

The morn arose, and Phœbus mounted high,
 Though drizzly clouds beheld the living scene,
 Where round their ramparts the invaders lie
 Upon St. Lawrence banks of faded green,
 While on the distant shore dense crowds are seen,
 Impatient to descry the expected fight,
 And mark that busy steamboat intervene,
 A good EXPERIMENT to bar their flight,
 And keep our over-friendly neighbours right.

Now from the woods the British troops advance,
 Led on by Fraser*, generous, brave, and free,
 Whose eye can quell a traitor with a glance,
 And shew a Briton what he ought to be.
 No crouching, cringing sycophant is he
 Who led the left wing on, their foes to meet,
 That soon before him are compell'd to flee,
 To seek a temporaneous retreat,
 And make the final conquest more complete.

The advance guard, volunteers of deathless fame,
 (First came M'Carger†, over just and kind,)
 Their country's honour and applause they claim,
 Which oft the panders of ambition find,
 While merit unobtrusive stands behind,
 Unnoticed and unknown amidst the rush ;
 For gifts and favours scattered to the wind
 Or heaped upon the vilest compact. Hush,
 Or they may soon the humble poet crush.

Amongst the foremost stood the brave M'Queen,‡
 Whom friends and sickness tried in vain to stay ;
 And here his brother† undismayed was seen,

* Col. Richard D. Fraser of the 2d Regiment Grenville Militia,
 and son of the late Hon. Thomas Fraser.

† Milo M'Carger, Esq., M. P. P. for the County of Grenville.

‡ Major William M'Queen, and Adjutant David M'Queen, 2d
 Regiment Grenville Militia.