

When the voting had ceased it was rumored through town  
And believed, if no flaws were detected,  
That CAMPBELL and CLINCH and WYER and BROWN  
Were the candidates duly elected.

But by some *hocus-pocus* in counting the votes,  
Some deed that was done in the dark,  
The Sheriff announced from his own private notes  
The success of McKAY and of CLARKE.

The result was proclaimed 'midst silence profound—  
For all had their hopes and their fears—  
But soon there burst forth, as if rending the ground,  
A storm of loud hisses and cheers.

I need not remind you how grieved we all were  
When the news reached our home on Tow'r Hill;  
For we'd long been persuaded, with talents so rare,  
That Brown some high office should fill.

Nor will you forget the long scrutiny made  
Of the votes which the county had polled,  
Or the lawyers employed and the fees that were paid  
Corruption and frauds to unfold.

Nor how CLINCH and BROWN unwittingly gave  
To the House of Assembly offence;  
And were both sent to jail to learn how to behave,  
And there kept at the public expense.

Nor how in the *Government coach* they were brought  
To the *House*, to receive from their *bettors*,  
A lecture in which they were forcibly taught  
To write no more *fault-finding letters*!

How the House took the question in hand the next day,  
And thoroughly sifted the case;  
Which resulted in turning CLARKE out of the way,  
That CLINCH might be put in his place.

How Brown was dismissed, and desired to attend  
Again at the following session;  
And McKAY had due notice, the seat to defend  
Of which he held doubtful possession.

But the parties themselves soon adopted the plan  
Suggested by fair common sense;  
They met, and their papers did carefully scan,  
Agreed, and saved further expense.