

Agreed upon each separate count, yet would add a plea :
 This quarrel is intestine, nor seems it right to draw
 The troops of England to our aid, though in defence of law.
 My word for it, our cause shall find enough brave hearts
 and true.

Of native Nova Scotians, to rout this rebel crew.

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Dispersed is now the Council ; its members scattered far,
 Gather each friend and partizan, and quick prepare for
 war.

With eloquent appeals for aid, the Press Provincial teems ;
 In every corner of the land, the sword or bayonet gleams.
 Deserted are the collieries, the shipyards quiet all,
 The fishermen their nets have left, responsive to the call ;
 And the choked flues of Halifax awhile shall smoke in vain
 The sweepers, with their bags of soot, have joined the
 Anti train.

The Devils from their presses, the cabbies from their
 stands,

The Peelers, from their wonted beats, have swelled the
 gathering bands.

O'er our once happy Province, discord alone holds sway,
 When now the party forces meet, drawn up in wide array.
 Upon a gentle eminence, the Unionists hold post,
 While further down, towards the west, spreads Annand's
 motley host.

Bright dawns the day of battle, but ere its hours have run,
 Widowed shall many a matron be, and sireless many a
 son.

Now in the Anti Camp, convened, the leaders, confer-
 ence hold,