

'Tis said they've bought the Isle of Antecosti,  
 (What though its clime be somewhat cold and  
     frosty)

Its bears and wolves will then receive no quarter,  
 And Quebec's garrison wo'nt want hot water.

'Twould tend to help our fish'ries (now so poor)  
 By selling them at once—all *Le bras d'or*,

And, being but solid rock, with little ground-land;  
 It may be well, at once, to sell Newfoundland.

The reasons Hume (*of Westminster*) has  
     shrewdly hit on,

These Colonies *all ruin mother Britain.*

Ships, Colonies, and Commerce—all a drawback.  
 For so think Hume, O'Connel—Atty Roebuck.

Should Whigs want money still—then *sell the  
     navy.*

And honest Bull in vain may cry "O save me

" From such defenders—melancholy story,

" I'm torn to pieces between Whig and Tory?"

" I want a King like Richard—heart of Lion—

" (Though not like him to play the fool at Sion).

" And ministers whom no man dare cry fie on..