

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS

CONNECTED WITH

THE INVASION

OF

UPPER CANADA,

BY A BAND OF

LAWLESS AND UNPRINCIPLED MEN,

From the United States, in November, 1838:

A Poem.

By GAVIN RUSSELL,

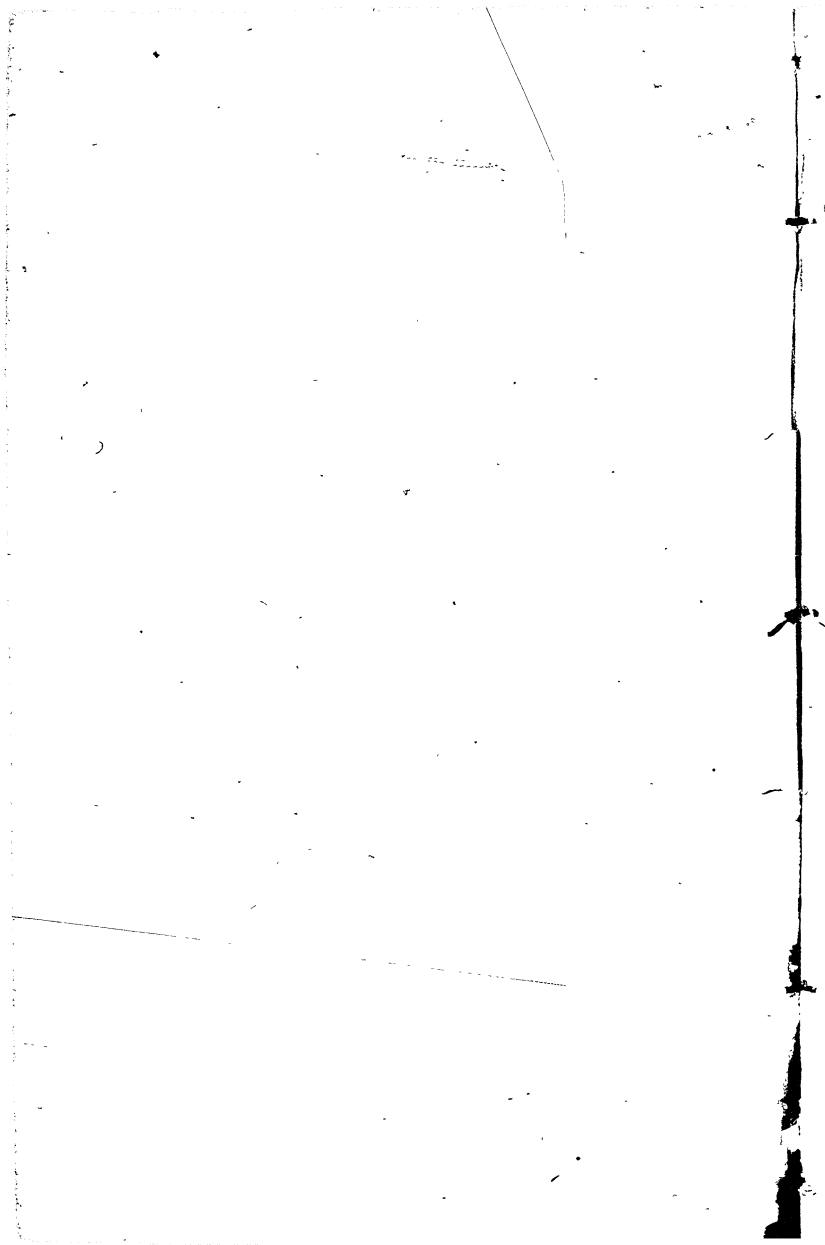
Sergeant, 2d Regiment Grenville Militia.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY CAMPBELL AND BECKET,

Muir's Buildings, Place D'Armes.

1839.



TO THE
BRAVE AND GALLANT
OFFICERS
OF THE
FIRST AND SECOND REGIMENTS
OF
Grenville Militia,

THIS SIMPLE EXPRESSION OF FEELING,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

KILMARNOCK, U. C. }
July 1, 1839. }

P R E F A C E .

FRIENDS AND READERS,—I suppose, for fashion's sake, I must say something in the way of preface. Well, supposing I do say a little, should any of the learned heads think this humble attempt at publication worthy of animadversion, all that I can say for myself is, that without any pretensions to classical or scholastic lore, I wrote a considerable number of the following verses shortly after the disastrous occurrences took place which called them forth, merely for my own amusement, without any intention of publishing them. But being repeatedly importuned by several gentlemen to bring forward something on the all-engrossing subject, I arranged them into the present form, which I now lay before you, in the fond anticipation that you will not be disappointed (for your own sakes); for my motto is—“*What is ^{writ} ~~not~~, is ^{writ} ~~not~~; and Whatever is, is right.*” And now, with every consideration of gratitude and respect, I remain your most

Obedient Humble Servant,

GAVIN RUSSELL.

Kilmarnock, Upper Canada, July 1, 1839.

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS, &c.

A POEM.

THE HUNTERS' MEETING.

Seraphic muse of Milton, rise, awake,
And strike again thy solemn sounding lyre,
Reveal the records of the infernal lake,
That burns with unextinguishable fire:
Tell how assembled demons did conspire
To drench this fair and happy land with gore;
And league by oath and imprecation dire,
Men who the insulted name of Freemen bore,
To deeds of crime unknown to man before.

Of't have I heard the angry voice of heaven,
When all above in azure brightness shone,
'Till suddenly, by furious tempests driven,
The bellowing car of Jove came thundering on,
Beneath whose rage would frighten'd nature groan.
'Twas thus we heard the distant war-cloud roar,
(While peace around us seem'd to reign alone)
That soon should burst on our devoted shore,
And on our heads in vengeful torrents pour.

They met—'twas in an ancient gloomy hall,
Whose sculpture told the pride of former times,
And many a painting pannel'd in the wall,
Display'd the Artist of far distant climes.
Here freedom onc'e was rear'd, unfraught with crimes,
But now abandon'd to a hellish cause,
For which my thoughts can find no term that rhymes,

To tell their recklessness of virtue's laws,
Which on their heads Heaven's fearful vengeance draws.

Their chief arose : a man of pigmean size ;
The stamp of age was furrow'd on his brow ;
A fire spirit sparkled in his eyes,
That seem'd to reign in every bosom now,
All were enraptured, yet they knew not how ;
For when he rais'd his unharmonious voice,
Each heart was drawn like a distended bow,
Till at its utmost stretch the arrow flies,
So *twangs* the string like their applauding noise.

Thus he began : " Men, Patriots, Exiles, Friends,
Shall I recount your past disasters ? No ;
For fortune in our cup of sorrow blends
Reviving thoughts t'exterminate our woe.
Why should we all our brilliant hopes forego ?
True—we are banished—driven from our homes,
Spoiled and insulted by a hated foe ;
But soon the day of retribution comes,
When we shall meet, and with them change our doom.

" What boots it ? Distant from my place of birth,
The world's my home ; it matters not to me ;
But if there is a fairer spot on earth,
Give me the land where I can say, I'm free.
We're here, by fate's immutable decree,
That we might learn base tyranny to shun,
And see in others what ourselves might be ;
And now our race of glory is begun,
Nor rest we till the mighty work is done.

" See fair Columbia ready at our back,
To avenge her heroes who for freedom bled,
Whose free-born hosts shall follow in our track,
To hurl destruction at the oppressor's head.

'Tis nought to us what human blood be shed ;
 Our spirits have been foster'd by her care,
 And by her *guile* our willing hands were led,
 The vengeance of earth's mightiest crown to dare ;
 We stand or fall, her glorious name to share.

" Our cause is freedom, and in freedom's cause
 Blood has been shed ; and, lo, our arms again
 Are nerved with wrath, and unrestrained by laws,
 Impell'd by hearts that scorn their slavish chain.
 Why should the thoughts of carnage give us pain ?
 Can you forget a Lount or Mathews' blood,
 Or those who on the *Caroline* were slain,
 Or quell the indignant thoughts with which you view'd
 Her blazing wreck dash o'er Niagara's flood ?

" 'Tis sweet to find a thing that we have lost,
 It seems possess'd of charms before unknown,
 Though grievous troubles, toils, and tears it cost,
 Our hearts rebound again to claim our own.
 These joys be ours ; nor only these alone,
 For sterner pleasure rises to our view ;
 'Tis sweet to see a haughty foe o'erthrown,
 And sweeter those who've triumph'd over you ;
 Sweet is revenge—revenge shall have its due.

" Farewell, my friends,—but we shall meet again,
 To enjoy the treasures that your deeds have won ;
 O hapless fate, that I should here remain,
 While you th' unfailing race of glory run,
 I yield my honours to an abler one.
 The dread of tyrants comes from distant lands,
 (While I go forth to send more forces on),
 Before you now Von Shoultz, your leader, stands,
 To go and conquer. Do what he commands."

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.]

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.

But the old British Lion is rous'd in his lair,
 In defiance he growls, "Let them come if they dare."
 They boast of their numbers, they boast of their might,
 But the heart of the lion's a stranger to fright—
 He has travers'd the world, new dangers to share,
 And he answers their threats—"Let them come if they
 dare."

Their-liberty pole they will plant, we are told,
 But the head of the Lion is not to be *poll'd*;
 For his paw is destruction, his aspect beware,
 And the flash of his eye "Let them come if they dare."

Secure are his allies who in him confide,
 For he'll guard them from danger whatever betide;
 But one who the mask of deception can wear,
 May fly from his frown, or come on if he dare.

The Star Spangled Banner, so proudly unfurled,
 Throws a gleam of deceit o'er a slumbering world;
 But when Sol from the east shall appear in his glare,
 It is blighted at once, let it shine if it dare.

A nation of traitors, who boast themselves free,
 Though slaves to the vilest of tyrants they be:
 A nation of hypocrites, doomed to despair,
 Since their cloak is thrown off, "Let them come if they
 dare."

The faithful and free are prepared at a word
 To abandon the plough for the musket or sword;
 No *oath we* require, what boots it to swear,
 Our country, our life, "Let them come if they dare."

THE WARNING.

'Tis night—still sable night—and not a star
 Gleams forth to cheer the dark, the dismal sky,

While round me scenes extending grand and far
 Lie hid 'neath shades of black immensity.
 I love the night; for 'neath her influence I
 Can wing my fancy on ethereal flights,
 There, strange unthought-of wonders to descry,
 And sport in realms of self-created lights
 Far from the world's rude, gambling, jarring sights.

I love the night, when memory's pinions rise
 And bear me back to childhood's happy years.
 Then the fond heart in sweet affection sighs
 O'er bygone bliss that now no more appears,
 Save in the mirror retrospection rears,
 Which throws a gleam of comfort on my soul
 That quells my grief, and banishes my fears,
 Till wildest passions own its mild controul,
 And o'er my heart hope's gladd'ning billows roll.

I love the night, so peaceful and so still;
 But hark! a distant cannon's thundering roar:
 Hark how it echoes on the neighbouring hill,
 And dies away till silence reigns once more.
 Again, again it vibrates o'er and o'er,
 As if some dreadful conflict was begun,
 The vial of Heaven's righteous wrath to pour
 On a degenerate people, till it run
 Too dreadful to be witnessed by the sun.

I hear the tramp of horses—lo! they come:
 Two white steeds dash along the miry way
 Like some wild phantoms rushing through the gloom,
 Till at our gate the snorting chargers stay.
 They bring despatches, sent without delay
 To warn the yeoman from his peaceful toil,
 And hurry thousands from their homes away
 To drive a band of robbers from our soil,
 And vengeance on their allies to recoil.

Then first the good old veteran, Maitland,* heard
 The news, that cowards heard with vain alarms ;
 And soon he on his willing steed appear'd
 To rouse his slumbering followers to arms ;
 For danger has its soul-inspiring charms
 To those who've fought in manhood's early day.
 The kindling heart with retrospection warms,
 And through the veins the life-drops freely play,
 As wont to do 'neath youthful passions' sway.

Throughout the land the astounding tidings fly,
 And spread on wond'rous Fame's expanding wings,
 The wild woods echo to the fearful cry,
 That many a warrior to the contest brings,
 And tender bosoms with keen anguish wrings ;
 For husband now must leave his weeping wife,
 (Domestic cares are but inferior things)
 And nobly join the bloody field of strife,
 To prove his country dearer far than life.

SONG FOR THE RIDEAU BOYS.

Suggested on seeing a Company marching towards Prescott.

Gentle Rideau, adieu, with thy fairy bower shore,
 Where nature smiles sweet through her varied charms ;
 For thy pleasing enchantments delight us no more,
 And the voice of our country now calls us to arms.
 Our foes have concerted, and sworn in their ire,
 To pull the old fabric we venerate down—
 They may "come if they dare," with their cause to expire,
 For the Boys of the Rideau are true to the Crown.

They came once before, and the laurels they won,
 Let their shameful disasters ignobly tell ;

* James Maitland, Esq., late Captain and Adjutant in the Queen's Own Rifles.

And again in defiance we bid them come on,
 For a host won't suffice for each Briton that fell.
 They offer us freedom, insulting the name,
 A freedom that justice beholds with a frown ;
 But the freedom of Devils we still shall disclaim,
 While the Boys of the Rideau are true to the Crown.

We part from our homes and the scenes that we love,
 Relations and friends, we know not how long ;
 But now in a nobler sphere we shall move,
 In defending our country from rapine and wrong.
 Let the hunters beware, for the lion is rais'd,
 And woe to the wretch that encounters his frown :
 By such villains his honour can ne'er be debased,
 For the Boys of the Rideau are true to the Crown.

Through the wild woods the soul-stirring pibroch
 resounds,
 And the banners of Albion over us wave,
 And the heart of each Briton exultingly bounds
 To be marshal'd again in the ranks of the brave.
 Commanded by veterans, what need we fear,
 Though adversity rises our spirits to drown,
 False friends may insult us, and cowards may jeer,
 For the Boys of the Rideau shall die for the Crown.

THE BATTLE.

Come all ye Aonian powers, assist me now
 The deeds of that eventful day to show,
 That bound the laurels on the victor's brow,
 And brought the eagle of ambition low,
 While *Sympathy* fell lifeless at the blow ;
 And as we praise the loyal and the bold,
 O let the tear of generous pity flow
 For those who fell, whose names shall be extoll'd,
 While rule Britannia o'er the wave shall hold.

The morn arose, and Phœbus mounted high,
 Though drizzly clouds beheld the living scene,
 Where round their ramparts the invaders lie
 Upon St. Lawrence banks of faded green,
 While on the distant shore dense crowds are seen,
 Impatient to descry the expected fight,
 And mark that busy steamboat intervene,
 A good EXPERIMENT to bar their flight,
 And keep our over-friendly neighbours right.

Now from the woods the British troops advance,
 Led on by Fraser*, generous, brave, and free,
 Whose eye can quell a traitor with a glance,
 And shew a Briton what he ought to be.
 No crouching, cringing sycophant is he
 Who led the left wing on, their foes to meet,
 That soon before him are compell'd to flee,
 To seek a temporaneous retreat,
 And make the final conquest more complete.

The advance guard, volunteers of deathless fame,
 (First came M'Carger†, over just and kind,)
 Their country's honour and applause they claim,
 Which oft the panders of ambition find,
 While merit unobtrusive stands behind,
 Unnoticed and unknown amidst the rush ;
 For gifts and favours scattered to the wind
 Or heaped upon the vilest compact. Hush,
 Or they may soon the humble poet crush.

Amongst the foremost stood the brave M'Queen,‡
 Whom friends and sickness tried in vain to stay ;
 And here his brother‡ undismayed was seen,

* Col. Richard D. Fraser of the 2d Regiment Grenville Militia,
 and son of the late Hon. Thomas Fraser.

† Milo M'Carger, Esq., M. P. P. for the County of Grenville.

‡ Major William M'Queen, and Adjutant David M'Queen, 2d
 Regiment Grenville Militia.

All eager for to join the dread affray,
 Their daring feats of valour to display.
 And 'mongst that little band was bold Denaut,*
 Which unto death or victory led the way ;
 These first received the volley of the foe,
 And struck for Britain the most daring blow.

And dauntless Parker with his hardy crew,
 Marines of England, stubborn hearts of oak,
 Whose pride is danger, for with gallant Drew
 They wrapt the *Caroline* in flame and smoke,
 And sent her hissing past the Table Rock ;—
 Down, down she goes, by bellowing torrents driven,
 That bellow on, regardless of the shock
 Which thus to hell-born sympathy was given,
 And stamp'd the power of British arms in heaven.

Then came M'Donell with his daring band,
 The tartan'd heroes never known to yield,
 Whose spirits rise like their own mountain's ground,
 Their homes, their country, and her laws to shield ;—
 They come the sword and bayonet to wield,
 While through their veins quick rolls their father's blood,
 Oft shed before on many a far-famed field,
 And memory soars o'er mountain, vale, and flood,
 Where Lorn the chief of mighty chieftains stood.

And there was gallant Clarke† upon the ground,
 Leading his yeomen brave to battle on ;
 And many an humble Briton there was found,
 Alike to all the gifts of fame unknown,
 Whose deeds of arms amidst the conflict shone—
 Even when some *honour'd* ones excuses plann'd,
 They stood the foremost of the fight alone.

* Erastus Denaut, Lieut. 1st R. G. M.

† Major D. Clarke, late Incorporated Militia of Upper Canada.

'Tis men like these make Britain's name so grand,
By men like these Britannia's throne shall stand.

Both old and young amongst that host were seen,
The hardy yeomen, loyal, firm, and true,
And some who oft in bloody strife had been,
Came forth their dormant courage to renew.
Near and more near upon the foe they drew,
While thus M'Donell to his followers spoke :
" Now—now, Glengaries, shew what you can do ;"
Which all their fathers in their souls awoke,
Like raging lions on their foes they broke.

Now from the right another host draws near,
Commanded by the highly honour'd Young ;
Bold Stewart, Grant, and Edmondson were here,
The borderers as brave as ever strung
The death-wing'd arrow, or in vengeance swung
The battle-axe above the rock-bound Tweed,
As gallantly as ever Minstrel sung ;
They come to help their friends in time of need,
Nor shall their foes compel them to recede.

The " eighty-third," by noble Johnson led,
Though few in number, yet in battle brave,
Whose very name fills Britain's foes with dread,
And by whose might Britannia rules the wave.
To shield the oppress'd and liberate the slave,
They come, the stern, the dauntless, and the strong,
Our throne, our altars, and our homes to save,
And shield us from oppression, rapine, wrong,
Or seek in battle the true Patriot's grave.

Oh, for the power of Byron's muse to tell,
Or soul of Pitt to guide my feeble pen,
With what fond rapture would I love to dwell

Upon the deeds of those exalted men,
 Who, when the battle raged fierce, and when
 Friends and beloved companions fell around,
 Amidst the tempest of the soul, even then
 God-like divine compassion was not drown'd,
 But heavenly mercy glorious actions crown'd.

Can I forget the daring Landers'* name,
 Who death defied, and dash'd among his foes ?
 Who 'gainst him now direct their murderous aim ;
 But Heaven a shield around the hero throws,
 And when his ammunition fail'd, his blows
 Told fearfully on many a Yankee head,
 Till him a villain from behind o'erthrows ;
 Then the infuriate fiends upon him tread,
 And leave their bleeding victim there for dead.

Now to the heroes whom I have not named,
 And many more whose names I have forget ;
 But he who stands most famous 'mongst the famed
 Friend of humanity, I'll mention Scott, †
 A name the world shall call Forget-me-not,
 ‡ As long as fancy shall her throne maintain,
 Or medicine shall soothe the wretches lot,
 And bring relief to ease the bed of pain
 To friend or foe, a name without a stain.

The thundering cannon now the heavens rend,
 While through the air hiss, hiss, the fleeting balls ;
 On friend and foe the fatal showers descend,
 While friend or foe beneath their fury falls,
 And many a wounded wretch for mercy calls.

* Sergeant Major Landers of the 1st R. G. M.

† Dr. W. J. Scott, of Prescott, late Staff Assistant Surgeon to His
 late Majesty's Forces.

‡ In allusion to the great Sir Walter.

To death or victory the Britons cry,
 Till beaten, vanquish'd, driven behind their walls,
 The ruthless wretches are compelled to fly,
 For now they dread (the wrath of heaven) to die.

The brave Militia shew'd their valour then :
 The "eighty-third" their glorious name maintain ;
 They clear the walls, and charge their foes again,
 And Johnson falls a martyr 'mongst the slain.
 Weep, weep, Britannia. Why should we restrain
 The tear of pity for the warrior's doom ?
 Weep on, Britannia ;—yet thy tears are vain,
 For countless blessings guild his hallow'd tomb,
 And deathless laurels 'mongst the willows bloom.

Canadian heroes, I your praise would sing,
 Who trembled not to join the dread affray,
 From distant isles let fame her laurels bring,
 And crown you victors of that glorious day,
 That fill'd the hearts of traitors with dismay.
 Along your ranks Death shook his sable wing,
 And in his gore lamented Dulmage* lay ;
 In proud hearts yet those vengeful moments ring,
 While coward's praises best themselves can sing.

'Tis all in vain : the glorious work is done.
 Why tarrieth Young† ? he might prevent their aim.
 'Tis all in vain ; they to their coverts run,
 Which doubly stamps disgrace upon their name.
 Was it for this these bullying braggarts came,
 Bidding defiance to earth's noblest power,
 In every breast to raise the indignant flame,

* Lieutenant Dulmage, 2d Regiment Grenville Militia, grandson
 to the late Captain Dulmage, Jessup's Rangers.

† Had the right wing, under command of Col. Young, pressed
 forward ten minutes sooner, the retreat of the rebels to the mill
 would have been completely cut off.

Before whose wrath they could not stand an hour,
Which only burns the hostile to devour ?

NIGHT SCENE.

Again nocturnal darkness veil'd the sky,
Whose shadows o'er the field of death are spread,
Where many a wounded wretch did groaning lie,
Surrounded by the dying and the dead,
Without a friend to soothe his hopeless bed.
There Landers slept, unconscious 'mongst the slain,
Till woke by prowling hogs, he raised his head ;
Courageous still, though stiff with cold and pain,
He tried to reach his friends, nor tried in vain ;
For now he longs to thrash his foes again.

By fearful terrors of the soul opprest,
Within their confines the invaders lay,
Driven to despair, they could not think of rest,
And mad with rage, like panting wolves at bay,
They dreaded, yet they long'd for break-of-day ;
For now they saw their fast approaching doom,
And all delusive hopes had fled away,
Leaving their minds in overwhelming gloom,
Which all their leader's guile could not illumine.

To raise their drooping souls, thus spoke the chief :
“ My brave associates, why so haggard seem ?
Why are your daring hearts so changed by grief ?
We have lost nothing which we can't redeem ;
For help will come with morning's earliest beam.
Then shall we put our vaunting foes to shame,
And make their short liv'd triumph as a dream,
While wond'ring nations shall extol your name,
The more we suffer yields more glorious fame.”

Thrice morning came ; but still no aid appeared,
 To try the EXPERIMENT on St. Lawrence
 wave ;

Their friends BEYOND, the roused lion fear'd,
 And rais'd a flag their *neutral* town to save.
 Oh ! were there not as many hearts so brave,
 Or *disinterested* in that faithless land,
 As dar'd to rescue from a shameful grave
 Their dupes, who came with an uplifted hand
 To do the work which their own avarice plann'd.

THE CATASTROPHE.

Sing on, my muse, and tell in humbler strains
 Of mad ambition tumbling from his height :
 Record what envy, pride, and avarice gains,
 When rising hostile over virtue's right.
 There is an eye, whose scrutinizing sight,
 With stern cognizance views the deeds of man—
 There is an arm of justice and of might,
 That measures human folly by a span,
 And pass whose limits no created can.

The day arose, ordain'd by heaven to be
 The last in that eventful tragedy,
 That fill'd the tim'rous bosom with alarms,
 And rous'd the loyal and the brave to arms,
 That shew'd Britannia's sons would shield their Crown,
 Which neither foes nor rebels can bring down,
 Though aided by a mightier power than those
 Who mask'd in friendship proved most bitter foes.

The wide mouth'd cannons planted all around,
 Fill heaven with smoke, and shake the solid ground,
 Whose sudden blast maintains an endless roar
 Of echoing thunder on the distant shore.

Against the windmill bound the whizzing balls,
 And shatter'd stones fall crumbling from the walls;
 The stubborn building now begins to shake,
 Whose harden'd tenants now with terror quake.

The evening shades begin to veil the sky,
 While to their strong-hold now the wretches fly;
 Driven by our troops, who march upon the ground,
 And seize the sheltering buildings all around.
 With one wild shout these gallant hearts conspire,
 And set these dwellings all at once on fire,
 Where many a wounded wretch in tortures lie,—
 O, Righteous heaven, was man born thus to die!

Now from the roofs the belching flames arise,
 And clouds of smoke ascend the glaring skies,
 Beneath whose crimson scud St. Lawrence gleams,
 And Nature wrapt in conflagration seems.
 The waves, astounded at the cannon's roar,
 Like wild steeds dash upon the rugged shore;
 Pent up, the ruffians now to madness driven,
 With fearful oaths assail'd the throne of heaven.

But 'mongst the rest there was a manly youth,
 Within whose breast still lived the germ of truth
 And justice, who unwittingly had been
 Ensnared by villains in that scheme of sin.
 Him, when a child, his mother taught to pray,
 Who mourn'd for him who now was far away;
 He now addressed that throne of mercy, where
 The wretch who needs most, is most welcome there.

Thus he began,—“ O thou Eternal One,
 Whose will throughout immensity is done,
 O with compassion view our dreadful state,
 And shield us from our dire impending fate.

To those who willingly have shed man's blood,
 Thy will be done, thou Just and Righteous God ;
 But those who spurned the soul-revolting crime,
 O spare thou them in thy appointed time ;
 Beneath thy vengeful rod our souls do quake,
 In mercy hear us, for thy mercy's sake."

'Twas then they all at once cried out, " We yield ;"
 And rush'd unarm'd upon the glowing field.
 But where's the death-defying Patriot now ?
 Where is the beam that guilds the Patriot's brow ?
 Before their injur'd foes the dastards kneel
 T' implore compassion, which THEY could not feel ;
 For mercy now the recreant reptiles cry,
 From those who they themselves had doomed to die ;
 And mercy over justice did prevail,
 Or that dread hour had closed the bloody tale.

But some befriending angels intercede,
 And they have fared as righteous heaven decreed ;
 A few have suffered for their murderous crimes,
 And some lament their fate in distant climes ;
 While others, now amongst their friends are free,
 A proof of British magnanimity ;
 Thy powers, Von Shoultz, deserved a nobler end,
 Ye nations, to his dying words attend.

SUPPOSED DYING WORDS OF VON SHOULTZ.

Shade of the mighty Washington arise,
 Start not proud spirit at thy country's shame ;
 If tears can flow from your immortal eyes,
 Weep for the crimes that blast thy country's name.
 Where are the potent spirits who did frame
 Laws to illume and renovate the world,
 Which o'er the earth like blazing stars did flame,

And Liberty's most wanton charms unfurl'd ?
Behold them now to shades of darkness hurl'd.

They boast their freedom, 'tis the ruthless reign
Of baser passions, blighting reason's light ;
The carrion eagle, fetter'd with a chain,
Forg'd in the depths of Pandemonian night.
Curs'd be the liberty—condemned the right
That laughs at justice, whom they mock as blind,
Tempting the idle and the base t' unite
Against a people, generous, brave, and kind,
Whose sacred laws their heaven-born virtues bind.

Where'er bright Phœbus guilds the morning sky,
From India's wilds to Greenland's ice-bound seas,
There the adventurous traveller may descry
Fair Albion's banners floating in the breeze ;—
Her ships are heaven's fingers to release
The fetter'd slave of every nation—name ;
And shall they dread degraded foes like these,
With whom even honoured warfare is a shame,
And Mars laments their noble victors' fame ?

What, what is human greatness ? what is power ?
All, all is vanity, the wise man saith ;
A bubble that a moment may devour,
That bursts in vapour 'neath the blast of death,
Or shrinks in misery from each adverse breath
That may be wafted from the fan of heaven ;—
And was't for this that honour, justice, faith,
With all the ennobling that to man is given,
Were from my blended soul forever driven.

And now my race is ended, let me rest
Where she may come who reigns within this breast ;
Beneath some sylvan umbrage let me lie,
Where she may come to heave the deep-drawn sigh ;

For now my race is ended, I shall rise
 To soar sublimely through the azure skies,—
 From sphere to sphere my wayward soul shall roam,
 And vast immensity shall be my home ;
 And when I see her o'er my grave repine,
 With zephyrs' wings I'll soothe my Emeline.

THE VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE.

Farewell to thee, comrade, thy marching is ended ;
 No more wilt thou join in the ranks of the brave ;
 For now by thy mourning companions attended,
 We see thee consigned to the Volunteer's Grave.

When the pest'lence of Treason was raging around us,
 And threaten'd invasion, united each hand,
 That would join in the ties of affection that bound us
 To the Throne of our fathers till death should disband.

And Death hath discharged thee, the first of our number,
 From the blast of whose mandate there's nothing can
 save ;
 But soft be thy pillow, and sweet be thy slumber,
 And green be the grass round the Volunteer's Grave.

ERRATUM.—In the 16th line of the Preface, for “ What is not,
 is not,” read “ What is writ, is writ.”