

And that if he had been a man,  
 Instead of an old *jill*,  
 We each to-day might yoke his span,  
 And whistle at its *hilt*!  
 As for our statesmen being slim,  
 Whate'er by that he meant,  
 We merely add since seeing *Him*,  
 We're with our own content!  
 For if among them all we had,  
 Such a darn'd lame Logician  
 As he, we'd quickly stamp him mad,  
 And give him a *commission*!  
 Just look you here, says Howe, 'says he—  
 "Yqur Landlords have no right  
 Unto your lands, no more than me,  
 They've lost their titles quite.  
 But then, you've let them rest so long  
 In their unjust demands—  
 That now a *Right* springs from a *Wrong*,  
 And you must wear the bands."  
 O, cracky, what a genius now,  
 Hath risen all at once—  
 I'm sure the old Duke, Mr. Howe,  
 Must feel himself a dunce:  
 The British Government, no doubt,  
 Will feel their wretched lack  
 Of talent, after this—and out  
 In one inglorious pack—  
 Out from the Parliament rush forth,  
 Their heads all hanging down,  
 And plead for thy precocious worth,  
 The sanction of the *Crown*!  
 Our local Government we know,  
 Endorse thy nonsense fully,  
 And plead for thee, thou precious *Joe*!  
 Thou Nova Scotia Bully!