

Witnessing her constant flame,  
Singing in a mournful strain,  
He has heard her to complain,  
That their mutual love was cross'd,  
That her St. Julian was lost,  
From apartments near the tower,  
Where he spent the sickly hour;  
And were I not full well assur'd  
That in the tomb she lies immur'd,  
I would believe I saw her here  
As also the young Chevalier;  
For ne'er were sisters more alike;  
I ne'er before had such a fright."

### The Table Rock.

#### LIX.

It chanc'd the day was calm and bright,  
Which much enhanc'd the wond'rous sight,  
When from the Table Rock they saw  
The Falls of great Niagara.  
The table rock was dry; the spray  
Blown by the wind another way,  
Induc'd them to prolong their stay,  
On that commanding point of view,  
Where their researches they pursue.  
It was a most majestic sight,  
To see descend from such a height,  
(Forming a semicircular wall,  
With his waters as they fall,)  
That giant stream, that king of floods,  
That drains the North American woods,  
With all the waters of the lakes,  
Over the precipice he breaks;  
Superior, Erie, and Huron,  
And the sea like Michigan,

With a hundred others, pour,  
Their collected tributes o'er,  
And, in foaming fury, meet  
Far below th' observer's feet.  
The waters hasten o'er the brink,  
With graceful curve, and downward sink,  
Uninterrupted to th' abyss,  
Where they conningling foam and toss,  
Spouting, in the dread affray,  
Hills of foam, and clouds of spray—  
When two strong embattl'd hosts,  
Of various tongues, from various coasts,  
Rush to the fierce and deadly charge;  
A thousand guns, at once enlarge  
Their fiery thunderbolts of war;  
The battle shout is heard afar,  
But louder far, Niagara,  
When meet, in wild tumultuous shock,  
Thy waves, beneath the table rock;  
Till chaf'd and tir'd with needless ire,  
From the stern conflict, they retire  
With sullen murmur, as they go  
Down their winding course below.

#### LX.

St. Julian in amazement, says,  
"Flows it to the Antipodes?"  
Ere to the brink he came so nigh,  
That he the bottom might descry;  
Seeing the river thunder down  
Into a basin so profound.  
"Small pleasure in the sight I feel."  
Observ'd the pensive Miss De Lisle;  
"It is a scene of such commotion;  
'Tis too much like a troubl'd ocean,  
Or noisy bustle of the world.  
I'd rather see a stream, that purrl'd,