

A GENUINE PAT-RIOT:



WARRANTED PURE AS IMPORTED.

A CELEBRATED SPEECH ON LOCATION TICKETS.

Mister Speaker, if you'll jist *drap* that ere pen as you are writing with, prehaps you mought hear a leetle summat as would be worth while listening too, and prehaps you mought not. That ere honourable gentleman as spoke last, called my constituents squatters!— Well, so they be's squatters; I glories in the name; the way I am a squatter is a caution. I've been died in the wool, Mister Speaker. I'm the youth jist to come up to the rack with that other *Durhamite*, and if he thinks to poke fun on squatters, I reckon a few as how he'll find he's got a hard row to hoe. 'Fore I've done with him, he'll feel as keen as a cut snake. I considers, Mister Speaker, that them ere squatters are the bone, sir, and the muscle, sir; ay, sir, and the *sinnars* of this ere country: them chaps are got the clear grit in 'em, as that ere gentleman mought find should he ever run foul of one of 'em; if he didn't keep a *civiler* tongue, they'd give him a touch of *shillalycum*, kase they are always ready, and never goes off half cocked. The squatter, sir, goes out in the back woods, sir, *whor* the foot of man as never was, and what if they sees a bear *thor*, sir, and a wolf *thor*, sir, they builds him a hovel here, and a log house *thor*, and a court house *thor*, sir, and, sir, in less time than you can

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