

THE VESSEL'S CREW.*

'Tis stillness all above, around, below,
 Where rolls St. Lawrence in his nightly pride,
 Along whose surface chilly breezes blow,
 That waft two vessels o'er his dusky tide.
 While slumber reigned on shore, 'twas here denied
 To those who throng'd the cabin and the hold ;
 For both deceiver and deceived vied
 In words their future glory to unfold,
 Which to a wondering world would be unroll'd.

Even here were found 'mongst that degenerate horde,
 The brave, the noble, and the generous too ;
 The wanton name of freedom they ador'd,
 Though freedom's heaven-born charms they never
 knew.

But when the cry was raised, to arms they flew,
 To seek in danger an ignoble fame,
 While artful laurels hope display'd to view,
 That led them on to misery's death and shame,
 And brought dishonour on the patriots' name.

And here were those, (alas ! they numbered most,)
 Whose characters no future crimes could stain,
 'Twas nought to them what human blood was lost,
 If they their vile, ambitious ends could gain.
 Oft had experience lash'd their souls in vain,
 And reason would their hell-bound minds illumine,
 And try the maddening passions to restrain,
 Like wild steeds driving headlong to their doom,
 That soon should plunge in everlasting gloom.

[* About two o'clock on Monday morning, November 12, 1838, the word was given, that two suspicious-looking vessels were in sight at Prescott, and owing to the haziness of the night, a sail could only be discerned a short distance.]