

When thou hadst reach'd the summit and prepar'd,
 To cease thy toil, and reap thy just reward,
 Thou wast, that moment, from the summit hurl'd,
 To be rewarded in another world.
 Thy widow'd mourner weeps—nor weeps alone;
 A country's grief re-echoes to her moan;
 Weeps for her statesman and her hero dead,
 Nor hopes to find an equal in his stead.
 "And what! no monument! Inscription, stone!"
 'Twere needless; for his virtues shall be known,
 In after ages, when his honour'd name,
 Shall teach the young to emulate his fame:
 And when the future traveller espies
 That lofty column pointing to the skies,
 "There," shall his leader say, "lies gallant Brock,
 And here brave Nichol tumb'd from the rock."

XXVI.

Now had they come to Lundy's lane,
 Where many, friends and foes, were slain;
 In the late war the bloodiest fight
 There happen'd, and in dead of night,
 When friend was oft mistook for foe,
 And sunk beneath his comrade's blow.
 'Tis said our foes the vict'ry claim;
 If so, why did they not remain
 Until the morn, when they might see
 Who had the 'vantage, they or we.

XXVII.

At length, they hear thy thund'ring sound,
 Niagara, which shakes the ground
 O'er which they speed, with rapid flight,
 Till quickly bursts upon the sight
 A scene, which might applause command,
 From one who came from fairy land.
 How shall my lowly muse essay,

The various beauties to portray,
 That meet the eye at every glance?
 Before me, an immense expanse
 Of water issuing from woods,
 In which the gloomy pine tree broods—
 O'er various trees, of smaller size,
 That courtier like around him rise.

XXVIII.

At first majestically slow,
 From these woody islets flow,
 Thy waves, Niagara, which make
 A spacious, calm, pellucid lake,
 Until upon a near approach,
 We see them foam and toss and rush,
 O'er thy declining, rocky bed,
 With emulative fury sped,
 Like the ocean in a roar,
 On some inhospitable shore,
 (Where the shipwreck'd sailor knock'd,
 On a rudely pointed rock,
 Famish'd feeds the greedy gull,
 And his skeleton and skull
 Shrouded in a bed of sand,
 Form a piece of fertile land,
 Till, in one collected heap,
 Adown the precipice they leap.

XXIX.

But this not being fully view'd,
 Some other objects are pursu'd;
 The verdant islets in the flood,
 Some clad with grass, and some with wood;
 The tree lodg'd on a mass of rocks;
 The hov'ring eagle noisy flocks
 Of widgeons, swimming down the stream,
 And flying off with sudden scream,
 As to the rapids they draw near,
 Caution'd by instinctive fear.