

## LVIII.

Discordant concord the result,  
The French will "*Parlez-vous*,"  
While English, jealous of their rights,  
Will spout their native, too.

## LIX.

Here is the Leaven of the Lump,  
With fermentation charged ;  
'Twill burst the bands, no matter how  
Our borders be enlarged.

## LX.

With elements discordant, then,  
Can you expect cohesion ?  
You're treading on a powder mine—  
A spark will cause explosion.

## LXI.

To gravitation you must add  
Attraction's equal power,  
If you the system would prolong  
Beyond a fleeting hour.

## LXII.

My *hour* is up, my tale's not told,  
I could prolong the thread,  
But you will tire, should I spin out  
This Federation web.

## LXIII.

Adieu ! kind reader, but before  
We part, to meet no more,  
Let us return to "*Ottawa*"—  
I'll ask it not *encore*.