

There Ritchie, Lynch, and Henry, their briefs awhile
resigned,

And Wier, with his towering form and vanward march-
ing mind.

There he, who, o'er our coffers, presides in happy state,
And Chipman zealous in the cause and cunning in debate;
And many another name of note, not to the world
unknown ;

That I omit to mention all, is due to haste alone ;
When in the midst, the Doctor, rises with lofty mein,
And glancing round with restless eye, that seems to drink
the scene,

Addresses thus his hearers, in loud indignant tone,
“ Why we are met to day, my friends, Alas ! is too well
known.

Would Heaven, there were room to doubt that with
which fame hath rung,

But words must bear the stamp of truth, that hang on
every tongue.

The leaders of the Antis, in argument o'ercome,
Invoke the God of battles, and beat the muster drum—
Their power, though now but little, shall in a few days
hence,

Be much increased, their forces swelled, by thousand
malcontents.

Each one whose thirst for office, our party could not slake,
This chance to wreak his vengeance, right joyfully shall
take.

Every indignant rustic, that Archibald has shorn,
Of that prized boon, the right to vote, shall join the
hope forlorn.