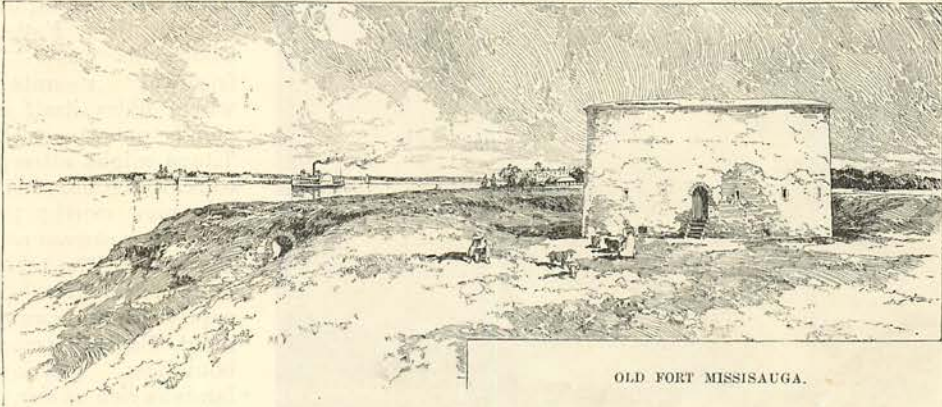


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OLD FORT MISSISAUGA.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE INTERNATIONAL PARK.

BY JANE MEADE WELCH.

I.

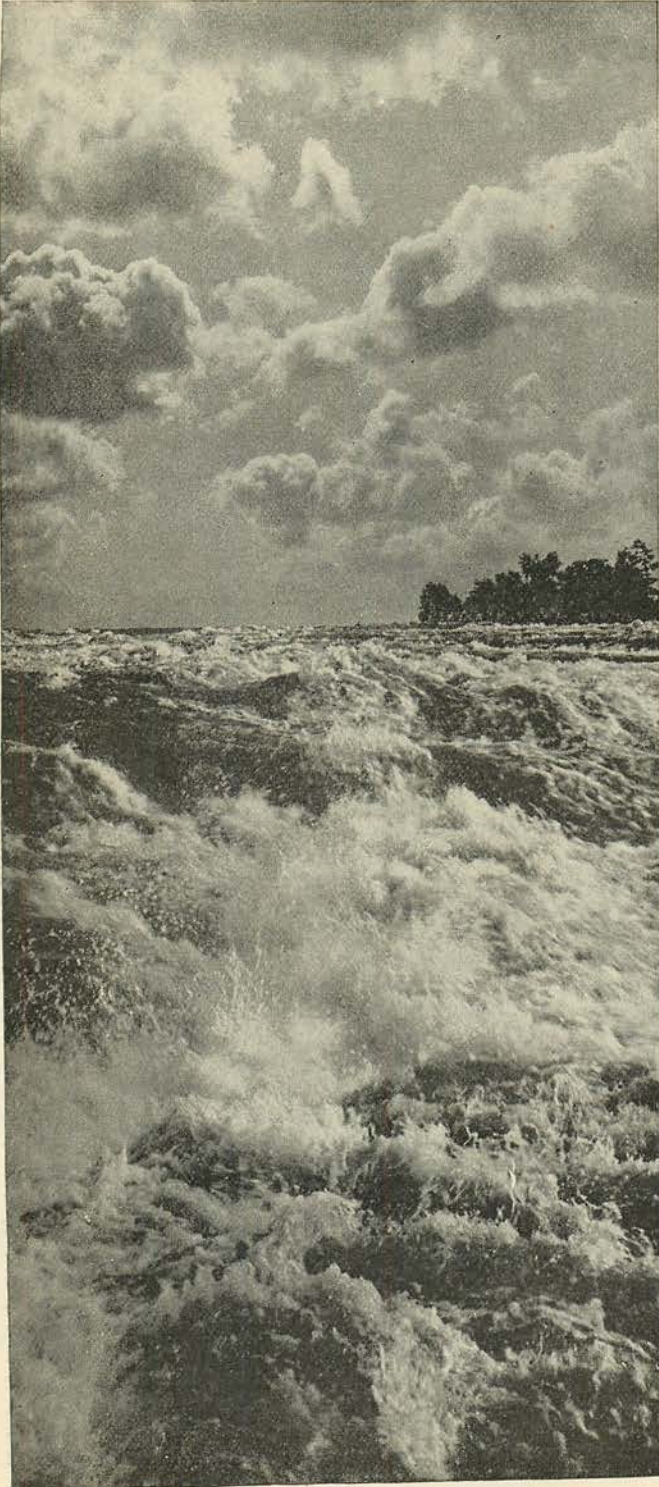
WHILE hundreds of tourists visit the Falls of Niagara every season, not one in a thousand actually sees the river. But with the "freeing of Niagara," celebrated by New York State and Canada July 15, 1885, the river experienced a new birth. Hereafter, in the true spirit of this international bond, the traveller, having enjoyed restored nature at the points comprised within the limits of the International Park Survey, may explore Niagara River to where, actually freed from its high, precipitous mural boundaries, it pours the waters of our upper inland seas into the broad Ontario. Here culminates the historic interest of the Niagara frontier, as at the Whirlpool modern rock-readings tell us to seek a clew to its geological past. For of few other rivers may it be said that they have a threefold charm, appealing alike to artist, historian, and man of science.

True lovers of Niagara hope that the day is not far distant when the International Park will consist of not merely a

mile strip on the American bank, but a grand double boulevard, running from Buffalo to Youngstown, and on the Canadian cliffs from the Horseshoe Falls to Queenston. As a site for country villas, Lewiston Ridge, with the unnumbered beautiful drives in its neighborhood and its picturesque historical associations, must, as the cities of western New York grow in wealth and population, become not less famous than the cliffs of Newport.

Below the cataract, the Niagara, although comparatively few tourists discover this fact, has a beauty and grandeur no less imposing than the falls themselves. Not content with its mighty plunge of 165 feet, the river goes surging and tossing downward another 104 feet in its rocky bed over the obliterated falls of a preglacial stream, the remains of a third cataract being still perceptible in the Whirlpool Rapids. At the Whirlpool the river untwists itself like some mighty serpent from its sinuous contortions in this concave prison, to pour itself an emerald-green wave into a channel at right

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Photographed by George Barker.

THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

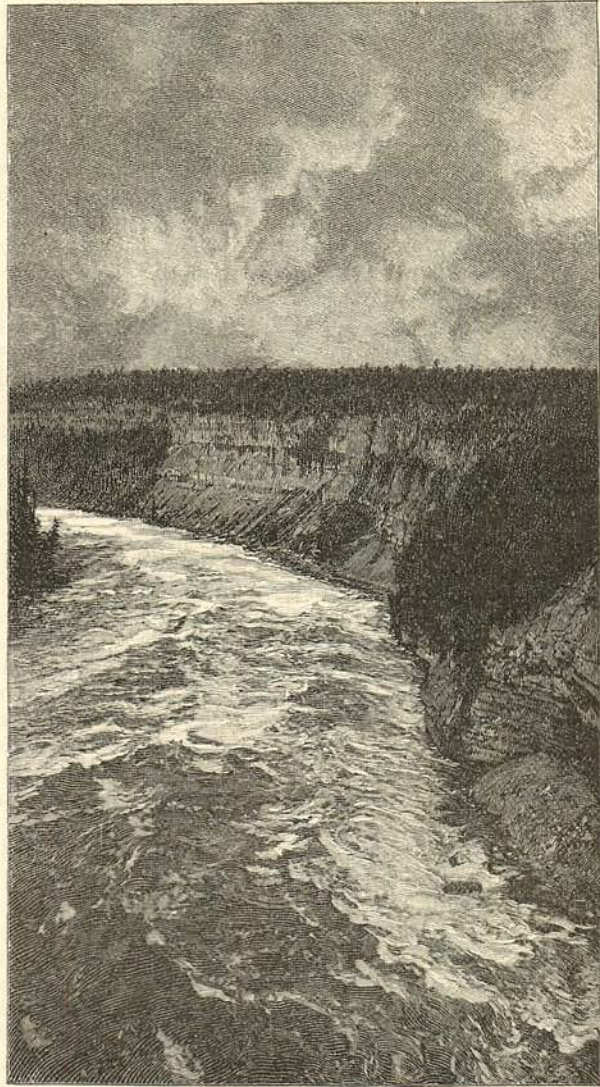
angles with its former course, and henceforth trends northeast with many a gentle curve.

Not until we reach Lewiston Ridge do we turn our backs on the Niagara's stupendous exhibition of power. From this height, described by Father Charlevoix as "a frightful mountain which hides itself in clouds on which the Titans might attempt to scale the heavens," is a view worthy the expansive canvas of a Bierstadt. The tableland terminates abruptly in an escarpment. Beneath stretch boundless meadows as rich as any in agricultural England. They slope gently to the river, which, coming headlong down the gorge, with the leap and roar of the Whirlpool upon it, gradually subsides into a tranquil stream as the bold outlines of the banks above Lewiston fall away into broad smiling plains. Across the gorge is the Bunker Hill of Canada, crowned by its lofty shaft. Few monuments in the world have so imposing an effect in the landscape as the lonely form of Brock towering in the blue clouds far above the heights of Queenston.

Nestling under the shadow of her mountain is Lewiston, so named in 1805 for Governor Morgan Lewis, of New York. At the extreme north, beyond the village of Youngstown, and commanding the angle at the

headland of river and lake, we descry the white ramparts of Fort Niagara, whence the gallant Pouchot, begirt with enemies, looked out in 1758, vainly attempting to discover moving among the trees the battalions of his allies from the Detroit River. Exactly opposite Fort Niagara lies "fair Newark, once gay, rich, and beautiful," presenting to the water's edge her ancient front of crumbling fortresses and gray church towers.

"Geology is a noble science," says Taine in his tour afoot through the Pyrenees. Upon Lewiston summit its theories have flourished. It was here, equally distant from the present cataract and from the outlet of the river—seven miles—that we were formerly supposed to get a comprehensive idea of the origin and progress of Niagara Falls. In his mind's eye the geologist raised a transverse barrier from Lewiston Ridge to Queenston Heights. Over this precipice, some 200,000 years ago, said he, poured the united affluents of the upper lakes. This belief concerning the remote beginning of the Niagara Gorge, so simple that the youngest child can understand it, to the great mystification of the unscientific, has been partially set aside for the more reasonable, if more complicated, one now favorably received by some of the leading geologists of the United States, which makes the gorge between the present falls and the Whirlpool older than the Ice Age. The only part it admits to have been excavated by the modern river is the three miles between the Whirlpool and Lewiston. Inasmuch, however, as guide-books and hack-drivers continue to quote the theory which traces the progress of the cataract back from Lewiston, it is well, in the dawning of a new era for Niagara as a place of



Photographed by George Barker.

Engraved by Pettit.

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

resort, that modern conjectures concerning its past should be more generally known.

Since the original survey of the gorge in 1841, the science of geology has made surprising progress. It has been able, perhaps, to reduce the age of Niagara Falls from 200,000 years to less than 20,000. The falls, it now tells us, instead of cutting their way up the gorge from Lewiston, began their existence, as one cataract, not more than a mile north of where they now are. If true, the value of this dis-

covery, largely due to the protracted, patient investigation of the gorge by Dr. Julius Pohlman, director of the Buffalo Museum of Natural Sciences, will be inestimable. It will give geology a new basis of calculation. Formerly it had recourse to the stellar spaces for a standard by which to reckon the lapse of time between the Ice Age and our own. For while 200,000 years were adequate to account for all the other recent changes in the configuration of the earth's surface, the Niagara Gorge, supposing it to have been excavated throughout by the modern river, after all the essential transformations of the surrounding country had been effected, prevented the theory of any reasonable lapse of time since the arctic climate was again changed into a temperate one.

It has been too much the fashion with writers to belittle Niagara River by detailing the accidents and incidents connected with it, ignoring its magnificent natural phenomena for the sake of creating a vulgar curiosity that will impel the travelling public to visit this or that point in the neighborhood of the cataract, or rapids, as the former scene of some sensational catastrophe.

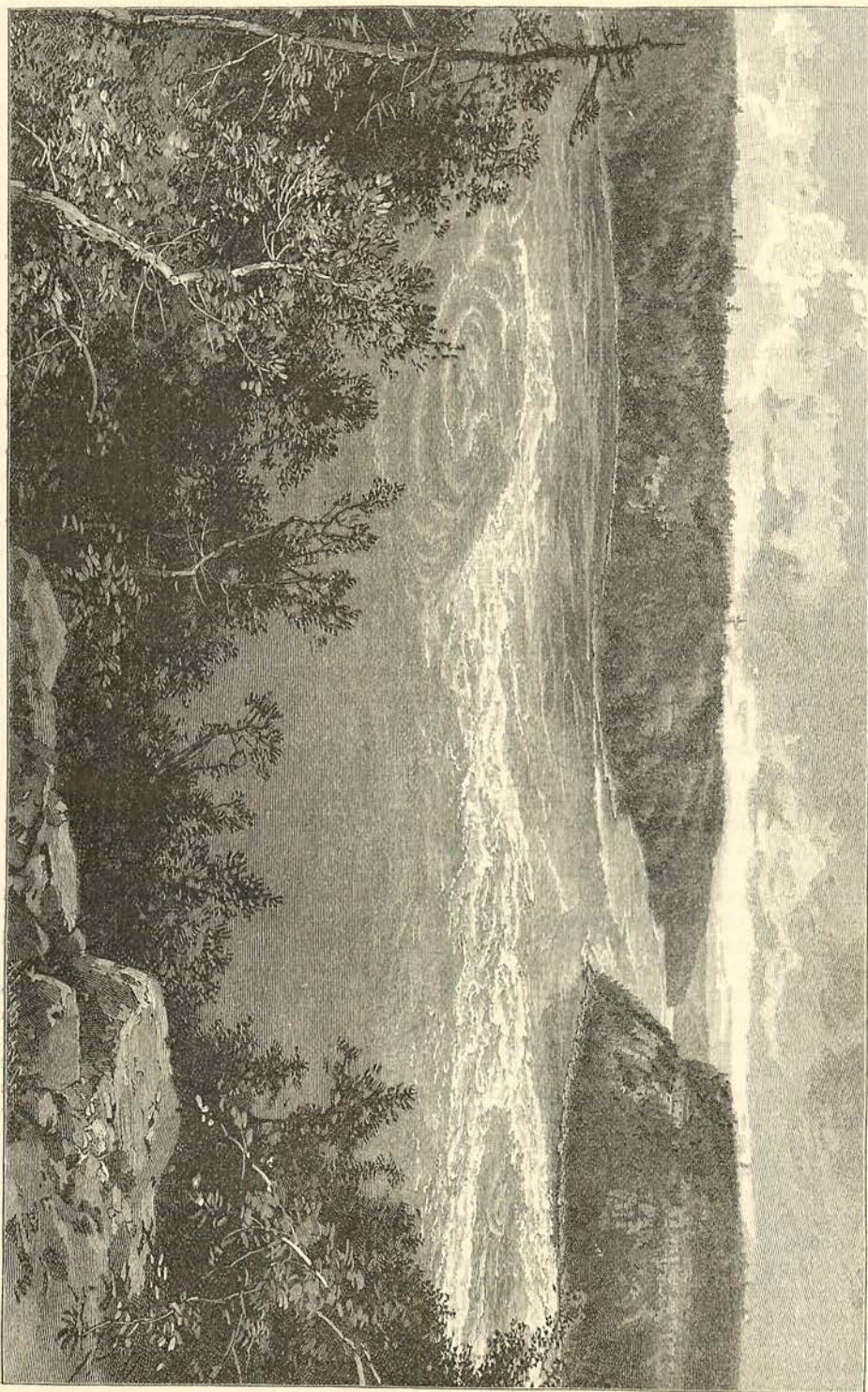
With the American, pedestrianism has become almost as favorite a mode of exercise as with his English cousin. One of the finest autumnal tramps this country affords is a walk up the gorge of the Niagara. No tour afoot in the Swiss Alps is more exhilarating. On the one hand are the organ tones of the turbulent river; on the other, the steep, weather-beaten cliffs, shaggy with forest trees, and of appalling height; and the cloud-embosomed form of Canada's hero follows the retreating footsteps, as if, weary of the vague isolation of the higher atmosphere, he would fain seek companionship with humanity below.

The whole series of rock strata composing the sides of the gorge is laid bare up the perpendicular American bank, like the layers of a well-regulated jelly-cake. A study of this rocky wall in the course of a walk from Lewiston to Suspension-bridge not only shows the varying thickness of the different strata, but gives a clear idea of the nature of the erosive process by which, according to recent surveys, portions of the cataract recede at the rate of three feet a year. Hard layers of the Niagara and Clinton limestone alternate

with the soft shales of the same names. Beginning at Lewiston as a narrow strip, the upper stratum of Niagara limestone increases in thickness to the falls. Here the mighty force of the cataract constantly washes away the foundation of soft shale on which the limestone rests, and thus undermined, the hard upper rock breaks off.

The narrow road by which pedestrians descend from Lewiston escarpment pursues a winding, zigzag course, its passage broken by two secondary terraces. Along this steep precipice, described by Charlevoix and Pouchot in their memoirs as though it were one of the most difficult passes in the Alps, was visible, until recently, the remains of an old tramway, "the first railroad in America." In the days when Lewiston and her neighbors over the river were flourishing trading posts, here began the portage around the falls. At this point all the goods in process of transportation between the lakes underwent transshipment. The heavy bales were raised and lowered on a sliding car or cradle moved on an inclined plane by a windlass. Up and down this narrow defile passed a motley procession of European traders, Americans, and Indians. To the "trois montaignes" came Father Hennepin, his portable chapel on his back, and with him that bold adventurer who threatened to make "the griffon fly above the crows"; for while there is nothing in these decaying river towns to recall the fact, we are actually in the neighborhood that witnessed the birth of America's magnificent inland commerce.

The walk up the gorge is made easier by leaving the train where the engine slows up this side of the mountain. Near by are the exposed foundations and anchors of the old Suspension-bridge. The remnants of its heavy cables flap and sway across the gorge between Lewiston and Queenston like an empty clothes line. At our left is a tunnel cut through the side of the rock. It looks like a ruined arch; but although the surrounding country is rich in tradition and history, the banks of the Niagara are not crowned with castles. Some one in the party remembers that Mr. Benson J. Lossing has a sketch of it in the *Pictorial Field Book*, and it is well to say here a preliminary reading of this careful historian vastly enhances the enjoyment of a tramp through the battle country of the war of 1812.



Photographed by George Barker.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

Engraved by A. Lindsay.

Near the Devil's Hole, where the railway goes into the mountain, we leave the track and mount the ridge. From the top of the cliff overlooking this awful chasm is another sweeping view of the river north and south. Peering down into the depths of the leafy gulf, it seems almost impossible to conceive in the sylvan calm of this peaceful ferny solitude that it could once have been the scene of a murderous ambush.

Passing the squatter sovereignty at Suspension-bridge, and pausing midway on the hanging viaduct, we have a full view of the wonderful and many times described Niagara Gorge. Great white gulls are circling over the narrow rock-bound chasm, in the bed of which flows the emerald-green river. The perpendicular cliffs, three hundred feet high, through which the stream makes its impetuous passage are still clad in the fading russet tints of maples and elms, among which the severe outlines of tall pines stand forth like black priests, mounting the gorge, up and up in solemn file, carrying us back into that remote past when first the Jesuit fathers visited the nation which gave to the river, on either side of which its camp fires burned, its musical name.

Crossing the bridge, we witness at the Whirlpool on the Canada side "the culminating act of the Niagara drama." Little known, and less appreciated by the generality of travellers, to the thinker the Whirlpool is the most fascinating spot along the river, more awful in the mysterious swirl of its waters and in the eternity of ages its past involves than the cataract itself. Compressed within these narrow limits is the drainage of half a continent. Two of the three sides are steep, rocky precipices like the rest of the river gorge. The other is a sheer slope of primeval forest, at which the water rushes with the tremendous force acquired in its swift descent. To account for this wooded declivity carries one far deeper into the fathomless ages than any possible calculations as to the period required for the falls to dig the gorge from Queenston.

Through an unwillingness to believe the commonly received theory that the concavity of this basin is due to the erosion of the water striking constantly against the bank, and believing the mysterious weakness of the northwestern end of the Whirlpool indicated traces of the buried outlet of a former river, was begun

the investigation which has dispelled in so many minds the illusion that the Falls of Niagara were once at Lewiston. Having conceived the idea of an ancient stream, the present Tonawanda, carving out, in a period preceding the Ice Age, a channel as far as the Whirlpool for its destined successor, the Niagara, the new theory about the cataract is readily understood. From the Whirlpool the Tonawanda had its outlet through what now is the closed, wooded side of the basin known as the St. David's Valley. The modern river, following a shallow valley of a preceding era, quickly excavated that part of the gorge between the Whirlpool and Lewiston—how rapidly is seen by noting that the Niagara limestone, which at the point where the present falls tumble over it is eighty feet thick, has a depth of but ten and twenty feet in the lower gorge.

From the Whirlpool basin most pedestrians avail themselves of the rapid transit of the inclined railway to reascend to the upper bank.

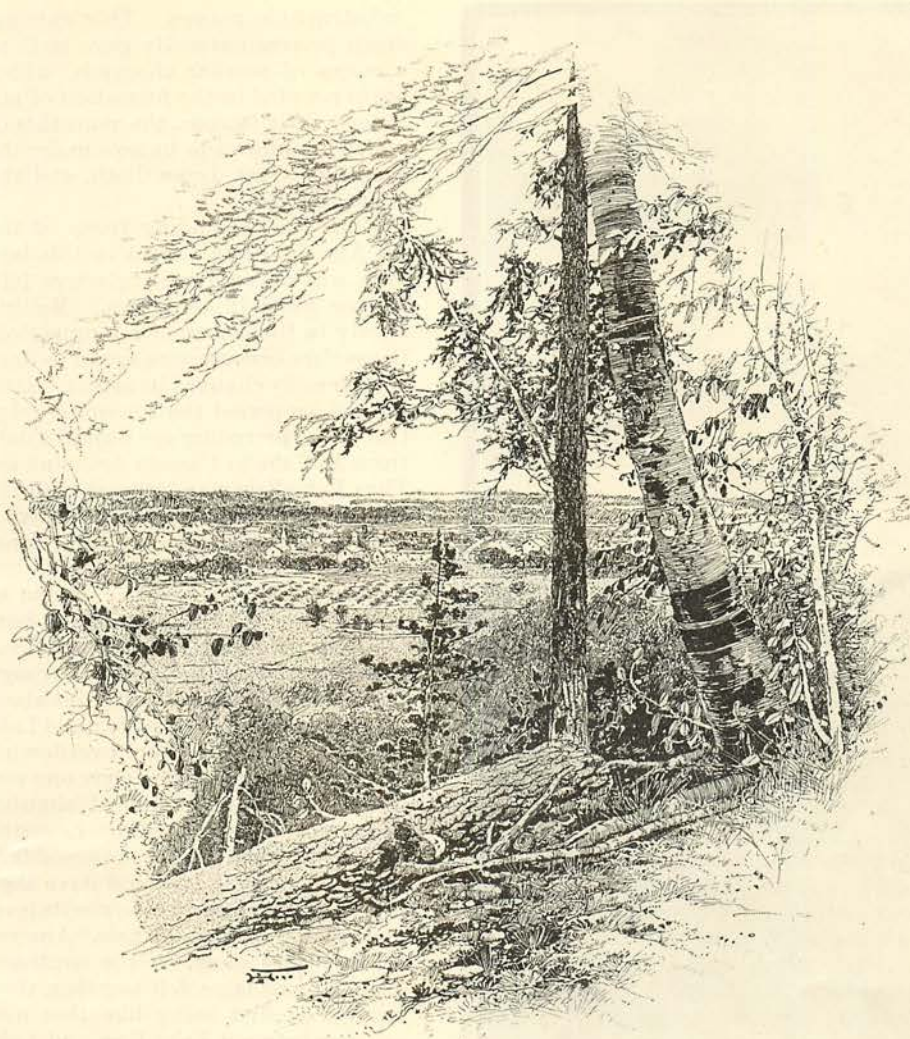
Having recrossed the bridge and made our way to Prospect Park, the geologist of the expedition points from the parapet across the Canadian bank to a secondary ridge, now crowned by summer villas, over which, perhaps, the falls precipitated themselves before they began their backward march.

This geological tramp ended just at sundown in a supplementary expedition through the chill shades of Goat Island as the tall leafless oaks were darkling against the brilliant after-glow in the west. There are no sight-seers to disturb with their chatter at this season, and the forest solitude was unbroken, save by the rustle of the fallen leaves and acorns which we trod underfoot.

Issuing forth from beneath these late autumnal shadows at the furthest point of the Three Sister Islands, the rapids were so high that they seemed about to overflow the land.

In the fast waning twilight it was indicated how that accommodating little stream, the Tonawanda, shaped the rapids and islands that form the beautiful scenery above the falls.

The Tonawanda's waters represented no such tremendous volume as does the Niagara to-day. They were merely the drainage of a tract of land of perhaps 1500 square miles, a basin formed in the soft rocks of the Onondaga salt group lying



LEWISTON.

between two limestone ridges, one of coniferous rock, barring up the present outlet of Lake Erie, the other (northern) barrier being the upper portion of the Niagara limestone ledge over which the waters of the Niagara Falls are now precipitated. Furthermore this valley was bounded on the west by the water-shed of the Dundas Valley, in Canada, and on the east by that of the Genesee River. Flowing north in one broad stream, these waters gradually cut their way over the lowest boundary, the Niagara ridge. Exhibiting the usual tendency of water to unite in one stream, these sister rivulets, flowing over the lime-

stone bed, became one river somewhere to the north of Goat Island, which then, instead of terminating in an abrupt bluff, extended northerly perhaps 600 or 700 feet further than now. From this point the Tonawanda excavated a bed due north to Lake Ontario by way of the Whirlpool and the now buried St. David's Valley.

This comparatively small volume of water was aided largely by atmospheric erosion in deepening the outlet, because the upper portions of the limestone are formed of thin slabs, while the lower part, that which now forms the edge of the falls, represent heavy, thick, almost



Drawn by C. Graham.

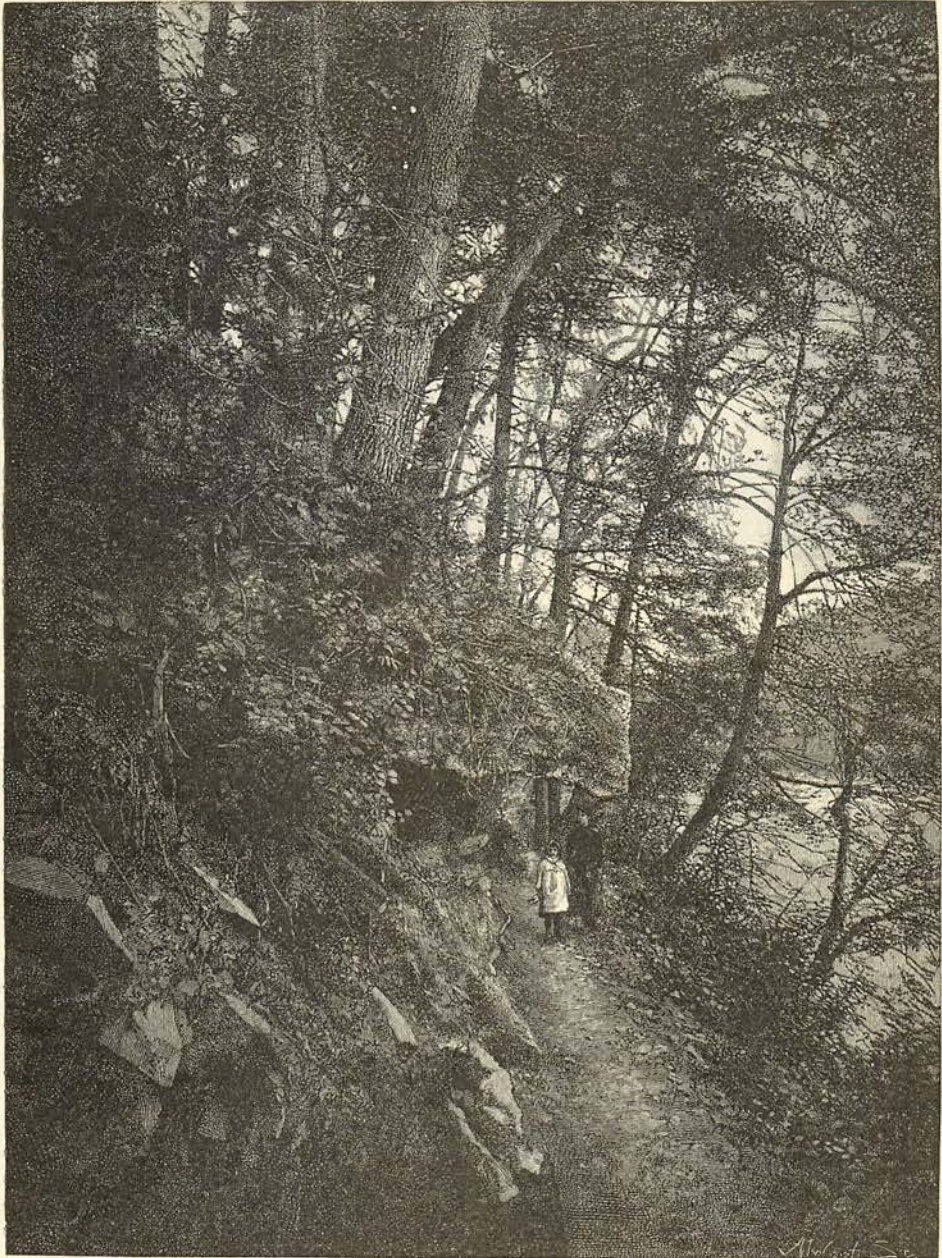
Engraved by Pottit.

THE BROCK MONUMENT.

indestructible masses. This cutting-down process naturally gave birth to a series of smaller channels, which again resulted in the formation of numerous little islands, the remnants of which are known to us now under the names of Goat, Luna, Bath, and the Sister islands.

With the descending frosts of the Ice Age the earth's crust in this latitude was covered with glaciers 1000 feet or more in thickness. Melting slowly in the course of a long period, the surface beneath was found to have considerably changed its aspect. During the ice period the limestone ridge that in the preceding age formed a dam from Buffalo to Canada broke away. Thus Lake Erie was destined, with the subsiding of the inland sea, to have a free outlet into the ancient Tonawanda Valley.

Before the Ice Age the basins of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario had been occupied by a series of rivers, those of Lake Erie finding their outlet through Canada into Ontario's at a point about opposite Dunkirk. Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, meantime, far overflowing their present boundaries, were one vast inland sea, which subsided simultaneously until separated by Lewiston Ridge. To have had the supposed falls start at Lewiston, it would have been necessary for Ontario to lower its level more rapidly than Lake Erie. Ancient beach marks show, on the contrary, that the two lakes fell together, their relation at first being like that now existing between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, two large bodies of water connected by a swift stream. Separated at length by the Lewiston Ridge, Lake Ontario fell slowly, with long pauses. Lake Erie, with an excess of 20,000,000 cubic feet of water a minute pouring into her for which to find an outlet, made short work of excavating the gorge between Lewiston and the Whirlpool. Here meeting the ancient Tonawanda's valley, the water naturally accepted the bed already cut for it—a fact accounting for the sudden turn the river makes here. We cannot comprehend the period of time represented by the erosion of the rock bed above the Whirlpool. The course of the preglacial Tonawanda, however, must have been broken by three



Photographed by George Barker.

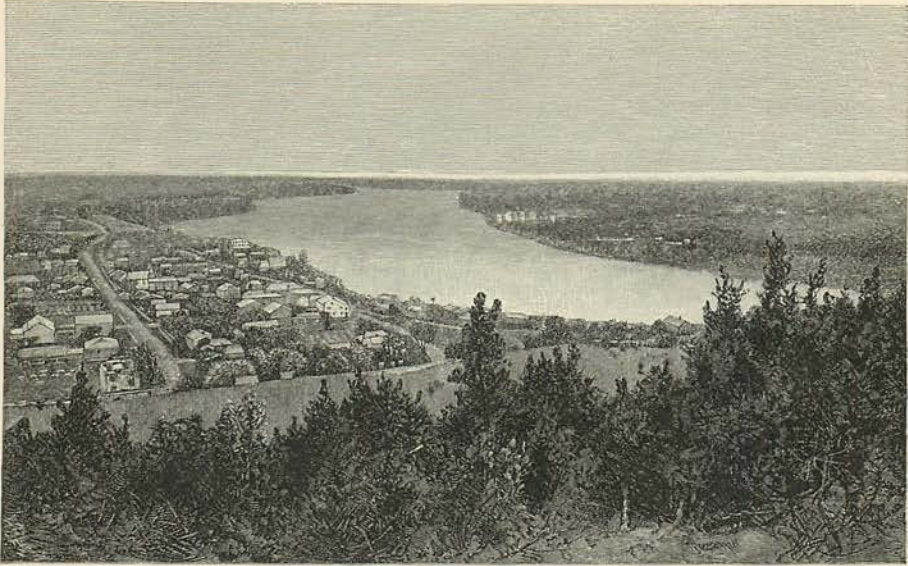
Engraved by Atwood.

THE PATHWAY BETWEEN QUEENSTON AND NIAGARA.

falls as the water slowly carved the present deep gorge through the alternating layers of hard and soft rock.

The first fall was perhaps one mile north of the present cataract. The second was midway between this and the Whirlpool, all evidences of it having disappeared;

while traces of the third are still seen in the Whirlpool Rapids. The force of the immense volume of water that we see today, pouring over the first cascade, soon obliterated the lower and middle falls, and thus the river assumed its present aspect.



Photographed by George Barker.

Engraved by Deiss.

QUEENSTON AND NIAGARA RIVER FROM BROCK'S MONUMENT.

II.

From the summit of Brock's Monument—a Roman column exceeded in height only by that Sir Christopher Wren erected in London to commemorate the great fire—is a panoramic view of our whole pedestrian excursion, and one which gives a connected image of the river. From here we see not only the Whirlpool and the spray of the cataract, but all of the near towns of Upper Canada, with a distant glimpse of the historic field of Lundy's Lane. We discern the long gap of the St. David's Valley, through which, emerging from the northwest side of the Whirlpool, across the country to St. David's, flowed the ancient Tonawanda. To-day the valley of this river-bed is a highway. Under the shadow of its hoary cliffs, much like those which frown above the present Niagara, the Canada Southern Railway passes to descend into the open Ontario plain just beyond St. David's, a village two miles west of Queenston, where are seen remains of the old cliffs of the preglacial Tonawanda.

Another pedestrian excursion which is open to the sojourner at Niagara is as dear to the naturalist as is the one already described to the geologist. Its course is from Queenston along the Canadian bank at the base of the cliff to the old town of Niagara. The gentle picturesqueness of

the river at this point harmonizes well with the apparently unexplored loveliness of the natural growths of ferns, vines, and wild flowers along the margin. Monarch trees overshadow the narrow footpath, shooting straight into the upper air, their roots exposed, and clinging to the shelving banks, or clasped tightly around huge boulders, which they hold in place.

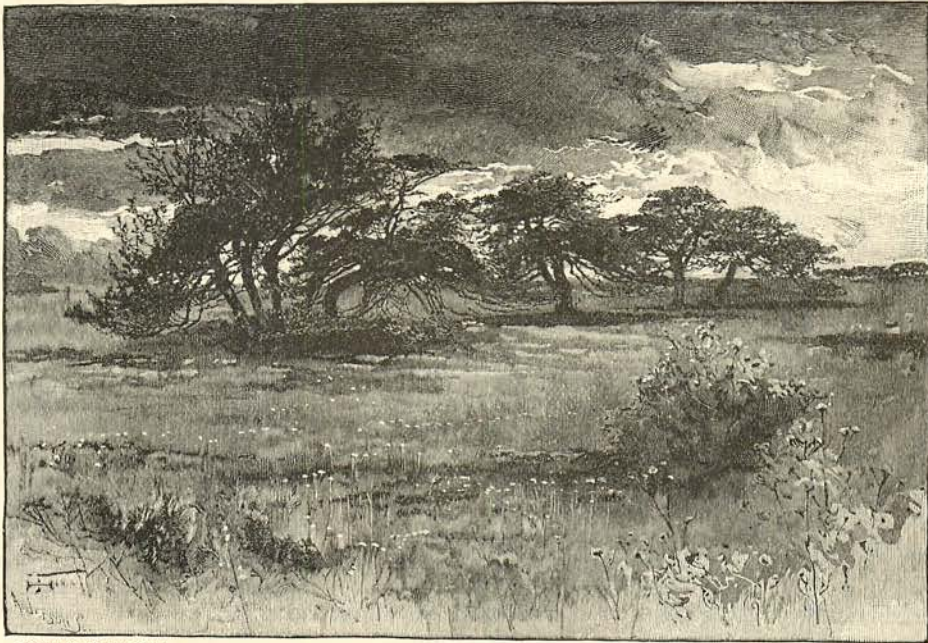
No such walk is possible on the American side, for the engineering talent which achieved the railroad along the precipice destroyed the sylvan beauty of the bank below, filling it up with stones and rocks hewn off to lay the track. Similarly on the Canadian side the once famous Hennepin, or "La Grosse Roche," near Queenston, is scarcely to be distinguished from the main bank, since the space originally separating it from the shore has been closed by debris accumulated when the cables were sunk for the old Suspension-bridge. As dense with matted foliage as any unexplored mountain cañon of the far West, this path between Queenston and the Whirlpool is as narrow as the way of life, and destruction as sure to him who steps out of it. On the one side is the river, on the other the abrupt vertical cliff. Last season the shadows of the evening twilight overtook a party of pedestrians here, and, afraid to retrace their steps, a hopeless attempt to

climb the bank resulted in their being stuck fast on a rock all night. When the International Park is older there should be donkeys to carry the traveller over these roads. From this path curious eddies are noticed in the river, which all summer long is haunted by anglers who cast their flies or troll for black bass. Two-thirds of the river pursues an undeviating downward course, the other third runs backward. Lazy fishermen take a base advantage of this eddy, allowing it in the morning to carry them up-stream to the fishing grounds. At nightfall the main current takes them home again.

During a temporary stay at Newark in

Every step of the way between Queenston—so named in honor of Queen Charlotte—and Niagara is historic country. The cliff road, which skirts the high bank of the winding river, with glimpses of the American shore on the right and an unbroken view of undulating meadows on the left, should become popular with coaching parties. Acres of wheat field stretch out toward the north and west.

But a few short hours after leading his hastily summoned militia up Queenston Heights, with the cry, "Push on, York Volunteers!" Sir Isaac Brock again passed over this road, when his body, with that of his brave aide-de-camp, was brought back,



Drawn by Harry Fenn.

THORN-TREES NEAR NIAGARA.

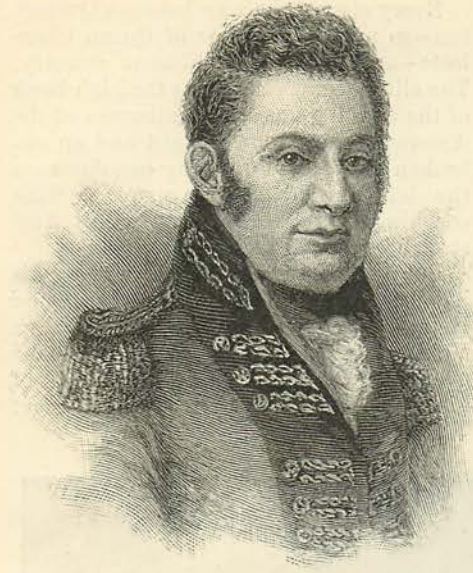
Engraved by Anderson.

1804, Tom Moore used every day to stroll up the road on the river-bank as far as an old oak-tree which stood midway in the path. Moved one afternoon by the sound of a woodpecker tapping at the bark over his head, he was inspired to write the ballad beginning:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the
world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it
here.'

the enemies' minute-guns all along the opposite river-bank firing a salute of respect. Hither from Kingston came in 1792 Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. Landed at Newark by a pleasure schooner, he was received by a salute of guns and entertained at Navy Hall. From thence the royal party wound their way on horseback by the narrow river road to the falls. Returning, they were entertained with a war-dance by the Mohawks, headed by Brant himself.

We approach the beautiful town of



JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

Niagara through an aromatic pine forest, which is succeeded by an oak wood, "Paradise Grove," under whose lordly arcades picnic parties from all the surrounding country hold high revel in midsummer. Beyond is an open heath, on the edge of which stand, "outlawed, lonely, and apart," a picturesque clump of thorn-trees. One of the best known writers of the Dominion, and author of that powerful historical romance *Le Chien d'Or*, Mr. William Kirby, a resident of Niagara, traces the planting of these trees as far back as to the period of the French occupation of Fort Niagara. In one of his series of Canadian idyls the poet beautifully relates how under the oldest of these French thorns, "in a grave made wide enough for two," sleep a once gay cavalier of Roussillon, and a fair dame of Quebec whose bright eyes caused him to forget his châteline in Avignon.

Niagara is the Plymouth Rock of Upper Canada, and was once its proud capital city. Various known in the past as Loyel Village, Butlersbury, Nassau, and Newark, it had a daily paper as early as 1792, and was a military post of distinction before the present century, its real beginnings, however, being contemporaneous with the war of independence. Here, within two short hours' ride of the most populous and busy city of western New

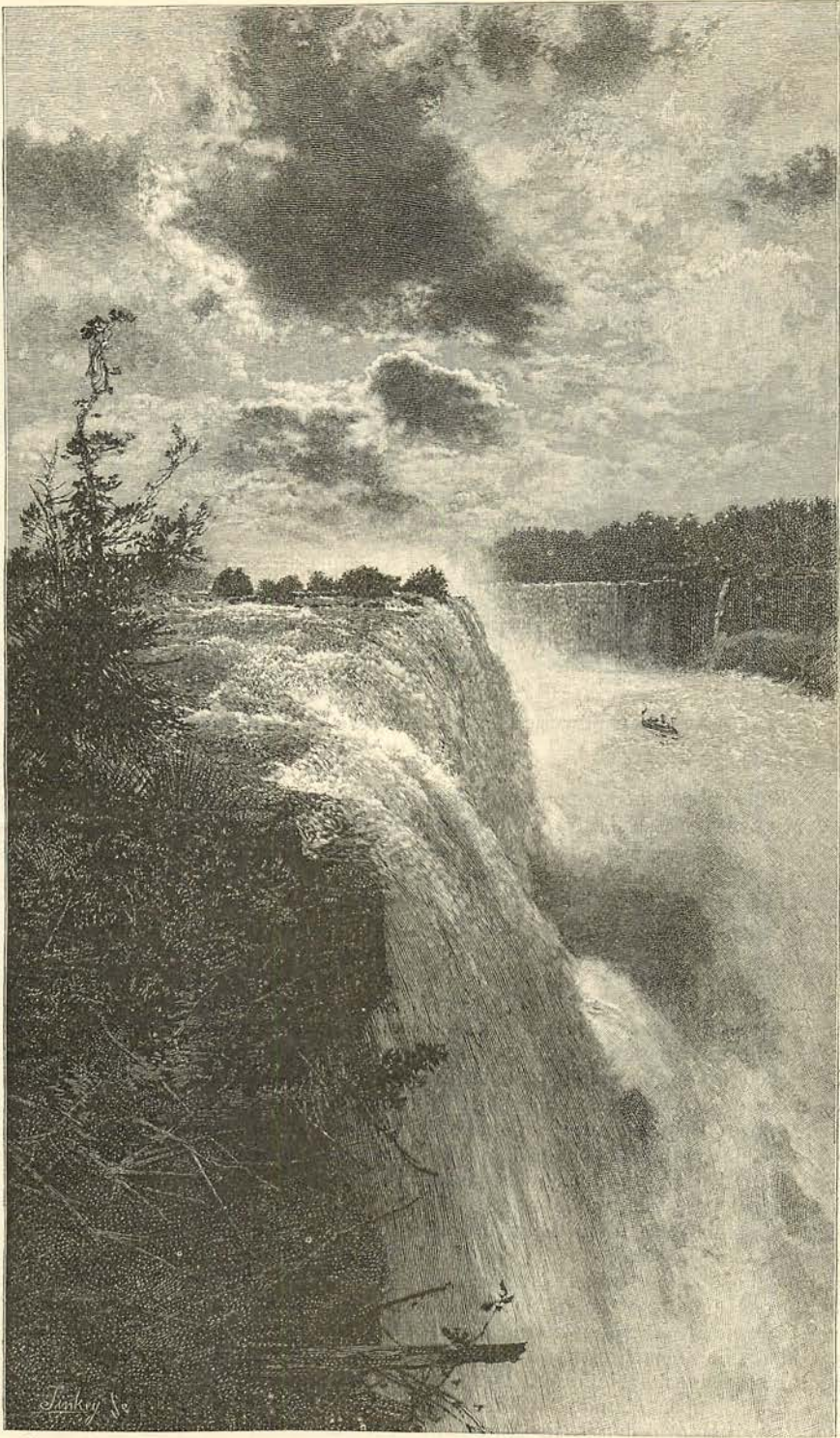
York, typical of the material forces that have moulded the nineteenth century, we come upon a spot of intensest quiet, in the shadow of whose ivy-mantled church tower sleep trusted servants of the Georges, Tories and their Indian allies.

The place has been overtaken by none of that unpicturesque commercial prosperity which further up the frontier threatens to destroy all the natural beauties of the river-banks.

The Welland Canal and the Grand Trunk and Great Western railway systems diverted from Niagara the great part of the carrying trade, and with it that growth and activity which have signalized the neighboring cities of Canada. "Refuse the Welland Canal entrance to your town," said the commissioners, "and the grass will grow in your streets." The prediction has been realized. St. Catharines is a flourishing neighbor, while Niagara, with a harbor in which the navy of England might ride, sees her main thoroughfares a common pasture. Cows crop the turf up to the door-steps of the brass-knocked, wide-windowed houses, and the classic goose roams at will through the town. The alleged business part of the village centres around the post-office.

The rush of business, however, is never such, even in the season of the summer boarder, as to prevent the proprietor of one of the most modern-looking of shops in the town from turning the key in the lock at high noon while he goes home to dinner.

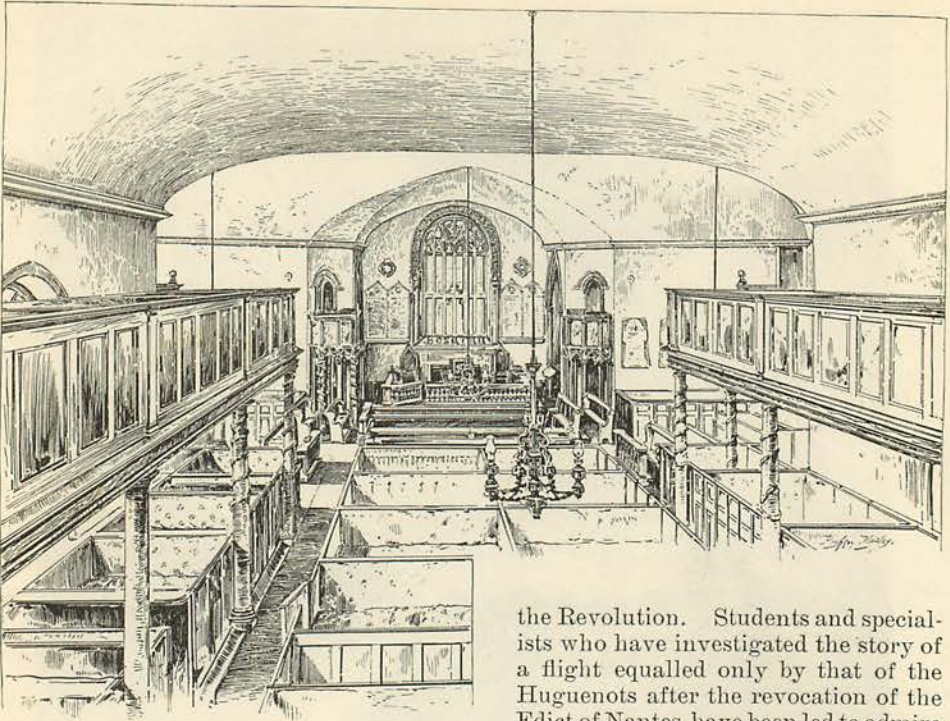
The public business street bisects the town, and there are about five hundred acres of government land in two expansive commons lying on either side of the village, north and south. During the period of our visit a brigade of the red-coated militia of the Dominion was encamped on the breezy southern heath, just on the outskirts of the leafy colonnades of Paradise Grove, on the bluff opposite Youngstown. The unwonted bustle and stir created by the militia of the Dominion in the sleepy old town made it the more easy to summon a picture of that remote past when Niagara, then Newark, figured as a gay frontier military post.



Photographed by George Barker.

NIAGARA FALLS FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Engraved by J. Tinkey.



INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

Here Governor Simcoe opened the first Upper Canadian Legislature; and later, from here General Brock planned the defence of Upper Canada. While the cities of western New York, which have now far eclipsed it, were rude log settlements, at Newark some little attempt was made at decorum and society.

Guests from the "Royal" stroll frequently to the grassy ramparts of old Fort George, whose irregular outlines are still to be traced upon the open plains which now surround it. Here landed, in 1783-84, ten thousand United Empire Loyalists, who, to keep inviolate their oaths of allegiance to the King, quitted their freeholds and positions of trust and honor in the States to begin life anew in the unbroken wilds of Upper Canada.

History has made us somewhat familiar with the settlement of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by the expatriated Loyalists. Little has been written of the sufferings and privations endured by "the makers" of Upper Canada. With the present revival of interest in American history it is singular that writers do not awaken a curiosity about the Loyalists of

the Revolution. Students and specialists who have investigated the story of a flight equalled only by that of the Huguenots after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have been led to admire the spirit of unselfish patriotism which led over one hundred thousand fugitives to self-exile. While the Pilgrim Fathers came to America leisurely, bringing their household goods and their charters with them, the United Empire Loyalists, it has been well said, "bleeding with the wounds of seven years of war, left ungathered the crops of their rich farms on the Mohawk and in New Jersey, and, stripped of every earthly possession, braved the terrors of the unbroken wilderness from the Mohawk to Lake Ontario." Inhabited to-day by the descendants of these pioneers, the old-fashioned loyalty and conservatism of the Niagara district is the more conspicuous by contrast with neighboring republicanism over the river.

Near Fort George, less than a century ago, stood the first Parliament House of Upper Canada—a building rude in comparison with the massive pile, the Bishop's Palace, used for a similar purpose at Quebec, but memorable for one at least of the many liberal laws its homespun representatives enacted. Here, seventy years before President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the first United Empire Loyalist Parliament, like the embattled farmers at Concord, "fired a shot heard

round the world." For one of the first measures of the exiled patricians was to pass an act forbidding slavery. Few readers know that at Newark, now Niagara, Ontario, was enacted that law by which Canada became not only the first country in the world to abolish slavery, but, as such, a safe refuge for the fugitive slaves from the Southern States.

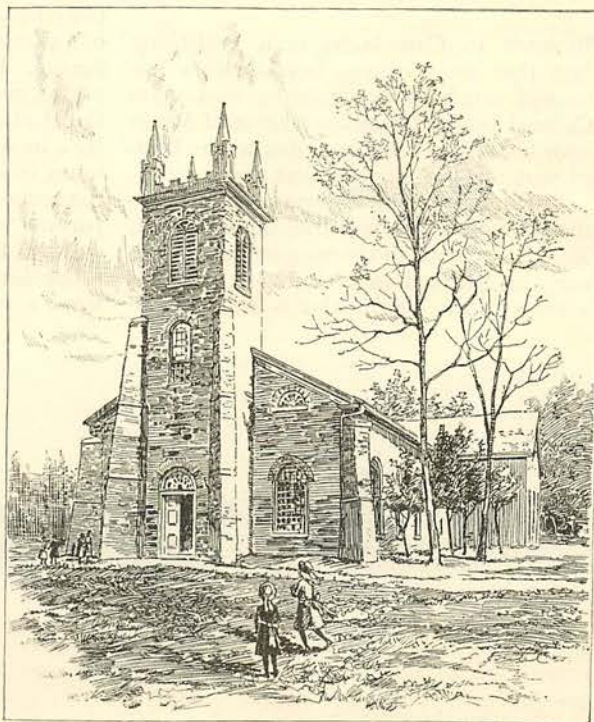
After much hesitation and perplexity, Governor Simcoe decided to fix the seat of government at Newark, where a small frame house served him for the Executive residence as well as the Parliament building. Traces of the fish ponds which surrounded it may still be detected in the green depressions of the river-bank where it stood. A landed gentleman and a member of the British House of Commons, Governor Simcoe voluntarily relinquished the luxuries of his beautiful English home and estates to bury himself in the wilderness, and use his executive powers for the service of his country in establishing the government of Canada on broad and secure foundations. We read of the first Governor of Upper Canada that he lived in a noble and hospitable manner, "without pride."

His guard consisted of four soldiers, who came from Fort George, close by, every morning, and returned thither in the evening. Mrs. Simcoe not only performed the duties of wife and mother, but acted as her husband's secretary. She was a gifted draughtswoman, and her maps and plans served Governor Simcoe in laying out the towns of the new colony.

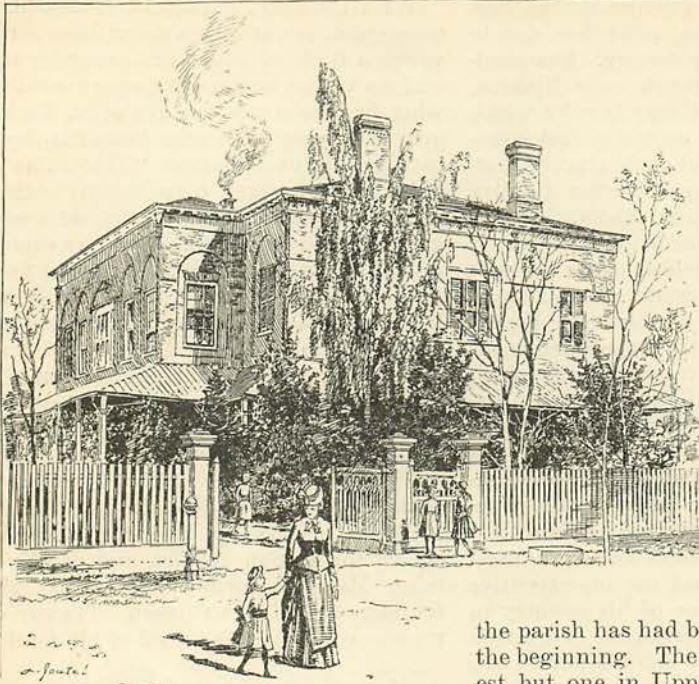
Facing Fort George and the site of the old Parliament building is a low red brick cottage where the ex-President of the Confederate States, Jefferson Davis, lived for some time as the guest of Senator Mason. Niagara was a famous resort for the Confederate leaders, and a pretty domicile on the ridge overlooking the lake is pointed out as having been the abode of General Breckinridge in 1864.

With the sweet chimes from its belfry tower pealing out across the village park, where a flock of lambs are cropping the turf up to the hedge-rows, every visitor, when first he comes in sight of St. Mark's gray buttresses, must echo Dean Stanley's involuntary exclamation, "Why, this is old England right over again!" Surrounded by a church-yard full of moss-grown tombstones, and shaded by drooping elms, the air sweet in spring-time with the scent of wild flowers, St. Mark's is the very picture of an English country church. Entering the dim, quiet interior, the legend "Fear God! honour the King!" carved on a mural tablet, greets the eye, to renew the impression of the Christian patriotism which animated the early settlers of the town. This stone is to the memory of Colonel John Butler, of Butler's Rangers, his Majesty's Commissioner for Indian Affairs, and of Wyoming Massacre memory. He was the founder of St. Mark's Church. The parish register contains this record of his death:

"1796. *May* 15.—Col. John Butler, of the Rangers. (My patron.) Robert Addison, min'r of Niagara."



ST. MARK'S CHURCH.



MISS RYE'S ORPHANAGE.

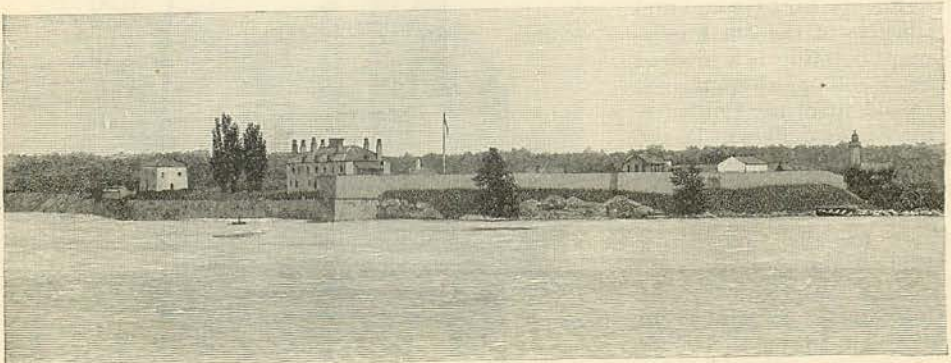
Revered in Canada, it is a gratifying fact that more recent investigation has proved much of the obloquy cast upon Colonel Butler by earlier writers of American history to have been due to the heated partisan prejudice of that time.

Few churches in America can boast so many quaint and peculiar tablets as St. Mark's. One is to the memory of an officer who "served in most of the glorious actions of the Peninsular war." A gal-

lery supported by slender pillars runs around the church, and the high square box pews are curtained in red. The neutral tints of the stained glass in the chancel windows, harmonizing well with the faded quaintness of the gray interior, are a relief to the eye in a day when every railway waiting station and tawdry cottage flares with the gaudy hues of cheap colored glass. Established in 1792,

the parish has had but three rectors since the beginning. The church itself, the oldest but one in Upper Canada, was built in 1802.

The names in the earlier pages of the register represent the different nationalities which made up the motley population of a stirring frontier town—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Indians, and negroes, with a generous sprinkling of Tories from the Hudson and Mohawk. Colonel Butler's importance as the first citizen of the town is indicated from the beginning to the record of his death in the number of parents who paid him the compliment of calling their children after him. His namesakes in Upper Canada at that time were a progeny scarcely less numerous



Photographed by George Barker.

FORT NIAGARA.

Engraved by Levin.

than George Washington's across the border.

On the outskirts of the town stands a large, square, yellow, brick house, mantled in ivy and clematis. Its broad and spacious porch looks upon an old-fashioned garden and orchard. Approaching it by the country road that leads off from the town, past detached villas, the green common, and over an old stone bridge, one sees shy, curious little faces peering out through the fence pickets. For it is here, under the name of "Our Western Home," that Miss Rye, one of the most distinguished of England's women philanthropists, has established her famous orphanage. Since 1869, when the house, formerly the old Niagara County jail, was opened, over 2000 London waifs, ranging in age from 2 to 16, have found a home under this roof. Three parties of children are sent out from England annually, the cost of transportation not exceeding 12 or 15 pounds sterling for each child, this sum including all expenses from the moment of rescue in London until the girl is housed in the orphanage across the ocean. These children have been adopted by families in Ontario, and with scarcely an exception make good, industrious women.

Old Fort Mississauga, its walls,

"Thick as a feudal keep, with loop-holes slashed,"

lies to the northeast of the town of Niagara, on a bluff above the lake, and in the nooks and crannies of its ruined arches innumerable pigeons nest. Built from the ruins of the ancient town, it serves to keep in mind traditions of that bleak December's night when the 400 inhabitants of the little settlement were turned into the streets to brave the ice and snow of a Canadian winter. To England, then absorbed in a deadly struggle with Napoleon, this frontier war of 1812 was as nothing in comparison with the mightier issue at stake, but of vital moment to the pioneers fleeing from the whirlwind of fire and sword which, beginning with Newark, swept the whole frontier, to culminate in the burning of Buffalo, then the largest settlement on the Niagara border.

Exactly opposite is Fort Niagara, whose ramparts command a sweeping view of Lake Ontario, with distant glimpses of Toronto when the atmosphere is clear. The history of Fort Niagara, knit up as it is with all America's past, from before the time when the French king, dallying with

his favorites, thought this region valuable only for furs, down to the imprisonment of Morgan in 1828, in the low magazine near the river-bank, yet remains to be written. Its materials are rich and abundant, but they exist in scattered records and in romantic stories handed down from generation to generation among the old residents of the frontier. During a long period it was a little city in itself, and the most important point west of Albany or south of Montreal. In the centre of the enclosure stood a cross eighteen feet high, with the inscription, "*Regnat, vincit, imperat. Christus;*" and over the chapel was a large ancient dial to mark the course of the sun.

It was in February, 1679, that La Salle, wanting to obtain supplies for his proposed ship the *Griffon*, then building at the mouth of the Cayuga, a creek a few miles above Niagara Falls, his bark wrecked, and the lake too rough for a winter's voyage by canoe or brigantine, set out on snow-shoes, with only two men as his companions, and a dog to draw his baggage, for Fort Frontenac, now Kingston. He had to travel over twenty leagues across the frozen surface of the snow, and Father Hennepin and Tonty accompanied him as far as Niagara. While there La Salle traced the outlines of the fortress, from whose lofty flag-staff now floats the emblem of the republic, but which, alternately owned by French and English, witnessed some of the most hard-fought engagements in their strife for mastery of the New World.

No regular defensive work was constructed on the site of La Salle's rude stockade of 1679 until the Marquis de Nonville fortified the tongue of land, describing it, in words equally true to-day, as the most beautiful, pleasing, and advantageous on the whole lake. Called at first Fort de Nonville, after the marquis, this name soon gave place to the more appropriate one of Fort Niagara. Many interesting characters have at different periods made the fort their abode. In 1780 a handsome house within its enclosure was occupied by Colonel Guy Johnson. It was also the home of both Butlers, father and son, as well as of Captain Joseph Brant. From here young Walter Butler marched to the Cherry Valley Massacre. Catharine Montour also, who was at both the Cherry Valley and Wyoming massacres, at one time took refuge with her two sons at Fort Niagara.

not the very form of the expression indicate a purpose to propitiate popular approval by flattery, and is not that the essence of demagogism? There is undoubtedly a just and proper use of the word people, as in the enacting clause of laws in the State of New York. But there is no doubt that the word is constantly used also in an obsequious and ignoble sense. It is meant to commend our views by flattery. It is a revelation of the weakness in ourselves which we are quick to decry in others.

Public officers are unquestionably elected to serve the public. But the officer who is perpetually describing himself as a mere public servant, anxious only to know and to obey the will of his master, shows plainly enough that he has the cringing soul of a lackey. On the other hand, the public officer who refuses to be interrupted by idle loiterers, in order to attend to his duties in the discharge of public business, is often roundly denounced as "stuck up" and aristocratic, and affecting a snobbish superiority to the people. The shrewd demagogue is ready.

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?"

shouts Cleon, in his finest Hercules vein. "Is the servant greater than his master? Shall the sovereign people tolerate the insolence of one of its own creatures? Let the proud upstart know that the poorest freeman in the land is the equal of the," etc., etc., etc. Cleon and Marat are very anxious to be known as friends of the people. But Washington with his natural dignity and in full dress was quite as much their friend as Jefferson receiving a foreign minister in dressing-gown and slippers.

Our virtues, like our friendships, must be kept in repair. If we find ourselves swelling with indignation at the snobbish obeisance of genius and ability to Lord Thomas Noddy, let us reflect carefully whether it would not be agreeable to us to stroll intimately downtown with him simply because he is Lord Thomas; and if so, whether it would not be better, for the present, to attend to a certain enormous beam, and let Neighbor Jones's eye take care of its own mote. It is well not to make a virtue of being virtuous. That disposition is a breath upon the mirror, a flaw in the diamond.

BACON'S doctrine of the wisdom of occasional excess is constantly justified. Insistence upon strict logical uniformity and consistency of action with a certain theory of conduct is not wise, because the theory is necessarily based upon imperfect knowledge. Mill points out that the English race has practically achieved most for liberty because it is not politically logical. It repairs in the light of experience, rather than remakes in accordance with a dogma. Jefferson's apothegm that it is the best government which governs least is

sound, but it must be tempered with Bacon's occasional excess; that is, occasional departure from the general rule.

The demand for practical politicians rather than doctrinaires, and the impatience with those who are called visionaries in politics, arise from the consciousness that allowance must be always made, that to see a remote star you must look a little on one side of it, and that there are laws of disorder. It is certain that the best governments are full of inconsistencies, and consequently that a public project is not to be condemned summarily because it is not in accord with a good general theory. In this country the general principle following Jefferson's apothegm is that the government should confine itself to protecting individual liberty of action, assuming that such freedom will accomplish all that is essential for public progress and development, without complaint that any class or interest is more favored than others.

But this principle is disregarded in two of the most vitally important institutions of the country—the post-office and the common school. There is no doubt that individual enterprise would carry the mails and provide schools. But the government, going beyond the protection of individual liberty, and beyond taxation limited to the amount of the necessary expenses of government in discharging that duty, manages in the nation the post-office, and in the States the schools. The practical reason and justification are that these are both great public conveniences of a kind which in our situation makes it better for the general welfare that they should be a public rather than a private care. Here is a wise excess, a useful departure from the rigidity of exact consistency.

This is a strain of reflection of which many a loiterer at Niagara this summer was perhaps conscious as he contrasted the present freedom of that grand spectacle with its recent peril from destroying obstructions. Yet the emancipation of the great cataract has been secured, as many of the noblest mediæval buildings were erected, by a distinct violation of the letter of the Jeffersonian apothegm. The ghost of Jefferson might well ask: If the public is to be taxed for a pleasure-ground, why not for sanitary excursions? If the government is to undertake to carry letters and parcels, why not passengers? If the State should maintain schools, why not support colleges and museums?

But Bacon says that while occasional excess is good, the wise rule is temperance. The strength of States is the self-respecting and self-sustaining citizen, and the excess must always stop short of injury to those qualities. The State is composed of citizens, and whatever they decide, upon mature reflection, to be best for the general welfare, they may properly decide to do, since they must do it at their own cost. Public spirit is the spirit in a community which considers the benefit

of the whole as well as the advantage of the individual, and which willingly helps to secure that general benefit if it can be secured without injury to the larger benefit of the whole, which consists in developing and maintaining individual self-reliance.

The purchase by the State of the grounds surrounding Niagara Falls, for the purpose of removing obstructions and securing forever the inviolate grandeur of the spectacle, is one of the most striking recent illustrations of true public spirit. It could not be urged that a pecuniary revenue would be returned to the State from the purchase, nor that it would not be an annual expense properly to maintain the grounds. The argument was that it was an unparalleled scene of natural sublimity within the domain of the State, that its unobstructed contemplation was a high moral benefit to the community, and that the consciousness of its neglect and of its practical destruction as a natural spectacle would be morally injurious to the people. It was an argument quite beyond the usual range of arguments for an appropriation of public money. But it is honorable to the State that the force of the argument was appreciated, and that the grant was made.

The third annual report of the Commissioners announces that all legal proceedings connected with the acquisition of the reservation are finally closed, and that they have now undisturbed control of the entire territory. The total receipts from sales, from the inclined railway, leases, etc., during the three years since the organization of the Commission, are \$44,769 26, and the total disbursements in the same time are \$32,926 11. The receipts from sales and leases will soon cease. The estimated cost of maintenance for the next year is \$18,220, and the estimated receipts, including a balance of \$11,843 15, will be \$19,835 15. Upon the basis of these estimates the present annual cost of maintenance will be about \$18,000 or \$20,000, and the annual receipts about \$8000 or \$10,000.

The report of the Superintendent is full of interesting facts. He states that since the establishment of the reservation Niagara has attracted various conventions and meetings, and the peculiarly pleasant advantages of the place for such assemblies will attract them more and more. A very interesting detail in the report is the account of excursions to the Falls from June 1 to October 24. A daily record was kept of the number of cars and the estimated number of persons, as well as of the places whence the excursions came, and the society or school or church, if there were any, under whose auspices they were made. The pilgrims came from Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and all parts of Canada and New York. During the five months 3169 excursion cars arrived, bringing 187,781 persons. On the 19th of August fourteen railway trains arrived, containing more than 10,000 persons. Order was easily maintained,

no accident occurred, and no injury was done to the property of the State.

This is a very satisfactory story, and no one can read it without rejoicing that the State was wise enough, for its own honor and for the benefit and delight of the whole country, to emancipate Niagara.

A RECENT warm discussion in the newspapers upon the rights of passengers in railroad cars to the control of the windows is an interesting contribution to a very interesting department of inquiry—that of manners upon the road. The subject, indeed, is a large one, and was treated at some length a few years ago in *Harper's Bazar* by a writer who was apparently a travelling preacher, in whose view the question became as all-embracing as that of clothes to Professor Teufelsdröckh. Indeed, the traveller whose manners were treated in the *Bazar* was soon seen to be man himself, whose railway carriage was the globe, and whose manners were his conduct in all human relations. It seems a long step from contention about opening or shutting a car window to the consideration of the golden rule. But the difference is only apparent. Courtesy, kindness, self-sacrifice, the fine qualities that consecrate human character and adorn human life, are shown in the smallest as in the greatest actions.

“Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.”

The immediate question, however, arose from the frequent experience of the traveller who finds the window near him or in front of him opened, to admit either the icy arrows of the winter air or the dust and smoke and cinders which exasperate the heat of summer. Is the unfortunate passenger who sits behind bound to submit to the volleys of pneumonia or of phthisis which his forward neighbor insists upon discharging at him? or may he rightfully summon the conductor or the brakeman and have justice done by closing the window? The offending neighbor contends that he requires fresh air, and that his rearward companion has no right to compel him to be suffocated in a noisome atmosphere. Moreover, he declares that his neighbor also has a window, which he can control at pleasure, and that only members of the great Hog family would insist upon managing every window in the car at their pleasure.

Sir Lucius would enjoy the prettiness of the quarrel as it thus stands, and it is certainly not one of easy adjustment, for it becomes at once extremely complicated. There are probably two persons upon every seat. Now is the absolute control of the window necessarily vested in the traveller who sits next to it? and if so, to which window in the car has his neighbor on the outside of the seat a right? Again, if the outer passenger on the seat behind enjoys the open window in front, and his fellow on the same seat detests it, how