

The thorn was planted, leafed and bloomed as if its sap were blood
 That stained its berries crimson which fell dropping where it stood,
 And seeded others like it, as on Golgotha befell,
 An awful sight, if seen aright,
 The trees that root in hell !^{*}
 Contorted, twisted, writhing, as with human pain to tell
 Of cruel spines and agonies that God alone can quell.
 A cluster like thém Dante saw, and never after smiled,
 A grove of doom, amid whose gloom
 Were wicked souls exiled.

'Abandon hope all you who enter here !' in words of dread
 Glared luridly above the door that opened to the dead ;
 The dead in trespasses and sins—the dead who chose the broad]
 And beaten way, that leads astray,
 And not the narrow road—
 The rugged solitary path, beset with thorns that goad
 The weary spirit as it bears the world's oppressive load
 Up Calvary—to lay it down upon the rock, and wait
 In hope and trust—for God is just
 And pities our estate.

Niagara fort was bravely built with bulwarks strong and high
 A tower of stone and pallisades with ditches deep and dry,
 And best of all behind them lay Guienne and Rousillon †
 La Sarre and Bearn, 'neath Pouchot stern—
 A wall of men like stone—
 De Villiers and Bois le Grand of old Avignon,
 And over all the flag of France waved proudly in the sun.
 Prepared for it—they met the war with gaiety and zest—
 And every day barred up the way
 That opened to the west.

'Discord was rampant now and hate, and peace lay like a yoke
 That galled the necks of both of them, and French and English broke,
 With mutual wrath and rivalry, the treaty they had made ;
 Too proud to live and each one give
 Sunshine as well as shade.
 From Louisburg to Illinois, they stood as foes arrayed,
 And east and west war's thunder rolled—the soldier's polished blade
 Flashed 'mid the savage tomahawks that struck and never spared,
 While fort and field alternate yield
 The bloody laurels shared.

The clouds of war rolled redder from the north, and English pride
 Was stung to desperation at the turning of the tide,
 When Montcalm the heroic, wise in council—struck the blow
 Won Chouaguen, and conquered then
 At Carillon the foe.
 But with his very victories his armies melted slow.
 No help from France obtained he—and his heart sank very low,
 He knew that England's courage flames the fiercest in defeat,
 And in the day she stands at bay
 Most dangerous to meet.

^{*} A number of these thorns—old and weird of aspect are still standing on the plains of Niagara near the Grove of Paradise—they were formerly called the 'French thorns'—a designation now nearly forgotten.

† Portions of the regiments of Rousillon, La Sarre, Bearn and Guienne—formed the garrison of Niagara during the memorable siege of 1759.