

XXX.

But now our trav'lers had alighted
 Before the inn all much delighted,
 Where necessary food and rest,
 Amid a crowd of other guests,
 Prepare the weary to endure
 The toils of a laborious tour.
 A lofty edifice of wood,
 Upon a rising ground that stood,
 Full well adorn'd in rear and front,
 With many a goodly ornament,
 (The dangling sign-board neatly painted,
 A Shepherdess is represented,
 Upon one side, and on the other,
 The serpent Python, and Apollo,
 With Cupid and a bunch of arrows.)
 Receiv'd our guests, who straight proceed—
 The multifarious names to read,
 Pencil'd on the whitened walls
 The galleries, and spacious halls;
 An easy way to gain renown,
 By publishing our name and town,
 And that on such a month and day
 Of such a year, we came that way,
 Accompani'd by some dear friends,
 And there the wond'rous story ends;
 But some are not content with this,
 Who, lest the future trav'ler miss,
 Some portion of th' excessive pleasure
 Which they have felt, in rhyme or measure,
 Perpetuate, upon the walls,
 The various beauties of the Falls!

XXXI.

But leaving these, they soon ascend
 The lofty cupola, and then
 Are well rewarded for their toil,

Since they have left their native soil.
 Perhaps upon this earthly ball,
 (Could we investigate it all,
 Another sight could not be found
 To equal what is seen around.
 A rare assemblage here is seen,
 Of objects novel, grand, serene;
 Wild woods, rough rocks, soft streams & limpid lakes,
 High hills, deep dales, fair fields, & thorny brakes;
 The gloomy gull, and precipice profound;
 Torrents, that, with a thund'ring sound,
 Foaming forward to the Fall,
 There unite and mingle all,
 With a thousand objects more,
 Too numerous to count them o'er.

XXXII.

"The proper study of mankind is man,"
 So sang the bard of Twickenham.
 Of all the objects of creation,
 There's none deserves our admiration,
 More than the *human form divine*,
 But chief—the form of woman-kind.
 Thro' whatsoever chimes we roam,
 In peace, in war, abroad, at home;
 In polish'd city, where the mind,
 By education most refin'd,
 Gives to the fair superior grace,
 Improves each feature of the face;
 Or traverse the unpolish'd wild,
 Where man exists rude nature's child;
 No form so beautiful appears,
 As that which lovely woman wears.
 The sweetest music we can hear,
 Is less delightful to the ear
 Than woman's voice, nor can impart
 Such sweet emotions to the heart.