

WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER, THU

U. E. L. PIONEERS

Just upon the hillside yonder
Overlooking Quinte Bay,
Is the Taylor burying ground
Where the brave old pioneers
With their descendants lay.

To this cradle of the white man
They were among the first to come
From New York, brought all their kindred—
All was left of war and rapine,
Fire—and battle bravely done.

How they fought and how they suffered,
Should the page of history tell.
A daughter lost by Indians stolen,
Husbands of two, in battle fell,
Two brothers Burgoyne, aides as well.

Then John Taylor, just fourteen
When first the call to arms was sent,
Left the plough, grasped the sword,
And forthwith to the battle went,
Seven long years in war he spent.

In all those years he never met
Mother, brother, sister, friend,
For his undaunted soul was set
To serve his King unto the end,
To fight the rebel to the end.

Aide-de-camp Neil Taylor, when pursued,
The enemy on either side,
Into the North River leaped and cried,
"Though I die, traitors I defy,"
Sunk his dispatches in the tide.

Twice he swam the river o'er,
Sadly gazed upon the shore,
Upon his home, his mother there,
His sisters crying heaven in prayer,
When down upon him the enemy bore.

How ignominiously he died
To satisfy the rebel hate,
They hung their victim to a tree,
To villify the hero's fate,
To lower him to their traitor state.

So Daniel Taylor died likewise,
General Burgoyne's faithful aide,
Who brought the General's family safe,
Disguised as farmers, the journey made,
From Quebec to New York, undismayed.

Later captured, his dispatches swallowed,
Brought before Governor Clinton, when,
His life forfeit, deemed it nought,
So cruel were those rebel men
To brothers of one parent stem.

Great great grand dame, rest her soul
Mary Campbell, her King served well,
Sheltered his soldiers, brought them aid,
Carried dispatches when the soldier fell,
Thrice her home in ashes laid.

Six score and ten of years have passed
Since Britain's loyal subjects came
As pioneers the second time,
Their King's reward of land to claim,
From whom a nation sprang again.

And Canada so fair and wide,
Stretching far from coast to coast,
This rich and fertile, great domain,
Her children's joy, her nation's pride,
First settled by the Brang, her boast.

By T. A. T. B.