

Ye poor deluded Wretches say  
                   What Motives urg'd you on so,  
 From House and Home thus far to stray  
                   Thro' Ways almost unknown too.

## IV

Great Pity 'twas ye did not see  
                   The Congress meant to mock ye ;  
 How could ye meanly stoop to be  
                   Commanded by a *Jockey* ?  
 'Tis not a NAME creates Respect,  
                   And spite of *Hancock's* Will, Sir,  
*Arnold* a Col'nel at Quebec  
                   Is a *Horse-Jockey* still, Sir.

## V

In either View the Villain place  
                   This Truth I'll boldly venture,  
 To mankind he's a foul disgrace,  
                   As such then — CAVEAT EMPTOR.  
 Then come, my Friends, the Strain repeat,  
                   And still this Day remember  
 While ev'ry Year we'll celebrate  
                   The last Day of December.

NOTE. — We reprint this curious piece of poetry, not for its intrinsic value, but to give an idea of the spirits which animated the Loyalists of the time. Who will give us the name of the author of that song which written to be sing on the tune of *Killycranky* ?

