

With our veracity shall interfere.
 Tho' quite aware, that, lies when pour'd out free,
 To public favor are a guarantee !
 The speculation's critical at best,
 Nor void of danger therein to invest ;
 And is the lowest, of the lowest kind,
 Of degradations that pollute the mind.
 Hence declarations, are so often made,
 Greatly at variance with what should be said,
 Especially, when some ulterior gain,
 Men, do by fibs and fallacies obtain.
 Say—Pictou railroad with a people's curse,
 Or carrying off a coal mine in their purse.
 Nay more, the wildest of assertions are,
 By politicians reckon'd on a par,
 And unconditionally genuine—
 As any of the oracles divine.
 The wickedest of wickedness, it may,
 By some be thought ; yet on a recent day
 A soul's salvation was not deemed too high,
 The Nova Scotian Premiership to buy.
 The pledge, tho' awfully profane. is still
 Kept unredeemed in the pawnbroker's till.
 It being dubious, if the promised boon —
 “ RETRENCHMENT ” will be consummated soon.

Not such the system that we would pursue :
 Drawn from the life, our skeletons are true,
 As when a travell'r passing thro' a scene,