

With boundless care for ease and air
 And tenderness of love.
 She waited on him night and day ; plucked off her silken glove
 With self-accusing grief and tears—lamenting as a dove
 Bemoans her wounded mate—so she—and in her bosom wore
 A spike of thorn which every morn
 She gathered—nothing more.

She cast her jewels off and dressed in robe of blackest hue,
 Her face was pale as look the dead, and paler ever grew.
 Smiles lit no more her rosy lips where sunbeams used to dance ;
 A withering blight that kills outright
 Fell on her like a trance ;
 For Bois le Grand was dying, and it pierced her like a lance
 To hear him vainly calling on his Chatelaine in France ;
 And not for her who knelt by him, and lived but in his breath—
 Remorse and grief without relief
 Were hastening her death.

Far, far away in Avignon, beneath the holy thorn,
 The Chatelaine of Bois le Grand knelt down at eve and morn ;
 And prayed for him in hope and trust long witless of his fate ;
 But never knew he was untrue
 And had repented late.
 As caught between two seas his bark was in a rocky strait
 And with his life went down the lives of those two women. Fate
 Redrugged the love, betrayed them both—and one by Laura's shrine
 Took her last rest—the other best,
 Drank death with him like wine.

Niagara's doom long threatened came—the roll of English drums
 Was heard deep in the forest as Frideaux's stout army comes.
 They sap and trench from day to day, the cannon fiercer roar,
 The hot attack when beaten back
 Again comes to the fore.
 The pallisades are red with fire, the ramparts red with gore,
 Its brave defenders on the walls die thickly more and more,
 Mid rack and ruin overwhelmed—no help above—below,
 The few remain—not of the slain—
 Surrender to the foe.

But not before all hope had fled, when gathered far and wide
 From prairie, forest, fort and field—with every tribe allied
 To France, throughout the west they came, the fatal siege to raise,
 And marched along, a mingled throng,
 Amid the forest maze.
 They halted in the meadows where they stood like stags at gaze,
 The English and the Iróquois confronting them for days,
 Till Brant and Butler wary chiefs, with stratagem of war
 Broke up their host, and captured most,
 While fled the rest afar.

The last day came, and Bois le Grand beheld with misty eyes
 The flag of France run down the staff, and that of England rise
 It was the sharpest thorn of all that 'neath his pillow lay—
 'O, Madelaine !' he cried 'my men !
 My Rousillon so gay !
 Fill graves of honour, while I live to see this fatal day !
 But not another ! No !' he cried, and turned as cold as clay.
 She kissed his mouth the last long kiss the dying get alone—
 'O, Spina !' cried—fell by his side
 And both lay dead as stone.