

Then first the good old veteran, Maitland,* heard
 The news, that cowards heard with vain alarms ;
 And soon he on his willing steed appear'd
 To rouse his slumbering followers to arms ;
 For danger has its soul-inspiring charms
 To those who've fought in manhood's early day.
 The kindling heart with retrospection warms,
 And through the veins the life-drops freely play,
 As wont to do 'neath youthful passions' sway.

Throughout the land the astounding tidings fly,
 And spread on wond'rous Fame's expanding wings,
 The wild woods echo to the fearful cry,
 That many a warrior to the contest brings,
 And tender bosoms with keen anguish wrings ;
 For husband now must leave his weeping wife,
 (Domestic cares are but inferior things)
 And nobly join the bloody field of strife,
 To prove his country dearer far than life.

SONG FOR THE RIDEAU BOYS.

Suggested on seeing a Company marching towards Prescott.

Gentle Rideau, adieu, with thy fairy bower shore,
 Where nature smiles sweet through her varied charms ;
 For thy pleasing enchantments delight us no more,
 And the voice of our country now calls us to arms.
 Our foes have concerted, and sworn in their ire,
 To pull the old fabric we venerate down—
 They may "come if they dare," with their cause to expire,
 For the Boys of the Rideau are true to the Crown.

They came once before, and the laurels they won,
 Let their shameful disasters ignobly tell ;

* James Maitland, Esq., late Captain and Adjutant in the Queen's
 Own Rifles.