

## Hermit of the Falls.

But boil with wild tumultuous sway,  
The maelstrom of Niagara;  
And there within that rocky bound,  
In swift gyrations round and round,  
Mysterious course it held;  
Now springing from the torrent hoarse,  
Now battling as with maniac force,  
To mortal strife compelled.

Right fearful 'neath the moonbeam bright,  
It was to see that brow so white,  
And mark the ghastly dead  
Leap upward from his torture bed,  
As if in passion gust,  
And tossing wild with agony,  
To mock the omnipotent decree  
Of dust to dust.

At length when smoother waters flow,  
Emerging from the gulf below,  
The hapless youth they gained and bore  
Sad to his own forsaken door,  
There watch'd his dog with straining eye,  
And scarce would let the train pass by;  
Save that, with instinct's rushing spell,  
Through the changed cheek's empurpled hue,  
And stiff and stony form, he knew  
The master he had loved so well.

The kitten fair—whose graceful wile  
So oft had won his musing smile,  
As at his foot she held her play—  
Stretched on his vacant pillow lay;  
While strewed around, on board and chair,  
The last plucked flower, the book last read,  
The ready pen, the page outspread,  
The water-cruise, the unbroken bread,  
Revealed how sudden was the snare  
That swept him to the dead.