

When common gossip passes thee and thine  
 For vice a byword far beyond the brine,  
 Oh sacred truth find champion for her cause  
 To bring back prestige to her trampled laws,  
 Restore the nation to a patriot's hand,  
 And boodlers scourge from the polluted land.

Behold convicted Vice with brazen face  
 Transferred from jail to fill a statesman's place  
 And hear the filthy rabble's senseless voice,  
 Shameless proclaim a criminal their choice,  
 A seat he takes among the nation's best,  
 And not a coward who would dare protest.  
 Jocond, he enters 'midst his old colleagues  
 Forgets his crime and prison life fatigues ;  
 Degenerate age, stamped with the brand of shame  
 When truth found none to vindicate her name,  
 Nay *golden silence* gave consent to crime  
 And vilest precedent to coming time,  
 When such as this is borne without rebuke  
 Dark may the patriot on the future look—  
 If he must judge that future by the past  
 To what vile depths will they descend at last?  
 Manipulated by each party tool  
 Till blood-red anarchy at last must rule.  
 The country shall assert her latent right,  
 And sweep these vampires to eternal night ;  
 Vice oft hath flourished 'twas but for a time,  
 Justice at length will surely punish crime,  
 Time strips the gilding from emblazoned ill,  
 Alone is sacred Truth immortal still.

It may be asked why I should thus presume  
 To drag these shadows from their native gloom,  
 I do not seek a Government reward,  
 Nor to be branded Honored, Sir or Lord,  
 Nor threat to leave this stupid country's clime,\*  
 Unless the people will peruse my rhyme ;  
 Ye jostling bards, "lay unction to your soul,"  
 Great minds have compassed no immediate goal.  
 The barren heights of ultimate success  
 Yield the dark guerdon of a long distress,  
 For mountain summits in their gorgeous glow  
 Know not the verdure of the plains below.  
 Yield me your thanks ye parasites of fame,  
 Earth but for me had never known your name ;

One of our bards threatened to voluntarily exile himself because  
 Canadians refused to be charmed with his rhyme; he, however, recon-  
 ciled his intention although he is as deep in oblivion as ever.