

Folly deprive us of his Victory,
And Britain thus commit felo de se.

Arouse, ere 'tis too late, ye sons of trade,
Recall your resolutions—but just made ;
Reflect on Æsop's tale of th' golden egg,
Nor on this Railroad stir another peg.
Saint John will cheat St. Lawrence of his right,
Your business then will be—not *trade* but *fight*.
Look at the Map made for our wise Assembly,
Maine's line's depicted there without dissembly,
It will secure to Maine Saint John's whole river,
And Brunswick then, from us, will strait dissever,
View but the line of Saint John's lakes and
water

A short canal to which, would give no quarter
To Quebec's commerce—she would catch a
tartar:

Look at our yawning Gulf, and endless river
Which commerce then would fly from—aye, for
ever ;

E'en rafts so much exposed on our wild stream,
Descend Saint John's as by a charm, or dream.