

Where, rank on rank, extended far, his restless columns
sway,

And proudly notes the banners that o'er the bearers float,
Emblazoned with the various arms of many a chief of note.

Brave Dr. Cameron's standard a space conspicuous fills,
Bearing a *rampant* mortar, and a *couchant* box of pills.

O'er stately Campbell waving, a roll of parchment pure,
Bears an eye *argent*, quartered upon a Guinea or

'Twas he, who thrice last winter, expelled the list'ning
crowd

When, in the gallery of the House, their raptures grew too
loud.

So finely strung his system, it agonized him sore
To hear their hoarse approval when Tupper held the floor.

A swine *vert*, playing on a harp, shows where brave P . . . r
commands,

While a green cabbage on a lance, precedes the N . . . p
bands.

Then proud the leader lifts his glance, where, fluttering
far on high,

A copy of the "Chronicle" cuts sharp against the sky ;
The "Chronicle" that sheet adored, of all his hopes the
sum,

That curses Union while it puffs the Zylobalsamum.

And, as the glance were potent, new vigour to impart,
He strikes the rowels in his steed and almost makes him
start,

While loud he shouts "no more delay ! quick ! let the
sweeps advance

And range themselves before our troops, the full length of
a lance ;