to ascerloses into to find out fficials, of brainless pimps as

is in such id inclinathat they transact a gentlemen ing intelpose and ly utterly occasion, a bastards a terfeiters

ceive the neir race? esteem of names to t work of of local ntellectual fic import en the autone, and I of corrupt th respect.

Fairfield, terrupting a piece of we live in, desided its

u are not ich a road, heard too kets were quietly deposited the scandalous overplus ordered for its construction, and I have no doubt that the grittish triumvirate who shared the spoil do really in the conceit of their vain imaginations regard its mechanism as something superior to the Victoria bridge, or at least equal in beauty and elegance to the via-sacra of the Romans.

But seriously gentlemen, I would ask every honest and independant man every reflecting and cultivated mind, what claims could this compact have on our gratitude and affection.

A compact base and vile of hungry reptiles lank and lean, Who would knaw for gold the vitals of our good and gracious Queen

Is it for robbing us of our rights, is it for plundering us of our peace, is it for retarding our progress; is it for maligning virtue and impeaching honour, is it for scoffing at the mysteries of religion and reviling the wisdom God? Is it for gorging their corrupt hirelings with the plunder of the orphan and the widow? Is it for weakening our energies as a people or for plotting the ruin of our institutions and the destruction of our liberties? Gentlemen I know not, but I know that he

"Who knows them well must quit them with disgust, Degraded mass of animated dust. Their love is lust, their friendship all a cheat, Their smiles hypocrisy, their words deceit, By nature vile, ennobled but by name, Each kindred brute might bid them blush for shame."

But no they are as incapable of shame as they are insensible to honour and they stand before us with all the domineering insolence of upstart family pride, with all the stinking conceit of shallow pated punkin heads, with the unblushing effrontery of satangand with alas! the base blood of the inthem tof the orphans of Beauharnais staining of the lands of the one, and that of the Aylwards crimsoning the brow of the other.