

father hurried in saying the American fleet had been sighted, and he and the other volunteers had been ordered under arms. Then may have come the scene so graphically told by our poet, Charles Mair, in the stirring lines in his Drama of Tecumseth.

“What news afoot?

Why every one's afoot and coming here
York's citizens are turned to warriors
The learned professions go a-soldiering
And gentle hearts beat high for Canada.
For, as you pass, on every hand you see
Through the neglected openings of each house
Through doorways, windows, our Canadian maids
Strained by their parting lovers to their breasts,
And loyal matrons busy round their lords
Buckling their arms on, or, with tearful eyes
Kissing them to the war.”

About 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon the 26th, some ten ships of the enemy were sighted from the Highlands of Scarborough about eight miles out on the lake, and steering apparently towards York. At full speed the vidette rode express to bring the news into town. The signal guns were fired, the single bell of the church was rung, and was promptly obeyed, as the call to arms. Every man who could hold a musket or secure a gun volunteered for service, Alexander Wood, Quetton St. George, and Beikie, with others unattached, fell into the ranks, and Donald MacLean, the Clerk of the House, throwing off his gown, brought out his gun, to die, alas, next morning, on the Humber beach, fighting alongside the 8th Grenadiers.