

The following verses, written by Mr. Willson, were inspired by these distressing experiences—they are dated September 28, 1842:

As I behold the turning scale,
Reflection on my spirit bears:
I see my former thoughts prevail,
And Justice with my soul compare.

The binding cord—the prison chains
Are still impressive on my mind!
'Twas flowing blood wash'd out our stains,
Thro' sorrows now our joys we find.

Down the pale cheek the tears did flow:
At home the little Orphans cried:
Our rulers fill'd our hearts with woe,
That Justice to our Land denied.

The mother's groans, the sister's tears:
The parent's prayers and mournful sighs,
Repeating in our listening ears,
With scenes of grief before our eyes.

The sentence from the judgment seat,
That for our country some must die!
'Tis painful while I deeds repeat,
From those that sat, and reign'd so high.

The Exile wept in distant climes,
And for our country fill'd the grave;
But Heaven on earth has chang'd these times
And Providence come down to save.

Oh! could the slumbering eyes awake,
Or their cold blood from Earth arise;
A part with us in joys to take—
A recompense for sacrifice.

The Exile from his grave return:
Or were the far transported free,
Their hearts this day would cease to mourn
Their souls would bless our liberty.

Oh! may the chains for ever rust,
Our patriotic country wore:—
That sentence slumber in the dust,
That led them to the prison door.

Oh, may repentance clothe the mind
Of those that's been our country's foes:
Our Queen the liberal heart unbind,
And joy remove our piercing woes.

Oh, now may my reflection rest;
A time of peace to me is due:—
I see my frail exertions blest,
And comfort for the mourner too.

Neighbour may neighbour now unbind;
Nor more draw on the binding cord;
His deeds bear on his harden'd mind,
And cry for mercy from the Lord.