CHAPTER IV.


"High-seated on the crests of cliffs sublime,
Like eaglets on the mountain tops of time,
In unawakened energy repose
Cities in embryo—between which flows,
Down the dread cataract, and through the chasm,
With ever-angry rush and many a spasm,
A mighty torrent—ocean-like in size,
Whose mists and thunders mingle with the skies,
Bounded by frowning walls that shake with dread
At each vibration of its earthquake tread!"

The village of Niagara Falls, lies just above, and adjacent to, the Cataract, on the American side. It was laid out in 1805 by Judge Porter, who is principal proprietor of the place, and of the Islands at and near the precipice. He has a fine mansion house in which he has resided for many years. His brother, General Porter, has also a large estate at the Falls, and a splendid house, in which he lives. Grand Niagara, was the name originally given to the place, which was subsequently changed to Manchester;
but some inconvenience having attended this appellation, it has long been disused, and that of Niagara Falls substituted. The village contains two churches, two large hotels, several other public houses, two schools, eighty-five dwellings, and about six hundred inhabitants. Sharing the fate of other places on the frontier, it was burnt by the British in 1813.

The Eagle Hotel, a few steps from the Buffalo and Niagara Falls rail-road, is a fine large building, fronting on Main-street, one hundred and twenty-five feet, and seventy feet deep. It was formerly of wood, but its dimensions having been found much too small, the brick part was added by Mr. Rathbun, in 1835. This portion is substantially built, and is four stories high. The wooden part was well and tastefully constructed, and has magnificent colonnades on the front and south sides. The rooms are numerous, large, well ventilated, and convenient; and are admirably arranged, and elegantly furnished. The proprietor, Mr. C. B. Griffin, is a gentleman well known to the travelling public, as a most worthy, efficient, and obliging landlord. Visitors will find his table, wines, liquors, and attendance all that can be desired, and his charges reasonable. Connected with this hotel, which has ample accommodations for one hundred persons, there is a beautiful garden, well laid out with gravelled walks, and containing a great variety of shrubs, plants, flowers, and fruit-trees—a most agreeable and pleasant place of resort, which should not be neglected. Of cherries, there are, in their season, great abundance, which are particularly recommended. There is in the same building, a small shop for the sale of canes, confections, Indian curiosities, and mineral specimens; and a fine billiard room just below.

Mr. S. Hooker, guide to the Falls, has his office and residence next, south of the Eagle Hotel; and to all, who may desire such attendance,
offers his valuable services. Mr. H. and his two sons, are the only guides to the Falls who have made this their regular profession, and they deserve notice and patronage. He is, in spite of his name, an upright, intelligent, and worthy man, who has resided at the Falls for twenty-six years, and has a perfect acquaintance with every point of interest, and every event worth relating. His sons, born and bred in the very roar and spray of the cataract, and familiar with that and the surrounding scenery from childhood, are in every respect quite competent to the creditable discharge of their duties to strangers who may engage their assistance.

TO NIAGARA FALLS.

The Cataract Hotel is a few yards further south, and near the Lockport and Lewiston railroad depot. It fronts on Main-street one hundred and fifty feet, and is ninety feet in depth. It is three and four stories high, and the southern part has colonnades or piazzas on front and rear. The internal arrangements of this hotel, combine every advantage of quiet, comfort, and convenience; and the rooms, among which are two
extensive dining halls, are tastefully and even richly furnished. It stands but few feet from the bank of the river, and the rapids roll and foam along almost beneath its balconies. Bathing apartments are connected with it; and recently improved by large additions, it has now accommodations for nearly two hundred permanent guests. Viands that delight both the eye and palate, liquors and wines, pure in quality and mellowed by age, and servants ready without impertinence, and prompt without bribery, are advantages that render it a most agreeable place of entertainment.

This Hotel is kept by General Whitney and sons, who are too well and favourably known to need any recommendation. General Whitney was one of the earliest settlers at the Falls, and has given so many proofs of his enterprise and public spirit, that his name belongs to the history of the place. He established the ferry, and built the first stair-case down the bank. The first bridge to Iris Island, and the Terrapin bridge were also constructed by him; and many other conveniences about the falls, owe to him their origin or suggestion. He has kept a public house there for many years, and princes, dukes, marquises, counts, and lords, have been his patrons, in addition to gentry of every other degree in life.

But he is still a staunch republican, and a true patriot; frank, hearty, and familiar in his manners, plain in appearance, and upright in all his transactions.

Opposite to the Cataract Hotel, are the rooms of Mr. Hulett, who deserves especial mention. A circulating library, reading room, a splendid and valuable collection of indigenous and foreign minerals, curiosities of various kinds, and ices, confections, and other refreshments, bear ample witness to the justice of his claim upon the patronage of the public. The Exchange Hotel, a commodious and pleasant, though not large house of entertainment, is next adjoining; and the Post Office is but a short distance below, on the same side of the street.

Adjacent to the Eagle Hotel, on the north side, is the first, or basement story of a building, which the traveller will hardly need be informed, was projected and commenced by the celebrated Benjamin Rathbun. Its vast size, solidity of structure, and excellence of location, at once show its paternity. His cool judgment perceived at a glance, the pecuniary advantage that must result from the possession of a hotel sufficiently large and magnificent to attract and accommodate all the principal visiters to the Falls, of whom so many
thousands annually arrive; and he at once set about its construction. Perhaps, also, he wished to erect a hotel worthy of the place; for in every person of real genius, there is a tinge of romantic enthusiasm. The spot selected for it was the very best that could be chosen. The cars from Buffalo would stop at one front, and those from Lockport and Lewiston at the other; and it was but a few rods from the cataract itself. It was to have been called the Niagara Falls Hotel—was to

front one hundred and seventy feet on Main-street, one hundred and ninety feet on Fall-street, to be, to the top of the dome, one hundred and twenty-five feet high, and was to have ample accommodations for above six hundred persons. Had this

hotel been finished, it could not fail to have been one of the best and most profitable pieces of property in the Union; but it was destined that his career of improvement should stop in its midland course, and most unfortunately for the village of Niagara Falls, it did so.

The prescient genius and active enterprise of Rathbun, stimulated and inspired by the grandeur of those incomparable cascades, and the glorious scenery around, would have reared a city there in a few years time, that would rival the creeping aggregations of a century, and that too, by merely developing the wonderful resources of the place. It would have been no hot-bed growth, but a natural and vigorous shooting up from a rich and unharvested soil. Look at the stone-faced aqueduct or race, canal-like in size and capacity, which he built, and was preparing to line with mills and manufactories. There is no end to the water-power that might be brought into use here, or he would soon have found it. Could the steam-mills and factories of other places compete with those driven by this all-powerful, obedient, and ready-formed agent of nature, which requires no care, and is subject to no expense? But Rathbun, the soul of laudable enterprise, is, for faults not his own, (as many believe,) now in the penitentiary,
and Niagara Falls must bide her time. There was a country once, where, if a man exhibited more talent, or possessed more wealth than his neighbours, they took off his head for the sake of equality; but now, and here every one can tolerate a superior.

The village of Niagara Falls has also two saw-mills, a grist-mill, a paper-mill, a woolen-factory, two machine shops, a rail-road-car manufactory, and shops for almost every variety of the mechanic arts. These are all excellent in their kind, and the paper-mill particularly so, as the material upon which this book is printed, abundantly demonstrates. There is also a Bowling Alley, where visitors can mingle exercise with amusement; and a Public Garden laid out in good taste, containing a variety of flowers and shrubbery, and a place for the exhibition of fire-works, which are frequently displayed on proper and public occasions. The streets are broad and regular, but unpaved, and therefore damp and disagreeable after heavy rains; but as the soil is of a sandy kind, a short interval generally suffices to render them dry and pleasant.

No place on the broad platform of God’s footstool can be more healthy and inviting than this, and it is a most desirable location for a permanent or summer residence. Fine groves of the native forest trees are scattered about; and the Islands, on which not a stick is allowed to be cut, afford the most delightful retreats that can be imagined or wished. Nature seems to have bestowed every advantage and every attraction upon the vicinity of her master-work, as if to allure mankind to a contemplation of her beauty and power.

On the Canada side are the City of the Falls, and village of Clifton. The Pavilion Hotel, a new and elegant edifice, erected on the site of the hotel of the same name, which was burnt down two years since, is in the former; and the Clifton House in the latter. The road leading up from the river at the ferry, divides the two places.

The Clifton House, a large, elegant, commodious, well-finished, and well-furnished hotel, stands on the brow of the bank, near the ferry, and commands a splendid view of the Falls, in which all their majesty and glory are revealed. It is a noble structure, with triple colonnades of ample length and area, and an interior that leaves nothing to be regretted. Mr. Chrysler, a “fine old English gentleman,” and a veteran host, is proprietor and landlord of this superb establishment, which is conducted, under his personal superintendence, in a manner that speaks for itself, and
needs no eulogy. Are you fond of hunting? — he keeps a pack of hounds and has a passion for the chase. You could not wish for a better sportsman or a more jovial companion, and cannot fail to like him in either capacity; — as host or hunter.

The Pavilion Hotel occupies a very elevated and conspicuous position on the upper bank, overlooking Table-rock, and the Horse-shoe fall. It is an extensive and well-planned building, and is kept by Mr. Moxley, whose name is a sufficient guaranty that his patrons will have no cause to complain of their choice of quarters.

The Camera Obscura, midway between the Clifton House and Table-rock, should be remembered; — it is well worth a visit; — most interesting and life-like miniature views of the Falls are shown by that optical instrument.

The Museum of Mr. Barnett, is a short distance above. This gentleman has prepared and collected a very great variety of valuable and rare specimens in natural history, and has, after devoting years to this object, succeeded in bringing his museum to a high degree of perfection. It is admirably arranged, contains almost innumerable unique and curious articles, both native and foreign, and would do credit to any place.

A large white building, with colonnades in front, about one fourth of a mile above the Falls, formerly kept as a hotel, when it was called the Ontario House, is now occupied as barracks by the Sixty-Seventh Regiment of Infantry, which is stationed here, under the immediate command of Major Brooke. The troops are paraded for review once a week, on which occasions the showy uniform and high military discipline of this veteran corps, manouvering to the excellent music of its fine regimental band, present a scene of combined attractions that few care to neglect. The band is often allowed, and especially on clear moonlit
evenings, to assemble on the bank of the river near the cataract, and blend the inspiring tones of their martial harmonies with the grand diapason of Niagara's thunder-breathed hymn. The effect is indescribable, and visitors gather round and listen, with an interest seldom if ever so deeply awakened in their bosoms,—but when before did they hear a human accompaniment to the sublime anthems of Nature!

The City of the Falls, and Clifton are both as yet small places, and have probably an aggregate population of three hundred souls. Our remarks upon the salubrity of Niagara Falls village, and its desirability for permanent and summer residences, apply, with equal force to these places. In fact the whole vicinity of the cataract on both sides of the river is pleasant and healthful in the highest degree, and must in a few years attract men of wealth and standing to become its constant or occasional inhabitants.