

In Memory of the Hon. L. H. Holton.

A national "requiem" plaintive and grand,
Is breathing a country's devotion,
For the hope and the pride of a sorrowing Land
Has been freed from the world's commotion.

The dirge of a nation, whose unfeigning tears
Are shed with full ardor of weeping,
Will echo the name, through the circle of years,
Of the honored, lamented and sleeping.

Like a planet withdrawn from the firmament's hight,
When its brilliancy most we're admiring
So fleet has he taken that happier flight
To illumine more fervent aspiring.

The proud Chateauguay in wailing, its flow
Will e'er keep his memory undying,
And repeat his dear name to the breezes that blow
An accord with its waves as they're sighing.

The voice of that statesman no more in our halls
Shall declaim with a loyal affection,
And the salient pen of the patriot falls
At the call of unending Protection :

His faults let them rest, who can say that he erred
As we know not his motives for action,
In patriot views he was never deterred
By the whims of a party or faction

Ah, Holton ! sweet peace to thy mortal remains
With the earth of your country now blending
Till we meet you rejoicing on Josephat's plains,
When the dream of vain-glory is ending.