

By his side sat, with fortunes close linked to his own,  
His talented friend, Patrick Clinch ;  
In the canvass more vigorous men there were none,  
As they worked their way up *inch by inch*.

There was Hatheway, who a lieutenant had been  
In a gallant Provincial corps ;  
But now a surveyor, athletic and keen,  
Appointed the roads to explore.

And dark Peter Smith, somewhat rugged and rough—  
A prudent sea-captain his station,  
With good common sense, and assurance enough  
To atone for his slight education.

The verdant, who seldom elections attended,  
Believed the fine things that were said ;  
Believed that all classes would be represented,  
Each calling, profession, and trade.

That soon would, in every part of the county,  
Long languishing credit revive ;  
That commerce would flourish and fish get a bounty,  
And farming and lumbering thrive.

That the county's fund-holders, without sour looks,  
No longer on cheating intent,  
Would allow the Grand Juries a peep at their *books*,  
And show where the money all went.

Well, the canvass went on, and the men went their rounds  
Through each parish the county contained ;  
And when the poll closed there were scarce any bounds  
To the noise and the tumult that reigned.

The success of CAMBELL and WYER was sure,  
Almost from the very beginning,  
But the friends of the others turned out to be fewer,  
And smaller their chances of winning.

On one side were CLARKE and his friend JUDGE MCKAY,  
Determined and hard to put down ;  
On the other, all honest means prompt to employ,  
Were CLINCH and his friend JEMMY BROWN.

The remainder were "lame-ducks," and gave up the race  
Long ere it was brought to an end,  
Being satisfied *theirs* was a *desperate case*,  
Which all they could do wouldn't mend.