

Or sighed for fat joints, growing cold, when button-  
holed by you ;

And thou, my worthy Patrick, awhile forgot'st thy greed,  
And for a future harvest, did'st sow dis-Union seed.

Thou namesake of the Prophet, whose ken of future times,  
Availed thee more than Hilkiab's son, for thou did'st  
make the dimes,

To all the calls of business, turned an unheeding ear,  
And, crying in the market place, did'st seem another seer.  
Yet vain have proved our efforts ; the Unionists prevail ;  
Then shall we idly stand to day, and thus our shame bewail?

Or shall we rather gather the Antis, near and far,  
And try one other arbiter ? My friends, I counsel war."'  
Scarce has the word been utter'd, when each tongue  
takes up the strain,

And loud upon the startled air swells out the bold refrain.  
" Nor we," continues William, " a hopeless cause espouse,  
The people, long prepared for this, a single word shall  
rouse ;

A thousand brave subscribers to the sheet that I control,  
Shall leap responsive to my word, and sign the muster roll.  
These, I shall lead to battle, and for a standard bear  
A copy of the " Chronicle " proud fluttering in the air.  
And you, ye merchant princes, your ledgers shall transfer  
To Dooms-day books, and thence enlist each doubtful  
customer.

The man who said last winter, that 'twas an error grave,  
For England, when she lost the States, these Colonies to  
save,

Together with that colleague, that taught maps to the  
members,