

Where science now, so earnestly,  
 Tasks all to learn its mystery,  
 The secrets of the fiery coat,  
 That's tarnish'd only by the blot,  
 Of tracts that seem (without comment)  
 Consum'd by its own element ;  
 While now if I extend the dream,  
 It were a never ending theme,  
 But here my memory recalls,  
 The first of Kashibowe's falls.  
 We hear the sound of rushing water,  
 "Niagara" p'rhaps in miniature,  
 But soon beneath the trees is seen,  
 The falling of the rapid stream.  
 The spray in crystal globules send,  
 Their bright reflection, at the bend  
 As where the river meets the lake ;  
 And where we lie ; we quickly make  
 Our preparations, to empty all  
 The boats together, near the fall.  
 How barrels roll upon the shore,  
 I've never seen the like before,  
 Surrounded by the scenes I've sung,  
 These puerile sentences among.  
 The portage measur'd o'er a mile ;  
 It must be done ; and thus the while,  
 With lengthen'd faces so we ponder  
 Gazing at first in stupid wonder ;  
 But thought wakes up, from out its rest  
 Whilst plans are form'd to cross it best ;  
 To carry flour, beans and pork  
 Is tiresome and heavy work,  
 Cartridge and armchests, boats and tents,  
 Give rise to many arguments,  
 But what's the use of grumbling o'er,  
 What we have never done before ?  
 So buckle to it as we may,