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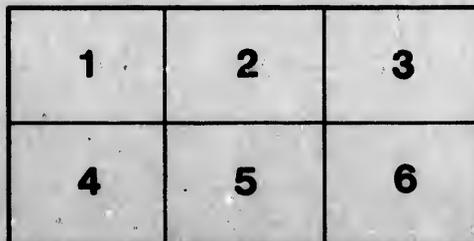
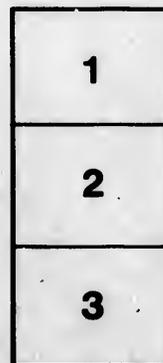
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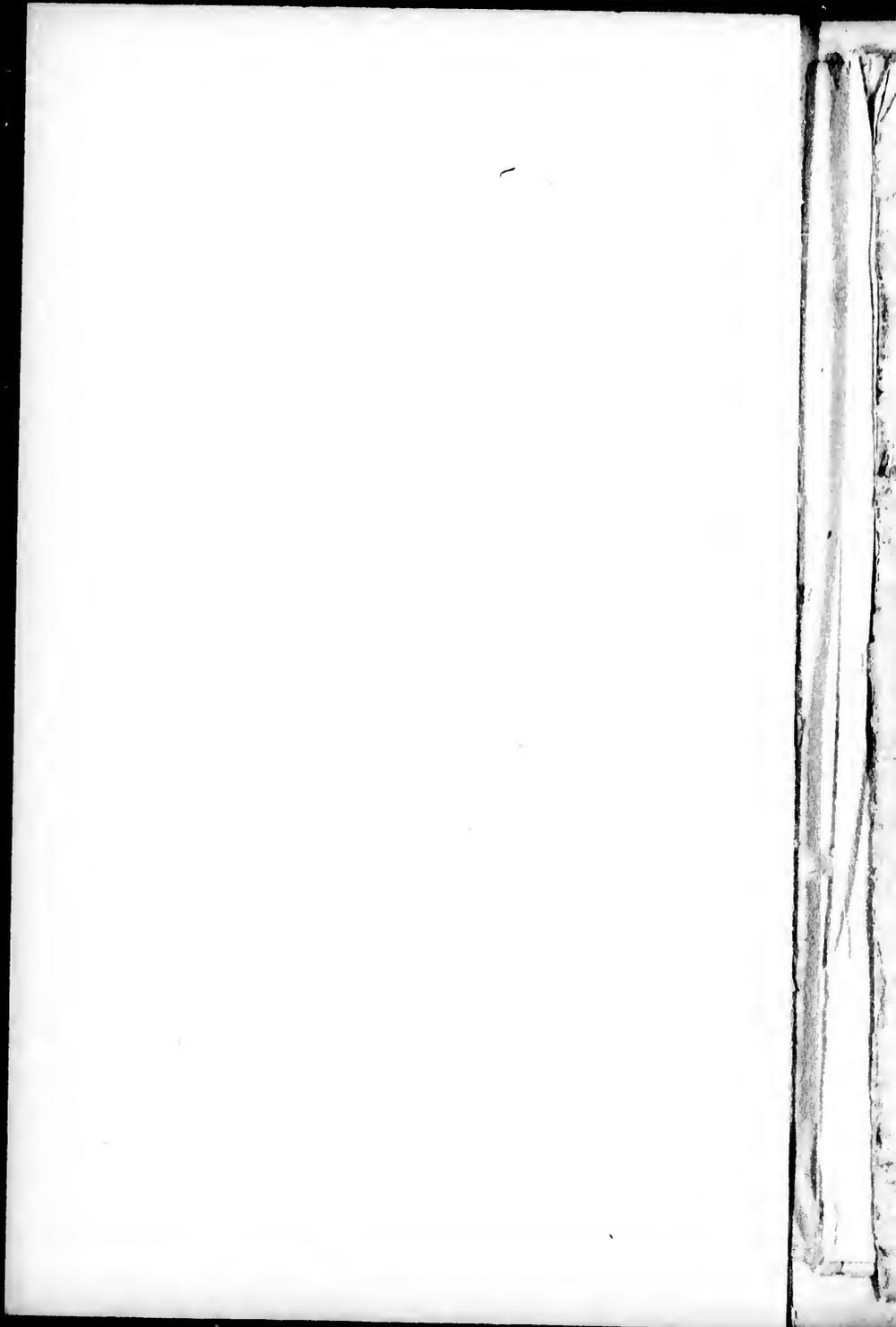
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MAP OF NIAGARA AND GUIDE

Being a complete Directory and Guide to the Falls and vicinity.

DIRECTIONS TO HASTY T

1st. Start from the Hotels in Main-street, Niagara Falls Village — go west to Prospect Place and gaze! — cross the bridge to Iris Island — rise the hill — take the road to the right — at the point of thence to the Falls, and round the Island.

2d. At more leisure walk along the high bank of the river, or ride to the Whirlpool, and visit

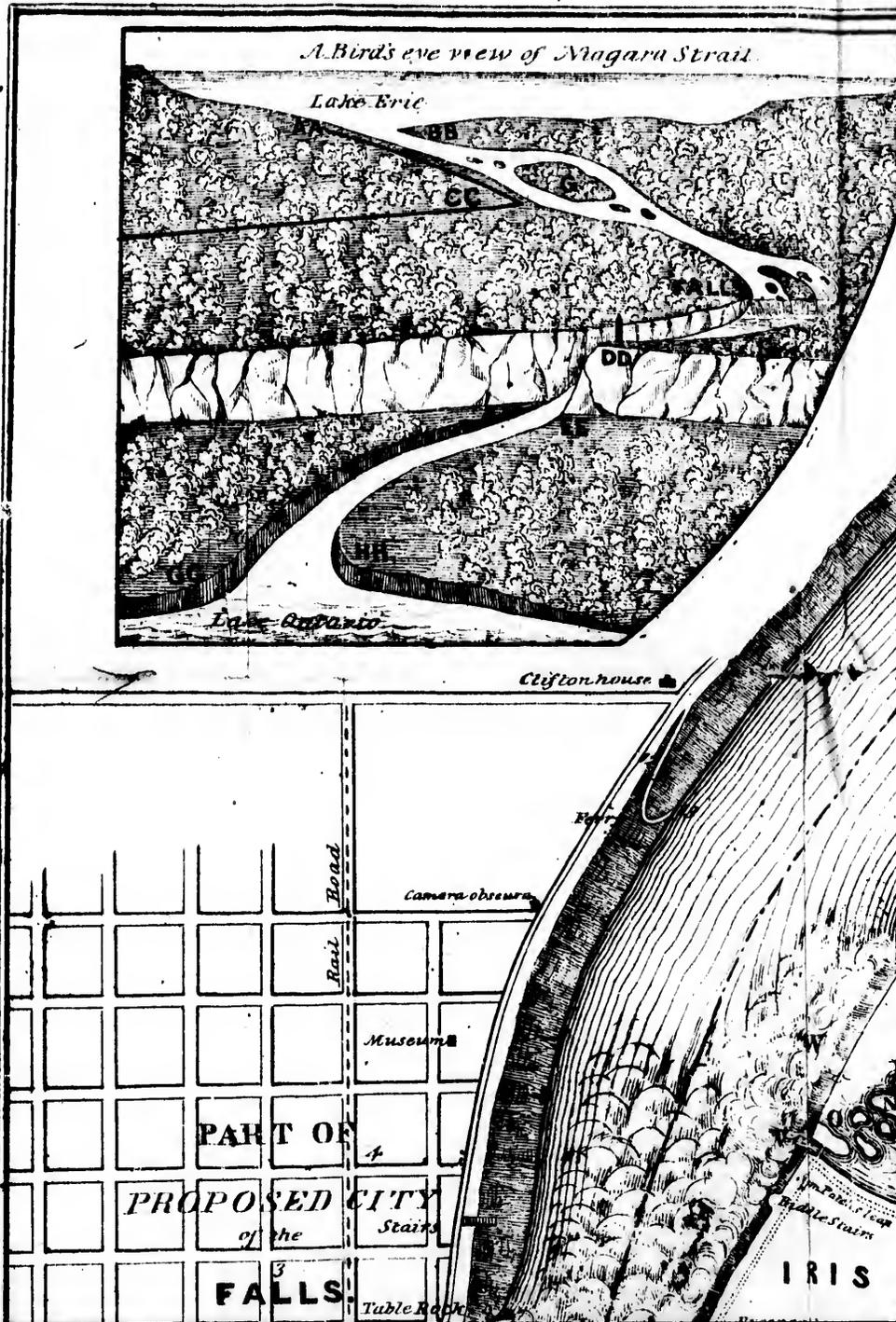
REFERENCES TO THE MAP.

On the American Side.

- A—Cataract Hotel.
- B—Eagle Hotel.
- C—Hulet's Hotel, and Whirlpool Omnibus Office.
- D—Post Office.
- E—Rathbun's large foundation.
- F—Lockport and Niagara Falls Railroad Office.
- G—Buffalo and Niagara Falls Railroad Office.
- H—Ferry, and Ware's Observatory.
- I—Where Francis Abbott lived.
- J—Where Alexander went off the bank.
- K—Proposed road down the bank.
- L—Old Indian ladder.
- M—Chapin's Island.
- N—Robinson's Island.
- O—Prospect Island.
- P Q—Sloop and Bay Islands.
- R—Prospect Tower and Terrapin Rocks.
- S—Road, washed away.
- T—Moss Island.
- V—Crescent or Centre Fall, under which is Ingraham's Cave.
- Y—Paper Mill.
- Z—Presbyterian Church.

Distances from the American Hotels, U. S.

To Bath and Iris T. bridge, 40 rods.



NIAGARA FALLS.

GUIDE TABLE.

the Falls and vicinity, for remark on the spot or for reference at home.

NOTIONS TO HASTY TRAVELLERS.

To go to Prospect Place and Ware's Observatory, gaze on the scene! — go out along the river, to the bridge, on the right — at the point of the Island look around! — pass to the Biddle stairs — thence to the Prospect Tower to the Whirlpool, and visit several other noted places.



REFERENCES TO THE MAP.

On the Canada Side.

1. Bender's Cave.
4. Concert House.
6. Col. Clark's old place.
8. Where the Episcopal Church stood. Burnt by incendiaries, Sept. 1839.
9. Gull Island.
10. Site of Erdgewater Village.
11. Chippewa Battle Ground.
- "TABLE ROCK." It projects over several feet. Visitors descend here to go under the sheets of water, or to what is called Termination Rock.
- "CLIFTON HOUSE," on the brow of the hill, where the road rises from the Ferry.
3. Where stood the Pavillion.
12. Carriage road down the bank.
13. Ferry and Guard house.

Distances from the Ferry, U. C.

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| To Clifton House. | 100 rods. |
| " Table Rock, | $\frac{1}{2}$ m. |
| " Burning Spring | 1 " |
| " Bender's Cave, | 2 " |
| " Lunka's Laas Bau'e Ground 1 | 1 " |
| " Chippewa Bat. Ground. 2 | " |

which is Ingraham's Cave.

Y—Paper Mill.

Z—Presbyterian Church.

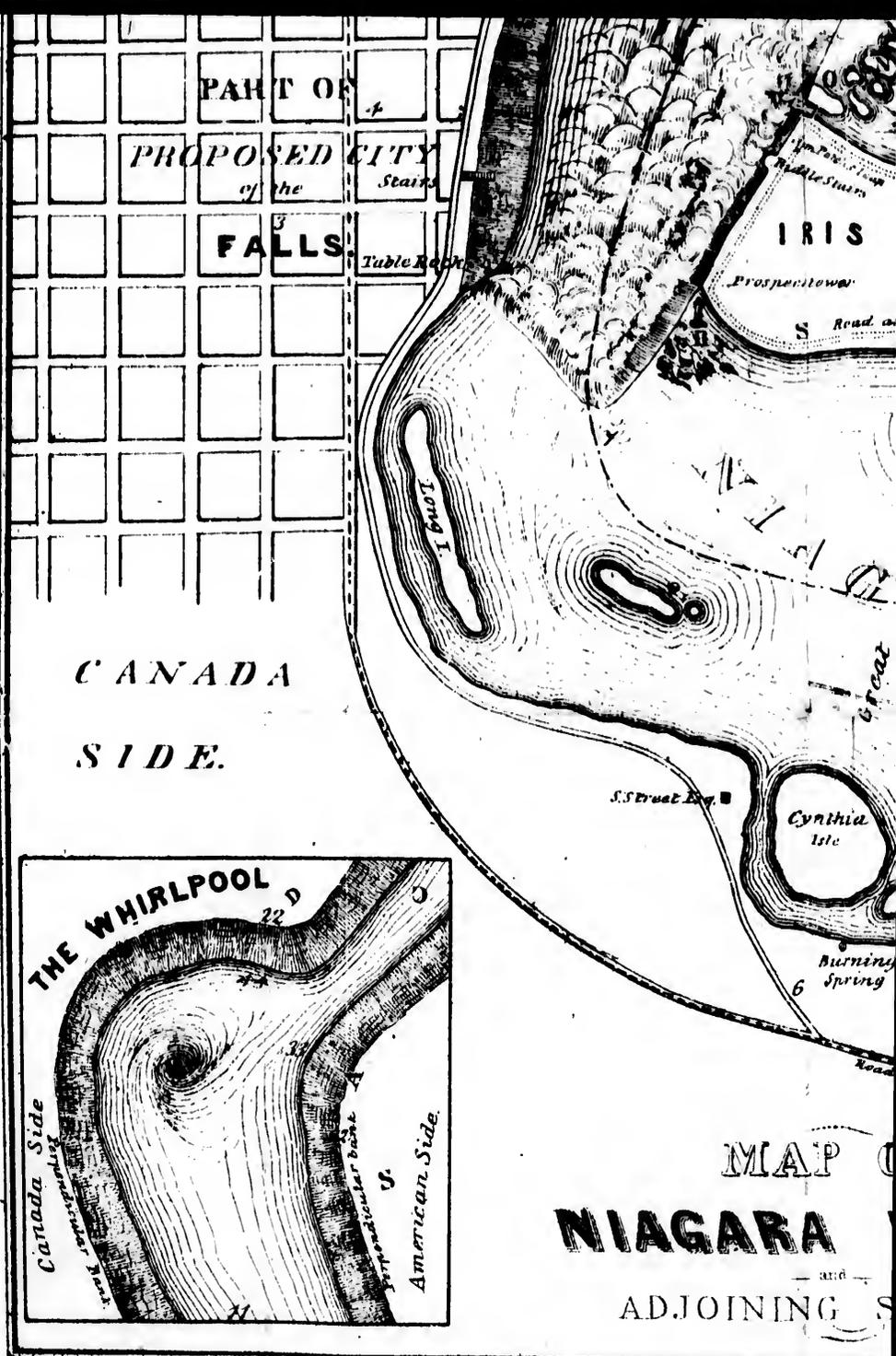
Distances from the American Hotels, U. S.

To Bath and Iris I: bridge, 40 rods.

- " Ferry, and Ware's Observatory, 100 "
- " Ferry landing, 125 "
- " Horse Shoe Falls, crossing bridge and Island, 1/4 m.
- " Walk round the Isl'd, 1 1/4 "
- " Point View, 3/4 "
- " Mineral Spring, 2 "
- " Whirlpool, 3 "
- " Devil's Hole, 3 1/4 "
- " Tuscarora Indian Village, 8 "
- " Lewiston, 7 "
- " Fort Niagara, 14 "
- " Lockport, by Railroad, 24 "
- " Schlosser Steamboat landing 2 "
- " Tonawanda and Erie Canal 11 "
- " Buffalo City. 22 "

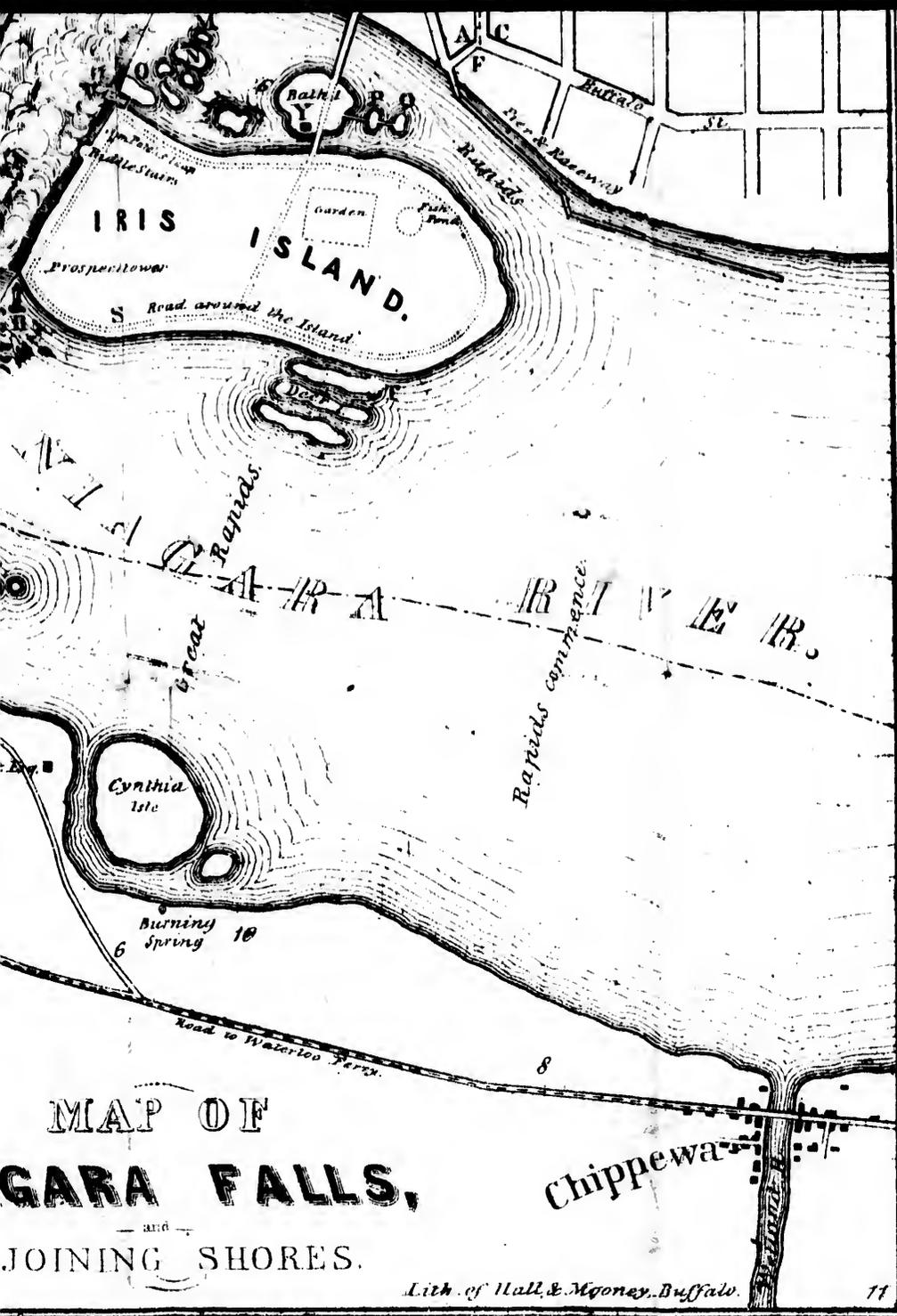
The Birds-Eye View

- AA—City of Buffalo.
- BB—Fort Erie and Waterloo.
- CC—Tonawanda and Erie Canal.
- G—Grand Island
- DD—Brook's Monument.
- EE—Queenston.
- FF—Lewiston.
- GG—Fort Niagara,
- HH—Fort George, and Niagara.



GENERAL REFERENCE

7—Horse Shoe Fall, about 700 yards around, 158 feet high. **W**—American Fall, about 320 yards wide. Descent from Chippewa and Schlosser to the Falls, estimated at 90 feet. Ferry below the Falls is estimated, descend the Falls in 24 hours. From 200 to 250 feet is the average height of the bank to the Islands, passing over the rapids. **b**—where Robinson descended in the rapids, to save Chippewa 7 miles, to Lake Ontario, 2 feet.



| | |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| To Clifton House, | 105 rods. |
| " Table Rock, | 1/2 " |
| " Burning Spring | 1 " |
| " Bender's Cove, | 2 " |
| " Lun He's Lane Battle Ground | 1 " |
| " Chippewa Bat. Ground, | 2 " |
| " Whirlpool, | 4 " |
| " Stamford, | 4 " |
| " Mount Dorchester, | 5 " |
| " St. Davids, | 6 " |
| " Brock's Monument, | 8 " |
| " Queenston, | 8 " |
| " Fort George and Niagara, | 11 " |
| " St. Catharines, | 12 " |
| " Waterloo Ferry, | 14 " |
| " Fort Erie, | 16 " |
| " City of Toronto, | 50 " |

The Whirlpool.

- 11. Niagara River,
- 22. Place to descend the bank,
- A. Prospect point.
- 33. Smooth rock from whence a stone has been thrown across the river.
- 44. Fishing grounds.
- C. Outlet,
- D. Refectory, British side.
- S. Summer House, American side.

**MAP OF
NIAGARA FALLS,
and
JOINING SHORES.**

Lith. of Hall & McQueen, Buffalo.

GENERAL REFERENCES.

American Fall, about 320 yards around, 164 feet high. **V**—Crescent Fall, about 33 yards around, 164 feet high. Ferry below the Falls is 56 rods wide, passage from 5 to 10 minutes. 5,084,080,280 barrels of water, it average height of the banks of the river, around the Falls, above the surface of the water below. **a**—Bridge at the rapids, to save Chapin. The river in 6 miles from the Falls descends 104 feet to Lewiston; from thence

W

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FILETEAU

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Sue

PRESS

LEGEND

4

OF THE

WHIRLPOOL.

ange myst'ries hide beneath the waves, and man,
yet to know a thousand things that nature hides."



BUFFALO:

PRESS OF THOMAS & CO.

1840

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THE WHIRLPOOL.

THE SITUATION OF THE WHIRLPOOL.

"How soothing are these groves, where summer's warmth
Relaxes not, nor mid-day heat oppresses"

Nearly mid way between the Falls of Niagara and the village of Lewiston, there is a sudden turn in the river. On the American side a point projects into the stream, and a deep indenture is worn into the bank on the Canada side. On the promontory facing the south and west, the basin of the Whirlpool is presented; and for a long distance above, the rough and torrent waters of the river are seen rushing forward with an impetuosity altogether irresistible, and with a loud and terrific noise. At the Whirlpool the river is wider than at any other place within reach of the eye; but on the side of the point facing the north and west it is narrower. So narrow, that it has long been considered the most suitable place to erect a suspension bridge, and a stone has been thrown from one side to the other.

The banks of the river are here upwards of two hundred feet high; they are crowned with forest trees; many of which are of large size, mingled with shrubs of smaller growth. Hemlock, pine, spruce, and other evergreens abound. With these are intermixed the oak, birch, maple, chestnut, hickory, and all the other trees and shrubs incident to the country. Besides these, there are many plants and flowers not often to be found. On that account, both below and above the bank, Botanists, and others, who are fond of strange and curious plants,

 Banks of the River—Danger of falling rocks.

wander around with much curiosity and delight; and their labors have in several instances been rewarded by obtaining valuable specimens.

The first descent of the bank to the river is a perpendicular rock, averaging from sixty to eighty feet, from thence it slopes precipitously to the water's edge. The slope is made from the loose rocks which have for age after age fallen from above. There are some places where the rocks form a perpendicular wall from the water to the upper terrace. Few can look down this dizzy height with steady and unmoved nerves. A weakness will imperceptibly come over the frame, the head will lose its wonted firmness, and the spectator will be warned by his sensations, not to approach too near the brink which lies before him and eternity. The banks are not alone terrifying and dangerous from their perpendicular altitude; in many places they project over, and immense masses of rock appear ready every moment to be launched from their unstable positions. On some, large rents and fissures are gaping wide, and fearfully portend evil to those who venture on or near them; and others, tho' the danger is hidden by the sod and moss that covers them, yet they are on a poise equally insecure.

“ On these projecting rocks the just may stand,
 And innocence may roam beneath;
 But where unpunished guilt unnerves the hand,
 Or fearful chatters through the teeth—
 Avaunt! thou wretch! and come not near,
 For angry vengeance sleepeth here.”

Those who go below, on looking up will be often awe struck at the dark wall that hangs loose and threatening above them. There, a mighty rock seemingly held to the bank by the frail root of a cedar shrub; and scattered far, and near, stones of all dimensions, from a pound to a ton, ready on the movement of a leaf or a breath of air to fall and crush all beneath.

The absorbing interest that visitors feel.

Such are the general features of the banks of the Niagara river from Lewiston to the Whirlpool, and from thence to and around the Falls. Still there are many places where no danger exists, both at the Falls and the Whirlpool; but at every point to the observer, it is always near enough to make the scene interesting. Indeed, in this, mainly consists the secret of the fascination and charm, that so attracts us to scenes of wonder and sublimity. They bring forth unusual emotions of the mind, and turn it from its wonted channel. They abstract us from our daily and ordinary duties, and as in a vision, for a period transport us to a new world, where fear, wonder, courage and temerity prevail, and an absorbing interest controls our faculties. Stupidity is alone uncharmed. All others feel the strange and spiritual influences. The savage, and the enlightened mind, unite and revel in the luxury of the rich developments of mighty nature. They drink deep of the spacious fountain which she silvers over, where the hanging leaves are mirrored, and sun and shade are reflected in mellowed tints.

There are but a few places along the bank of the river, that can be descended in its natural state, and none but with some difficulty. At the point of the Whirlpool there is one of the places where the descent is natural. Here immemorially, (before visited by civilized man) the aborigines passed and repassed to the river. To a stranger the appearance of the descent is so hazardous, that the first impulse is to turn trembling away; and many who would like to go down, retreat and leave the place, not daring to venture themselves in a situation so perilous. The first twenty or thirty feet is the worst, after that it is not so difficult, and is without danger. Both Ladies and Gentlemen are in the daily practice of passing down.— Considerable improvement is promised by the person in occupation; and to make the descent easy and conven

Basin of the Whirlpool.

ient is necessary, as this has now become a place of great resort, and next only in importance to the Falls.

THE BASIN OF THE WHIRLPOOL.

"Strange mysteries bide beneath the waves, and man,
Hath yet to know a thousand things that nature hides."

At the south the river enters, bounding from above ; its course is continued directly forward ; passing the centre of the basin, and striking against the rocky shore of Canada. There driven back it divides ; one portion whirls to the right and passes down the outlet ; the other turns to the left, coursing its way again up the stream, converting one half of the river into an eddy almost as powerful as the main current. The distance of the curve or indenture is nearly half a mile on the Canada side on the American shore it is not more than sixty rods.

The water is in great commotion, swelling and roaring ; and in many places there are formed great whirlpools round which the timber and logs that are observed therein are carried with great velocity. They are often sucked down into the depths of the vortices, are for some time hid from sight, and are again at some distant point thrown to the surface. Sometimes they are ejected nearly their whole length into the air—fall back, and renew their course around.

An individual speaking of the Whirlpool, writes : " I thought there was no other object in this vicinity worth looking upon after beholding the great Falls of Niagara ; but as I have looked at the Whirlpool from the bank, and below it, I have been more amazed and infatuated with the scene, than with any I ever beheld. Below, as I have wandered along the rough shore, viewed the torrent as it shoots from the imprisoned circle, heard the

The opinion of others.

hollow bellowing of the dreadful waves, and cast my eyes over their warring surface, all other objects in my imagination have dwindled into mere shadows. Again when I have ascended the high bank, and walked along the edge looking upon the wide chasm before me, the rush of waters as they urge their mountain waves along, even the great Cataract to this appeared to have lost its magnitude; and though my mind acknowledged its superiority, yet it seemed less mighty. Still strange it was, I did not on my first visit drink the full cup of admiration which the lofty scenes around afforded. It was by little, and little, that the forms and perfections of the whole prospect grew upon me, till overwhelmed my eyes became fixed, and my faculties chained to this fear impressing, yet seductive spot. That which at first seemed to require but a few moments attention, became so absorbing, that I could pass and repass, and gaze on it for hours."

Tho' the Whirlpool has long been a place of notoriety, and has been much visited, yet until of late no printed accounts have appeared. Joseph W. Ingraham, Esq. in his book, among other things on the same subject, says: "A visit to the Whirlpool should never be omitted. It is a curious and interesting phenomenon. Watch with a spy glass some of the great logs which are whirling round in the never ending vortex; and you will be astonished at their appearance and motions."

Horatio A. Parsons, Esq. in his work published in 1838, says of the Whirlpool: "The rapids are here much more powerful and terrific than they are above the Falls, and appear like a flood of watery brilliants rushing along." In another place he observes: "A brisk and refreshing breeze is felt there during the hottest and stillest days of summer; and no place is better fitted to elevate and expand the mind. The Whirlpool is a phenom-

View it with a spy glass.

enon of great interest, as seen even from the top of the bank, especially if a small telescope be used ; but to have an adequate idea of its power and motion, visitors ought to descend to the water's edge and walk some distance up the river." After a second visit he remarks :

"And now having spent half a day there in mute astonishment, he is at a loss what language to use in describing it. He can think of no language, no imagery, no comparison, that will not fall immeasurably short of conveying a just idea of the scene. He can only say soberly and earnestly, that no gentleman ought hereafter to acknowledge that he has seen the Falls of Niagara, unless he could also say he has seen the Whirlpool from the water's edge. This place has been consecrated by some fabulous tales of wonder and of peril."

The rail road from Lockport to Niagara Falls passes within three quarters of a mile of the Whirlpool, and the stage road from Lewiston within half a mile.

It is the intention of Mr. Hulett the occupant, to erect a gate, with a Refectory adjoining, on the Lewiston road where travellers stop to visit the Whirlpool ; a trifle will be charged for admission to the grounds, to remunerate him for his expenses. The excess he promises to lay out in further improvements, for the accommodation of the public around this place.

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A LEGEND
OF
THE WHIRLPOOL.*

PART I.

"In wakchohenry hah nakahneshtheanhabhohy elean hanc-
teayouth wench heahnahreawachereahheank."—*Tuscarora's id-
iom of the Iroquois.*

The same in English from the book of David Cusic, a Tusca-
rora Indian, published in 1827.

"I found the history mixed with fables.

I.

In truth thou art a fearful place,
Who shall thy depths explore ?
Who'll pass upon thy fluctuant waves,
For mines of golden ore ;
From far above impetuously,
The raging waters sweep,
They come in their sublimity,
Descending, leap o'er leap.

II.

In wrath and foam they rush along,
Through caverned rocks they flow,
And high towards the mirrored skies,
The feathery mist they throw.
Their noise is the wild tempest's voice,
When whirlwinds sweep the shore,
And far abroad the sound is heard,
Like ocean's hollow roar.

* A part of this Legend was published in the United States
Magazine of October, 1839.

III.

Trembling, the neighb'ring hills vibrate,
 And the impending rocks,
 Shake in their holds, as from the jars
 Of far off earthquake shocks.
 And when less loud Niagara's Fall
 Its distant echoes bound,
 Then wide, the thund'ring roll is spread
 The Whirlpool's ceaseless sound.

IV.

Through earth's domain a scene more grand,
 Is no where to be found.
 For in one narrow compass rush,
 Waters that empire's bound.
 A thousand lakes and rivers deep,
 Unite their powerful force,
 Concentrate through the gorge they plunge,
 Their headlong, downward course.

V.

Though the Maelstrom's dread abyss
 No mariner will near ;
 Though Plegethon roared fierce and loud,
 Their terrors all are here.
 Not mightier is the Cataract,
 With rainbow, mist and cloud,
 Whose snowy sheets hang in the air,
 And massive rocks enshroud.

VI.

To him that views this wond'rous gulf,
 What glowing thoughts will spring !
 Awe struck, the reverential heart
 Will warm devotion bring.
 O'er chasms wide the frowning rocks
 On either side arise,
 Waves here advancing, there recoil,
 Break spangling to the skies.

VII.

Imagination o'er the view
Casts round her ardent gaze,
For far beyond romance's scene,
Nature herself displays.
Who'll venture in that deluge stream,
Who'll float upon the wave ?
There is no one with reason given
Would in those waters lave.

VIII.

For death in many frightful forms,
His victims waits to win ;
And all his dread machin'ry moves,
Loud in the furious din.
There drive and strike a hundred wrecks
That one another crush,
Now sucked below, now bounding up,
Commingling round they rush.

IX.

In olden days that long have fled,
When the wild forest glen
Was yet in Nature's myst'ry hid,
And sheltered savage men ;
Then the bold Indian armed for war
With battle axe and bow,
Ranged fearless o'er his hunting grounds,
Or watched his wily foe.

X.

The Iroquois of all the tribes
Extensive conquest sought,
And many a bloody battle field
Was with the Hurons fought :
Between them raged perpetual war,
In desert, wood, and plain,
Nor did they sheath the slaught'ring knife
Till ev'ry foe was slain.

XI.

When o'er the earth the flowers bloomed,
 And all the trees were green,
 And brightly shone the summer's sun,
 And lit the smiling scene ;
 The merry birds melodiously
 With music filled the vales,
 And the wild blossoms' sweetness came,
 Borne on the scented gales.

XII.

Around the gorgeous landscape lay,
 In green, and sun, and shade ;
 The tenants of the wood repose
 Upon the mossy glade.
 'Twas then a daring Iroquois
 Strayed, with his forest love,
 Through many a vale, and green clad copse,
 And many a hidden grove.

XIII

Their way was near Niagara's flood
 Where circling eddies run ,
 And many a tale he told of war,
 Of battles he had won ;
 What sleeping foes he had surprised,
 How swift had flown his dart ;
 And love and vengeance mingled,
 Were to win the maiden's heart.

XIV.

Right seemly moved the savage pair,
 As on their course they went,
 And still upon the billowy stream,
 Admiring eyes they bent.
 They saw the trees of distant woods,
 Dismembered torn and peel'd
 Ride o'er the waves in ceaseless war,
 And ever on they reel'd.

XV.

And there the gushing torrent springs,
 Away with deaf'ning sound,
And ridged waves high vaulting rise,
 And o'er the rocks rebound.
Convulsive billows towering fled,
 Fast on their wild career,
And hollow circles widely spread,
 And op'ning gulfs appear.

XVI.

There brilliant dance the white capped waves,
 Their plumaged crests display ;
As broken diamonds sparkling shine,
 The drops of snowy spray.
Beyond, is beauty's mantle spread ;
 Here grandeur's scene unfolds.
There, vast sublimity in might,
 Her court in glory holds.

XVII.

Pleased with the view the lovers stood,
 No thoughts of danger rose,
For distant then the Hurons dwelt ;
 Their only living foes ;
But then, as now, though safely fenced,
 And far off ev'ry fear,
Man oft reposing, little thinks
 What strange events are near.

XVIII.

By them unseen, by foliage hid,
 Sits on the other side,
An angler who with demon scorn,
 These happy ones had eyed.
That Huron chief, for such he was,
 Rose slowly from the brake,
First rent the air with his shrill cry,
 Then, taunting, thus he spake :

XIX.

“Base dog of Iroquois give ear,
 Thou mean and palt’ring slave,
 I dare thee mongrel meet me there,
 On yon revolving wave.
 When Huron meets with Iroquois,
 In field, or flood, or fire,
 He or his hated foe must die,
 Or feed the funeral pyre.

XX.

Come on, thou minion’s dotard, come,
 Come where the whirlpool’s rage—
 Or, recreant, bear thyself away,
 Nor warrior more engage.”
 “Braggart !” the Iroquois replied ;
 Well can’st thou banter here,
 If thou were not beyond my reach,
 Thou’d die with very fear.

XXI.

Show, boaster, if thou even dare,
 Thy wary feet to steep,
 In this commingling flood of foam,
 I’ll follow on the deep ;
 I’ll follow thee from rock to rock,
 And through the stormy wave ;
 And in some low and loathsome pit,
 Will lay thee in thy grave.”

XXII.

The Chieftain heard, he bounded in,
 And through the tossing stream,
 Like a fierce serpent in his rage
 His fiery eye balls gleam.
 The whirlpool’s fitful voice ascends—
 The waters bound away—
 And fleecy clouds are wafted round,
 Formed from the rising spray .

XXIII.

“I come ! I come !” he loudly cried ;
 “And if you meet me not,
 I’ll seize you where you trembling stand,
 And rend you on the spot.”
 Quick echo bears the challenge on,
 From shore to shore it flies,
 And through the airy height it rings,
 And in the distance dies.

 PART II.

Kahne heanwakhkayean heanyeannat kahakehah hah kah-
 nehweah hetho hah yohrakanehe hane hah keanwakhkneah
 takha wean.—*Tuscaroras, &c.*

Who will secure the woman from the terror of the great wa-
 ter.—*David Cusic.*

 XXIV.

The Iroquois cast on the maid,
 Sadly, a farewell smile,
 Then hurried turned, and in he plunged,
 Where th’ troubled waters boil ;
 And she upon that lonely strand
 Amazed and shuddering stood,
 A witness of that battle scene,
 On that rebounding flood.

 XXV.

The warriors toiling through the deep,
 Their onward progress urge,
 And nobly dash o’er whitened waves,
 Or ride the rolling surge—
 Now a strong current sweeps them down,
 Then on the rising swell
 They buoyant mount, and wave their hands,
 And peel the Indian yell.

XXVI.

Again, into some vortex hurled,
 Powerless they whirl around
 Till gathering all their strength,
 They spring and clear the deep profound.
 Their course is to the centre bent,
 Where the curving waters run ;
 And face to face and eyes to eyes,
 Their way is onward, on !

XXVII.

And when unto the outward disk,
 The combattants arrive,
 They whooping loud with furious rage
 At one another drive.
 They miss their aim, and round are thrown,
 Round, round the Whirlpool goes ;
 Yet near, and nearer they approach,
 And fast the circles close.

XXVIII.

They spread their arms, they reach their hands,
 Resistlessly they go,
 Till grasping in the vortex' mouth,
 They strug'ling sink below.
 Down far beneath the gurgling waves,
 In fierce and bloody strife
 Foe presses foe, and hard they tug,
 For vengeance more than life.

XXIX.

To noisome vaults, whose horrid sights
 No living eye can see—
 Where monsters dwell, and ever hold
 Their venomed revelry ;
 Through sunken woods that bristle up,
 And broken timbers stand,
 Mangled, their bodies press along,
 Disabled and unman'd.

XXX.

In many a mazy depth they wind,
 Till 'gainst a jutting crag
 Their bodies strike, their holds relax—
 Apart, they onward drag.
 The heaving eddies cast them up,
 Enfeebled they arise,
 And sunder'd on the surface, each,
 Almost exhausted lies.

XXXI.

Awhile they panting rest their powers,
 Awhile look wildly round ;
 Then on each other rush again,
 And grasp, and tear, and wound.
 Their gory fingers deeply press,
 The quiv'ring flesh they rend,
 And the warm crimsoned flood of life
 With the cold waters blend.

XXXII.

The Huron's rage without control,
 Exerts its utmost might ;
 His enemy reserves his powers,
 Yet doubtful is the fight.
 The nymph to the great spirit raised
 Her fervent prayer, to give,
 Nerve to the arm of her beloved
 To conquer and to live.

XXXIII.

On the vexed waters still they strive,
 And still around are driven,
 Sometimes submerged below the waves,
 And sometimes raised towards Heaven.
 And as the sweeping eddies turn,
 And as the torrent flows,
 Amid the din and tempest roar,
 Their savage yells uprose.

XXXIV.

At length with more than human strength,
 The Huron's deadly foe,
 Seized on his throat and held him down,
 To suffocate below.
 Hard was the struggle, and the waves
 Contending claim their prey,
 And o'er the dying Huron dance ;
 Then bear his corpse away.

XXXV.

All helpless floats the Iroquois,
 And oft around is roll'd.
 'Till on a frail and broken wreck,
 He faintly makes his hold.
 No power had he to tempt the deep,
 His wonted strength was gone,
 And ev'ry passing wave that rose,
 Frowned on him as its own

XXXVI.

Life wanders through his shiv'ring frame,
 Just ready to depart,
 It trembles on his quiv'ring lips,
 And flut'ring beats his heart ;
 But 'twas not his its parting throbs,
 To wait with humbled will,
 And die in ling'ring agony,
 As death's slow drops distil.

XXXVII.

The Heav'ns in anger frowned,
 Thick clouds a shadowy gloom spread o'er,
 And gath'ring films obscured his eyes,
 And hid the distant shore.
 The changing waters suck below,
 While some upheaving rose,
 And hideous noises whistle round,
 As when the storm wind blows.

XXXVIII.

The forest maid away had fled,
And up the bank had hied—
Soon she returns—a light canoe
Was to her shoulders tied.
'Tis quickly launched upon the stream,
That deep and treach'rous flow'd,
And swiftly o'er the crested waves,
Light as a swan it rode.

XXXIX.

Ye spirits of the watery caves,
From her your dangers stay,
Grant her the object of her hopes,
And safely speed her way.
She nears the dark and fainting brave,
And 'mid the Whirlpool's roar
She lifts him in her fragile boat,
And turns her course to shore.

XL.

Now if that little bark shall pass
Yon disk of lucent green,
The course is safe unto the land,
No dangers intervene.
But once more down it sweeps away,
Still further on it wheels—
The raging torrent draws it in—
Away! Away! it reels.

XLI.

No longer lonely is the shore,
For on the wood crowned height,
A numerous band of Iroquois
Are ushered to the sight.
It was their native village friends,
That lined the towering steep,
Who saw them in their peril drive,
Carcering o'er the deep.

XLII.

Loud shouts burst from the excited band ;
 Trophies of war they bear—
 And pennons formed from human scalps,
 High flutter in the air.
 With eager steps, and straining eyes,
 They line the rocky cliff,
 And sight, and thought, are centred all,
 Upon that whirling skiff.

XLIII.

A cry ! from off the water comes,
 No more the oar is plied !
 But all erect the maiden sits,
 Her warrior by her side.
 They raise their eyes towards the sky,
 Then on the fearful surge—
 Fondly embrace, then all resigned,
 They sing the funeral dirge.

XLIV.

The bark is on a mountain wave,
 A moment there it rides,
 Then downward shoots—the scene is closed,
 The wreck the water hides.
 And from the Indian band there rose,
 Sad sounds of sore dismay ;
 A frightful scream of woe burst forth,
 Then turned they on their way.

XLV.

The cauldron deep boils from beneath,
 The foaming surface shakes —
 A mighty billow rolls along—
 In misty clouds it breaks :
 Again recoils the flowing mass
 And turns its whelming force—
 Still back and forward, round and on,
 Such is its destined course.

XLVI.

Forever shall the waves revolve,
And high the billows swell ;
And fancy oft amid the roar.
Yet hears the Indian yell.
There lonely on the hurrying stream,
And on the rising hill,
Are yet observed the forest's sons,
To sit and linger still.

NOTES.

VI.

Waves here advancing there recoil,
Break spangling to the skies.

Below the bank at the very extremity of the point where the water turns its course from the Whirlpool, a smooth rock extends out into the stream on which visitors can walk to the very verge of the deep resistless torrent.— Here is again presented one of those intensely interesting scenes which more than any where else nature presents, along the Niagara river. Above and before the spectator the water is much agitated and the tops of the waves are white with mist, but here, wild and frantic, the river rushes through a narrow gorge ; the waves swell high and sweep along with a power and noise that is perfectly astounding. The river is here narrower and deeper ; the swells larger and the velocity greater than at any other point.

 The Outlet—Historical notice of the Iroquois and Hurons.

X.

The Iroquois of all the tribes
 Extensive conquests sought,
 And many a bloody battle field,
 Was with the Hurons fought.

It is a matter of history that the Iroquois, or Six Nations so well known as a most powerful confederacy of savage warriors, carried on against the Hurons almost a war of annihilation. There are yet many vestiges remaining in the country of the destructive character of the contests that occurred between them. At Mount Dorchester, in Canada, two miles from the Niagara river, are the remains of an ancient Indian fort or intrenchment, and within its bounds are a great number of pits filled with human bones lying promiscuously over each other, where they had undoubtedly been thrown after some bloody engagement.— In 1650 the Iroquois succeeded in conquering from the Hurons the whole territory between the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario on one side and Lake Huron on the other, and the Hurons that were not destroyed were entirely expelled from the country.

XIV.

They saw the trees of distant woods
 Dismembered, torn and peel'd,
 Ride o'er the waves in ceaseless war,
 And ever on they reel'd.

There is generally in the Whirlpool large quantities of logs, timber, trees and broken wrecks that have passed down the river. The same pieces sometimes remain there for weeks together, still continuing to wind their course around. But sometimes it is entirely clear of these wrecks and nothing is to be seen but the convulsive flood. When the water is at its usual height or rather lower, the eddies are the largest and the circles take a wider compass and the prospect is presented to the best advantage.

When the Whirlpool is seen to best advantage.

It is still more imposing after a storm as it is then more filled with trees and wrecks that have found their way over the Falls.

XVIII.

An angler who with demon scorn
These happy ones had eyed.

The Whirlpool and Devil's Hole one mile further down the river are the best fishing places with hook and line on the Niagara.

XIX.

When Huron meets with Iroquois,
In field, or flood or fire,
He or his hated foe must die
Or feed the funeral pyre.

To most persons the meeting in field or flood will not appear strange, for bloody battles occur on the water as well as on land, but to meet for combat in the fire seems to be an unwarrantable exaggeration. If we reflect a moment it does not appear so, and that many contests and bloody engagements have taken place between savages in burning woods and prairies is not to be doubted, as such fires in a wild and forest country are of ordinary and frequent occurrence.

XXII.

The Chieftain heard, he bounded in.

That if an occurrence like the one narrated in this legend ever took place, it may be imagined that the Iroquois and his companion were at, or near the smooth rock where the river angles off, and the Huron at the fishing ground nearly opposite. Here a stone has been thrown across, and altho' the noise is great, yet it is supposed that persons on some occasions could make themselves understood from one side to the other. Even at

Navigation of the Whirlpool.

the Falls of Niagara, where the uproar is still greater and the river much wider persons have called across and have made themselves distinctly understood.

XXXVIII.

A light canoe was to her shoulders tied.

The Canoes of the Indians are often so light that one person can carry them ; and it has ever been customary for them to carry them from one lake or water course to another. There is nothing improbable in their having on the bank one of their light canoes which a woman could bind over her shoulders and carry to the water.

XXXVIII.

'Tis quickly launched upon the stream
That deep and treach'rous flowed,
And swiftly o'er the crested waves,
Light as a swan it rode.

The suggestion has been made that a life boat might be safely navigated over the Whirlpool. It is not unworthy of attention. The exploration of the upper surface would give much satisfaction to skillful boat-men, and safely to perform the gyrations of the whirling waters would be a pleasant adventure. The tact too of man-aging a boat in such a place would entitle the boatmen to much applause. By some it is thought that by means of a life boat, a visit to the Whirlpool and round the eddies would be merely a ride of pleasure, and that even a regular ferry might be kept up to the Canada side.

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