A DAY AT NIAGARA.

The consideration, however, which makes a sketch of Niagara especially timely, is the fact that many en route to the great Fair will visit the Falls, and to them it will doubtless be of value and interest to know something of the new Niagara, and how best to see it in a limited time. As has been said, the supreme charm of the great cataract is its unending variety; and to see Niagara in a day seems as preposterous as to be able to say anything original about it. Still, if, instead of weeks in which to study its wonderful and ever-varying moods, one has but twenty-four hours, it is a good thing to know just how to put in the time to the best advantage with a minimum of fatigue and expense.

As to the time of year, Niagara is veiled in austere beauty in all seasons; but of the holiday months the late springtime and early autumn are considered the best, as obviating somewhat the crowds and heat of midsummer. If I were to write a formula for the ideal day at Niagara, I should say take a sunny day in mid-June, early September, or late October, with just enough deviation in date to bring the time near the full of the moon. To begin the day properly, one should arrive the preceding night in order to start out in the early morning, rested and refreshed.

The village of Niagara Falls is a thriving one, well provided with accommodations for the thousands of tourists who flock thither in all seasons. There are big hotels and little ones, boarding-houses and lodging-houses, most of them in easy reach of the cataract, as the business part of the town lies within the radius of two or three squares. The railroad station is also in the heart of the town, and but a short distance from the State reservation. At the height of the excursion season it is curious to watch the people—all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children—streaming into the place in a tide quite as resistless, in its way, as that of the river near by. These people are brought in section after section of long trains, packed to their utmost capacity, and running from every point of the compass.

However early the start for the day's sight-seeing, the crowds of excursionists are still sure to be coming in; and with a keen eye to business, the "bazaar" keepers are up betimes, and have their wares displayed with corresponding promptitude. Next to the sight-seers, who are all-pervasive,
these bazaars are very characteristic of the place, lining the
main thoroughfares, and offering as many curiosities as the
other regulation "shows" which are perched, mushroom-
like, on the borders of the reservation.

The crowds and the shops are full of interest for anyone
"doing" the Falls leisurely; but as we have undertaken to
do everything in a day, we must take advantage of the early
morning, and begin our programme promptly. All roads on
the American side seem to merge into the direct route to the
State reservation, which, under the careful cultivation of less
than ten years, has developed into a beautiful park. The
high fences, shanties, and "cheap John" shops have disap-
peared, together with the extortionate rates which once pre-
vailed, and the most inspiring sight in nature is—as it
should be—absolutely free to all the world.

After a short walk through the shaded ways of the Grove,
the open is reached, and a few steps brings one to Prospect
Point, perched on the very brink of the American Fall. Many
people have tried to give some suggestion of the feel-
ings which overpower them when they first look upon this
master-work of Nature; but everyone must realize, at this
instant, that all words fail. The beauty, the power,
the rush of waters, their glancing colors, the resonant music
from the depths, the wreathing spray, through which arches
the promise of Heaven,—all are absolutely beyond any ade-
quate expression. From Prospect Point an excellent view
is obtained of the Islands and the Rapids above, while a
short walk along the embankment brings one to Hennepin's
View, which gives the best general view from the Grove of

the entire American Fall and the dark gorge
of the river below.

In front of a new pavilion near at hand, it is now in order to climb into one of the
Park phaetons, which lumber along conveniently every few minutes, for a trip
across the bridge and a tour of the Islands. This system of phaetons is admirably ar-
ranged for the comfort of tourists, a round trip ticket at fifteen cents permitting the
visitor to drop off at each point of interest, taking up his journey and making the suc-
cceeding stages of the trip at pleasure.

From the Grove the drive follows along
the Rapids to the bridge which sturdily spans the mad rush of a seemingly irresis-
tible current, and leads to Balu Island, a pretty patch of green in midstream, and
then to Goat Island, a rolling, verdure-covered tract of sixty-six acres. Goat Is-
land divides the waters as they are hurled down the rocky descent of the upper Rap-
ids, and cuts off the American Fall from the magnificent sweep of the Horseshoe.
The first stop of the phaeton, after a short drive under the arching trees, is at
the northern extremity of the Island, where, from the brink of a high bluff, the Amer-
ican Fall is again seen. Over the face of the bluff a rustic stairway leads to a bridge
which spans the narrow stream above the beautiful Bridal Veil, or center fall, and
crosses to Luna Island. This is a small tuft of green, seemingly caught upon the
very edge of the Falls, and is one of the most romantic and beautiful spots on the
reservation. The view over the Falls and into the boiling river, one hundred and
sixty-seven feet below, is a new source of

THE AMERICAN FALLS, FROM GOAT ISLAND. THE RIVER AND SUSPEN-
SION BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.
GENERAL VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS.
(See Page 566.)
HORSESHOE FALL FROM GOAT ISLAND.

(See Page 385.)
Luna Island is famous for the lunar rainbows which are frequently visible from its grassy ledge; but it is even more remarkable from the fact that it is said to actually tremble and vibrate in the torrent which seems momentarily on the point of hurling it down upon the jagged rocks below.

This island and the center Fall overhang the Cave of the Winds, which on the return to Goat Island is reached by the Bridge Stairs, one of the old landmarks of the place. The Cave of the Winds, to my thinking, gives the most thrilling experience of the trip, and is well worth the trouble of donning a "cave" suit and making the long descent of the winding stairs. These stairs are free for the use of the public, but one dollar is charged for the costume and a guide for the cave. At frequent intervals small parties of the most grotesque figures emerge from the pavilion on the bluff, clad in a weird combination of rubber coats, flannel bloomers, and felt slippers, and, after winding down the declivity, follow a narrow footpath to the very edge of the American Fall. Here the guide takes command and leads the way over a fragile wooden staircase strung from rock to rock in the very face of the torrent. The spray eddies and whirs about the queer figures, often dashing over them with a blinding force; but, with the sun at a right angle, a rainbow in a perfect circle dances along in front, forming one of the rarest and most beautiful of natural phenomena. The narrow wooden path soon disappears beneath the Falls, and it is a breathless moment when, following the guide along the rocky ledge, it seems as if all Niagara must be upon us.

The passage under the Falls is quickly accomplished, and the venturesome explorers soon emerge, dripping and out of breath, but with an absolutely novel sensation to their credit. The trip seems fraught with danger, but with a guide and ordinary care it is quite safe; accidents at the Cave of the Winds being of rare occurrence. After once more reaching the pavilion on the bluff, and resuming one's proper raiment, visitors are presented with a highly ornamental certificate, testifying to the fact of their visit.

From the Cave of the Winds it is an easy journey by one of the passing phaetons to the extreme edge of the bluff, where another descent of rustic stairs leads over huge bowders and eddying pools to Terrapin Rock. Here the incomparable sweep of the Horseshoe curves away from one's very feet, a sight which brings not only inspiration but unspeakable reverence and awe. At the extreme end of Goat Island lie the Three Sisters, and from the broad and troubled sweep of the upper Rapids the waters are hurled with irresistible force against these wild and rocky patches, which retain much of their pristine beauty, and are like small samples cut out of a primeval forest and set in the midst of the current.
The Moss Islands, or 'Three Sisters, are reached by a series of graceful bridges, and it is good to rest awhile in the grateful shade, with the magnificent sweep of the wave-crested river hurrying past to the final plunge. The vexing problem here is, from whence can all the water possibly come? — for it seems as if such a torrent must eventually drain any reservoir, even the great inland seas themselves.

From the Three Sisters the drive is more in the open, past the "Dividing of the Waters," and skirting the American Rapids to the bridge, with a quick return to the Grove. Near the pavilion where we leave the phaeton is the Inclined Railroad, which furnishes the trip up and down the steep bank for the modest sum of ten cents; a parallel flight of long stairs being free to the public. From the foot of the declivity the great cataract comes up in new, appalling, but ever-beautiful proportions, the crowning effect being obtained from the grassy mound immediately beneath Prospect Point. A short distance to the right, and beyond the Inclined Road, is the landing from which the staunch little "Maid of the Mist" plies at half-hour intervals. This trip is safe, inexpensive (the fare being fifty cents), and affords the most wonderful impression of the Falls which it is possible to obtain. In my estimation, it is better to miss any other point of interest rather than this thrilling and almost indescribable voyage. It is well to reach the landing a little before the steamer crosses from the Canadian shore; for as soon as the gangways are cleared of the returning crowds, there is first a rush for the indiarubber coats provided in the cabin, and then, for the best seats in front of the pilot-house on the narrow upper deck. The little steamer has engines of a power out of all proportion to her size, and is steered, by a steady hand, almost into the jagged masses of rock at the foot of the torrent. From midstream, as the stout little craft struggles and strains in the boiling waters, the effect of the whole majestic sweep is something quite beyond words, and much more terrible in its force and reality than from the distant shores.

After a tour of the entire face of the American Fall, past the Cave of the Winds and the Rock of Ages, the sturdy "Maid" pokes her nose very cautiously into the seething waters below the Horseshoe, and then, swinging back into the current, is brought around in a wide circle, to the wharf on the Canadian side. Here passengers are privileged to land for a tour of the Queen Victoria Park, and to return on any subsequent trip of the steamer; but as this digression would spoil our pre-arranged plan, and our dinner as well, we keep the protection of our dripping waterproofs until the Inclined

GUIDE AND COSTUMES FOR CAVE OF THE WINDS.

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READY FOR THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

Road on the opposite shore is once more reached. Rest and refreshment are very welcome after a morning so full of wonderful experiences, but it is well to start out again between two and three o'clock if the afternoon's programme is to be successfully carried out. The first step towards accomplishing this part of the plan is to engage a vehicle for a drive

THREE SISTERS AND LITTLE BROTHER ISLANDS.
The drive along the American side is shut off from the river by the railroad, and it is only after entering the wooded grounds of De Veaux College that it becomes picturesque. Here the Whirlpool can be seen to the best advantage from the embankment which forms a part of the De Veaux estate; the admission to which, of fifty cents, constitutes a large share of the college revenues. The cliffs here tower more than three hundred feet above the dull waters, which sinuously eddy and circle in the black pool, and finally find a cramped outlet through the narrow gorge of the river. About half a mile above the Whirlpool are the Rapids, which foam and dash along the rocky declivity and are well worth a visit. The fee at any of the Rapids “elevators” is fifty cents; a sum which any fair-minded person would be willing to pay if the process of obtaining it did not savor quite so much of the “spider and the fly” device.

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esque, overhanging the bluff, and skirting the well-kept grounds of pretty villas, is strange enough to give the great gray mills perched on the American shore, passing through the village of Clifton, the entrance to Queen Victoria Niagra Falls Park is soon reached—a very beautiful reservation which borders the river for about two miles. From tumbler's Rest a very fine general view of the American Fall is obtained, while at Inspiration Point the whole panorama is spread out as in one grand panorama. At Table Rock the Horseshoe is seen to splendid advantage, and in the late afternoon there is an excellent chance to see the brilliant rainbows which arch above the thundering waters, and the vast masses of spray arising like clouds of incense. If these are an hour of daylight remaining, the drive through the reservation above the Falls is delightful, and affords a new impression of the cascades, and of the mighty rush of the waters which here are powerfully tumbling down hill.

Returning to the American side by the same route, the programme of the day is completed, unless there be a moon, when it is worth the effort, even after a whole day of sight-seeing, to start out again for another glimpse of the Falls by moonlight, which in the silvery irreverence receive an added element of wild and picturesque beauty.

In winter, too, Niagra presents another charming phase, when Jack Frost, a master artist, lays a tinsel of frozen spray upon every twig and branch of the neighboring cliffs. He builds bridges, enframes strange splendor and speed over the sharp ledge of the long, brown rock by which Eric—the Bard—stepped proudly down to Ontario—the Beautiful. Close at hand on our left—not indeed further than some six or seven hundred yards—the smaller, but very imposing, American Fall speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its towering spires of twisted and furrowed cliff crash in full impulse of descent upon the tides of massive billows leaped up at its foot. The resounding impact of water on the rock, the clouds of water-spray which rise high in the air while the river below is changed into a whirling stream of eddy and surge and backwater, unite a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering. But if you listen attentively, you will always hear the profound dissonance of the great Fall—that summoned the Horseshoe,—magnified exasperately amid the loudest clatter and tumult of the sides, a deeper and groaner note; and

the mighty waters have tried to put their music into words. Of all these pen-pictures, the most wonderful is that of Sir Edwin Arnold, who thus describes the great cataract of America:

Thundering, smoky, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, hurrying the waters of a whole continent in

whenever for a time your gaze rests with inexpressible wonder upon that fierce and tremulatory American Fall, this mightier and still more marvellous Horseshoe steals its way again with irresistible fascination. Full in front lies that wholly indescribable spectacle at this instant. Its solemn voice—an octave lower than the excited, keening, almost angry, cry of fervid life from the lesser cataract—resounds through the golden summer morning like the distant roar from the streets of fifty Londons, all in full activity.

"Far away, between the dark gray trees of Great Island and the woods of the Canadian shore, Niagra River is seen winding eagerly to its prodigious leap. You can discover, even from this balcony, the line of the first breakers, where the river feels, across its whole breadth, the fatal draw of the current, where its current seems suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by a mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom. Yet can note far back, along the gilded surface of the upper stream, how those lines of dancing, leaping, eager, anxious, and fate-impelling breakers and billows multiply their white waves and spread and close together their leaping ridges into a wild chaos of roaring waves as the brink.
is approached. And there,—at the brink,—there is a curious pause; the momentary peace of the irresistible. Those mad upper waters—reaching the great leap—are suddenly all quiet and glassy and rounded and green as the border of a field of rye, while they turn the angles of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the snow-white gulf of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

"There is nothing more translucently green nor more perennially still and lovely than Niagara the Great. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquillity between fervor of rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Indeed, the whole spectacle is one of delight and of deepest charm, not by the means of horror or of awe; since nowhere are the measureless forces of nature more tenderly revealed, more softly and splendidly clad, more demurely constrained and docile between its steep confines. Even the heart of the abyss, in the recess of the Horseshoe, where the waters of Erie and Superior clash together in tremendous conflict, the inner madness and miracle of which no eye can see, or ever will see, by reason of the veils of milky spray and of the rolling clouds of water-draft which forever hide it,—even this central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered exquisite, reposed and soothing, by the lovely rainbows hanging over the torrent and cloumer.

"From the crest of chrysoprase and silver, indeed to its broad foot of milky foam and of white, stunned waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, glad, and lovely,—a specimen of the splendor of water at its finest,—a sight to dwell and linger in the mind with ineffaceable images of happy and grateful thought, by no means to affect it either in act or seeing, or to haunt it in future days of memory with any wild reminiscence of terror or of gloom."

FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON.

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FAMILIAR TALKS ON THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF ART.

IV.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAINTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE eighteenth century artists form a link between the "Old Masters," who have formed the subject of the preceding articles, and contemporary painting. This period is full of interest just now because of the wide revival of Louis XV. styles in dress, furniture, and all kinds of decoration. The Court of Louis XV. lived in the greatest luxury: it was the era of "powder and patches," of light love-making and gay flirtations, when high-born ladies, carrying golden crooks and clad in silken frocks, played at being shepherdesses beneath the trees of Fontainebleau, and the court gallants wrote madrigals in praise of their charms, "To Chloe in Arcadia," and hung them on the forest trees. The journals, memoirs, and literature of the time have preserved a minute record of court doings and events, but the most perfect chronicle, whose canvases show us the beau and belle as they lived, at the fête champêtre, at the court, and on the promenade, was the artist Antoine Watteau. He was the High priest of millinery, of fluttering ribbons, coquetish caps and kerchiefs, dainty deshabillés, and high court costumes. His pictures are neither deep nor very great, perhaps; but no one has ever equaled him in rendering the grace of a turned head, of taper fingers holding a fan, or caught so finely that subtle air of the coquette who was still a "grande dame" from the red heels of her little slippers to the top of her powdered hair.

Oddly enough, this artist, who seems so to "the manner born," was not of high lineage. The son of a poor Valenciennes workman, when he first came to Paris to seek his fortune, the three and a half francs a week which he received as scene painter at the Opéra seemed like great wealth. From scene painting he was promoted to help decorate the palace of the Luxembourg, and there caught sight of the royal collections of pictures which were not then, as now, open to the public. He studied them day and night, the works of Rubens being his especial favorites, and when the decorations were done he was an accomplished artist.

His first picture "The Embarkation for Cythere," a company of fashionables embarking on a lake, created a furor; honoros crowded upon him thick and fast; he was made court painter, académicien; his studio was besieged with fine ladies wishing their portraits painted, and was made the fashionable