

with the same evidences of "this longing after immortality." *De gustibus non est disputandum*; but surely the aggregate of the time consumed in this idle and unavailing labor constitutes a large portion of the sum of human existence, and might be more profitably as well as pleasantly spent in some other way. It is easy to write one's name in a Register or Album, of which there is an abundant store on both sides of the River; and it will just answer the purposed as well; for unless you have done something more worthy of note than merely going to see the Falls, the inscription of your name on a tree or rock will not perpetuate your memory. The name may indeed remain; but who can tell, after a few brief years, to whom it belonged?

From the upper end of the Island you have, perhaps, one of the best views of the Rapids that can be obtained—certainly the best on the American side. But it is undoubtedly in the neighborhood of Mr. Street's house on the British shore that they present the most vivid picture in miniature of the ocean lashed into fury by the tempest. Not that their power and velocity is less enormously resistless here; but that the view is more obstructed and not so extensive. If the grandeur, however, is less impressive, the variety of beauty is much more enchanting. This Island, in short, is one of the most attractive and delicious retreats in the world; and he who traverses its solitudes on a summer morning, or under the more solemn influence of an autumnal moon, in early life, ere the withering touch of worldly care and worldly sorrow shall have deadened the perception of glory and of beauty in his bosom, will have one green spot the more, whereon Memory may repose in all his after years of wandering and weariness.

Why should we tell you of a paper-mill and a poultry-yard in such a place as this? It is rather an unpoetic blending of the *utile cum dulce*; but there they are, nevertheless, on this very Island. They are on the outskirts of it, however, and the water-girdled paradise is, in general, left undesecrated by the beggarly influence of modern ultraism—a fitting shrine for love, poetry, or any other kind of moping madness.

"O! that *this Island* were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister;  
Where I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love only her."

But it may not be; for, to say nothing of the "fair spirit," we are not likely to "forget the human race" here, seeing