface, but that they stand alone in their peculiar type of sublimity and beauty;" and the Rev. Mr. Murray says that an American artist, traveling in Europe, wrote home, that, having traveled all over Switzer-



In the Adirondacks.

land, and the Rhine and Rhone regions, he had not met with scenery which, "judged from a purely artistic point of view, combined so many beauties in connection with such grandeur as the lakes, mountains and forests of the Adirondack region presented to the gazer's eye."

This great wilderness of mountain and valley, lake and forest, within a few hours' ride of the most populous Eastern cities, was, within a few years, very difficult of access, and but little ex-

explored. New York has recently made it a State Reservation or Park, and appointed as its superintendent a gentleman who has made its exploration, survey and protection the chief employment of his life. Lines of rail surround it, sending out here and there little branches to pierce its fastnesses, while the echoes of its solitudes are awakened by the

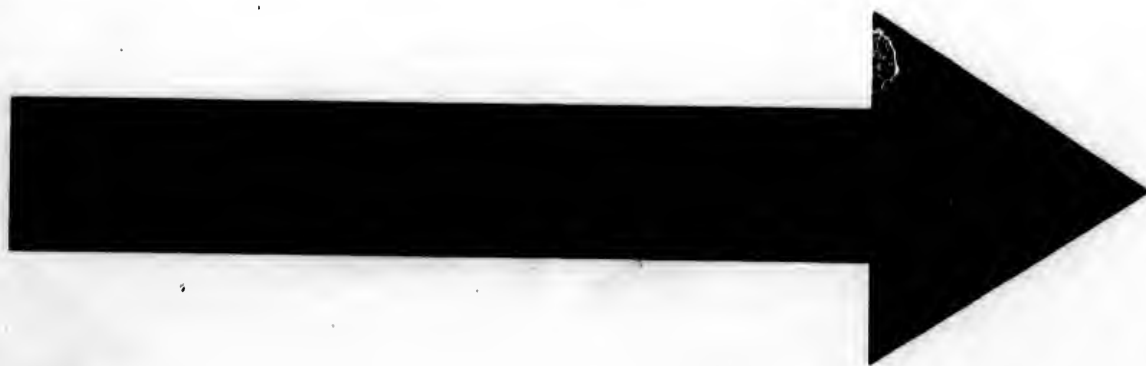


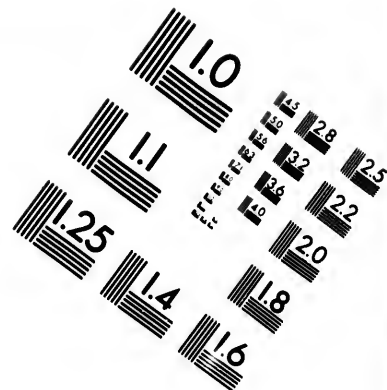
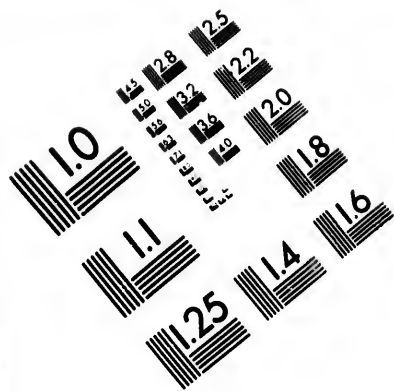
Salmon Falls.

rumble of the great old-fashioned stage coaches on its mountain roads. The mountains rise from a plateau some 2,000 feet above the sea-level, extending for 150 miles between Lakes George and Champlain, and the St. Lawrence River. The Clinton range is the most westerly and the most elevated, beginning at Little Falls, and terminating at Trembleau Point, on Lake Champlain, and containing the lofty peaks of Taha-wus (5,337 feet), Seward, McIn-tyre, McMartin, Whiteface, Dix

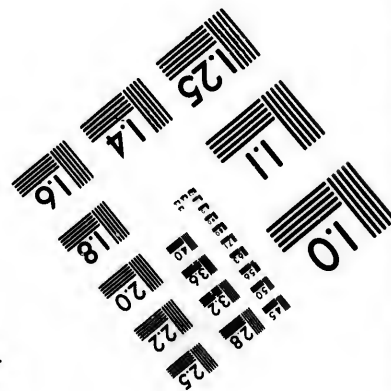
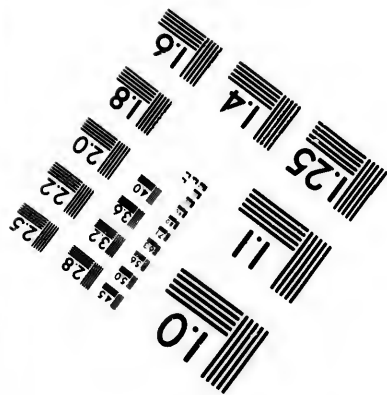
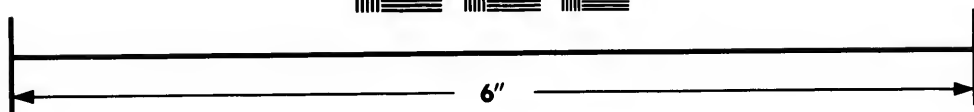
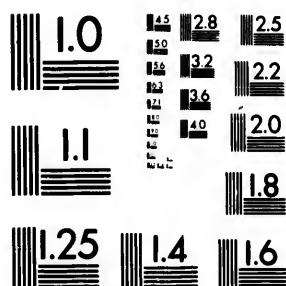
Peak, Colden and Santanoni. There are more than 500 mountains in the Adirondack region, wild and savage, and covered with primitive forests, save the highest peaks, whose rocky summits rise above the tree line, and are covered only by mosses, grasses and dwarf Alpine plants. In the valleys between lie more than a thousand lakes and ponds, "all lovely and romantic in everything except their names, and the scenery they offer, in combination with

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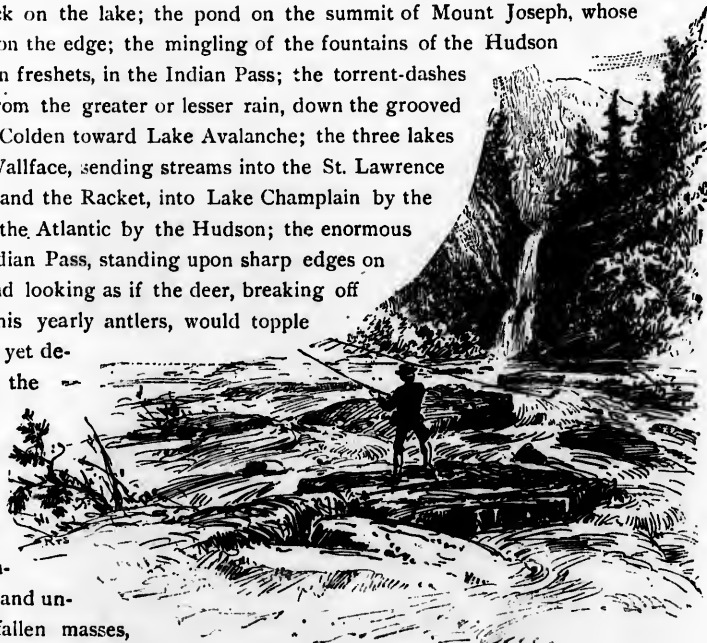
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the towering mountains, and the old and savage forest, is not surpassed on earth," resembling in its natural features that of Switzerland and the Scottish Highlands before those regions were settled and cultivated. This labyrinth of lakes is connected by an intricate system of rivers, rivulets and brooks, enabling the canoeist, by more or less frequent "carries," to traverse the whole region. Deer and other game are abundant, and salmon trout and brook trout swarm in the waters.

Among the known curiosities of nature, which abound in the Adirondack region, Robert Carter mentions, in *Picturesque America*, "Lake Paradox, whose outlet in high water flows back on the lake; the pond on the summit of Mount Joseph, whose rim is close upon the edge; the mingling of the fountains of the Hudson and Au Sable, in freshets, in the Indian Pass; the torrent-dashes or lace-work, from the greater or lesser rain, down the grooved side of Mount Colden toward Lake Avalanche; the three lakes on the top of Wallface, sending streams into the St. Lawrence by Cold River and the Racket, into Lake Champlain by the Au Sable, and the Atlantic by the Hudson; the enormous rocks of the Indian Pass, standing upon sharp edges on steep slopes, and looking as if the deer, breaking off against them his yearly antlers, would topple them headlong, yet defying unmoved the mighty agencies of frost, and plumed with towering trees; with all the cavern intricacy between and underneath the fallen masses, where the ice gleams unmelted



Sugar River Falls, near Boonville.

throughout the year; the same rock intricacy in the Panther Gorge of Mount Marcy or Tahawus; and the deep cañon of the Au Sable, in Wilmington Notch under Whiteface Mountain," so graphically described by the poet Street, in his *Woods and Waters*.

The Adirondacks may be entered from the lake region of the west, the St. Regis region on the north, the upper Hudson on the south, and the Champlain coast on the east. The first is accessible from numerous points on the line of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad from Utica to Watertown, and the second by the White Mountain train of the same line from Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, from which the traveler will disembark at Moira, whence the Northern Adirondack Railroad will take him to Paul Smith's, the most famous hostelry of the wilderness. From this point he will readily reach the headwaters and lakes of the Saranac, St. Regis and Raquette. From Chateaugay, beyond Moira, stages run to the Lower and Upper Chateaugay Lakes on the road to the Saranac,

while but a mile and a half below the station is the Chateaugay Chasm, whose wild gorges, towering cliffs and snowy cascades rival those of Watkins Glen and the Au Sable; and at

Rouse's Point connection is made with the Delaware & Hudson, which follows the western shore of Lake Champlain to Lake George and Saratoga.

The chief route, however, by which the most beautiful and picturesque points may be easily reached, is that of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's railroad from Schenectady or Albany, via Saratoga and Lake George.

Fifteen miles from Schenectady, we come to Ballston Spa, which, with its valuable saline springs, was widely renowned as a summer resort until overshadowed by its near neighbor. It is now a handsome manufacturing town of 4,000 inhabitants. In five minutes more we reach Saratoga Springs, the most popular and fashionable resort on the continent. The village, which is ex-



Scenes on "the D. & H." from Albany to Montreal.

ceedingly beautiful, has a resident population of twelve thousand, and a summer population often of five times that number. It claims, with a good deal of justice, to offer more attractions than any other watering-place in the world. It is charmingly located,

surrounded by beautiful scenery, with blue ranges of distant mountains on either side. There are twenty-eight springs in the village, no two precisely alike; the hotels are colossal and magnificent, the boarding houses numerous and excellent, and the facilities for amusement illimitable. The walks and drives are full of interest, that to the beautiful Saratoga Lake, four miles distant, over a fine macadamized road divided in the centre by a row of shade trees, being the most noted.

A narrow-gauge railroad ten miles long runs to the summit of Mount McGregor, which affords extended views of the valley of the Hudson and the battle fields of Bemis Heights and Saratoga. The main line of "the D. & H." runs south to Albany, and the Adirondack Railroad follows the upper Hudson to North Creek, fifty-seven miles from Saratoga, whence stages run thirty miles further to Blue Mountain Lake. The little steamers will take the tourist through Blue Mountain, Raquette and Forked Lakes, whence he may return either by the same route or by the semi-weekly stage. At Hadley, passengers leave the train for Lake Luzerne, a favorite summer resort just across the Hudson; and at Riverside trains are met by stages for the lovely Schroon Lake, seven miles distant. From North Creek stages also run to Tahawus, Newcomb and Long Lake, in the very heart of the Adirondack mountain system.

Seventeen miles northeast of Saratoga "the D. & H." crosses the Hudson at Fort Edward, a thriving and handsome town, whence a branch diverges, via Glens Falls, to Caldwell, on Lake George. One may descend this loveliest of lakes, threading the winding channel among its numerous islands to Baldwin, the terminus of another branch, which joins the main line at Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain.

Twenty-eight miles beyond is Westport, the chief gateway of the Adirondacks, for from this point stages run through the mountain valleys to Elizabethtown, a delightful summer resort amid singularly picturesque and impressive scenery, and a centre from which several important stage routes diverge; Keene Valley, Lake Placid and Saranac Lake,—the latter forty-three miles from the railroad. Instead of returning by the same route, the tourist will do well to make the circuit by Whiteface Mountain and Au Sable Forks to Au Sable Station, where the branch railroad may be taken around by Plattsburg to Port Kent. From this point it is but a few miles to Au Sable Chasm, whose graceful falls and rocky walls afford some of the wildest and most impressive scenes east of the Rocky Mountains. If the wilderness be entered from the north the route will, of course, be reversed, and the exit made at Westport. Adirondack Lodge, at the northern entrance of the famous Indian Pass, is but a few miles from Lake Placid, while Lake Henderson, at the southern entrance, is reached by stage from North Creek. From Plattsburg the Chateaugay Railroad runs to Chazy Lake, Lyon Mountain, Loon Lake and Saranac Lake, seventy-three miles west, on the northern slope of the plateau. Connection is made with the Lake Champlain steamers at Port Kent and Plattsburg, and with the Central Vermont and Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroads at Rouse's Point, fifty miles from the terminus of "the D. & H." at Montreal.



Boston from the Bay.

FROM ALBANY TO BOSTON.

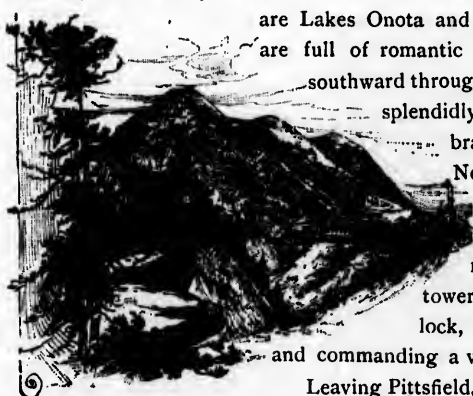


THE Boston & Albany enjoys the distinction of being the only double-track route between Boston and the Hudson, and of the possession of superior road-bed and equipment. But it is also the most beautiful route in New England, outside of the White Mountain region. As the train climbs the green hills east of the Hudson, after crossing the long iron bridge from Albany and before entering the defiles beyond, the traveler has unrolled before him a panorama of surprising extent and loveliness. The broad valley of the Hudson for more than fifty miles is spread out before him like a map, the noble river gleaming in the sunlight, flecked with its numerous sailing and steam craft, and sometimes hidden from view by its green islands, bordered by velvety meadows and bright towns and cities. To the north the smoke of Troy's furnaces and foundries hovers about Mount Ida like a pall. Further off rises Mount MacGregor, sacred now in our history, against the clear sky of the Adirondacks. Directly in front, Albany rises grandly from the waters, with the noblest pile of buildings of which any State can boast crowning her Capitolian Hill. The deep azure masses of the Helderbergs are relieved by the paler hue of the western sky. And far down the river the magnificent heights of the Catskills stand out with photographic sharpness and clearness, but with such beauty of color as no photographer can ever depict. It is a scene that will live longer in the memory than many of wider note.

Passing out beyond the hills of the Hudson, the route traverses a rich agricultural region, dotted with many busy, flourishing towns and villages, until it reaches the Tug-kanic Mountains beyond Chatham (twenty-four miles from Albany), the junction of the Harlem Division of the New York Central, and the Hudson branch of the Boston & Albany. Leaving this sterile but picturesque region, the State line is crossed, old Graylock comes in sight, and the region of the Berkshire hills is entered. From this point to the Connecticut

River every mile of the way is of enchanting loveliness or of remarkable grandeur. Less elevated than many other portions of the great Appalachian system, it lacks none of the elements of beauty and picturesqueness. Right in the centre of this magnificent region is

Pittsfield (fifty-one miles), a beautiful city of 15,000 inhabitants. It has a costly and handsome station, numerous fine buildings, an interesting history of a century and a half, and many poetic and literary associations. Here is the old Appleton mansion, in which stood *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, of Longfellow. Here Lord Coleridge declared that "England has nothing more pleasingly picturesque than Berkshire." Here in the city park, called the Heart of Berkshire, a noble soldiers' monument, surmounted by a fine Color Bearer, by Launt Thompson, testifies to the heroism and patriotic devotion of her sons. Here was the home of Thomas Allen, whose life of rare usefulness and practical benevolence was of more than local beneficence. Extensive manufactures, chiefly of textile fabrics, give employment to thousands, beautiful villas abound on the suburban streets, and the lofty Taconic and Hoosac Hills environ the city. A couple of miles distant



are Lakes Onota and Pontoosuc, and the hills and mountains are full of romantic points. The Housatonic Railroad runs southward through "wonderfully picturesque and sometimes splendidly gloomy scenery." Northward runs a

branch of the Boston & Albany Railroad to North Adams, in the Hoosac Valley, famous

for its sheep, its cheese, its manufactures and its glorious scenery. Near by is the marble arch of its Natural Bridge, and towering above the valley is the majestic Greylock, the highest mountain in Massachusetts,

and commanding a view "immense and of amazing grandeur."

Leaving Pittsfield, the rocky defiles of the Hoosac Mountains are pierced and the scenes of the passage of the Berkshires repeated. The Alpine character of the landscape is frequently very striking. "In approaching the summit level you travel bridges built a hundred feet above mountain streams, tearing along their deep-worn beds; and at the 'deep cut' your passage is hewn through solid rocks, whose mighty walls frown over you." Running down the deep descent for thirteen miles to Chester, we follow the winding course of the Pontoosuc, ever fretting in its rocky bed, cramped between the track and the precipitous granite hillsides, leaping down the precipices, laughing in the dimpled sunshine, and hiding behind knotty copses of evergreen. On, down the narrow valleys of the Westfield River, the mighty mountain masses seem to constantly crowd upon the vision, and the wooded heights and bare granite peaks contract the sky above; and, when the view broadens out at the lower level, there are "on every side rich valleys and smiling hillsides, and, deep set in their hollows, lovely lakes sparkle like gems." Westfield (ninety-three miles) is a busy village, making two and a half million whips and ten or twelve million cigars annually. It has a fine soldiers' monument and the State Normal School. We pass Pochassic Hill and Mount Tekoa

on the left, and meet the broad meadows of the Connecticut, basking in their rich inheritance of alluvial soil and unimpeded sunshine. The river crossed on a long bridge, and we enter

Springfield (103 miles), a handsome city of over 35,000 inhabitants, with extensive manufactures of arms, cars, paper, metallic goods, etc., employing more than eight millions of capital and seven thousand hands. Unity, Christ and Memorial Churches, the City Library, with fifty thousand volumes, and the granite Court House, are all unusually fine buildings. On a park of seventy-two acres stands the great quadrangle of the United States Armory, where nearly 800,000 stand of arms were made during the war of the rebellion. In serried ranks are to be seen 175,000, symmetrically arranged.

"This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms."



Boston & Albany R. R. Station, Kneeland Street, Boston.

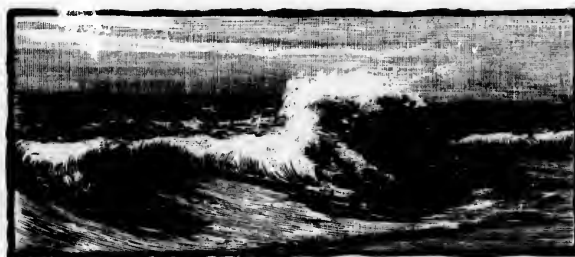
Passing through Wilbraham, the seat of the great Wesleyan Academy and famous for its beautiful scenery; Palmer, where the Ware River and New London Railroad diverge; and Brookfield, a large, well-to-do, charming village,— we reach Worcester (157 miles), the second city in the commonwealth in wealth and population, halting in the Union Railroad Station, an imposing granite building 514

by 256 feet, with a graceful stone clock tower 200 feet high. Worcester boasts many noble edifices, and in her soldiers' monument, designed by Randolph Rogers, has one of the finest monumental structures in the country. But her chief claim is to the title of an academic city, and her greatest pride is in her numerous fine schools and higher educational institutions, prominent among which are the State Normal School and the Free Institute of Industrial Science, admirably conducted and richly endowed. It is also an important railroad centre, the Boston, Barre & Gardner, the New York & New England, the Providence & Worcester, the Worcester, Nashua & Rochester and the Worcester & Shrewsbury all meeting the Boston & Albany here. Dummy cars and omnibuses run out to the beautiful and popular resorts at Lake Quinsigamond, past which we go in continuing our route to Boston.

South Framingham, the Chautauqua of New England, is the junction of the Lowell Division, upon which is Sudbury, the location of Longfellow's *Wayside Inn*. We pass through the wealthy suburban city of Newton, and thence the route is lined with numer-

ous pretty suburban villages. Brighton, the great cattle market, is passed, the Charles River is approached on the left, the spires of Cambridge and the populous heights of Charlestown are seen, and a fine view is had of the compact and more ancient parts of Boston, before running into the elegant depot of the line on Kneeland Street, but a little distance from the city's best hotels. "This approach," says Bayard Taylor, "is almost the only picturesque city view we have on the Atlantic coast. The broad reaches of water; the cheerful suburbs on either hand; the long, gently rising brick hill in front, crowned with the yellow dome of the State House, when seen in the tempered evening light, under a cloudless sky, form an imposing and truly attractive picture. New York, from the bay, suggests commercial activity only; Philadelphia, from the Delaware, is the tamest of cities; but Boston, from any side, owing to her elevation, has a stately charm which her prouder sisters do not possess."

The salt sea air is grateful to the traveler's nostrils, and, after he has wandered over Boston Common, under the classic shades of Cambridge, and through the beautiful and altogether charming suburbs of the city, bathed in the surf at some of the delightful seaside resorts near at hand, and steeped himself in the historic and literary associations that everywhere surround him, from the Old South Church and Faneuil Hall to Concord Bridge and Lexington Green, he is ready for the White Mountains, the lovely lakes of New Hampshire and Maine, shadowed by green hills and lofty mountains and swarming with finny prey. The beautiful city and harbor of Portland, Bar Harbor and Mount Desert—grandest and most delightful of all the numerous resorts on the rock-bound coast of Maine—may be conveniently and speedily reached by the luxurious vestibuled limited trains of the Boston & Maine Railroad, or by the International or other coasting steamers which ply to the ports of Maine and the maritime provinces.



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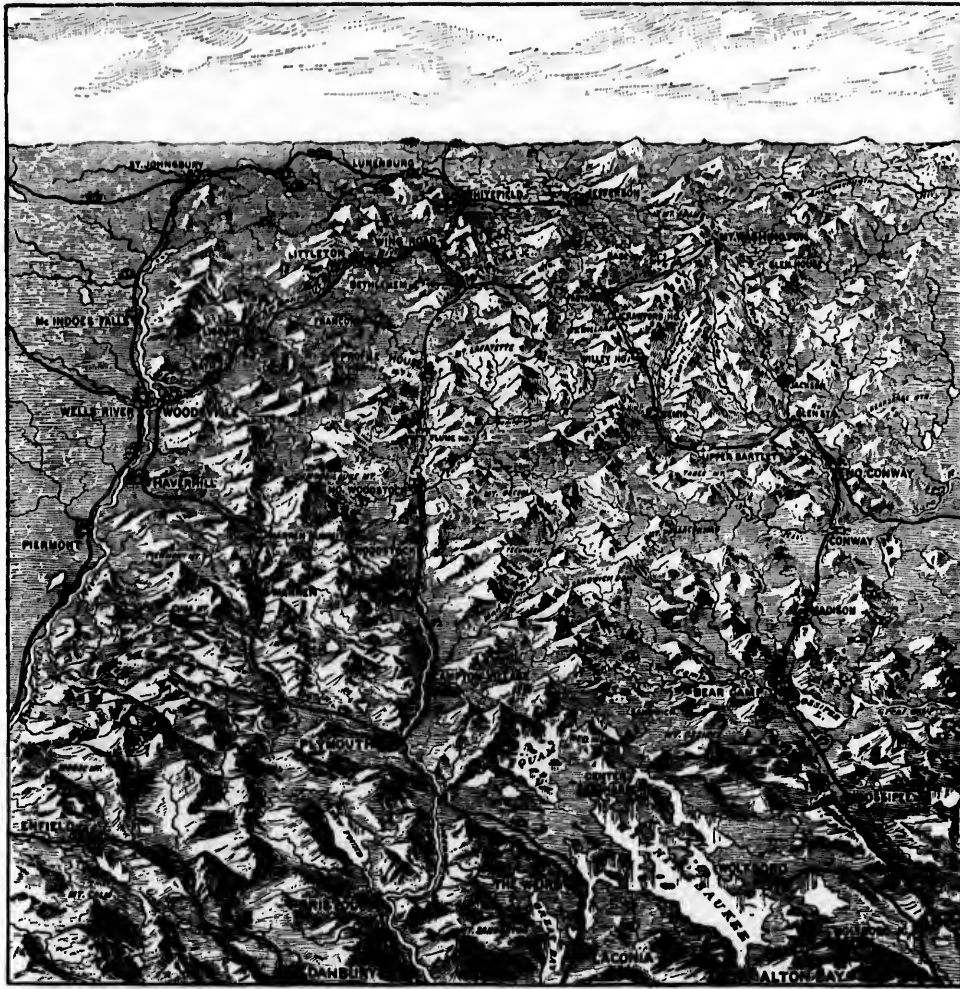


THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.



THE principal entrance to the White Mountain region of New Hampshire is by the Boston & Lowell Railroad from Boston via Concord, or by the Boston & Maine via Portsmouth and Conway. The main line of the Boston & Lowell from Boston passes through the great manufacturing city of Lowell, and thence follows the course of the beautiful Merrimac, through Nashua, Manchester and Hookset, affording, at every turn, varied views of the picturesque landscape. From Concord, the charming capital of the State, and an important railroad centre, the country becomes wilder and more mountainous. At Laconia, the Belknap range is seen upon the right, and a glimpse of Mount Washington is caught in skirting the shore of Round Bay. Passing Lake Village, the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee is crossed, and for four or five miles the road follows Long Bay, across which fine glimpses are had of the Ossipee Range, with Mt. Chocorua on its northern slope. Just beyond, 109 miles from Boston, we stop at the Weirs, the landing place of the steamer *Lady of the Lake*, which meets all express trains at this station, and plies to Centre Harbor, at the head of the lake, and Wolfboro', on the eastern side. This charming tour of the lake should in no wise be omitted, even if the tourist does not visit the sequestered loveliness of Squam Lake, or climb the heights of Red Hill and Ossipee Mountain for the magnificent views that will well reward his efforts. The crystal waters of Winnepesaukee, "the Smile of the Great Spirit," reflect the shadows of several bold mountains, and surround nearly three hundred islands of various sizes. The poetry of Percival and of Whittier have been often inspired by this romantic region, and Everett declared, after his extended tour in Europe, that his "eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which smiles around you as you sail from Weir's Landing to Centre Harbor." As we proceed northward the heights of the White Mountain region loom up in varied combinations, and but a few miles beyond the Weirs we can see from the train, beyond Lake Waukawan, the peaks of Moosilauke, Plymouth, Prospect, Sandwich Dome, Tri-Pyramid, White Face and Passaconaway. Plymouth is an important town at the junction of the Pemigewasset branch running up to the Franconia Notch, and is the chief dining station on the line. It is quite a famous and popular resort, and is located in the midst of beautiful scenery and intervals broad and picturesque, with beautiful scattered elms,

backed by the soft blue of the distant mountains. The main line ascends the valley of Baker's River, between Mount Stinson on the right, and the Mount Carr range on the left. Passing Warren, a small but very interesting village, with numerous brooks and



Bird's-eye View of the White Mountains.

picturesque cascades in the vicinity, and with the massive form of Moosilauke (to which stages run from this station) looming up on the right, and lesser mountains on the left, we soon reach Warren Summit, the highest point on the line, 1,063 feet above sea-level, and 150 miles from Boston. As the descent to the Connecticut Valley is commenced, the

bold cliffs of Owl's Head are seen upon the right; and looking backward, the lofty mountains remain in sight for several miles.

The views along the Connecticut Valley by Haverhill, Woodsville and Wells River, where connection is made with the Passumpsic and Connecticut Valley roads, are exceedingly picturesque. We pass through Bath, whence stages run to Swiftwater and other points up the Wild Ammonoosuc; Lisbon, a town of 2,000 inhabitants and good hotels (for that matter, good hotels and excellent boarding houses with very reasonable rates abound throughout this region); Littleton, a pretty town of 3,000 people, whence stages run six miles to Franconia, in the valley south of Mount Agassiz. Five miles beyond the White Mountains trains diverge from the main line at Wing Road, where a fine view of Mount Lafayette and the Twin Mountains is had from the station. At this point are met the trains that come over the Vermont Division of the line from Rouse's Point via St. Johnsbury, bearing the Wagner palace sleeping cars that run from Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge over the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, to Fabyans and Portland. Here also come the passengers who have gone down the



Owl's Head and Moosilauke.

St. Lawrence River, or over the Canadian Pacific to Montreal, and thence via the Southeastern and Passumpsic Railroads, dining at Newport, and, if they be wise and not unduly hurried, taking a steamboat trip on Lake Memphremagog to the northern end and back, stopping to climb the Owl's Head, from which, says Trollope, "the view down upon the lakes and forests around, and on the wooded hills below, is wonderfully lovely."

Six miles beyond Wing Road, on the main line, is Whitefield, from which point a branch road runs ten miles to Jefferson, in some sense the rival of Bethlehem on account of its situation, pure air, and general healthfulness. Sufferers from hay fever and catarrhal complaints find instantaneous relief. The outlook from the chief village, Jefferson Hill, upon the Presidential Range, with Mounts Adams and Jefferson in the foreground, is extremely

grand; and Starr King declared that this place "may, without exaggeration, be called the *ultima Thule* of grandeur in an artist's pilgrimage among the New Hampshire mountains; for at no other point can he see the White Hills themselves in such array and force." Four miles up the White Mountain Branch is Bethlehem Junction. A narrow-gauge road diverges here four miles to the chief eastern hay fever resort, Bethlehem, a beautiful little village lying on the Lower Ammonoosuc River, 1,450 feet above the sea, in the evening shadows of Mount Agassiz, and commanding a panoramic view of unsurpassed grandeur. The whole horizon is fretted with mountains. A carriage road has been built to the summit of Mount Agassiz, and the walk is but a mile and three-quarters. Another narrow gauge runs ten miles to the Profile House, near the north end of the Franconia Notch, and in the immediate



The Profile.

vicinity of Profile, Echo and Moran Lakes, Eagle Cliff, La Fayette, Ball and Cannon Mountains, the Flume, the Pool, the Basin and the Profile of the Old Man of the Mountain. The ten-mile walk or the stage-coach ride through the Notch is a most delight-

ful one, flanked as it is by the grand mountains and precipices, and the tumbling waters upon either hand all the way from the Profile House to North Woodstock, the terminus of the Pemigewassett Valley Branch to Plymouth, twenty miles distant. From Campton village, a magnificent view opens up Mad River Valley, with Tri-pyramid and Sandwich Dome in the distance.



The Flume, Franconia Notch.

Seven miles above Bethlehem Junction, on the White Mountain Branch, is the Twin Mountain House, a famous hostelry. Five miles beyond is Fabyans, only six miles from the base of Mount Wash-

ington, and the central point of the White Mountain region, from which all others may be easily and conveniently reached. Half way to the base of Mount Washington are the Upper Ammonoosuc Falls, well worthy a visit. From Ammonoosuc Station to the Summit, it is

three miles by the wonderful Mount Washington Railway, which has an average grade of 1,300 feet to the mile. It takes an hour and a half to make the ascent, the view constantly expanding, and gaining in beauty and sublimity; but the descent is accomplished much more rapidly, and both in perfect safety. Only Starr King has given an adequate statement of the magnificent scene from the summit, 6,293 feet above the sea, and his detailed description is unquotable. Across the Great Gulf are seen the massive peaks of Jefferson, Adams and Madison; and to the southwest the scarcely less elevations of Monroe, Franklin, Clinton, Jackson and Webster. Katahdin and Monadnock are seen in the distance, and Winnepesaukee gleams far off in the sunlight. On the summit of the mountain is a hotel, a station of the U. S. Signal Service, and a printing office, where an edition of the most elevated paper in the world, *Among the Clouds*, is printed soon after the arrival of every train. On the opposite side from the railway, one may descend the carriage road to the Glen House on the left, or into Tuckerman's Ravine on the right, often finding snow arches still remaining in its wild recesses, unconscious of summer's coming.

From Fabyans to Portland, the route is by the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad, passing through the Crawford Notch in "observation cars," open at the sides, and furnished with revolving seats, affording a panoramic view of scenery remarkable for beauty, variety and grandeur. The view from Mount Willard at the gate of the Notch, near Crawford's, Trollope declared to be unequalled in all the classic Rhineland, and Bayard Taylor that "It

can not be surpassed in Switzerland." Near by are Hitchcock's Flume, Saco, Ethan's and Howe's ponds, Gibbs', Ripley's and Arethusa Falls and Beecher's Cascades. Silver Cascade and Flume Cascade leap down the sides of Mount Webster, and all the way down the valley of the upper Saco River are vistas of great beauty and picturesqueness. At Glen Station, connection is made with the stage line for the Glen House up Ellis River Valley, and through Pinkham Notch. This will be found a delightful drive, and indeed, throughout this whole region the traveler will find the old-fashioned stage coach penetrating the mountain fastnesses where the iron horse has not yet ventured, and where nature is found wearing her most winning as well as her wildest aspects. Seven miles beyond Jackson, on



Mounts Washington and Adams.

this road, a path leads to the Glen Ellis Falls, quite near the road, and a little farther on is the entrance to the Crystal Cascade. The former, one of the loveliest cascades in the entire region, slides twenty feet over the cliff at a sharp angle, and then plunges sixty feet into a dark pool. The latter, "an inverted liquid plume," eighty feet high, is near the mouth of Tuckerman's Ravine, and is best seen not from its foot, but from a high, moss-covered bank opposite.

Two miles from the Glen House, on the same road, are a series of picturesque cascades called Thompson's Falls, from the upper one of which a most magnificent view is obtained of Mount Washington and Tuckerman's Ravine. North Conway, thirty-one miles from Fabyans, is a village of many attractions and great popularity, in the lovely intervalles near Kearsarge Mountain,

from the easily attained summit of which magnificent and extensive views are obtained. Passing down the smiling valley of the Saco, and through Fryeburg, we skirt the wooded shore and sandy beach of Sebago Lake, and soon reach Portland,—

"* * * * the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;"—

ninety-one miles from Fabyans, where we may take steamer or rail for Old Orchard beach, Mount Desert and Bar Harbor, Eastport, and other resorts on the coast of Maine and the maritime Provinces.



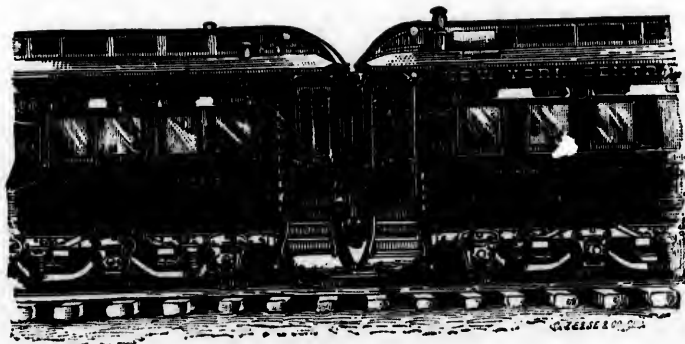
Through Crawford Notch.



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THE LUXURY OF TRAVEL.

When Jason and the Argonauts started forth on their famous expedition in search of the Golden Fleece, there was no question of comfort about their voyage. It was a travel, as all travel was in those early days, full of discomfort and hardship, to which all manly muscles were inured. Indeed, luxury, and even the most primitive degree of comfort, was considered feminine or effeminate. The idea of luxury found its highest realization in the picture of Cleopatra in her gilded barge with perfumed silken sails descending the current of the Nile. But this little noon-day or evening jaunt was no voyage or travel. The relation of voyagers, from Zenophon and Marco Polo down to Sir John Mandeville and much more modern days—even to those of the indomitable Thomas Stevens, tell us how closely associated were *travel* and *travail*—work, labor, toil, with its accompaniments of heat and cold, dust, snow and ice, hunger and privation of every sort. The stage coach and diligence were for a century or two loudly vaunted as wonderful improvements in public locomotion, but they only shortened time and distance, and but measurably ameliorated the condition of the unhappy traveler whose business or ambition tore him from the comforts of home to find at intervals the uncertain ones of the wayside inn.

Let us come down so late as but little more than fifty years ago and read, in Andrew Carnegie's *Triumphant Democracy*, of Philo Carpenter's journey from Troy to Chicago in 1832: "He took the Erie Canal to Buffalo, and thence went by lake steamer to Detroit. Four and a half days was the usual time for this passage. From Detroit Mr. Carpenter went by weekly mail-coach to Niles, and then took passage from Niles to the mouth of the St. Joseph River on a flatboat; thence he was conveyed by two Indians in a bark canoe, which they improvised, as far as the Calumet, where one of the Indians was seized with a colic and they refused to proceed further. Our traveler then bargained with a settler for

the use of a lumber wagon drawn by oxen, and with this he eventually reached Fort Dearborn, as Chicago was then called. The limited express now does this journey in twenty-four hours, and the traveler never has to leave his peripatetic hotel."

It was in the same year that the Norwegian traveler, Arfedson, writing of his American tour, earnestly recommended all stage-coach travelers to "make the necessary preparations for a hard and rough campaign"; and about this time the railroad began to compete with the canal boat and the stage coach. Wonderful improvement as it was, it was many years before the physical comfort of the traveler en route was very much increased. Travel was safer, surer, more rapid, and comparatively unaffected by inclement weather, from which the traveler was protected. The worst of the wayside inns and country taverns were escaped, and the largest towns could be reached without danger of starving by the way. Comfort, absolute as well as relative, came with the invention of the sleeping car, made necessary by the magnificent distances of our broad Republic—one more boon to the long list of America's gifts to mankind, in which figure the sewing machine, the telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter, the screw propeller, and a hundred other scarcely less useful fruits of Yankee fertility of invention.

The first sleeping car, designed by T. T. Woodruff, would seem crude and rough indeed beside one of these magnificent and luxurious Wagner cars, well worthy the adjective palatial. So would the stage-coach-bodied cars of the first railroad train or the old Michigan Central coach of 1848, beside the perfectly appointed vehicle of to-day, with its softly cushioned and richly upholstered seats with luxurious head-rests, most inviting to the invalid or weary traveler, its rare woods and tasteful decorations, its plate-glass windows, its artistic iron, brass and other metal work, its wire-screened ventilators, its stained glass, electric bells from every berth and state-room, steam heat, brilliant illumination, and its cozy smoking room. But once invented, improvement was rapid, and ingenious devices tending to the increase of comfort, health, and safety multiplied, and every convenience that could be thought of and that the highest skill could adapt were included in this "peripatetic hotel," as Mr. Carnegie aptly called it, until it is not too much to say that the traveler is surrounded by every comfort that can be asked for.

We Americans have become so accustomed to these things that we accept them like the air we breathe, as a matter of course, but every European traveler in our country, from the indefatigable Trollope down to Tissandier, Bigot, and Blouet, is struck with their number and their ingenuity, and the lavishness with which all the resources of science and mechanical skill, employed with a deftness unknown abroad, are drawn upon for the use of



Crossing Open Platforms.

the uncrowned kings of the great American Republic. This is what the famous novelist wrote to the London *Times* of his trip from Niagara Falls to Detroit:

"In making this journey at night we introduced ourselves to the thoroughly American invention of sleeping cars—that is, of cars in which beds are made up for travelers. I confess I have always taken a delight in seeing these beds made up, and consider that the operations of the change are generally as well executed as the maneuvers of any pantomime at Drury Lane. The work is usually done by negroes, or colored men, and the domestic negroes of America are always light-handed and adroit. The nature of an American car is no doubt known to all men. It looks as far removed from all bedroom accommodation as the baker's barrow does from the steam engine into which it is to be converted by harlequin's wand. But the negro goes to work much more quietly than the harlequin, and for every four seats in the railway car he builds up four beds, almost as quickly as the hero of the pantomime goes through his performance. The great glory of

the Americans is in their wondrous contrivances, in the patent remedies for the usually troublous operations of life. Everything is done by a new and wonderful patent contrivance; and of all their wonderful contrivances, that of their railroad beds is by no means the least. For every four seats the negro builds up four beds—that is, four half beds, or accommodation for four persons. Two are supposed to be below on the level of the ordinary four seats, and two up above on shelves, which are let down from the roof. Mattresses slip out from one nook and sheets and pillows from another. Blankets are added and the bed is ready."



End View of a Vestibule.

A visit to the Wagner Car Works would surprise any intelligent traveler, who gives no thought, as he uses the perfect manufactured product, of the labor, and skill, and money necessary to produce it from the raw material gathered from every quarter of the globe. It is now but eighteen months since the Wagner Palace Car Company purchased a large tract of land at East Buffalo and erected upon it extensive works for the manufacture of its cars, thoroughly complete in every branch and feature, and filled with near a thousand of the most skillful artisans under the most experienced and able superintendence. Here castings are made from the pig or ingot metal, glass is silvered and ground, the rare Spanish mahogany, used in interior decoration, is worked, and polished, and carved, and fitted. The shriek of the lathe and the chisel are heard as the solid iron or steel is turned, and planed, and bored, and punched as a piece of wood. A feature that strikes the visitor forcibly is the rigid insistence, everywhere and in every detail, upon *the best*, both in

material and workmanship. A Wagner palace sleeping car is subjected to greater strain and wear than any other piece of cabinet making, and consequently nothing but the best will stand the test. The demand is not merely for a good article, but in all cases for the very best that can be made or bought, and this is justly deemed to be the surest economy in the end. Not a piece of oak or mahogany, of iron or steel, of glass or of rubber, not a piece of Lyons velvet or silk, of Irish linen, nor a blanket of Australian or Californian wool, but must pass the severest inspection. The result is that in strength, combining solidity and elasticity of construction, in beauty of decoration, in perfection of finish and of furnishing, the Wagner cars are unequaled. Nothing is more strongly marked than the perfection of taste that characterizes all the designs and decorations. The old days of vulgar roccoco and over-ornamentation are past, never to return. Materials are rich. Examination makes it evident that no expense has been spared. But colors are soft and harmonious, gilding is conspicuous only by its absence, the carving is hand work, and everything bears the unostentatious imprint of a thoroughly artistic hand.

Besides the new cars now being rapidly turned out, large numbers of old cars—sleeping, parlor, buffet, dining, and special, are being constantly repaired and leave the shops, as a rule, with all the new improvements. Prominent among these is the vestibuled platform, an invention long in use on the postal cars, but newly applied with all the brilliancy of cut glass and glitter of plate, to the Wagner palace cars and the new Michigan Central coaches. The steel frames for these, which give the needed strength, are not cast, but are cut out from rolled plates, in which there is no "weakest spot to stan' the strain." These vestibules, with doors opening upon the steps and lighted by night with the soft radiance of electricity, form a richly carpeted connection between the cars, so that a child may safely play or a lady safely pass from one end of the train to the other without danger of being violently blown to the ground or suffering discomfort from the inclemency of the weather or the derangement of the toilet. The train is, in fact, practically a series of apartments *en suite*, suitable for the

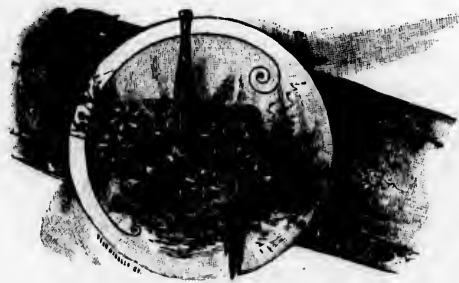


Interior of the Dining Car.

entertainment of a large household with varied tastes, perfectly furnished, brilliantly lighted, thoroughly heated and admirably ventilated, and full of ingenious devices that promote the comfort and enjoyment of the occupants.

When the experienced traveler has slept the sleep of the innocent and the just, has read the morning papers, the latest novel, the new magazine or some standard work from the well-chosen library on board, has written his letters and telegrams, has smoked his cigars, and chatted with his fellow travelers, he invariably seeks the height of his day's enjoyment in the dining car. The Michigan Central was the pioneer Eastern dining car line, and has always enjoyed the highest reputation for the quality of its *cuisine* and the character of its service. The managers and the commissary of the Wagner company thoroughly comprehend the wide difference between feeding and dining. The *menu*, though ample, is not overloaded and crowded by a wilderness of dishes through which the traveler wanders in unsuccessful search for the palatable, but the viands are choice, embracing the luxuries of the best markets, prepared by an experienced *chef* and served by deft-handed waiters upon dainty china and snowy linen in the most tempting style. Nothing is wanting to the enjoyment of the most fastidious as he leisurely discusses the successive courses, or sips his well-selected wine, glancing from time to time at the pleasing scenery that glides swiftly by the broad plate-glass window, until

Serenely full, the epicure shall say,
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."



The Brunswick

BOSTON'S GRANDEST HOTEL.
American Plan.
BARNES & DUNKLEE, Proprietors.

Near Public Garden, Museum of Fine Arts, New Old South,
and opposite Trinity (Phillips Brooks') Church.



Dartmouth, Huntington Ave., Longwood Ave., and all "Back
Bay" Cars pass this Hotel.

EUROPEAN PLAN. The Victoria, BOSTON, MASS.

In the Centre of Boston's Fashionable District, the Back Bay.



Opened November, 1886, and within one week the "Traveller" said: "it has established itself as the Delmonico of Boston."

BARNES & DUNKLEE, Proprietors.

— ALSO —

Hotel Ponemah, Amherst Station, New Hampshire, 48 miles from Boston, by B. & L. R. R. Open July to November. This beautiful and elegantly furnished hotel is situated among the hills of New Hampshire, on high elevation, commanding views of great beauty, and offers rare inducements to those who appreciate the comforts of a first-class hotel. Pure air, and pure water from the celebrated Ponemah Spring, and in the midst of groves of maple, oak and chestnut.

For particulars, address

BARNES & DUNKLEE, Proprietors,

Or C. A. GLEASON, Manager, Hotel Victoria, Boston.

BY REFERENCE TO MAP

on opposite page you will observe the New York

Terminus of the New York Central & Hudson

River Railroad is at the Murray Hill Hotel.



NO CARRIAGE HIRE!

NO BAGGAGE CHARGES!

As Patrons of the Murray Hill Hotel have their Baggage Transferred to and from the Grand Central Depot free. The

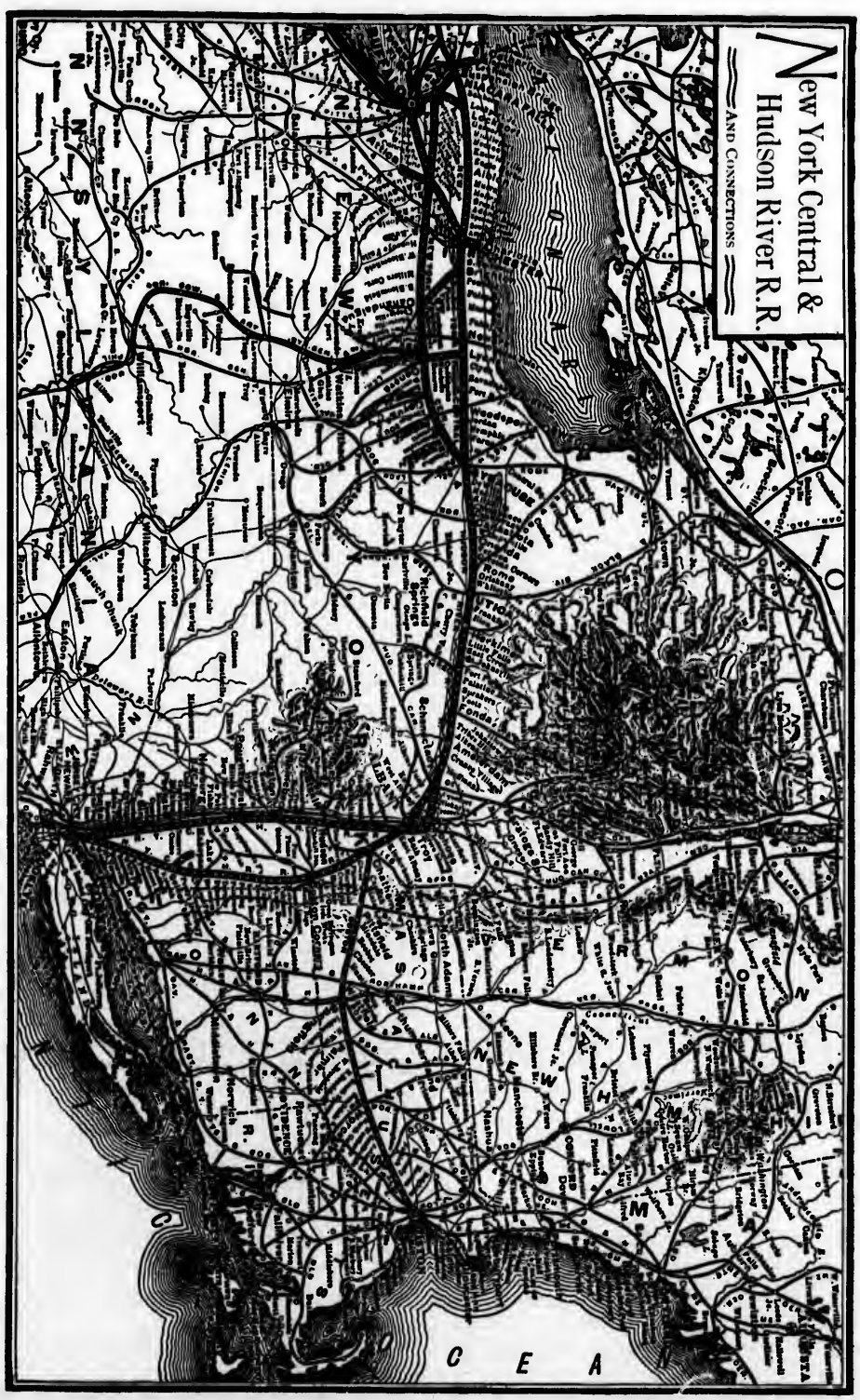
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"THE NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE."

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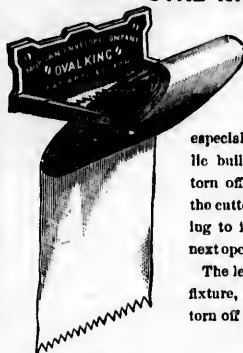
KING TOILET PAPERS

KING PACKAGE.



The **KING PACKAGE** is made of cut sheets of tissue of suitable size, slightly attached to each other. By removing one sheet, another falls into position, and so on till the entire package is used, exposing the sheet nearly its entire length so that it may be seized with the hand, as shown in the illustration. This may be used equally well without other holder than a hook or nail to hang it on, but when used in hotels and other public places we recommend the Metal Fixture, as the paper can only be taken from it one sheet at a time.

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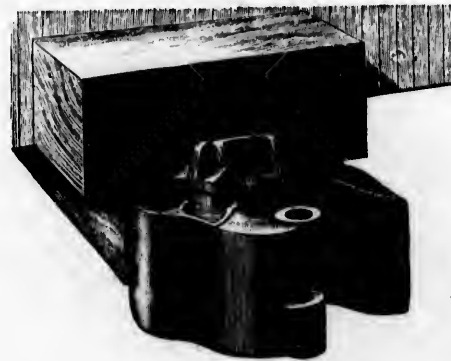
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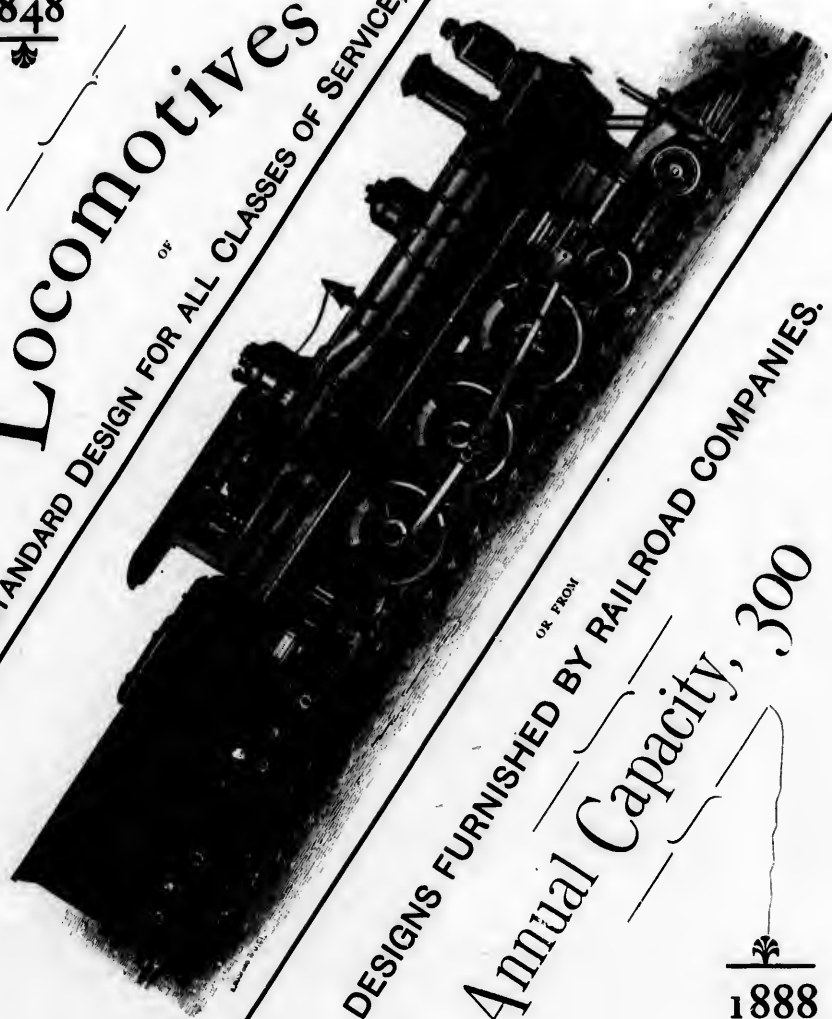
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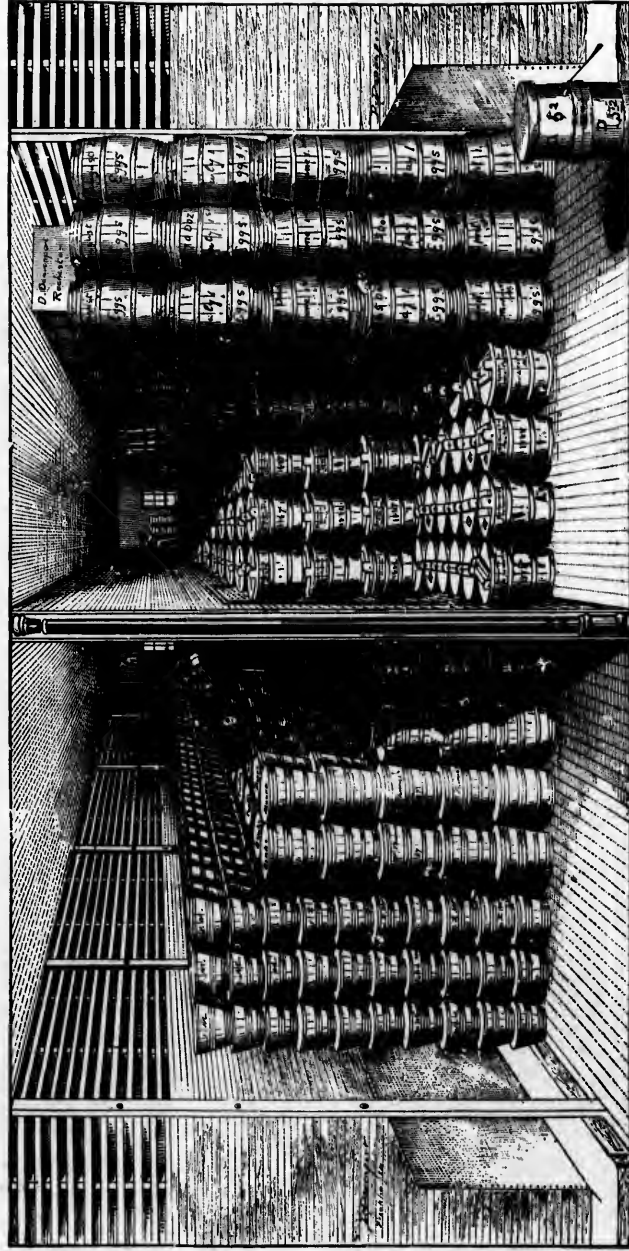
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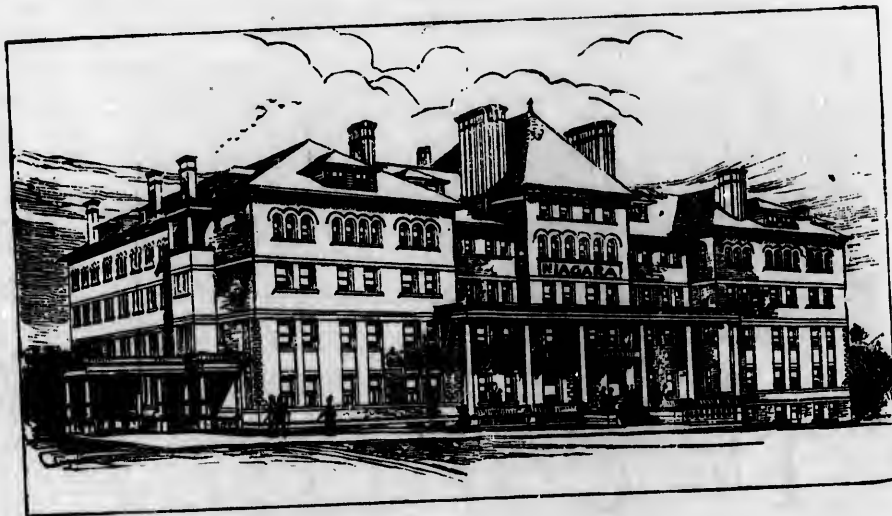
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The house is conducted in a strictly first-class manner.

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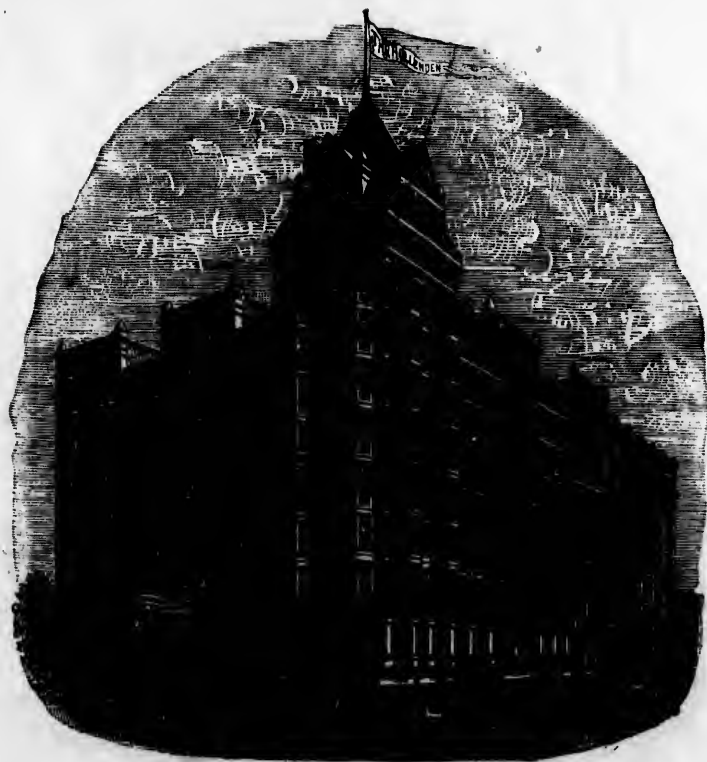
Manager.

.Y.



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rare plants



The Hollander.

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Corner of Superior and Bond Streets, one block from Public Square,
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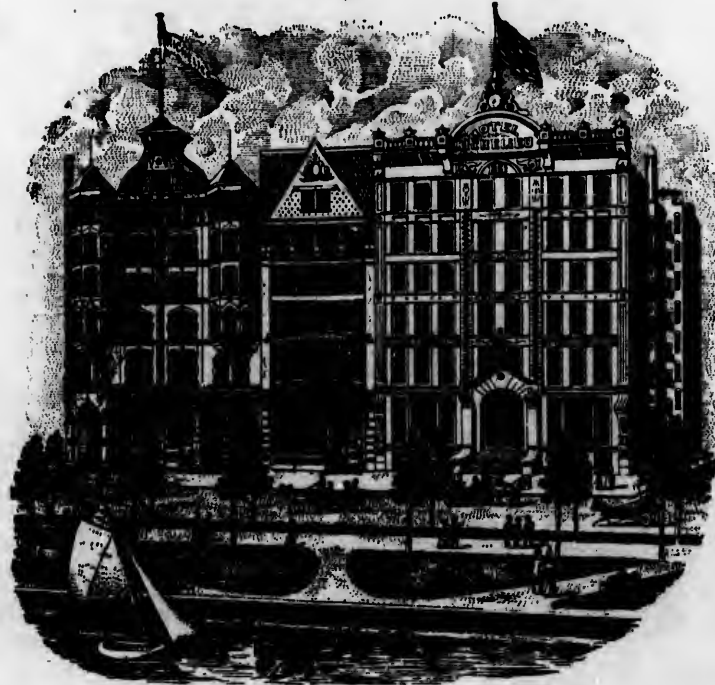
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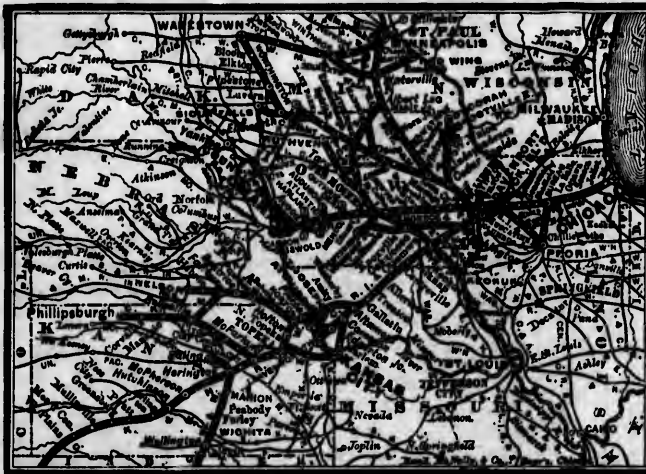


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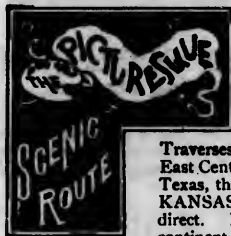
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