

SONNETS AT NIAGARA.

I.

FIRST FEELINGS.

Who can conceive the feelings of the first
Fond hearts that, wandering hitherward by
night,

From uncongenial camp fires taking flight
To Solitude, saw on their vision burst
These wondrous falls in rolling mist-wrack
hearsed,

And felt the thunder of plunging waters smite
Their ears and drown their murmurs of
delight,—

Ah! who can dream what mutual thought they
nursed?

Since then have fallen athwart the brink of
Time

Years multitudinous as the hurrying waves
That leap Niagara's gulf, yet thou and I
Here standing where the latest ripple laves
The rock ere dashing to its death sublime,
Of those first lovers know the ecstasy.