

O saddest lot!  
In lonely grot,  
Bound by unholy spell  
Cheerless ever to dwell!

Thou mournest, hapless sprite,  
Wrapped in thy misty pall.  
Nought can thy soul delight  
Lone by the melancholy waterfall.  
The pines around,  
The weeping skies,  
The dull cold swampy ground  
And caverns dark e'er greet thine eyes.  
The moaning wind and hissing wave,  
Of spectres dread the hollow groans  
That echo as o'er nature's grave,  
Of Goblins fell the dismal tones,  
The whirling demon-pool that yawns [\*]

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(\*) A fearful whirlpool near the Chaudiere falls, not inappropriately denominated the "Devil's Hole," into which a considerable portion of the waters of the Ottawa are seen to rush without any visible outlet.