

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
[Niagara] cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters!—rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters!—where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

"And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald!—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

"To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale!—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract,

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

BYRON.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA are justly considered one of the greatest natural curiosities in the known world; they are without parallel, and exceed immeasurably all of the same kind that have ever been seen or imagined; travellers speak of them in terms of admiration and delight, and acknowledge that they surpass in sublimity every description which the power of language can afford; a Panorama*

* An intelligent traveller says, "All parts of the Niagara are on a scale which baffles every attempt of the imagination, and it were ridiculous therefore to think of describing it; the ordinary means of description—I mean analogy, and direct comparison with things which are more accessible—fail entirely in the case of that amazing cataract, which is altogether unique; yet a great deal, I am certain, might be done by a well-executed Panorama: an artist well versed in this peculiar sort