

That fair, tall form in a fleet strong bark,
Is a vengeful nemesis,
Before whose menace 'tis good to mark,
The reptile dwellers in dens so dark,
Are driven with growl and hiss.

The Saurida huge, the lizard slow,
Foul shapes of ruthless greed,
And the stealthy snake of the sudden blow,
All owl-like shrink from the *Templar's* glow,
Or fly with felon speed.

The Trade and it's spawn must be chased and slain,
Scourged from the wholesome earth,
It clingeth else like the curse of Cain ;
Smite, smite, like the flail upon garnished grain
These things of bestial birth.

A FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

A COLLECTION SPEECH.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

KIND ladies and gentlemen, I've been selected
To make the last speech of the night ;
My words may be pointed, and subject disjointed,
Yet I think the committee did right.
They appointed me, not for my beauty or talent,
Or the eloquent words I could speak,
Not at all for my learning or power of discerning,
But simply because of my "cheek."
'Tis pleasant to serve you with wit or with "taffy,"
And have you respond with a cheer,
But not pleasant or funny to ask you for money,
But a duty, and that's why I'm here.
Please do not get angry, or think me officious,
Till I whisper a secret to you.
Yes, to you I'll entrust it ; our treasury's "busted,"
And what are we going to do ?