

And every secret nook explore ;
 No spot such objects can combine ;
 So beautiful and so sublime.
 Soar on the pinions of the wind,
 Far as the east, or western Ind ;
 And on the Andes' summit light,
 Or on the Himaylean height,
 Envelop'd in the gloomy shroud
 Of a black, low'ring thunder cloud,
 When in a hurricane it bursts,
 And the whirlwinds descend in gusts,
 Levelling forests as they sweep
 And anchor'd navies o'er the deep ;
 Hear the wat'ry torrents pour ;
 Hear the dreadful thunder roar ;
 See the lightning, as it rolls,
 Flash at once to both the poles ;
 See the earth beneath you shake,
 And affrighted mortals quake.
 Then may he judge, that never saw,
 Thy uproar, dread Niagara.

LXIV.

But see the ferry boat awaits
 To wait us over to the States.
 Still unsettl'd is the tide,
 Over which we safely ride ;
 Above, the horse shoe fall is seen,
 And the gulf the banks between ;
 And Iris, messenger of Heaven,
 Forms a bridge across the chasm,
 With an end on either side ;
 O'er it sprites in airy pride,
 Lightly tripping to and fro,
 On their secret errands go.
 Fancy sees them as they march
 O'er and o'er the heavenly arch ;

Sometimes singing as they go,
 In concert with the waves below.

XLV.

We land, contiguous to a fall,
 Which we *American* may call.
 Like a coy disdainful bride,
 Her mate upon the other side
 Of that green island she forsakes,
 And this idle circuit makes.
 At her feet, a fairy green ;
 And the whiteness of her stream
 Rivals the translucent froth,
 Whence fair Venus had her birth,
 Patroness of love and mirth,
 Now the ladder we ascend ;
 To Porter's bridge our course we bend ;
 Thence to *Goat Island* and renew
 Our search at every point of view.
 When curiosity at last,
 Is satiated by the rich repast,
 We hasten to recross the tide,
 And land on the Canadian side.

LXVI.

What see you now, St. Julian ?
 That gazing towards the beach you stand ?
 Demands his friend, who now espied
 A party that had just arriv'd,
 And gain'd the beach another way ;
 " See you that goodly company " ?
 He answer'd, " and that truly fair,
 How like to Eleanor St. Fleur " !
 " I cannot think so," says De Lisle,
 Who seem'd no interest to feel,
 " She is some fair American."
 They paus'd not but approach'd the Inn,