

CHAPTER XVI.

Niagara—Great American Lakes—The Falls—Niagara album, specimens of its contents—Lines by the Earl of Carlisle, written at Niagara.

Although many days might be spent in Boston with pleasure and profit to a stranger, Time, who is no respecter of the inclinations of individuals, gave me warning that I must depart. Whither? was the question that I involuntarily put to myself, and remembering that I had heard of a certain "almighty" waterfall, yeleft Niagara, I boarded the cars one fine sunny morning, and on the evening of the first of July I found myself, with a host of other tourists, at a village bearing a name which must be remembered with awe by those who have visited the mighty falls: I was listening to the moaning thunder of that cataract of cataracts, Niagara! It was past midnight as I wandered alone toward the Bridge that leads from the mainland to Goat Island. The moon was shining down with silvery radiance on the scene; and silence, the shadow of solitude, lent its aid to almost perfect the enjoyment of