

FUNNY-FELLOW'S

'Tis true, thy Government declare,
 Their horse in fine condition,
 And spin choice yarns about the rare
And famous—Land Commission!
 'Tis true, they seem to count us fools,
 Who, tho' we may be *Bards*,
 Ne'er learned in our poor country schools.
 A thing about *Awards!*
 'Tis true, they speak of the *Old Duke*,
 In such opprobrious terms,
 As if he were a silly Rook,
 Scarce fit to feed on worms!
 'Tis true, this world-renowed Commission,
 The three distinguished *craters*,
 Have made a plain and frank admission.
 As honest *Arbitrators—*
 That thy Land-claimants all have failed.
 To do what they were bound,
 By contract firm—and hence entailed.
A forfeiture of Ground.
 'Tis true, ain't it, if this be fact,
 Too true, e'er to be hid
 That thy Commissioners were crack't.
 In acting as they did?
 For who can't see, with half an eye,
 The moment they had penned
 This great disclosure for us—Why
 Their task was at an end?
 Ought they not then, just have announced.
 To the astonished world,
 This glorious fact on which they pounced,
And Freedom's flag unfurled?
 'Tis true, ain't it, most plainly true,
 This was their duty clear,
 Just to have spread this fact they knew.
 Nor further interfere?