

And then at times he would display,
Fine legislative whim ;
Settling the press and other things,
All equal Greek to him ;
And then his hand would slap the air,
And his manly thigh also ;
And he'd point to public tumult,
All in his eye we know.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see such matters as he spoke of any moe.

And when the President appeared,
About to send us home ;
And all was topsy turvy,
To get the business done ;
He car'd not for the time or tide,
But made his stories flow,
About House, and Speaker, and low wine,
Rum, brandy—Collins Co.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see a firmer stand than Richard's any moe.

But at length bold Richard's hour came,
Boyd stopt him in the middle ;
St. Michael call'd him from the house,
To play a " higher fiddle."—
But in spite of Lawson's straight hits,
And little Murdoch's crow,
The windy battle was all fought
By our legislative beau.

Oh ! we'll seldom see such lungs and sense, in mortal any moe.

Join all in chorus—members, chair,
Major, and minority—
Reporters, sergeants—Richard's gone
Call'd off by high authority.
No longer at the House or bar,
His eloquence will flow ;
He's gone into an upper sphere
And left us sad below.

Oh ! who can fill the brandy gap, like Richard any moe.