

But onward still the Rhymer press'd his way
 Nor halted yet for many a weary day—
 Up up, St. Lawrence proud majestic course,
 The Batteaux plough the stream with struggling force;
 At length he halts and hails his comrades near,
 Where foaming Cataracts stun the wond'ring ear
 Oh happy now with these his minutes glide
 Sailing down smiling Fortunes gentle tide —
 Sometimes thro' nature's scenes the rural strole
 Or social converse round the circling bowl;
 Sometimes to raise a laugh amongst his friends
 His tribute for the festive board he pays.

A TRIP TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

On a fine Summers morning 'bout six o'clock nearly
 Four Blades of a Regiment so fam'd set off cheerly
 As far as Niagara's Cascades to stray,
 And in seeing the sights there to spend the whole day.
 The first was a Captain with chere Angelique
 Who ne'er is the last for a frolic or freak;
 The next a young Ensign a dapper gay blade,
 Who sure is no block, tho' of *Wood* he is made;
 The third Mr. S. to swearing no stranger,
 And the fourth an Eccentric pedestrian ranger.
 From Roach's they hir'd what is call'd a coachee,
 And away they set off full of spirits and glee;
 Whilst the Hill beyond Queschtown the Carriage ascended
 Ere they got to the top they'd nearly descended,
 In the midst of a story which some one did tell,
 Whack went the carriage and down they all fell;
 Away flew their hats, some behind, some before
 A scream from ma'amselle, from the others a roar,
 And the Captain Oh fye for wishing such evil,
 Sent Coachee and Coachman headlong to the devil.
 'Twas an hour or near it when all things were redy,
 The carriage got mended, every thing steady—
 Now the road to beguile oft a brilliant remark
 Or a witty bon mot was then told by each spark,
 The wit to be sure had been current for ages
 And still may be seen in fam'd Joe Miller's pages—
 When hours three or four had now taken their flight
 The falls of Niagara greeted their sight;
 Our travellers were struck as they look'd on with wonder

