

The cattle turned them from the pelting storm, *
While he rode with it on thy wings—Reform,
Like Cæsar, armed against a Scythian horde,
The grievance volume in his mind he stored,
But could not fathom, so beneath his arm
The necromancer kept it for a charm !
He came—he saw—at least it was so said—
He conquered—though 'tis true he was in bed.
With folded arms, and lips of scornful curl,
He saw the standard of revolt unfurl.
Rebellion shivered 'neath his steadfast glance,
Keen as the petit caporal's of France ;
So when he left us, and for England sped,
The Royal Standard floated o'er our Head !
Did Romney Marsh recall him, 'midst its cows,
Serene, in having crushed rebellion's rows ?
No ! he records it that he *had a lark*,
And opens on the "Emigrant" his bark.
Think not by *lark* the muse denotes a spree,
She means an English lark, brought o'er the sea.
While the *Head* triumphed, and the *Prince* was strong,
This good lark gave us melody and song ;
While Arthur tempered mercy with stern right,
This lark to sing ne'er ceased from morn to night ;
While Colborne ruled the land with martial law,
This loyal lark would never hold its jaw ;
While Durham strutted with his peacock train,
The good lark, chuckling, sung a loud refrain ;
While Sydenham bamboozled every Rad,
The lark sang louder, for no doubt 'twas glad !
But when poor Bagot to Lafontaine flew,
The loyal lark had nothing more to do :
In one sky-piercing note his voice was lost,
And then this loyal lark gave up the ghost !
Not so, his master, who the story tells,
And somewhat proudly on his subject dwells.
'Tis strange, O Head ! revolt by thee put down,
Should ever here so popular have grown ;
But notwithstanding, 'tis the simple fact,
What force could not get, has been got by tact.
And though we're governed by the people's choice,
An English lark can still lift up his voice,
And sing, aye cheerily, for we are free
As England's self, the Empress of the sea,
And as each Briton's land and home should ever be !

* See Sir F. B. Head's Narration.