

“ And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round
With its unempty'd cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making in 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 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 glitt'ring morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and unworn