

With ire and desperate valour, each Anti zealot burns.
 And all the various chieftans of the Anti League are met,
 The sudden crisis to discuss ; dire mischief to beget :
 Merchants whose ships are ploughing the waves of every
 sea,

With princely fortunes gathered from the sale of Rum
 and Tea ;

Men skilful at the ledger, addicted to deride
 Each scheme that fails, when, by the rule of double
 entry, tried ;

Lawyers whose doors but seldom vibrate to client's knock ;
 A colonel of the conscript guard, unknown to battle's shock ;
 He, too, that held the balance in disputes that might arise
 About the *fish*, but now the *scales* have fallen from his eyes :
 All these, in secret conclave, bemoan the dire event.

That they with Canucks should be joined without their
 high consent ;

When up starts patriot William, who late for Fenians
 sighed,

And cries, " that we are sold my friends, will scarcely
 be denied.

I have stained the fame of Tupper till his oath's not
 worth a groat,

I have blacked McCully till he would not take another coat,
 And the Provincial coffers from the Beaver's maw, to save,
 Have taught that treachery hangs like mist on the St.
 Lawrence' wave ;

We all have boldly striven, this hated scheme, to foil,
 Led on by zeal, we've even dared, our hands with bribes
 to soil.

Full many a man, my Joseph, has hungered for his stew,