

Thrice morning came ; but still no aid appeared,
 To try the **EXPERIMENT** on St. Lawrence
 wave ;

Their friends **BEYOND**, the roused lion fear'd,
 And rais'd a flag their *neutral* town to save.

Oh ! were there not as many hearts so brave,
 Or *disinterested* in that faithless land,

As dar'd to rescue from a shameful grave
 Their dupes, who came with an uplifted hand
 To do the work which their own avarice plann'd.

THE CATASTROPHE.

Sing on, my muse, and tell in humbler strains

Of mad ambition tumbling from his height :

Record what envy, pride, and avarice gains,

When rising hostile over virtue's right.

There is an eye, whose scrutinizing sight,

With stern cognizance views the deeds of man—

There is an arm of justice and of might,

That measures human folly by a span,

And pass whose limits no created can.

The day arose, ordain'd by heaven to be

The last in that eventful tragedy,

That fill'd the tim'rous bosom with alarms,

And rous'd the loyal and the brave to arms,

That shew'd Britannia's sons would shield their Crown,

Which neither foes nor rebels can bring down,

Though aided by a mightier power than those

Who mask'd in friendship proved most bitter foes.

The wide mouth'd cannons planted all around,

Fill heaven with smoke, and shake the solid ground,

Whose sudden blast maintains an endless roar

Of echoing thunder on the distant shore.