

## ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

No. 7.

## STAITSMEN.

'Tis a fine thing to be a Staitsman, or Patriot, for they are muchly about the saim. It don't cost much to be a Staitsman, and there is many pecoonary advanlidges conjuncted with bein one. When you is a Staitsman, and is in offis, get everything you can for yourself,—and wat you cant get for yourself, get for your frends. With bein a few yeers in offis you can lay bye unto yourself a hansum patremoney, besides mayhap droppin in for a stray barrenkn'tcy. You can then with advantage retire from the Staitsman biz, and eat your *oates and tatars* in peace and quietness. If you is a Staitsman, and is not in offis, you must strike offis right off, if posserbul. Tell every one that the chaps in offis isn't of the bully lot, and that the kuntry will be scoured with human gore ef yure side aint boss o' the shanty.

Bye-'n-bye, when you have shook the konfidens of the kuntry in the chaps in offis, spred reports, tell lyes, hire papers, kanvas, rite pamphlets, and use other honorable meens to kick them out. At larst, when you have kicked them out, go into offis yureself, and carry on same style as thay did. Tacks the kuntry,—collec impostes,—kollar the revenew,—and you too peradventur may also retire sum punkins, and a barren-knute. It is konsidered allowable for a Staitsman to change his polyticks wunce in a way, but not two offen. Sum ignrant peeple mite call him a turncote, a deserter, or a apostait, but no liberal minded Staitsman wold objec to the change of polyticks, especial if it benifitted theirselves.

I wold rite more on this subjec, but I have just got a messige to say that Shovo wants to konsult me (I air in Qwebec) bout the inter-nashunal-colonal-in-favor-of-stoppidges-hoss-car-line, as he dont find his intellec suffishent greeced, and wants to take a rinkle from me. Spec old Shovo, Donkyn, Coachon, and their tayle, think they is on a big thing. If they is, they must pony-up, as they dont phool

Yures trooliest

PELEG PLUG.



REVENGE.

"Well, certainly, those men have no manners, to leave me sitting seven dances in succession - - - I shall refuse the very first offer."

## BALLAD.

I.

Loud on the air it soared,  
At the lonely midnight hour,  
When the disembodied walk abroad,  
And evil things have power.

II.

From the deserted street  
Up rose that direful cry,  
And the pensive peeler on his beat  
Seemed scarce less scared than I.

III.

And the shops that their shadows flung  
O'er the moonbeams cold and bright  
Threw back the echo, as it rung  
Its tones upon the night.

IV.

'Twas not a vague dim fear  
That held me to my station,  
I paused, tho' I listed not to hear  
Such an awful intonation.

V.

But as I bolder grew,  
The thought of all danger scorning,  
A shadowy form I made out through  
The mirk of that April morning.

VI.

Yes! 'twas a shadowy swain,  
He danced, blew his fingers, then he  
Sent forth his voice to the stars again,  
"Hot tatars at two a penny."



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE SNOW-STORMS.