

Henry J. Morgan,
With the compliments of the Author
Kate Deegan.

The Dual Language Bill.

PREAMBLE.

SANTA CLAUS hath travell'd o'er the town,
Upholding still his great renown,
From circuit wide in the Nor' West,
He hath returned to take a rest.
To Parli'mt House he now hath flown,
[The news did come by telephone]
And from his perch upon the tower,
He views the aspect of the hour.
Quoth he: "This place hath chang'd anew
"Since last I took a bird's eye view,
"O'er hill and vale hark to the strife,
"At base of tower it sounds most rife!
"Lo! prancing sidelong o'er the plain,
"Comes he of Duel [?] Language fame,
"Tho' armour sheath'd 'gainst grape or shot,
"He mutters "Tis confounded hot."
"Then spurs his charger's wondrous pace,
"Fain would he reach some resting place,
"In some fierce crisis of this hour
"E'en might seize "*the balance of power.*"
"He guideth well his charger's pace,
"*Mais que voulez-vous?* set race 'gainst race!
"*Non, non!* thy praise could ne'er be sung,
"If thus, McCarthy! thy spurs are won.
"Methinks I'll don my robes of state,
"And hie me to this great debate,
"I love and reverence, "Sir John,"
"A plumper vote I'll cast anon."
And swifter than a shooting star,
San Claus appears before the Bar.