

Weep, mothers, weep ;—for 'mongst that nameless crew
 Were found the young and thoughtless, left by heaven
 To be deceived by that Tartarian few

Who from their country for their crimes were driven.

Why should such fatal power to man be given,
 That all the joys of social bliss will mar,

Husband from wife, and son from sire, riven,
 To join the arch-demon in a bright semar ?
 Let thousands see their ruin, and beware.

Some, wearied out with care, essay'd to sleep,
 But frightful dreams that sweet repose denied,
 While others, wrapt in meditation deep,

Lean'd listless o'er the vessel's dusky side ;—

While not a few, with imprecations, tried
 Their newly waken'd terrors to controul ;

But still the tongue the fearful heart belied,
 And like the ensnared wolfe their eye-balls roll,
 That glance the torment of th' imprison'd soul.

On, on they come—the traitor, pirate, foe—

With every implement that death commands :

On, on they come, to seize, divide, bestow,

And distribute amongst their greedy bands

Our hard-earned savings, and our cultur'd lands,
 For which we've toil'd 'neath many a summer's sun,

And wint'ry tempest, with unflinching hands,

And now we start where we at first begun,

Or fight (sweet thought), or basely (never) run.

“LET THEM COME IF THEY DARE.”*

Our foes meet in secret, their vaunting is high,
 And they swear themselves ready to conquer or die ;

* These verses the Author published in the *Brockville Statesman*
 about a fortnight before the invasion.