

Like his companions he has natures two,
And now he'll curse and now he'll flatter you
But equal to his blessing is his curse;
Nor one is good, nor yet the other worse.
Foremost in every scheme he shoves himself,
And will have none or else the highest shelf.
Now railway president, too drunk to speak,
Clings to the table and begins to squeak;
But, overpowered, sinks down amid th' applause
Of drunken fools and idiotic caws. *
O! when wine fools and idiots unite,
The revelry is great and wild the sight.
Now temperance speaker (influence the stake,
He cares no more for temperance than a rake)
While gifted long with brass in good supply,
To every word his heart must give the lie;
And while denouncing evils of the vine,
His breath is pregnant with the smell of wine.

Through gluttony, heavens! what a corporation;
Were it to burst there'd be a devastation;
'Twood sweep one half his drunken friends away,
And leave the rest to tremble and to pray.

O! glorious crew, how can they but be blest,
Since in their shining ranks he stands confessed.
Imps must be overjoyed in him to find,
The dirty traits of all the rest combined;
For, most a beast, he lacks the least control
O'er lusts that mar the man and damn the soul.
Greed prompts, though over paid, and oft he tries
Extortioning, hiding it with lies;
Gathers up riches while his neighbors fail,
For naught as proof against his tricks avail;
And every dollar thus obtained supplies
Some means to please his appetite or eyes.

*This was on the occasion of the Toronto City Council visiting Rogues' Hollow; and so beastly was his conduct, that his own friends, though drunk themselves, were disgusted.