

And shews a statesman's marvellous resource.
"Indisposition sudden" flies afar;
Lugging Aspasia in his private car,
And as the wheels beneath him pitch and swerve,
His morals tumble down at every curve.
"A brief occasion to restore the brain,
Shaken with b-ooze and parliamentary strain;
A modest fortnight by the sounding shore,
And he'll return as brilliant as of yore."
So the despatch; the wretch comes sneaking back
A jaded, worn, emasculated wreck.
This time "Our Own," "forgetting his fatigues,
Prompt at the summons of his wise colleagues,
His arduous duties are assumed again,
Ere he had quite recovered from the strain;
Still his physicians hope"—'tis splendid stuff,
And sounds like what it is—space-filling guff.
Yet he possesses, reckless what hefalls,
A mental appetite that never palls;
One is a trifle for this valiant rip
Of ladies, sometimes two adorn his trip.
Swell entertainment, in luxurious ease,
With all the inducements to be pleased and please;
Couched in their flying harem, lulled to rest,
The C. M. blesses and is doubly blessed.
The charming devotees in rapture blend,
Embrace each other and embrace their friend;
In adoration of the statesman join
Their stockings, filled with good Canadian coin.
These are the men who pilot us to fame,
Go, my compatriots, hide your heads in shame,
Or if too dense to blush, then sordid know
These swell Delilahs cost a hunch of dough!