

ADDRESS.

7

For if the crown hath wrongly given
 Thy precious soil away,
 To those who now beneath wide heaven,
 No righteous claim can lay.
 To that same soil, since they all own,
 Their failure to fulfil,
 The proper bonds by which alone
 They might have held them still.
 There—ain't it plain, yes, more than plain,
 To all except a clown,
 That none this wrong can right again
 Save that same British Crown—
 Which did the wrong—who else has got
 That prestige in the case,
 Which would at once send straight to pot,
The whole Land jobbing Race?
 As for the *Arbitration Clause*,
 'Tis scarcely worth our while,
 E'en for a moment here to pause
 To cast on it a smile;
 It was so marv'lously absurd,
 For lawyer men like *Grey*
 And *Ritchie*, also, to have erred,
 In such a childish way.
 As for the t'other wight—*Joe. Howe*,
 Perhaps it simply might,
 As we forsooth remember now,
 Be nothing more than right—
 To let him know—*my native Isle*,
 If thou no *Statesmen* hast—
 As he has said—we back meanwhile,
 Upon himself shall cast
 His foul-mouthed obloquy, and tell,
 This same old woman—How
 We all do know, and know full well,
 The way to hold a plough—