

CANADA,---A SATIRE.

Hail Canada ! much govern'd, nigh undone,
By heavy debts and railways, just begun,
To tie thy scattered provinces together
Like an interminable iron tether,
Of thee I sing ! nay rather let me mourn,
Thy ruined prospects, and thy plight forlorn,
No theme, alas ! far echoing in thy praise,
Inspires my numbers or invites my lays.
A sterner, nobler aim my muse exalts
To chide thy follies and condemn thy faults.

If patriotism not alone consist :
The invading foeman's inroads to resist,
Not with base flatt'ry our lands hopes to raise
Or gild her follies with our fulsome praise,
But with an honest freedom to proclaim
The truth, and that in no uncertain name
Of her condition that she may, tho' great,
Correct her errors ere it be too late,
Then am I right, may venture to be bold,
I seize my weapon with a firmer hold,
No sword I use but wield thee, mightier pen,
Thou noblest implement of warring men,
And as I traverse o'er each furious page
With senates, commons, mayhap crown engage,
True be thine aim and sharpened be thy steel,
Fair every blow to make the foeman feel,
I'm in the lists, the enemy to meet,
Prepared for rancour, ridicule, defeat,
My country's self-appointed champion, I,
" Right, Truth and Liberty " my battle-cry.