

## THE FALLS OF THE GENESEE, AT ROCHESTER.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

## IN THE OLDEN TIME.

AMID the forest gloom it breaks,  
Amid the waving woods;  
And, thundering on, its voice awakes  
The deepening solitudes.

The beetling banks in grandeur rise,  
Rock lifted over rock,  
And whirlingly the vapor flies  
In horror from the shock.

No human sound is here to mar  
The torrent's solemn strain;  
But gloriously the waters war  
Upon the quivering plain.

The winter and the summer sun  
For ages past have shone  
Upon this torrent wild and dun,  
Amid its woods, alone.

At mid-night, when the tempest roared,  
These headlong waters dashed,  
And, giant-like, their vapors rose  
When mid-night's lightning flashed.

Ages rolled by, and yet the same  
Unceasing, restless flood,  
The cataract leaped in silver flame  
Amid the trembling wood.

## IN LATER TIME.

ANON the woodman, with his axe;  
The ploughman, with his plough;  
The sheriff, with his landed tax;  
The milkman, with his cow:

The exile's wagon, loaded down  
With churns and butter-press,  
And babes, to make another town  
In this far wilderness.

They reach this spot, this hallowed spot,  
This organ of the woods,  
And pitch the tent, and build the cot,  
And pile their worldly goods.

Soon from its height the waving tree  
Falls at the woodman's stroke.  
And soon another minstrelsy  
Amid these wild scenes broke.

The gathering groups were busy then,  
The smoke was in the air,  
And from the ranks of exiled men  
Arose the evening prayer.

The doctor, and the lawyer too,  
Have gathered to the spot,  
And Love has tried what he can do  
To build himself a cot.

The rushing tide leaps not as when  
Upon their gaze it broke;  
But, chained up by these iron men,  
It moves the miller's spoke.

It turns the mill-stone in the mill,  
It turns it night and day,  
And all of power that's lost to skill  
Is its eternal spray.

Like spirit of the toiling man,  
That spray is free to rise,  
And revel, after life's brief span,  
In beauty 'mid the skies.

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IN THE PRESENT.

Now, on the verdant valley grows  
The yellow field of wheat;  
And where the gentle current flows  
Is rich Abundance' seat.

From valley green and fair hill-side,  
The harvest chant resounds,  
And sparklingly runs on thy tide  
Amid these teeming bounds.

Tall, whispering trees are standing there,  
And flowret's gently spring,  
And maidens bind their golden hair,  
And wild birds spread their wing.

And oft amid this pleasant scene  
The Church uplifts its head,  
And tranquilly in church-yards green  
Repose the elder dead.

Oft, stealing from the opening wood,  
When moon-light gilds the hour,  
The red deer sees thy rippling flood,  
Or seeks his sylvan bower.

But here thy lulling murmurs cease,  
Thy mighty powers begin;  
Here rolls thy tide of snowy fleece,  
Here sounds thy battle din.

No hand can stay thy torrent quite,  
No iron hold thee down;  
No wall can cage thy vapor white,  
That veils the toiling town:

But onward, as of yore thou woke  
The forest with thy roar,  
When in thy voice the ETERNAL spoke.  
And smote the shuddering shore,

In glory and in grandeur dash;  
Leap from thy barrier high,  
And let thy seething waters flash  
Their rainbows to the sky!

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## A COCK-FIGHT IN THE HAVANA.

BY ILWYVEIN.

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ONE bright morning in the month of December, a few years ago, the Ohio lay swinging to-and-fro, under the guns of the Moro Castle, in the harbor of Havana.

Rising and falling on the breast of the billow, like a beautiful thing of life, with her tall masts tapering to the sky, her half-clewed sails hanging gracefully in the sun, and her bristling port-holes showing a row of teeth almost as formidable as the castle itself, she was a thing both to be admired and to be feared.

The beautiful quarter-deck shone like a well-polished table; the brass mountings of 'long Tom,' a respectable sixty-four pounder, glistened like gold, when contrasted with his black muzzle; and beneath the belaying-pins lay sundry well-tarred ropes, coiled up like snakes preparing for a spring.

A slight breeze rippled the water, gently wafting to leeward the smoke which issued from the segars of a few officers, who, dressed in the gay uniform of our navy, sat discussing the merits of the combatants in a certain cock-fight, which was to take place on the island that day, and to which they were to be conveyed in the captain's gig, which had been ordered to be got ready for that purpose. It was a bright Sunday morning, the day generally chosen by the Creoles for their exhibitions of bull-fights, cock-fights, and similar rational amusements, and great anxiety was manifested on this occasion to witness the sport, in consequence of the enormous bets which had been staked by the Spaniards and Creoles upon their favorites, and because it was so arranged that the field was open to competitors of all classes.

Symptoms of impatience were becoming evident in the countenances of the officers at the non-appearance of the gig, when they observed a knot of sailors congregated around the capstan, and in a few minutes, 'Will Glover,' the boatswain, a fine specimen of an American sailor, approached them, and touching his cap, requested permission to take them ashore in the yawl instead of the gig.

The request occasioned some surprise, as it was rather an unusual one,