Then ULYSSES GRANT, to be upsides with Britain every way,
Sint out his slashin' min o' war as if to show fair play ;
The *Frolic*, *Nipsic*, an' the *Guard*, fine vessels, good an' strong,
To dodge about the Hillsboro' the blessed summer long.
Nice civil min the crews ! but thin *not heavy min* if weighed,
But very well adapted to the Egg an' Butter Trade ;
They might be lively boys enough, an' useful in the wars,
But they didn't look, to tell the truth, like English Jacky Tars !

Well, sure enough, it wasn't long before one summer day,
The *Valorous* saw a schooner, an' she fishing in the say ;
So she roared out, "Schooner Hoy ! what countryman are you ?
Run up a signal on yer mast, an' show yer *colors* true,
An' never be ashamed o' them !" but Marshall didn't care,
He tould them that his little boy was sailin' master there !
Thin they axed him for his *papers*, for they thought he tould them lies,
An' before ye'd say "Jack Robinson," they nabbed him for a prize.

An' whipped him off to Charlottetown, the mackerel an' all,
An' clapped him in the Coort at once,—the worst that could befall.
Thin whin all the shooting everywhere of brant and ducks was done,
An' Justice P——rs on the Bench was ready for the fun,
The Officers were present there to *persecute* the case,—
Ye should see them in the Buildin' trimmed with orange goulden lace,—
An' ALBERT waitin' on 'em all, at twenty-one a day,
'Till they canted Marshall in the Coort, and sould him out for pay.