

And showed how bright a fire may glow from nature's
flickering embers,

Shall hold their county for us, and upon every ton,
Levy a contribution large, till our good fight be won—
Ritchie, the gentle martyr, who for our cause has bled,
In this, our dire extremity, shall serve us in good stead.
And, riding through each county, shall bear aloft his coat.
To show where fierce McDonnell struck, where recreant
Miller smote.

And as when in the Forum, dead Cæsar's robe was shown.
Each drop of blood called forth a tear, each rent evoked
a groan ;

So, that mud-dabbled garment shall cause, with ire to
burn,

The hearts of all who'd, from their necks, the yoke of
bondage spurn ;

And every sacred tatter shall gather to our cause,
Men who respect their country, and would uphold her
laws."

Such is the counsel of the men, who, rather than be
foiled,

Would see the land that gave them birth, by civil dis-
cord spoiled.

But now another conference hear, another scene behold ;
Tupper and Archibald are met, and Jonathan the bold ;
Nor lacks the assembly members to represent each guild,
With men of learning, wealth, and note, the council
room is filled :

There he, who in our Province, the Sovereignty reflects,
Emblem of England's Guardian power, that shields us
and protects ;