

Moses throw into London omnibusses and cabs, came flying in at the windows. I copy one of them :—

FERRY AT THE FALLS!

This ferry, immediately at the foot of the GREAT CATARACT, where the spectator has in crossing, the whole scene of falling water before him in all its majesty and power, is in its accustomed order for the accommodation of the public.

The Ferry is provided with spacious open barges, which carry with entire safety 20 to 30 passengers each, and the crossing is accomplished in about five minutes. The landing place is reached by a flight of covered stairs, 290 in number, down the bank, or by a parallel inclined plane, 360 feet long, on which Cars are moved by stationary Water Power.

Visitors wishing to reach the Falls most expeditiously and economically, should at once, on the arrival of the morning Train from Buffalo, at half-past ten, proceed directly down the street in which the Cars stop, *passing by the Buffalo Depot*, through the Grove to the Ferry, distant less than a five minutes walk. Not a moment should be lost, for the sun soon attains an elevation which deprives the scene of one of its most

STRIKING BEAUTIES,

THE

MORNING RAINBOW.

In fifteen or twenty minutes, they stand on the famed

TABLE ROCK, ON THE BRITISH SHORE.

One hour will suffice to make the whole trip, crossing and returning, and allow the visitor an half hour on the Table. Indeed he may pass nearly an hour there and be back at his hotel, on this side, by noon. Or, if he prefers, he may take a Carriage from Table Rock, directly to the Suspension Bridge,

after passing which to the American shore, he can return to the Village by a like conveyance.

Fare to Canada, including the use of the descending Car or Steps, as may be preferred, 18 3-4 cents. Freight and Baggage passed with perfect facility, at low rates.

The safety of this Ferry is best appreciated from the fact that it has been in use more than 40 years—formerly with very light boats, and even small canoes, and that not a human life has been lost in passing it. On reaching the Canada shore, the bank is there ascended by a free wagon road, at the foot of which Carriages are always in waiting.

The subscriber having passed his whole life at this place, is prepared and will be happy to impart any local information that may be desired.

GEO. W. SIMS.

At the Ferry, American Shore.

☞ P.S.—The use of the great Staircase and grounds adjacent is free to Visitors.

NIAGARA FALLS, 1851.

It will be observed that, according to George W. Sims, the Ferry is the object most worth visiting at Niagara. So did others particularly recommend other localities, in which they themselves were interested. We descended from the cars, disregarding them all. Disregarding, also, the many who offered themselves as guides, we crossed the street, and followed the press of other passengers who, we thought, must be like us, visitors to the world-wonder. They fell off into the hotels,

to the right and to the left ; thus showing that they were only holiday people from Buffalo. We pursued our solitary way towards the river. Now, here, although we were but about a quarter of a mile from the cascade, I cannot say that we heard those sounds like distant thunder which deafen many travellers to Niagara, almost from the time they have left Albany. At the end of the street, we saw trees, and a rush of water. Amongst stones and rocks, and little islands, through which two or three solitary firs struck their naked roots into the stones beneath, they rushed ; foaming and boiling, and splashing, and eddying. A rustic bridge spanned them, resting upon piers of jagged stone. We stood on the centre of it, and I asked my children what they thought of Niagara.

They were disappointed. These were very beautiful ; but they thought there was a cataract.

These were the Rapids on the American side. Listen now to the dull booming sound a-head !

At the end of the bridge, on a little island

called Bath Island, we were called upon to pay a toll, twenty-five cents for each person:—for one visit? This would free us for the whole season; and the toll-taker said we could not tell how often we might return to it. Was it prophecy or experience that inspired him?

With other twenty-five cents, I bought from him a guide book with a map; and so, independent of chattering guides which this toll happily kept back, we crossed over another smaller bridge, and stood upon Goat Island; since denominated by these gentry, in the hope of making Niagara more attractive, Iris Island.

Delightful were the natural paths amongst the brambles and underwood, or on the green grass shaded by lofty oak trees, the immemorial forest of Goat Island! Our children were overjoyed with the wild gooseberries they picked, and with the fresh natural feeling of this their first country walk since they had left Talence to embark on the *Kate Hunter*. We pursued our walk to the right, and, skirting the southern side of the island, saw down below us, and athwart the overhanging boughs, the

American Rapids still boiling onwards, onwards in their headlong career.

A path struck off to the left, from whence the sound came louder and louder. We turned into it and soon emerged on the other side of the island.

The Great Horseshoe Fall was close before us.

Nearer—nearer came the waters.

Majestic, in the majesty with which they had recovered themselves after the hurrying and chafing of the rapids on this the Canadian side, on—on they come; a peaceful, though rapid, river. The channel is here about half-a-mile broad; and onwards—onwards come the overflow of half the fresh waters on the globe. A rapid and peaceful river, on they come. Suddenly the earth, the solid rock-bed, fails beneath them. They spring forwards unsupported. The sun glances through them; and they gleam with hues more than any emerald bright. For a moment, they gleam; and then, down—down—down they go. A cauldron of froth and spray receives them. Clouds of white foam arise from the rock-girt pit below, and hide whither they are