

The gayest object we can see,
 Cannot assuage our misery,
 Or teach us sorrow to beguile,
 So soon as charming woman's smile.

XXXIII.

And no mean samples of the sex,
 Are seen at these fam'd cataracts.
 He, who from Europe's polish'd courts,
 To this attractive spot resorts,
 Is forc'd to own his native fair,
 Whom he had deem'd beyond compare,
 Are rivall'd, or perhaps, excell'd
 In this remote *Canadian* wild,
 By the fair daughters of the west ;
 Although, in their behalf confess'd,
 Less of the lily and the rose,
 In their more pale complexion glows ;
 Distinguish'd more for gracefulness
 Of form, and easy playfulness
 Of manner, than the brilliant tints,
 Which are conspicuous ornaments
 Of those who dwell in colder clime ;
 But 'twere a needless waste of time,
 To reckon up their numerous graces,
 Or analyze their pretty faces.
 Let it suffice, in brief, to tell,
 That gayer troops of beaux and belles,
 Had never at the Falls been seen,
 Than at this season had conven'd.

XXXIV.

Amid this constellation bright,
 Of beauties, dazzling to the sight,
Mam'selle De Lisle conspicuous shone ;
 Her pensive air bespoke the nun,
 And pale complexion ; but whene'er
 She spoke, 'twas ecstasy to hear ;

So well her mellow voice express'd
 Her inward peace and gentleness.
 Her features mild, yet dignifi'd,
 An elevated mind impli'd,
 And, sans her stately form, call'd forth
 Respect for her superior worth.

XXXV.

Marie De Beauvais too, was fair,
 As was the fairest lady there.
 Her graceful elegance of shape,
 So flexible and so delicate,
 Would please the most fastidious eye ;
 Her innocent vivacity,
 The sweetest antidote to grief,
 And melancholy's sure relief,
 Her waking moments ne'er forsook ;
 She never wore a mournful look,
 But when *St Julian* look'd sad,
 And then she look'd almost as bad.

XXXVI.

Madame De Lisle, an ancient dame,
 Who with her son and daughter came,
 Cheerful and talkative at times,
 Could well describe, in prose or rhyme,
 The various novelties she saw,
 In travelling to *Niagara* ;
 On her the pleasing duty lay,
 To lead the pleasures of the day.

XXXVII.

What gives to man external grace ?
 A manly form, a manly face,
 Where candour, bravery and truth,
 Are painted with the glow of youth.
 What gives true dignity of mind ?