

Spark'ng on the bosom of this dread abyss  
 A shadow bridge, across the precipice  
 Appear'd, an Arch-like that bequeath'd from Heaven  
 A God's firm pledge, for mortals safety giv'n.

Yet here it seem'd delusive like the ray  
 That guides to pleasure's path and gilds the way  
 That gayly cloths Destruction's livid form  
 In vain through it may death tremendous pass.

Dispers'd around admiring groups were seen  
 Culling the choicest Spot to view the scene  
 Now lost with wonder at the view sublime  
 Borne by the sight, beyond the bounds of time.

Their distant forms to fancy's eye would seem  
 As Naiades rising from their native stream  
 Or, Satyrs sporting in the lucid Wave  
 Or, Sylphs preparing for a fresh'ning lave.

Far o'er this scene was heard a dreadful sound  
 The horrid yell reverberates around  
 The rocky Shores, echoed the fearful dell  
 Its lengthning sound died in the Woody Yell.

What meant that shriek unearthly was its sound  
 Or, like despairing souls, at life's last bound  
 And faintly through the torrents deafening roar  
 A plunge was heard - a moment - and 'twas o'er.

And some affirm'd amid the foaming Spray  
 They saw a form, borne furiously away  
 Down with the torrents steep and eddying fall  
 And heard a voice, for help despairing call.

But what that shriek, or what that plunge bespoke  
 Did it madness scream?—or aid invoke?  
 Time has not yet disclos'd to mortal ear,  
 Wrapt is the secret in thy falls CHAUDIERE!

V.

#### ONE MEAL A DAY.

Guttle's god is beef and mutton,  
 Proverbially he's dubb'd a glutton;  
 Whilst he with indignation sweats  
 And swears *one meal a day* he eats.  
 One meal a day?—true Guttle's right,  
 But that meal lasts from morn till light.

J. M.