

Where busied with their own affairs,
 St Julian leaves them, and repairs
 Unnotic'd to the river side,
 Where it projects above the tide.

LXVII.

"Oh! soon, my dear Ellen, we meet,
 No longer the fates shall us part;
 The passage of spirits is fleet;
 Mine will soar to the Heav'n where thou art.
 Oh! grieve not my friends, when I'm dead;
 Nor foolishly censure the deed;
 For peace from my bosom has fled,
 And I to felicity speed.
 Oh Ellen, thy spirit is near;
 It watches my pillow by night;
 Thy whispers by day I can hear
 Thy lover to join thee invite.
 Farewell to this world and its woes;
 For pleasures to me it has none;
 To-night shall my spirit repose
 With her that before me has gone."
 Thus spoke he, as to the abyss he drew near,
 To bury his sighs in the waves;
 When a voice like an angel's arrested his ear;
 "Beware! for thy Ellen still lives!"
 Soon as he heard, he turn'd around,
 Amaz'd at the uncommon sound,
 'Twas his Ellen he saw but how could he believe,
 That she, whom he tho't he saw laid in the grave,
 Could be at Niagara Falls?
 Confounded he stood, but spoke not a word,
 Nor mov'd from the spot, till his Ellen he heard
 By name her St. Julian call.

LXVIII.

What joyful feelings are suppress'd,
 St. Julian, within thy breast;

And which no utterance can get,
 When thy long lost love is met!
 He stood awhile, as if entranc'd,
 Until his Eleanor advanc'd;
 And from behind a thicket near,
 Her brother the young Chevalier.
 And ere his lips could word express,
 They hail'd her with a holy kiss.
 At length, "did you approve," quoth he,
 "The fraud which caus'd our misery?"
 Alas! how many a tear I've shed,
 In grief for her I reckon'd dead."
 "And I," replied the blushing maid,
 My cruel brother oft have pray'd,
 His artful practice to discover,
 And pity two despairing lovers."
 "Forgive me, my St. Julian,
 And you, dear sister, for the pain
 Unwillingly I gave you both;
 That you should wed I then was loath;
 If to your love your sire consents,
 As soon as we return to France,
 She shall be your's with all my heart."
 "Then, Ellen, we shall never part;
 For oft my father has repented
 Of his refusal, and lamented
 Thy death, as of an only child.
 But how, St. Fleur, did you beguile
 The public ear?" "I'll tell you how;
 Two servants only I allow'd
 To witness her recovery,
 From a deep swoon in which she lay,
 After she heard the doleful news,
 That my consent I would refuse
 To your escape. I then convey'd
 Her to the convent, where she staid,
 Together with Ma'inselle De Lisle,