

the trucking wings be joined,
what is now his recompense
from the people he has served?
Is gratitude his impotence;
Or the reward reserved!
The gathering storms o'er England lower'd,
When Peel's feared gang came in,
Each his sheltering arm they covered
Foremost in contest's din.
Now the party's fixed in power;
No more it wants his aid;
To heedless, it forgets that hour,
And promises then made.
A voice a show of justice wrings;
They slight reforms begin;
These Whiglings are the hollowest things,
All rottenness within.

SCOTLAND, and of Scottishmen,
Enough will others say;
Three Scotch muses take the pen
To carol forth this day.
At Andrew, whose set day by law
Chosen for Scotchmen's gloom,
Some was drowned in quebeaugh,
By some disowned in tea.
Saint cashiered, I grieved to hear,
Where where the tea was spilt;
And thought he was the Highlander
Who introduced the Kilt.
For that those who Scotchmen jeer,
Can't learn the Scotchmen's sense;
To them for fortune persevere,
And *boo* for pounds not pence.

AMERICA! from out the north,
We view thy fair expanse
New born nations, bursting forth
From their long colonial trance.
Men Europe's flags above you rolled,
Childish and mean were ye;
Now you're erect in maulier mould,
Ennobled when made free.
That though amid the varied forms
Of governments new framed,
We are convulsed with angry storms
Of energies untamed.
To form a state we're taught
The ancient world requires;
Experience is more cheaply bought
When Liberty inspires.
Whatever may mar or dark your name
In your struggling infant day,
Your necks bow not in servile shame
To European sway.

WANT YOU the first born of the band,
The free United States,
Whence then, advancing hand in hand—
The twenty-six confederates.
To blaze a beacon of the west,
Fair freedom's loveliest star;
Reading like refuge of the lost,
Your glorious rays afar.
Whose ships most nobly cleave the main?

Still a chrysalis remain?
Shall we forever led in strings
With timorous footsteps tread?
Nor spread to nobler flight our wings
To follow where they lead?
No, no; in free America,
A state, however small,
Needs but her nervous arm essay,
Her chains unshackled fall.
Why should they not? from earliest time,
'Mongst nations, as with men,
The youth who serves till manhood's prime
Seeks separation then.
When to either side is profitless,
This ill assorted match,
There's small virtue in submissiveness
To a Downing Street Despatch.
Our trade's protected! some will cry.
Where rests the mighty gain?
All we can raise, the world can buy,
Of potash or of grain.
If we had rotten ships to float,
Or sink in ocean's foam,
We might a better market scout
For timber nearer home.
But 'tis not so; we drive a trade
In deals, in pine and oak,
That when th' expense and risk are paid
Leaves nothing for the stock.
Richer than mines of gold appear
Our forests soon would be;
Now for no price despoiled each year
To sink with ships at sea.

PROTECTION? we have not forgot
Our commerce with the Isles.
Interference we requested not,
T'excite and mock our toils.
Has not a threatened act for years,
Our lumberer's traffic marked?
While England's legislation sneers
At capital embarked.
What does the mother country gain?
A market for her wares.
A heavier trade should we maintain
When ruling our affairs.
Britain would be our furnisher;
A prosperous trade would thrive;
Each year would bring more wealth to her,
Than now she gets in five.
Had she not better cast us free,
And cease the paltry strife?
Inglorious it is doomed to be,
With pain and trouble rife.
Wrangling and hate continue will;
Each year the bickering worse;
Wiser fates' sure decree fulfil,
And sue out a divorce!

PATRONS! I use plain language in my verse,
The thoughts of thousands, though they dread to speak;
Who mourn in silence that colonial curse
Which blights our prospects with its shadow bleak—
Who feel; nor dare emancipation seek.
I'm but an advanced picquet in the field,
To lead the confident, or cheer the weak—
The utterer free of sentiments concealed,
To whose firm, bold expression, all our ills might yield.

