

Who would, in spite of "Order," called in vain,  
Applaud the speaker, whether RIGHT OR WRONG,  
And in defiance boldly cheer again,—  
Yes, there he more than matched his rival D. McLean.

Then as a member of the "Fourth Estate,"  
His place responsible he understood ;  
The influence he wielded there was great,  
But mostly always for the Public good.  
Grave, doubtful questions cautiously he viewed,  
And sought to place them in their proper light ;  
Thus when the rampant "Tenant League" pursued  
Their headlong course towards a faction fight,  
He warned them they were WRONG—time proved that  
he was RIGHT.

I would not pen a fulsome eulogy,—  
With many virtues,—he had failings too,—  
Erred—on Confederation (?) it may be !  
And made mistakes as other MORTALS do.  
But to his old CONSTITUENCY true,  
He reckoned on their suffrages again ;  
They gave them to another !—then he knew,  
And knowing, felt with mortifying pain  
How well a man may serve forgetful friends in vain.

But that is over now,—and all is past,  
And death's cold hand has dealt a heavier blow,  
Stopped life's VELOCIPED, that RAN TOO FAST,  
And laid him in the grave, as Duncan, low.  
Our early friends, alas, how fast they go,  
Like falling leaves that one another chase,  
How painful is the thought and sad to know—  
Although the chisel MAY their records trace—  
Old friends, by death removed, new friends can ne'er  
replace.