

Then Hatchet staggered to the door,—

"I never felt like this before"—

No sooner said than on the floor

Fell the Warrior of the Party.

"I feel quite ill," McGuffin said,

"I think I must have over fed ;

My poor inside's weigh'd down like lead—

I think I'll leave the Party."

Then Sweetholme's face began to pale,

"It surely must—it is the ale ;

I really think that beer was stale,"

Said the Patriot of the Party.

Then Kelson rose with aching brow,

"I too, feel—queer—I'm taken now ;

Those clams—were far—too—strong—I—vow,"

Said the Veteran of the Party.

Poor Frugal also shook with pain—

"I don't think I'll come here again ;

That pie has drove me 'most insane,"

Said the Mentor of the Party.

Mr. H. St. Paul sat next to him,

Was seized with strange, eccentric whim ;

His features, pinched with pain, look'd grim,

Did this Victim of the Party.

Poor Moneyman was taken next,

His stomach knew no peace or rest ;

"I feel, my friends, like going West,"

Said the Champion of the Party.

A deadly silence reigned around,

Six doctors came, and there they found

In anguish, lying on the ground

The Canadian National Party.

To crown the feast there came a smash ;

A rumbling sound and then—a crash,

It toppled o'er—a monstrous hash :

The Pie of the National Party !