

And as the whirlpool vast was neared  
The boat and crew had disappeared.\*

Then from the shores on either side,  
Across the gulf so wild and wide,  
Many gave tokens of their grief  
When powerless to give relief  
To those who suddenly were doomed,  
And in the whirlpool entombed.

'Twas said the moon and stars that  
night

Looked down upon the scene of woe  
With a pale melancholy light—  
The pity they would fain bestow,  
Flow'rs looked as if they wished to fade  
Or pine within some gloomy shade;  
And scarce a song was heard next day,  
As if the birds had flown away  
From where poor dead Cleopa lay,  
Perhaps near by where Mara slept  
In death's last grasp, they might have  
kept

Together and their last tears wept  
Close to where faithful Noble Ben  
Said his last prayer and last amen.  
'Twas also said that for some days  
The sun shed but his feeblest rays  
Around the whirlpool's circling ring,  
Where shadows then seemed wandering,  
And oft though sympathizing friends  
Made many a search along the shore  
Still nought was found but grief that sends  
A deeper sorrow than before,  
The loss still greater to deplore  
For those who would be seen no more.

Years have since passed and summer  
days

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\* It is said that many years ago a terrible accident of the kind occurred near the same place on the Niagara River.

With summer's sunset golden rays,  
Still bring fresh visitors to view  
The scenes which here seem ever new,  
The falls, and foam, and sunlit sky,  
The rainbow mostly ever nigh,  
The moon's soft light as it looks down  
Where cliffs upon the river frown,  
These sights the stranger's heart may  
cheer,

Yet oft as they may chance to hear  
Of that sad dire disastrous day  
Where three brave lives were cast away,  
A mournful tribute oft they pay.

The beautiful Cleopa's fate  
Will grief in many a heart create,  
And Mara's sad untimely end  
Will bring a sigh from many a friend,  
These, with poor Ben's unhappy doom,  
Around the place will cast a gloom,  
To some as dismal as the tomb.

No matter where those three friends  
take  
Their last long sleep or deep repose  
In river or Ontario's lake,  
They now are free from human woes,  
Rather no doubt than be a slave  
Each would prefer to part with life,  
And rest in peace within the grave,  
Free from all sorrow, care and strife.  
The face may often wear a smile,  
But the crushed heart can ne'er beguile,  
Yet sad to think when almost free  
Came sudden their calamity.

No piteous tale of post's pen  
Could more have touched the hearts of  
men,  
And oft made tender women weep  
For those who 'neath those waters sleep,  
Niagara's river dark and deep.