

Alone made moan about the couch of pain,
 Now still forever,—all was silent else,—
 True man and loving woman—both were dead :

The Prince's messengers came quickly ; but
 Too late to save, and found them as they died,
 With hand and cheek together,—one in death,
 As their fair love had been but one in life,
 The last sad victims of the Hungry Year.

Where sluggish Chenonda comes stealing round
 The broken point, whose other side is lashed
 By wild Niagara rushing madly by,
 Afoam with rapids, to his leap below.
 An ancient graveyard overlooks the place
 Of thunderous mists, which throb and rise and fall
 In tones and undertones, from out the depths,
 That never cease their wild, unearthly song.
 Among the oldest stones, moss-grown and gray,
 A rough-hewn block, half-sunken, weather-worn,
 Illegible, forgotten, may be found
 By one who loves the memory of the dead
 Who, living, were the founders of the land.
 It marks the spot where lies the mingled dust
 Of two who perished in the Hungry Year.
 Few seek the spot. The world goes rushing by
 The ancient landmarks of a nobler time,—
 When men bore deep the imprint of the law
 Of duty, truth, and loyalty unstained.
 Amid the quaking of a continent,
 Torn by the passions of an evil time,
 They counted neither cost nor danger, spurned
 Defections, treasons, spoils ; but feared God,
 Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.
 To keep the empire one in unity
 And brotherhood of its imperial race,—
 For that they nobly fought and bravely lost,
 Where losing was to win a higher fame !
 In building up our northern land to be
 A vast dominion stretched from sea to sea,—
 A land of labour, but of sure reward,—
 A land of corn to feed the world withal,—
 A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace ;
 Content and freedom, both to speak and do,
 A land of men to rule with sober law
 This part of Britain's empire, next the heart
 Loyal as were their fathers and as free !

NIAGARA, Ontario,
 October, 1878.