

"If Tories, snakes and other hissing creatures,
That all this hue and cry of wrong hath made,
Could only gaze upon thy placid features,
Their ragged ranks would hide their heads dismayed
Nor dare have painted thee that dark Mephisto,
That portly Poobah of the princely fee,
Who stooped to stake on salted Monte Christo,
As first in foul official infamy.

"Nor told of franchise deals and other errors,
Of water fronts—all charges, which if true,
Not hell itself, with all its bristling terrors,
By working over time could fix your due.
But I rejoice, 'tis mine the pleasant labor
To find 'tis false, for thus do I regard,
That good, in Klondyke way, you did your neighbor,
And virtue here should have a great reward.

"For it has been and so will be forever
That men of mighty minds must needs provoke
Poor midget souls, whose slanderous endeavor
Doth but illume what they would darkly cloak.
So rest assured, though called the great graft giver
By envious, carping, pin head, Tory foes,
That wert thou black as tainted Yukon River,
I hereby wash thee white as Arctic snows."

For pathos pure, the final scene
Ere close of Court, occurred between
The Judge, and Judge's protege,
His dearest friend and nominee
As Chief of Mines, which certain place
He filled with absolute disgrace.

"I knew you, Tom, before this bloomin' strike,
Before dark discord marred this happy land;
Long ere those kickers ever crossed the Pike
We both as survey 'soups' rose hand in hand,
Until to-day, before the world we stand,
You the reviled, the butt of taunt and spleen,
And I, on honor's proud pedestal grand,
Commissioned as your Judge by England's Queen.