

immediately behind the middle Fall, which we have omitted to notice particularly, on account of its comparative inferiority, though in any other vicinity would of itself be an object of wonder. Mr. Parsons, the author of the "Book of the Falls," says, "this cave is about 120 feet across, 50 feet wide, and 100 feet high." The same writer remarks, that the "astounding roar of the waters, owing to the echoes or reverberations, is apparently a hundred times greater here than anywhere else;" and another observes, "it is said to be quite an adventure to go under Table Rock; it is a much greater one to visit this cavern." Such, however, is the vastness, and such the variety of the scenery in this neighborhood, that it is as idle to institute comparisons as to attempt descriptions. Every particular feature is so striking, *per se*, that it displaces, in a great degree, the idea suggested by another feature previously contemplated.

After having winded your toilsome way up the "Biddle stair-case," keep along the footpath across the Island till you come to the Terrapin Bridge, which leads you to a stone tower forty-five feet high, erected near the verge of the precipice. You reach the top of this tower by a flight of winding steps; and there you behold a scene, which, though differing in some respects from that seen from Table Rock, is yet worthy of all comparison, in so far as comparison is at all admissible. There is the headlong torrent rushing impetuously over the precipice, far beneath your feet, and the "hell of waters," boiling, hissing, foaming and thundering in the unfathomed abyss still farther down. There, too, you have a partial, yet striking, view of the "American Fall;" and your eye reaches down the vast vista of waters, veiled in clouds of mist, and rolling away—away, in peaceful and unruffled majesty, as if they never had been touched by a sterner influence than that of the summer breeze. A deep feeling of mystery, not unallied with terror, possesses the mind, and you cling with involuntary and unconscious tenacity to the railing which surrounds the vibrating platform on which you stand.

Go round the Island, and you will see the adjoining "Moss Islands," and the turbulent water, struggling and rushing with fearful velocity between them. The trees are literally hacked with names and initials, some of them so far up that the trouble of inserting them there is but poorly compensated by the vague and evanescent immortality thus obtained. Every seat and every wall—nay, every rail and stray log of timber, is crowded