

The following lines on the "*Posse Comitatus*," were composed by the late Mr. John LePage.

The Tenant League with bold intrigue,
Rent-paying unbelievers,
To organize and raise supplies
All winter worked like beavers.
A mail-clad man, was at their van,
Who should receive applause sir,
For teaching well how to rebel,
Obedient to the law, sir.

They often met their wits to whet,
And after consultation,
With one consent to pay no rent
Came to determination.
St. Patrick's Day a long array,
The saint be praised, whatever,
From Southport shore, some twenty score
Came tooting o'er the river.

They through the town marched up and down,
Their horns defiance sounding,
While overhead, their banners spread,
With loyal words abounding.
But at their van, we missed the man,
Erst foremost in the cause, sir
Who taught them well how to rebel,
Obedient to the law, sir.

Essay'd in vain with might and main,
Their Prussian horns they sounded,
And with their tins brought to his pins
The acting sheriff wounded,
By flags displayed and speeches made
They loyalty could utter,
But rudely snub the sheriff's sub
And tramp him in the gutter.

Said Johnny Ross, the printer boss:
I told you last October
How things would be, and now you see,
Why was not ———— sober,
And wherefore try those measures high,
To pay is not convenient,
When Sheriffs may be kept away
By men to laws obedient.

Ben Davies, he—well let me see,
What did he say? why truly
The Bard that clearly did not hear,
The noise was so unruly,
For here and there and everywhere
The stir was most surprising,
Men's pulses beat at fever heat
The mercury still rising.