

Who vainly strive their interests to promote  
 By learning long orations off by rote,  
 Or more adventurous, braving every frown,  
 Say " Mr. Speaker "—stammer—and sit down,  
 While those ambitious or to thieving prone,  
 Like parrots, garble speeches not their own.

With thoughts too big for utterance spluttering fast,  
 Hear stuttering Mowat, listeners all aghast  
 Stare in a vain attempt some thoughts to glean,  
 And wonder what the devil he can mean.  
 Next on his right see snivelling Crooks arise,  
 While sense scarce glimmers in his half-shut eyes,  
 Who letteth drop the dribblings of a mind  
 In thoughts that better far had been confined.  
 But who comes here, loud venting, thundrous 'zounds?  
 'Tis pompous Hardy—damme!—how he bounds!  
 Stand back! stand back! or be forever curst,  
 He'll frown on you—or—heavens! he may burst,  
 Then would be shewn each wondering "gosoon"  
 How truly gas may swell a big balloon:  
 With hat that seems both sense and sight to bound,  
 See Fraser vainly strive to look profound;  
 Now Wood arisewith fear of failure fraught,  
 Till prudent Pardee aids him to a thought:  
 Like Cæsar great in council or in field,  
 Skilled or a senate or a scythe to wield,  
 See Rosevear rise and wave a three pronged spear,  
 While slaughtered English marks his mad career.  
 The hour grown late, and all the wakeful gone,  
 Ye " Ancient Mariner " meanders on,  
 The impulse on, out falls the helpless prose  
 O'er members hush'd, unmindful that they doze.  
 The oft told tale, on, on, he drones away  
 What wrongs the thistles, do his kindred Hay,  
 And should a pitying Lord no mercy shew,  
 Dread doom! his drivel must forever flow.