

*Dr. B*L*W*N*S Soliloquy on the unexpected decision of the Commons House of Assembly, declaring the Election of his Son, ROB— B**D**N, for the Town of York, null and void.*

Och! my offence is rank—it smells of Treason,
And hath a dire and hellish curse upon 't.
My son is mad! But pray, I cannot:
Tho' inclination be sharp as 'twill
My inward soul rejects the vain attempt
And bends my thoughts to new and foulest crimes.
I stand in pause where I shall next begin
My wicked plots. What if my tortured brain
Were addled more by half than now it is?
Can I not plan and hatch my Treasons bold
Till Royalty turns pale? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but to console the man
Who dares to set against their King—a people,
And thus ambition's long sought prize obtain.
Then I'll look up, and try that form of pray'r
Can serve my turn. "Forgive me my foul crimes,
"But Och! let prosper all my dark designs,
"Until my own degen'rate guilty self,
"And mine own darling Robert too, (though mad)
"Succeed in snapping short the galling chain
"Which binds this Province to Old England's yoke."
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice;
And oft 'tis seen, a Puritanic face
Will cheat the laws. And perhaps 'tis so above:
I'm used to treach'ry and deception, and thus
Have prospered in this cold and heartless land;
And may again by well dissembl'd piety,
E'en in the teeth and forehead of my faults,
Maintain the unholy course: what then! what rests!
Push boldly on in crime. If call'd above
And bade to give account, deny the power
To invade the secrets of a patriot's heart,
And hoist the signal for rebellious strife.
If this should fail, then try repentance,
If it be not too late! Repentance!! Ha!!
What can it not! and yet what can it,
When repent one cannot!—Thus it is with me.
Och, wretched state! Och, bosom black as death!
Och, limed soul—that struggling to be FREE
Hath damn'd thyself. Help, Angels—ye Devils
Haste to my relief, or this base throbbing heart
With strings of steel, and cast of deepest sable,
As soft as sinews of the new born babe
Will soon become, and all my schemes be lost.

VINEGAR HILL, January, 1830.