

Were full of pity infinite and tears ;
 With courage in them to encounter aught :
 Toil, pain, or death, for sake of one she loved.

Amid the rage of famine and of fire,
 That spread a consternation through the land,
 It had been rumoured : Food was on the way
 As fast as oar and sail could speed it on !
 " From far Quebec to Frontenac," they said,
 " King's ships and forts gave up the half their stores :
 Batteaux were coming laden ; while the Prince
 Himself accompanied, to cheer them on :

The news flew swiftly—was itself a feast,
 Gave strength and courage to the famished land.
 Fresh tidings followed. One day guns were fired
 And flags displayed all over Newark town.
 The people went in crowds to see the Prince—
 Their royal Edward, who had come in haste
 To succour and console in their distress
 The loyal subjects of his sire, the King.

The loving wife upon the Chenonda
 Had heard the welcome news—in time, she hoped,
 To save her husband, overwrought with toil
 In fighting fire among the burning woods,
 And prostrated with hunger, till he lay
 Helpless and hopeless, drawing nigh to death.
 With woman's energy, that's born of love,
 Overpowering all her weakness, she resolved
 To save her husband's life or for him die.
 With tearful kisses and with fond adieux
 And many prayers, she left him in the charge
 Of one old faithful servant, born a slave,
 And now a freedman in his master's house,
 And traced with desperate steps the trackless woods
 And smoking morasses, that lay between
 Her forest home and Newark's distant town,
 To buy, not beg, the bread for which they starved.

She reached the town ; befriended everywhere—
 For each one knew all others in those days
 Of frank companionship and mutual aid—
 She saw the Prince, the flower of courtesy,
 Who listened to her tale, which, ere half told,
 Prompt order went to grant beyond her prayer.
 And bread and wine, and all things needed else,
 By messengers were sent to Chenonda.
 A royal gift, bestowed with royal grace,