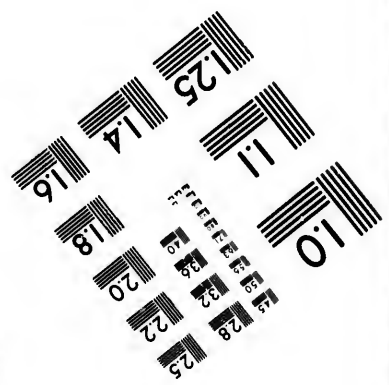
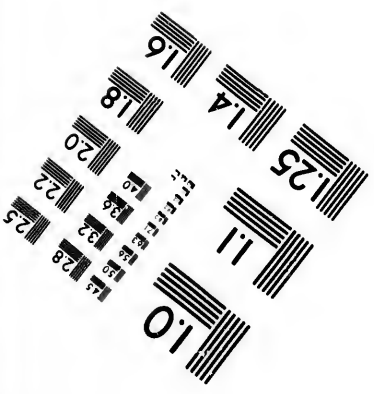
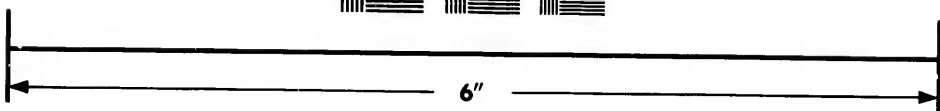
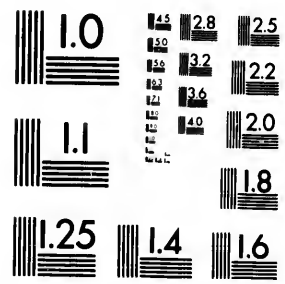


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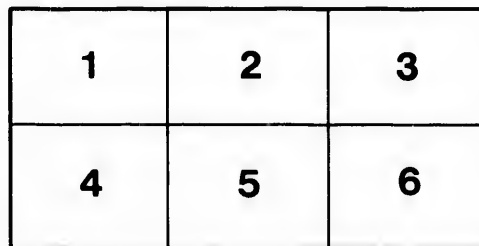
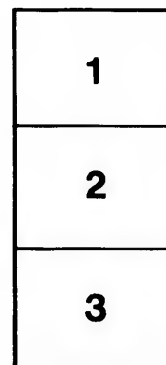
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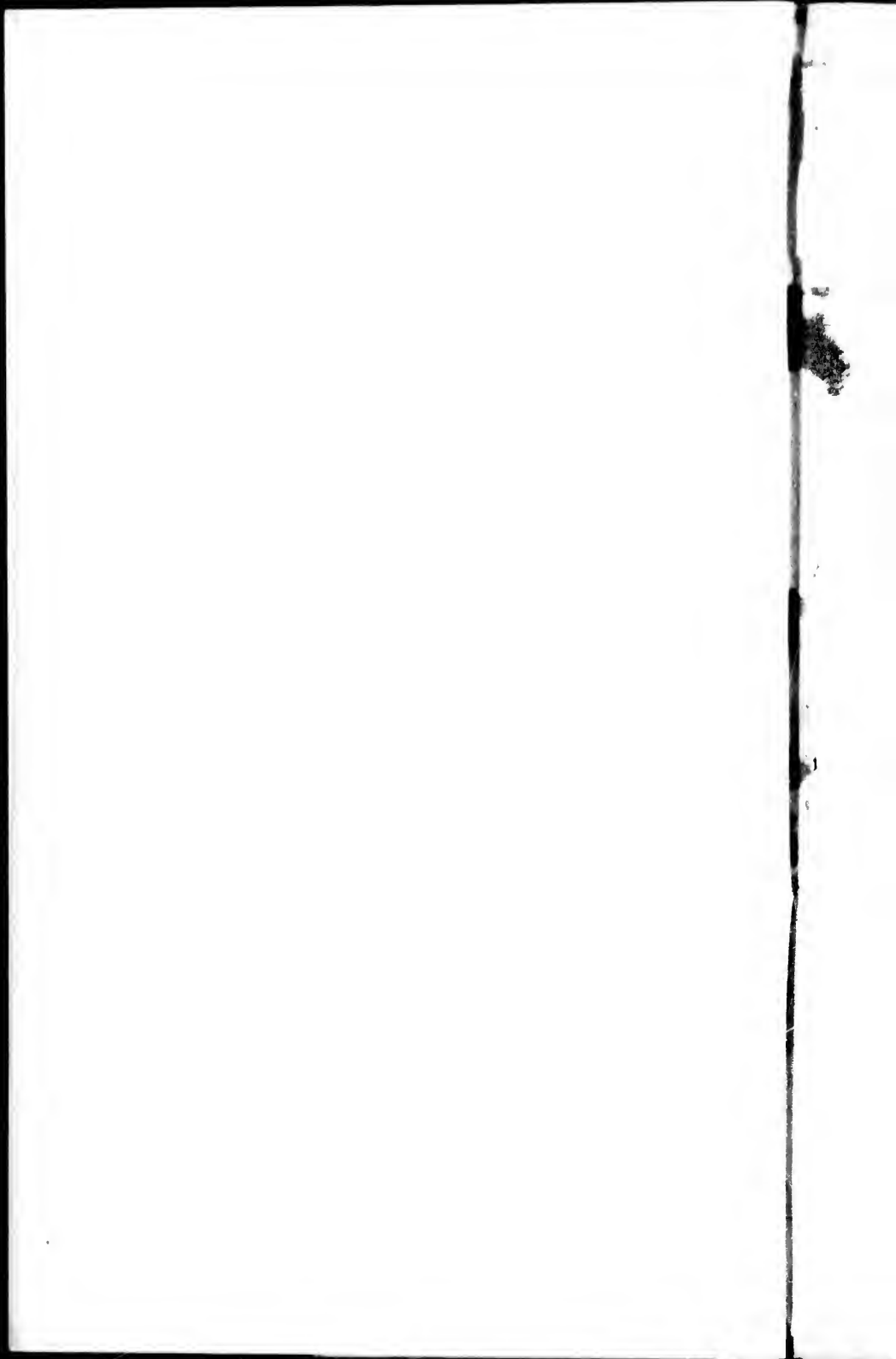
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*Charles Billings.*

THE

**Carleton Election,**

OR THE

**TALE OF A BYTOWN RAM.**

**AN EPIC POEM.**

IN TEN CANTOS.

---

" And there were sundry cuffings, such as press  
" The wind from out men's guts, and leave black eyes."

---

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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## CANTO I.

“ Declare, O Muse ! in what ill fated hour,  
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended Power !”

HOMER.

\*In murky mood assembled Richmond's gentry,  
The widow what's-her-name was placed as sentry,  
The traitorous lynx-ey'd Louis in the chair,  
And Molock too (the papers say) was there ;  
And Burke was there, not Dan the body-snatcher,  
Nor was it John the North West rat-catcher,  
But George it was, who, with but *small* reflection,  
Drew out the plan for *carrying* the Election :  
Milo was there I think the papers say,  
Maxwell I'm told was, so was Fagerty,  
And Georgium Sidus with his ambling pen  
Was voted Secretary in the Lion's den.

And, Oh ! what tarradiddles, miracles and mysteries,  
Such as are only found in ancient histories,  
Were there resolv'd on, and recorded too !  
Did not friend Maxwell say “ will this scheme do !”  
“ It will,” cried George : not Sidus, but the other ;  
And did not Milo say so too, his brother ?

Such resolutions *carried nem* objection,  
Were never doom'd to *carry* an Election :  
'Cause why ? they were not built on sterling truth,  
Becoming maidens (more than men) like Ruth,  
They whined and pined, because the *Powers above*  
Had deem'd it prudent, with a gentle shove,  
To move the Election, and to have the Poll  
Nearer the orb round which the voters roll.

---

\*Vide the Richmond resolution of 21st Feb.



†Giddy *amazement* seiz'd them, and *alarm*  
 Scared their soft senses; and much further harm  
 Portending o'er their ill star'd village,  
 Dooming it in course of time to tillage,  
 Stared them in the face; a deluge or an earthquake any where  
 Richmond could have stood, so it had not reach'd there;  
 But such a deviation! so strange a revolution!  
 What could they come to but a resolution,  
 Telling the Freeholders such *broken* truths  
 †As how that men near two score years are youths;  
 As how in March, the season's so inclement  
 That man's own home's his only proper element,  
 Where he should stick like wax or Roman cement.  
 So magical this resolution, so extremely droll,  
 ‖It brought eight hundred voters to the Poll.  
 "Huntley!" cried they, "will starve both man and beast!  
 "Richmond's the place; there every meal's a feast!"  
 Voters what say ye? is it false or true?  
 I'll not decide the cause; it lies with you.

§What if the Powers had ordain'd at York  
 This famed Election to be held in Cork?  
 At any place forsooth, but Taylor's tavern?  
 In Fitzroy Township or in County *Cavan*?  
 They'd willingly have polled in Londonderry,  
 E'en had the officer been a Dromedary  
 With two humps on his back; on which in state  
 Might ride impartially each candidate;  
 Silent as death had then these *wise men* been,  
 And no such resolutions had been seen;  
 Had it been held in Bytown, tho' against their will,  
 They'd have done, what? they would have SWALLOW'D the pill!  
 That's what they say.—I'll set it down a *whaler*  
 And one befitting more, some cross-leg'd tailor  
 Of the lowest breed, a stich or cabbage-louse  
 Than one who has, or ought to have — some nous.

---

†Vide resolution the 1st.

‡Vide resolution the 4th.

‖Vide resolution the 1st.

§Vide resolution the 2d.

But when men get "*astonish'd and alarm'd*"  
They get bewitch'd 'tis said, some call it *charm'd* ;  
So with these resolutionists, how they raved,  
Hinting a certain officer was enslaved,  
Who is more independent by his tillage  
Than any smock-faced counter-jumper in their village.  
Pox take their *resolutions* ; call them what you please ;  
They give my virtuous pen the foul disease ;  
And whether at York or here, both near and far ;  
Who ever read them, cried out Pish ! or Bah !  
Now were they not in truth, the very essence  
Of humbug, bog-trottery and nonsense,  
Such as no other village could have seraped together.  
Unless o'erfondled by the moon, in misty weather ?

## CANTO II.

" Hath not a Jew\* eyes ?  
If you prick us, do we not bleed ?  
If you tickle us, do we not laugh ?  
If you poison us, do we not die ?  
And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ?"

SHYLOCK.

These Richmondaries think that under Heaven,  
Theirs is the cleanest healthiest spot to live in,  
Where men can feed on Tommy Cods and Ducks  
And die of agues, dysenteries and flux ;  
Where deers ne'er found with fat upon their rumps  
Or women free from that disease called mumps.  
Say ; what said Richmond's Duke to Colonel C— :  
" Cockburn ! a miserable hole is this by G—."  
" A miserable hole to christen after me ;  
" What will be thought on't by posterity ?"  
Dalhousie too, evine'd a similar taste,  
Bog-bound, his Lordship was above his waist ;  
What said the Earl to *him* at Horace-ville ?  
" Five lots I'll give, if there you'll build a mill."  
" And if, my Lord, you'd add five thousand pound,  
" To dwell in such a swamp I'd not be bound ;  
" Tho' surfeited at home with revelry,  
" I'm not come here to seek *blue-devilry*,  
" Which damn'd disease, if I should settle there  
" I'd not survive one miserable year."

But to the Resolutionists lets go  
And see what they're determining to do ;  
Their resolutions read, approv'd, engross'd,  
Are order'd to be sent to York per post,

---

\*The Lions reported that their opponent was a Jew.

As if at York their state could be amended,  
 A new writ issue and the old rescinded.  
 They fail'd of course, in such an application,  
 A bundle of falsehood and dissimulation  
 For which their chairman in this town's so famous,  
 As to have gain'd the name of *Bifrons Janus*,  
 That queer automaton of wood or stone,  
 Made by Pomphilius second king of Rome,  
 To whom two faces cunning Numa gave  
 One that became a god, and one a knave.  
 "If we fail here (quoth Al—) " what sad disaster  
 " (To which each Richmond warrior 'll fall a martyr)  
 " Awaits us all at Huntley! there no doubt  
 " We'll feel as if our town were inside out.  
 " 'Twas thus the Greeks defeated Priam's boy,  
 " And *floor'd* the towering pride of pilfering Troy,  
 " Whose treacherous sons, outwitted by the Greeks,  
 " Paid pretty dearly for their traitorous tricks;  
 " Their incens'd foes nor gave nor ask'd for quarter;  
 " Death! was the word; the blow was blood and slaughter;  
 " And when they'd levell'd every Trojan down,  
 " They ransack'd and destroy'd old Priam's town.  
 " Now dragg'd from our homes, you may rely on  
 " The Lamb proposes thus to slay the Lion.  
 " Like Troy's, our fate will be, should he succeed;  
 " Extinct is Richmond with the Lions' breed;  
 " The Lambs will fleece us, and each Richmond whelp  
 " In vain shall strain his lungs with crying help!"  
 Thus said friend Maxwell; not in verse, but prose;  
 When the arch chairman from the chair arose:  
 "I'll be" (cried he) "I'll be the Lyon's Jackal,  
 "I will look out, and I will bring 'em back all;  
 "All that are pledged to me to vote for Pinhey,  
 "If they *won't* vote for you, they *shan't agin ye!*  
 "I'll smuggle in each timid supple creature,  
 "Let the Lamb call me Judas, Lynx, Fox, Traitor!  
 "Should he do that tho', by the Powers above,  
 "In the first crowd, I'll make him eat —— my glove;  
 "His words he can't; I do not think he can  
 "Do more than chew them like a cud, and then

?"  
 SHYLOCK.

EW.

“ He brings them back as smooth as cream or custard,  
“ Tho’ pungent as Cayenne or Durham mustard ;  
“ I’ll call him out, to England, France or Greece !  
“ Here I’ll be bound to keep the public peace.”  
Then thus old George, the venerable Nestor :  
“ Gents! if you agree to it, I think it best for  
“ Us of Richmond, Huntly and Nepean,  
“ On the first day that opens the campaign  
“ To meet the Lamb, we’re strong one hundred men ;  
“ The third of our force t’will be; and then  
“ Next morning, all we’ve left behind  
“ Shall come and drive the Lambs before the wind ;  
“ Like chaff they’ll fly ; an easy victory won,  
“ We’ll back with flying colours, fife and drum,  
“ Should this plan fail, leave it to me to work him ;  
“ Get you him from his flock, and then I’ll *Burke* him.

### CANTO III.

Haste with my charger ! thro' thy ranks I'll ride  
Myself will arm and thunder at thy side.

Lib. viii. Iliad.

Alas ! the womb of time, so pregnant ever  
With wonders and monstrosities, man can never  
Tell what will happen here, or what will not ;  
Who could have thought a victory would be got  
Over a herd of Lions by a flock of Lambs,  
Old women heading those, and these old Rams.

The Sun rose playfully, and the wintry sky  
Unveil'd ; he view'd each combatant pass by ;  
First came the Lion with his hundred men,  
Whose thirst he slaked in his own Royal Den,  
A warm and snug convenient little cavern,  
A cable's length or two from Taylor's tavern,  
Where no less snug and warm each Lamb found shelter.  
Till pell-mell, friends and foes mixt helter skelter ;  
Then came the Lamb, when the respective brutes  
Exchanged like men, like gentlemen salutes.

Then Maxwell came, whom Pinhey thus address'd :  
“ I thought in you, I had *one* friend at least,  
“ The rest against me I expected, one and all ;  
“ But had I not some right on you to call ;  
“ Louis I mistrusted ; therefore brought the Poll  
“ Far from his Tap and Till ; his Life and Soul ;  
“ He makes that *his* excuse ; thus proves his *sense*  
“ To lie in pounds, in shillings and in pence ;  
“ Taught by his own experience and skill  
“ How quick Elections fill an empty till,  
“ He could not bear to see himself o'er-reach'd,  
“ And felt as *sore* as he had been unbleach'd,

“ For sooner would he lose his fundamental skin,  
 “ Than lose the sale of half a pint of Gin.”

Friend Maxwell then, to Pinhey thus replied :  
 “ Much I regret I'm on the contra side ;  
 “ Up to the latest moment, I declare,  
 “ Oppos'd I stood to all your rivals there ;  
 “ Singly I stood in our little town,  
 “ Fighting your cause as tho' it were my own,  
 “ But when I read the speech you made at Bytown  
 “ Reflecting on the Magistrates of my town,  
 “ Nor could I (being one) give you my vote,  
 “ 'Twas that, that made me face t' th' right about.”

A parley sounded ; opposing banners furl'd,  
 Silence now reign'd throughout the listening world :  
 The Herald then proclaim'd from the erection  
 In all due form, the writ for the Election.

We learn to speak before we learn to read,  
 Not so the students of the Jackal breed ;  
 For Louis had his speech most legibly engross'd,  
 That he might read, not speak to th' Elective host.  
 Gentlemen (read he) when Pinhey's hat waved high,  
 Caught the attention of each watchful eye ;  
 Encouraging applauses bursting from the crowd,  
 He took the lead from Louis, smiled and bowed.  
 Then thus address'd the Electors ; “ Gentlemen !” said he,  
 “ Your cheers affect me very sensibly ;  
 “ Two modes there are for opening an Election  
 “ With me, by your kind leave, is the selection,  
 “ My rival chooses his, whatever mode it be,  
 “ Is, you know, by no means binding upon me ;  
 “ Louis may propose him, and some other voice  
 “ May trumpet forth his claims ; you'll take your choice  
 “ Should any other offer ; that do I,  
 “ Secure of your support, most willingly ;  
 “ For I contend that Richmond's honest gentry  
 “ Are not the proper men to represent ye.

" And should the contest end in our defeat,  
 " This county 'll lay forever at their feet ;  
 " For Richmond will a rotten borough be  
 " To all intents and purposes you'll see.  
 " We're Farmers all ! my interest is yours,  
 " Millers are serviceable to us, so are Brewers :  
 " But what want we with Publicans and Distillers ?  
 " They're public nuisances and private sinners,  
 " Men that scarce know a thistle from a dock  
 " And think no stream so brilliant as the *Jock* ;  
 " That stands one half the year, with slime o'ergrown,  
 " And *runs* the other half all o'er their town,  
 " Enabling them from door to door to travel,  
 " Furnished of course with a canoe and paddle,  
 " That's when it *runs*, but when it *stands*,  
 " To save your nose you'd forfeit half your lands,  
 " When *high* the flood, their little village sinks ;  
 " And then when low, their little streamlet stinks.

" Their interest is not ours ; nothing is so clear,  
 " Theirs is to buy too cheap, and then to sell too dear ;  
 " And should they represent us, we are all undone,  
 " For all they'll have an eye to, will be *number one* ;  
 " Have I your voices ?" (cheers) " to victory come !  
 " Let every man that's not in debt, *strike home* !  
 " And he that is, who stands in fear of Lyon,  
 " Let's pay the debt ; then may the man defy him !  
 " Thus will we manufacture friends from foes,  
 " *Ill wind it is, that good to no one blows.*  
 " But hark ! let such for clothing, sugar and tea  
 " To Bytown take their surplus grain and hay,  
 " They'll there recover what they've *lost* or spent,  
 " And pay us back with interest, six per cent."

The Lamb withdrew, and on retiring bowed,  
 Whilst cheers and smiles pursued him thro' the crowd,  
 Shouts rent the air, o'er Carleton's hills and dales  
 Lambs waved their hats, and Lions wagg'd their tails ;  
 For not one man of all that stood below  
 Felt in his heart, that he was Pinhey's foe.



Then in rotation Louis, Rad— and Lyon,  
 Address'd the Electors, when some luckless Scion  
 Of the self same stock, tho' rather rough in manner  
 Seized on the tassel of a Lambkin's banner ;  
 'Twas Fitzroy's, which the Lamb enraged, now furl'd  
 And doom'd the culprit to another world.  
 But rescued by some Rams, or I'm mistaken,  
 Lion himself could not have sav'd his bacon.

Good humour still prevailing on the whole,  
 The general cry was to the Poll ! the Poll !  
 Then to the Poll room rush'd both whelps and lambs,  
 Pursued by aged Lions and old Rams,

Leave we the combatants engaged within,  
 Whilst we review the votaries of Gin,  
 So gentle muse, say in most plaintive strain,  
 Who of Carleton's fair ones scour'd the plain  
 During the conflict that in doors was fought,  
 And in their sev'ral avocations wrought ;  
 Well there was Mistress Louis, Widow Hill,  
 The Widow Irwin, Mistress Somerville,  
 The blue-eyed Lady of M'Cord was there,  
 Of Carleton she's the fairest of the fair ;  
 Snip's wife was there, and Snub's and so was Teddy's,  
 And other ladylike angelic Ladies ;  
 Some of 'em with bosoms like the Doves  
 When they display their charms before their loves,  
 Strutted with pouting breasts so high, so close  
 A kiss could not have got betwixt them and their nose,  
 But if it had ?—Feign would my muse be dumb,  
 It would have been repulsed by Whiskey, Gin and Rum ;  
 In justice though to Carleton's Aristocracy,  
 These Ladies did belong to the Mobocracy  
 And further more we're bound in duty to declare,  
 We did not see one *lovely* woman there,  
 " *Sweet smiles have such, and kind endearing charms.*"  
 A field like this, ill suits their tender arms.



Had recently been *simulating* many a deed,  
 That therefore Pinhey and his friends agreed  
 That oaths should be the test, to try the voters by,  
 Since few would take false oaths, tho' more might lie,  
 And *deeds* which never ought to come to light  
 Were signed, and sealed, and so forth, over-night,  
 Now while each side in judgments contradictory,  
 Were trying which could be the most refractory :  
 Forth stept the portly *Monk* of haughty *March*,  
 Inflexible in humour, as in judgment arch.  
 " Sir ! " (to the Returning Officer said he)  
 " Be please to hear one word or two from me ;"  
 " The lands I hold in Carleton, being free  
 " From all encumbrance ; held in "*simple fee*"  
 " And from the Crown, give me a right to vote,  
 " Of all the arguments I have taken due note ;  
 " And my conviction, after much reflection,  
 " Is, if my vote's refused ; 'tis no Election—  
 " That I'm a Freeholder ; I not alone declare it,  
 " But by this sacred book I kiss,—I'll swear it ;  
 " As for the deeds they talk so much about,  
 " I know, nor care not, be they in or out,  
 " Perhaps some of you, electioncing gentlemen,  
 " Know how, and when, and where to get at them—  
 " 'Tis said, some stores of *deeds* are in your stores,  
 " A *search warrant* might bring mine out o' doors ;  
 " But should you have 'em, keep them if you please :  
 " I'll still enjoy my lands in perfect ease.  
 " Our right to encrease our present representation  
 " Arises from an encreased Population ;  
 " Yet you'd restrict that right to the minority,  
 " Which should extend of course to the majority ;  
 " And which majority that caused that Act to pass ;  
 " To disfranchise would be a perfect Farce—  
 " Prove first to us, our lands are not our own,  
 " On which we've reap'd, whatever we have sown ;  
 " On which we've built for us and our heirs ;  
 " On which we've dwelt some six, some thirteen years ;  
 " On which we've paid, and feign we would for ages ;  
 " Road dues and taxes ; even "*Member's wages* ;"

" Refuse our votes ! why, we'll refuse to pay  
 " Those wages you impose ; and well we may  
 " For much I question, if you have the skill  
 " To exact pay, who work against our will.  
 " To Richmond, for its liberahy and bounty,  
 " In offering two, to represent the county ;  
 " Our thanks are due, but really we prefer  
 " To choose some other gentleman elsewhere."  
 " His vote's not good ! (cried out a Richmond orator)  
 " And can't be taken, *by no* Returning Officer."  
 " Silence !" (exclaim'd the Officer) " at this Election  
 " To me belongs the Power of Rejection,  
 " And if usurp'd by others, on my soul  
 " I am determin'd to suspend the Poll."  
 The imperious Monk, then took the holy book  
 And gave to Moloch a monastic look,  
 A look by which *old Faustus* taught the devil  
 To know himself, and seek his proper level.  
 Silent was Moloch ; with a vacant stare,  
 He saw the Elector take the book and swear.

## CANTO V.

“ They have been at a great feast of languages,  
“ And have stolen the Seraps.”

SHAKSPEARE.

A war of words ensued ; all Parablism ;  
Quite as inexplicable as Diabolism—  
Never was legal sophistry more abused,  
Never was confusion more confused :  
Doctors of Law, of Physic, even Divinity,  
Agreed in one bewilder'd unanimity,  
To frustrate and perplex the one the other,  
Not Babel's labourers even made more bother.

“ Down ! down you Moloch, or whate'er you be,  
“ Out of the way, you dev'ling let's see  
“ The *Spre* as well as you !” cried one, who gently shook him,  
Down Moloch came, as tho' some blast had struck him.  
“ Who dares strike me ?” shriek'd shrill the little Lion,  
“ 'Tis only Sparkes from Bytown ;” eried Pat Ryan,  
“ For Sparkes will fly you know, and Sparkes will rise  
“ When there's a breeze, so Moloch mind your eyes.”  
“ They're much inflamed”(quoth Sparkes) “and much exposed,  
“ He may use them, but let his mouth be closed ;  
“ His little Twinklers are far too prominent,  
“ And what he calls his tongue is too predominant.”  
That Moloch never takes offence, 'tis true ;  
Nor does he give it.—Give the devil his due.

Now Rad— might have corrected many an error,  
Had they permitted him to *read* LEX TERRA.  
“ But” (said the Lambs) “ of *reading* there's no need,  
“ Has'nt Louis shewn us what it is to *read* ?”  
Prohibited from *reading*, Rad— then spoke,  
And took his text from Lyttleton and Coke.

Who ever knew a lawyer slack of Jaw ;  
*Fas vel nefas*, masticating Law ?  
 Rad— quoted this as Law, and quoted that  
*Nil fuit verbum, et non verbum sat.*  
 “ That’s not the Law !” cried Low, a legal Lamb ;  
 “ No !” cried another, Lawyer Hagerman.  
 “ To say, that Laws not Law” (quoth Rad.) “ is all a hum !  
 “ *A verbis legis, non est recedum.\**  
 “ In Richmond, Perth, in every place, save this,  
 “ They stick to one *Constructio Legis* ;  
 “ Were these votes offer’d, they would all refuse ’em,  
 “ Such is the practice, *qui tollit abusum.*

Then, thus the Lamb ; “ my honor’d learned friend,  
 “ In vain your classic lore and breath you spend ;  
 “ We come not here to construe *Lex et Legis*,  
 “ Or to be scared like *suffragia plebis*,  
 “ Nor is it here, we can decide which right is,  
 “ *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*  
 “ Your Law, though you should skim the very essence,  
 “ Is current here for only so much nonsense ;  
 “ Here *common sense* presides ; each vote’s a Jury,  
 “ And curse me, but *Cursus curiæ, est lex curiæ.*”

In one dense mass were huddled all together,  
 Richardson the orator, and Dan O’Connor,  
 Billings who lives on t’other side the Rideau,  
 Jamb’d betwixt two noviciates from Sligo,  
 Lyon and Pinhey, and the old M. P.  
 Matt Taylor of the Huntley tavern and M’Ghie,  
 James Bell who dwells on Goulburn’s only rise,  
 Whose wife is never seen without black eyes,  
 George Clark, that’s call’d the General, and Lloyd,  
 Mosy Wilson, Maxwell and old Boyd,  
 Ormsby and Games, the brother to old Mosy,  
 Good natur’d Joint, ill natur’dly called Nosy—

\*Has not the author avail’d himself of a poetical license, to suppress the penultima in the word *recedendum* ? Examiner.

Lieutenants of the Navy, Captains and Commanders,  
 Old Batic, Father of March, and Huntley's Alexanders,  
 Colonels and Majors, of the Army and Militia,  
 Venders of Salts, of Rhubarb and Magnesia,  
 Tinkers and Taylors, Coblers and Cow Doctors,  
 Commissary Clerks and Government Contractors,  
 Poll Clerks and Constables, Magistrates and Lawyers,  
 Parsons, Puppies, Publicans and Pedlars,  
 Dick, old Batic's son, with half a dozen brothers,  
 All these were in the room, and half a hundred others,  
 A sample merely, of what lined without  
 The walls of Taylor's house, or stroll'd about,  
 Some beaming with delight, and some with dire dismay,  
 Lambs making Lions ; Lions Lambs their Prey.

In all the wars of Logic ever waged,  
 Wrangler e'er found himself so *close* engaged.  
 Arthur whose sight, Egyptian sands had sear'd,  
 Swore tho' he could'nt see, he would be heard,—  
 " Take my vote Mr. Officer," said Arthur.  
 " You can't vote Sir."—Responded Rad— the Lawyer.  
 " Why not my learned friend ?" " Because" (quoth Rad)  
 " You're a Provincial Peer, and Peers can't vote by Gad."  
 " By my soul I will ! You'll not disfranchise me,  
 " My vote shall be recorded for my friend Pinhey."  
 The Lion shook his mane ; he twirl'd about ;  
 Then roar'd aloud " the Colonel's deed's not out."  
 " What's that to you ? to me ? to any other man,  
 " So he's content himself ;" replied the Lamb ;  
 " A mansion has he,—two hundred acres clear,  
 " One thousand wild, twelve hundred pounds per year.  
 " For twelve years past, has paid all rates when due,  
 " Lewis's wages ; aye, and Radenhurst's too ;  
 " His lands his own, as true as mine is mine ;  
 " What hand can arrest it from us ? Rad's or thine ?  
 " I care not where the patent deeds may be ;  
 " Whilst I've possession, I'm the Patentee—  
 " Hark ye my friends ! let every man beware,  
 " Here in this room, three learned Lawyers are,

- “ They’re clothed in Raven black ; they live on Flaws !  
“ They’re worse than Rooks or Crows ; they peck at Straws ;  
“ Their motto is—*let us get what we can* ;  
“ If they can’t get the meal, they’ll take the bran—  
“ Whilst some there are of such prodigious growth,  
“ *Bolted* or not, they’ll run away with both.—  
“ Shew not the titles of the deeds you vote on,  
“ Be you the judges of their work, who’ve got them ;  
“ In your’s the title’s *good*, but in their hands  
“ I’ll not insure the safety of your lands.—  
“ This very counsel I myself declare,  
“ Was given by Mansfield to the English Bar.”  
Then thus the Colonel, having taken the oath ;  
“ My vote’s for Pinhey ; had I two for both ;—  
“ Lyon I know not, but his conduct here  
“ Commands respect, as such must every where,  
“ Indeed to tell the truth, it would afford me pleasure  
“ To see the Lamb and Lion both return’d together.”



## CANTO VI.

“ Sweet is the hour, in a bower,  
That’s spent in beauty’s arms ;  
But what delight ! to spend the night  
With fellows in styes and barns.”

VESPER.

The Sun retiring fast towards the West,  
The respective heroes too, disposed to rest ;  
Opposing ranks now thinn’d and Lionesses fled,  
With all the gentry of the *feather bed* :  
The spirit stirring aid of many a well fill’d glass,  
Harbinger as oft of Tragedy as Farce,  
Forewarn’d the officer to close the account  
Of that day’s work, and to proclaim the amount.  
“ The books” (said he) “ can’t now be closed too soon,  
“ It drives men mad to fight beneath the Moon ;  
“ So gentlemen, in conformity to my authority,  
“ I now proclaim Pinhey, twenty-six majority.”  
A truce agreed on, to recruit their forces,  
Some Lambs took to their heels, some to their horses ;  
And many a prowling Lion, so the Poll-book shews,  
Found to his cost, he lost his night’s repose.

The Rendezvous, the Lions had hard by  
To them a palace was, to Pigs a Stye ;  
Old veterans they, in other wars had bled,  
Grog was their supper ; grog their prayers and bed.

Now will our Muse describe, if it be able,  
The guard-house of the Lambs, old Taylor’s stable ;  
’Twas thought that hunger in the Royal den  
Might drive the Lions to this well stored pen ;  
So ’gainst assaulting foes, due pains were taken,  
As also that it should’nt be by Lambs forsaken.

Matt Taylor's house, a pretty strong redoubt,  
 Serv'd as a scarp to keep the Lions out,  
 Whilst in the barn, pork, bread, wine, rum, beer, gin,  
 Provided were to keep the Lambkins in.  
 And then to stand as sentinels, two Rams  
 Had been selected from the choicest Lambs,  
 With arms provided, mounted with a fist,  
 Carved from the finger-nails towards the wrist ;  
 There were they stationed, to repel attack,  
 Should such be made, and drive the assailants back.  
 No better weapon, than a well wrought fist  
 For *civil war* ! mutton one is best.  
 Well, this was their parlour, kitchen, pantry, hall ;  
 Eolian music whistled through the wall ;  
 The *fleecy* snow came through the roof above,  
 And *fleeing* Lambs kept warm a little stove,  
 By pitching in occasionally, as they found 'em,  
 The tatter'd garments of some fallen Lion,  
 A beaver hat, a cap, a boot, a shoe,  
 Were now and then discovered through the flue.

Four tables, twelve feet long, by three feet wide,  
 Were there with forms arranged on either side,  
 Not of Mahogany was the furniture made,  
 Neither with Rose or Satin wood in-laid ;  
 But of the best Canadian Norway deal,  
 On which a hungry man might make a meal ;  
 That is, provided that he found it there,  
 And who will say, there was not ample fare ?  
 Eight hundred weight of beef, if we the weight might guess,  
 As many of pork, and of the best prime-mess :  
 Twelve hundred pounds of flour, made in sundry loaves ;  
 Some caked in ovens, some in pans and stoves ;  
 With knives and forks to each, were plates six score,  
 Bought for the purpose at Matt Connel's store,  
 As also five score tumblers, and as many glasses,  
 " For Lambs are men, (said Acres) Lion's asses,  
 " Who'll stand to eat their grub, should they be able,  
 " But Lambs are Christains and must sit at Table.

Tracy was architect, Acres the surveyor,  
 Peter M'Veigh, the principal purveyor,  
 Tom Allen, almost worshipp'd by the fair,  
 For being so prodigal of rum and beer ;  
 Four barrels of the latter did he brew,  
 Of puncheons of rum, 'tis said he had but two,  
 Though more was sent from Anderson's new store.  
 Than ever reached Tom's hospitable door ;  
 'Twas said the Lions met it on its way,  
 And of it made as warriors ought, their prey ;  
 But 'twas not true ; 'twas lousy scabby sheep,  
 Who cared not who should sow, so they might reap.  
 In Peter's charge were Zion's sons and daughters,  
 The wine, the spruce, and all the temperate waters :  
 Will Watt was chamberlain, our Knight's own Squire, he  
 Famed for sobriety and industry,  
 'Tended his Honour in the Election hall,  
 And carved each voter's name upon the wall.  
 Will Welsh the poet struck his tuneful lyre,  
 And kindled mirth with true Pegasusian fire.  
 Tho' can passed round, the sprightly song stood still,  
 The live long night with Balligiblin Will ;  
 For who could sing like Will ? like Will compose ?  
 Could Sontag ? Vestris ? could Matilda Rose ?  
 Will is the poet, to out-homer Homer ;  
 And though one Swallow never makes a summer,  
 Will's voice alone, in song or oratory,  
 Would make a perfect Paradise of Purgatory—  
 He danced, he sung, harangued, did all but pray,  
 And kept the *stable* in a roar 'til day.

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## CANTO VII.

" Now, here we are all gentlemen,  
And live at our ease ;  
A happy thought was it, that brought  
Us to these colonies."

VESPER.

The morning dawned, on foot, in sleighs, on horses,  
Came to the field, each Belligerent's forces ;  
In drill'd detachments, manageable groups,  
Came on the whole of Richmond's veteran troops ;  
Of which, the weight the Lambs could not withstand,  
So fell back, colours flying ; gallant band,  
To their own quarters, where as in entrenchment  
They waited the expected reinforcement.  
Thus by this prudent temporary secession,  
The Lions held the field in their possession,  
And deeming now the Lambs were over come,  
In strength numerical, theirs being six to one,  
" Hurrah for Lyon !" cried they ;—" down with Pinhey !"  
Exulting thus, in their prospective victory.

He, who his arms judiciously would wield,  
First takes the cabinet and then the field ;  
So Pinhey coursing in his rough hewn car,  
Devising means for carrying on the war,  
To numerous aides-de-camp advice was giving,  
Counsel to friends, as well as from receiving,  
Advancing leisurely, in thought profound,  
His harassed steed paced slowly o'er the ground,  
The gloomy Sun above three hours high,  
Had reach'd its southern summit of the sky,  
When Monk of March, descendant of the General,  
Who rescued England from the troops of Cromwell,

Scouring the country like a rutting Ram,  
 And coming *butt* upon the pensive Lamb,  
 With furious eye and ardour military,  
 Addressed him thus :—" Why Sir ; so dilatory,  
 " What strange indifference ; what cold neglect,  
 " What want of discipline and of respect  
 " To those who have the cause so much at heart,  
 " Who've taken so conspicuous a part,  
 " Who through the day, stood by you in the fight,  
 " And in recruiting passed the dreary night ?  
 " Tis whisper'd that you've fled, that you've clear'd out,  
 " And e'en your household troops are put to rout,  
 " Your rival has in all the pride of power,  
 " Had the advantage one long painful hour ;  
 " Haste and redeem the honours of the day,  
 " And victory is yours ! I Monk will lead the way,  
 " One well directed charge ! the foe shall yield,  
 " And wounds sustain'd, ere sunset shall be heal'd ;  
 " As yet the field is theirs ! hear you their cheers ?  
 " They breathe their last" (quoth Pinhey) "on mine ears ;  
 " For lo ! I come ; my centre's on the wing !  
 " This day is Lion's summer,—our spring ;  
 " Tomorrow is the day ; to him t'will be a fall,  
 " His flag victorious now, his funeral pall,  
 " And through the snow, tho' cover'd deep with crust,  
 " The Lambs shall make the Lions "*bite the dust.*"

Why flew the whip across his courser's shoulder,  
 Bright beamed the eye of the reproving soldier.  
 Arrived the steed at the Election goal ;  
 " How goes my friends (asked Pinhey) now's the Poll ?"  
 " We're *neck and neck* exclaimed an anxious Lamb,  
 " But many a Lion's vote's not worth a damn ;  
 " And many a bleating lambskin strains his throat  
 " In vain to break a false illegal vote—  
 " They vote on land, they've sold three years ago,  
 " On lands acquired, none knows where or how,  
 " On clergy lots that's only held on lease,  
 " And as we bleat out shame ! they roar out peace.

“ But I say war ! nor eat nor drink will I,  
 “ Nor quit the field, but with the victory.”

Through Lion's forces unobstructed pass'd,  
 Behold the *truant* Lamb arrived at last ;  
 To whom the Lion.—“ Sir, 'twould be convenient,  
 “ To clear the room, so many friends are in't ;  
 “ I would propose you should have two or three,  
 “ No more, and I'll select as few for me.”  
 “ Agreed,” (quoth Pinhey) “ I'll be free to own,  
 “ I think we'd combat quite as well alone ;  
 “ And from some information given on oath,  
 “ It seems to me expedient that both  
 “ Agree that every voter shall be told,  
 “ That henceforth, unsworn votes shall not be poll'd ;  
 “ A friend of yours, has too proposed to me,  
 “ That widows may vote, provided we agree ;  
 “ But as for widows voting, 'twill not do ;  
 “ Old soldier's wives, may act the widow too,  
 “ And some old soldiers slipping off their breeches,  
 “ May vote a second time, dress'd up like witches ;  
 “ For many of them at a pinch I ween,  
 “ Would like Hermaphrodites prove epicene ;  
 “ Besides, my widow'd friends are all so modest,  
 “ They'd vow of all things, it would be the oddest  
 “ They'd ever done in all their blessed lives,  
 “ To front so many men, since they were wives ;  
 “ No Sir, a woman's voice I've no objection to,  
 “ But for her vote ;—I fear it will not do.  
 “ Let every widow, take which side she will,  
 “ Go and become a bride like Mrs. Hill ;  
 “ And barren be the job they'll have to do,  
 “ Be it to bring their husbands here for you ;  
 “ For do your best, bring the whole county here,  
 “ I'll top you on the Poll—one hundred clear.”

The Poll room clear'd,—*fresh* freeholders let in ;  
 So *fresh* the very Poll books smelt of Gin.—  
 “ Now” (said the Returning Officer) “ we agree  
 “ That votes unsworn shall not recorded be,

" So take the oath, Sir! Every man must swear!  
 " Who do you vote for?"—" For that gentleman there!"  
 " Say what's his name?—A gentleman has a name."  
 " I vote for that ere gentleman with the *mane*."  
 " Pass on?"—"Who's next?"—"Come take the book and swear!"  
 " Who do you vote for?"—" For the Lion there."  
 " Another!"—" Off with your hat man!"—" Why, Sir, pray?"  
 " This man's too drunk to swear, take him away,  
 " I can't administer to a man's that loath  
 " To doff his hat, so serious an oath."  
 " He never drinks" (quoth Moloch) " not a drop."  
 " He *cagg'd* himself last summer in my shop."  
 " Aye" (quote the man) "'twas *barring* some exceptions,"  
 " Such as bees and births, and weddings and Elections;"  
 " Tell me" (ask'd Pinhey) " are you drunk or sober?"  
 " So drunk I could'nt tell a clout from clover."  
 " Did you get drunk with Louis or James Bell?"  
 " To tell the truth, may I be d—d to hell,  
 " If it was James; but some how I got hitch'd,  
 " And here am I, just like a man bewitch'd."  
 " Tell him you're sober" (whisper'd Moloch to him.)  
 " Damn'd if I do; I'll tell a lie for no man;  
 " I came to vote for him, but that 'ere sly one,  
 (Pointing to Louis) " makes me vote for Lyon."  
 And now a gentleman, we think a magistrate,  
 Declared he thought him in a proper state  
 To take an oath, he having sense enough  
 To know Election oaths are all mere stuff.  
 " He's not so drunk" (quoth Moloch) " he's a dry one,"  
 " I'll swear him then (quoth Edwards) " he's for Lyon."  
 " Aye, swear if you please" (said Pinhey) " let him swear,  
 " And all the sin of it, may Louis bear"—  
 " Hark ye, my friend" (continued Pinhey) " pray  
 " Outside that door, will you be pleased to say  
 " The Lambs may get together in a flock,  
 " We'll poll 'em all 'twixt this and twelve o'clock."  
 " Till twelve" (repeated Lyon) " twelve at night,"  
 " Aye, to be sure" (quoth Pinhey) " I've a right  
 " To keep the Poll alive from day to day,  
 " So says the statute, and the Lawyers say

“ That law makes no distinction, dark or light,  
“ Twice twelve hours make the day, so there’s no night ;  
“ To Poll your whelps, you’ve occupied the half,  
“ My Lambs you’ve driven from the door like chaff ;  
“ So while your Cubs are lapping their suppawn,  
“ The Poll may very well go quietly on ;  
“ You’ve labour’d hard, have got fifteen a head,  
“ And if fatigued, are welcome to my bed ;  
“ Here are some scores of Lambs ; a gentle flock,  
“ We’ll Poll them every one, by twelve o’clock.”  
“ Gentlemen” (quoth Edwards) “ yesterday at four  
“ We closed the Poll-book and we closed the door ;  
“ That hour’s now come, and whether wrong or right,  
“ I’ll not receive another vote tonight ;  
“ At ten tomorrow, we’ll resume the match,  
“ Then bring your Lambs and Lions to the scratch.”



## CANTO VIII.

“ Shall we go draw our numbers and set on ?”

KING HENRY IV.

As easy would it be at Waterloo,  
To say which man slew this, which that man slew,  
As to narrate the varied efforts,  
Essaged by Pinhey's friends throughout the deserts  
During the night. This morn, the unpoll'd votes  
Cover'd the field, but neither bread nor oats,  
For love or money could, for man or horse  
Be got, and what made this misfortune worse,  
Was that the pork and beef, the rum and beer,  
Had been consumed or carried none knew where.  
“ A pity” (says James Bell) “ that now we're lambing  
“ To feel the terrible effects of famine,  
“ From Bytown, I've just got a cask of pork,  
“ 'Twill give the lads but half an hour's work,  
“ Let's pitch it into the potash kettle, and  
“ Let Egypt know a famine's in the land.  
“ No sooner 'twill be known in Bytown, our Egypt,  
“ Than teams will be by Paterson equipt,  
“ And Laing, O'Connor, and a hundred others,  
“ Will suckle our Lambs like Grecian mothers ;  
“ From their own breasts (should Pinhey's purse get low,)  
“ Their spirits, you'll see like milk and honey flow.”  
However, Bytown had the news, it seems,  
For up drove Laing and Paterson's two teams,  
Loaded with loaves that tower'd to the clouds,  
To fill the bellies of the gathering crowds—  
“ Cheeses so large, you'd think they moek'd the moon”  
(Cries Laing's poetic man) “ are coming down—”  
“ And Anderson has sent a puncheon from his store,  
“ If not enough, he says he'll send some more.”

Fleet as the horses drew their heavy load,  
 " Hurrahs for Pinhey !" ran along the road.

Behold them now surrounding Taylor's tavern,  
 And not a Lion comes beyond his cavern ;  
 " Hoist high our colours boys !" exclaim'd the Lamb,  
 " Here comes three sleighs I think from Pakenham !  
 " Armstrong in one, in t'other is M'Cord !  
 " And" (cries old Tony Somerville) " by the lord  
 " I know of one from Brockville, two from Perth,  
 " The Lion's chance is not one copper worth ;  
 " Four lively fellows on the road from Hull,  
 " Told me that they were coming to the Poll ;  
 " From Eardly three ; from Claranden a man ;  
 " Who are you for ? says I : says they—" the Lamb !"  
 " And Steward of Bytown, is gone up to Fitzroy,  
 " To bring to the Poll M'Nab the gallant Scotch boy,  
 " With all his friends, a mighty numerous clan,  
 " He'll come with his Claymore and Mull and Bag-pipe man.  
 " Och ; such a fight, if not today, tomorrow,  
 " Sure, we'll be after butchering each other !"  
 " Here !" (cries the Lamb) " be you Tom Richardson,  
 " Argue and Armstrong—three resurrection men ;  
 " Is there a man I damned ten years ago,  
 " Bring him to the Poll, I will absolve him now ;  
 " Go, get the sick and dying out of bed,  
 " Bed-ridden or not, bring all that's not stone dead ;  
 " Where'er you find the icy hand of death,  
 " Give them a gill, it will prolong their breath,  
 " Have they the cholera, dropsy, stone or gravel,  
 " 'Twill do them good a mile or two to travel ;  
 " Tell them I think they'll find themselves the stronger,  
 " One minute we'll detain 'em, not a second longer ;  
 " Wrap each man in a buffaloe and blanket,  
 " And not dress'd up, as if 'twere for a banquet,  
 " Keep warm their bodies, I'd not have a soul  
 " Perish from cold who ventures to the Poll.  
 " Where'er you find a man 'twixt heaven and earth,  
 " That has a vote, go, bid him fix its worth ;

" Pledged to my friends, that I will not retreat,  
 " I'll face the devil rather than defeat !  
 " Adams ! cast up the Poll book ! tell the crowd,  
 " How stands the Poll ; sing out my boy aloud !  
 " Three hundred each" (quoth Adams) " Cuthbert can  
 " Sink Lyon's scale by voting for the Lamb.—"  
 " Who do you vote, for Mr. Cuthbert, pray,"  
 " But take the oath" (quoth Edwards) " ere you say."  
 " I give my vote" (saith Cuthbert) " to that man,  
 " To make the best atonement that I can,  
 " For having once told Frank he was a *Jew*."  
 Then looking at the Lamb, " I vote (says he) for you."  
 " Thank ye" (quoth Pinhey) " I do with all my soul ;  
 " Adams declare once more how stands the Poll,  
 " I think I score three hundred votes and one."  
 " Hear that !" (shouts Gen. Clark) " the Lion's done—"  
 " There's yonder barn with unpoll'd Lambkins cramm'd,  
 " If Lyon overtakes him—I'll be damned."

To send its aid, now Richmond's church combined,  
 Short was its Mercury, six times sublimed,  
 And many a dose of little Moloch's calomel,  
 Had scour'd the chitterlings of Richmond's Cardinal ;  
 How can our venerable bench of Bishops  
 Countenance such prigs, such fops, such puppets !  
 " Who do you vote for, ghostly priest of Zion !"  
 Ask'd Edwards—quoth the Priest : " I vote for Lyon."

## CANTO IX.

“ Fundamental truths can never be too familiarly explained.”

“ Any more Lambs or Lions coming up ?”  
Shouted the constables. “ Aye, Sir ; here’s a tup !”  
Answer’d James Wilson, “ in the arms of L—,  
“ And close at his heels my honest friend James Bell.”  
“ Louis” (says Bell) “ indeed that is not fair,  
“ To bring a man so very drunk to swear,  
“ If sober he will vote for my friend Pinhey,  
“ For Lyon if drunk, I’ll wager you a guinea.”  
“ The man’s not drunk ;” said L—, “ I know not who  
“ He means to vote for !”—“ It is false ; you do.”  
(Quoth Pinhey) “ It’s my townsman Scarf ;”  
“ You’re too officious for your friend by half ;  
“ Bell watch’d you towing him by neck and hand,  
“ Look at the man, Sir ;—he can scarcely stand ;  
“ There’s many a man you’ve smuggled to the Poll,  
“ He’s not the first you’ve juggled *cheek by jowl* ;  
“ No words I mask ; I hate your mincing smattery,  
“ My tongue’s a gun ; my mouth an open battery ;  
“ And when I charge it, tho’ the charge be small,  
“ My mark I hit, as with a rifle ball.”  
But now hear Louis—“ Sir, if here were space  
“ I’d throw my glove into your shameless face !”  
Therewith he feigned to shew that he was *game*,  
When many voices cried “ for shame ! for shame !”  
“ Down with that glove ! that hand ! that muffled mawl,  
“ Or else your lips shall rise old Taylor’s wall !”  
Retorted Pinhey, as he clenched his fist.  
Again some voices shouted “ whist Sir, whist !  
“ Edwards” (continued Pinhey) “ since the man’s not sober,  
“ I trust you will not swear him ’til tomorrow ;  
“ Sir” (answer’d Edwards) “ first I’ll ascertain  
“ Whether the man be *non mentis* or sane !”

" So take the book, Sir! now Jack Scarf; you swear,—"  
 " Damn'd if I do" (says Jack) " swear that man there,"  
 (Pointing to Louis) " he knows what about ;"  
 " But please your honour's reverence, I do not :"  
 Then *sheepishly* trudged Louis to the outer door,  
 Muttering to himself " now an't that *lamb a bore* ?"  
 " Weel" (says old Boyd) " ye act Sir, like a deevil,  
 Working clandestinely like a wee bit weevil ;  
 " Ye ca' it a grub that snoozles a' about,  
 " Destroying the plant, whilst feasting on the root ;  
 " Did ye no tell him, that ye'd aye be wi' him,  
 " And then ye gang'd and skippet o'er to Lion ?  
 " An' no content to be yourself a traitor ;  
 " Ye'd mak rebellious yon pair drunken creature.  
 " When at your ain Election dinna ye ken,  
 " Nane save the Lamb, of Carleton's gentlemen,  
 " Stood by ye, in that awfu' trying hour ;  
 " Is this the way ye pay your debts John Bower ?"

" The flood's with Pinhey, and the ebb betides us ;"  
 " Let's cut our cable !" cries out Georgium Sidus,  
 " One hour's truce !" (asks Lyon) " if you please ?"  
 " With all my heart" (quoth Pinhey) "*stand at ease.*"

And now since there's no rational objection,  
 No act of Parliament 'gainst wine at an Election ;  
 Be it recorded that the rivals weary,  
 Refreshed themselves with Sherry and Madeira.

" The hour's up" (saith Edwards) " let the men  
 " Be told at Lyon's cavern, Pinhey's pen,  
 " We're waiting now for Lions or for Lambs,  
 " For Cubs, or Pups, or Whelps, or Tups, or Rams !"  
 Says Andy Argue.—" well Sir, at the door  
 " Are waiting to vote some Lambs, at least a score."  
 " Constables" (quoth Edwards) " bid 'em all come in !"  
 " Poll Clerks be ready ! let the Poll begin ;"  
 " Here take the book !" " stop" (saith the man) " a question,  
 " I'd ask the Lamb, if he be *anti-Christian.*"

Then thus the Lamb—" they tell you I'm a Jew ;  
 " Trust me my friend, they're only *jewing* you.  
 " They'd *jew* me too, if it were in their power,  
 " Vote as you please, we'll *jew* them in an hour.  
 " Like others, I'm a compound of both good and evil,  
 " And though less like a saint than like a devil ;  
 " An honest man whatever be his sect,  
 " Commands my humble service and respect ;  
 " Have you your answer ?" " yes Sir," (saith the man)  
 " And give my vote and blessing to the Lamb."  
 " Thank ye" (quoth Pinhey) " bid my friends come on,  
 " Lyon lies breathless, for his course is run."  
  
 " Come take the oath !"—" that man has Poll'd before !"   
 Shrieked out a Lambkin near the outer door,  
 " I'll take my oath of it,"—" ten thousand oaths ;"  
 " In rags he was, but now in decent clothes ;"  
 " The very same, I swear by Nicodemus ;  
 " I mark'd the man, he look'd so queer a genus."  
 " I'll swear it too," (quoth Somerville) " by the lord,"  
 " Sure did'nt I watch the man with James M'Cord."  
 " Be off you scamp"—cries Sergeant Spring Rose Wood,  
 " Or bring some honest man to prove your vote's still good."  
  
 " Gentlemen !" said Edwards—" four o'clock is near.  
 " I'll swear no more than this man standing here,  
 " Now take the book sir,—kiss it—who do you say ?"  
 " Indeed it goes against me either way ;  
 " Lyon befriended me, but then my wife  
 " Owes to the Lamb, she says, her precious life,  
 " She calls him Doctor, though no Doctor's he,  
 " But there she liv'd a year or two, d'ye see,  
 " And since that time, there's never been a man  
 " My woman trusts so much to, as the Lamb ;  
 " So Captain Lyon, tho' I'm not agin ye,  
 " I'm bound to vote d'ye see for Mr. Pinhey—  
 " For if for you and Nelly for the Lamb,  
 " Our house divided 'gainst itself can't stand.  
  
 " Be off" quoth Edwards " how's the Poll account ?"  
 " Cast up the books and I'll declare the amount."

"Tomorrow will we all meet here again,  
"Punctually" quoth Pinhey, "as the clock strikes ten,  
"That is, if my opponents do not grudge the trouble  
"To come and see this day's majority—double."

## CANTO X.

“ Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far ;  
“ The angel pity shuns the walks of war.”

DARWIN.

Now if it be within the reach of poetry,  
Let's sketch an epitome of Pinhey's oratory.  
“ Dark has been the night,” said he “ but black the deeds,  
“ Witness my corps reserved ! see Landen bleeds !  
“ And which of you can recognize poor Paddy Whelen ?  
“ That man who sees us not is Dennis Killien,  
“ Pat's silver sounding tongue now speechless lies,  
“ And black's the white of Dennis' blue eyes.  
“ And poor M'Adam !—thus with beasts of prey,  
“ Their courage shines by night, their cowardice by day ;  
“ It was but yesterday, ye fill'd with food,  
“ Those thankless hands that now have shed your blood,  
“ Say, which are the Lyons that so crimson'd o'er  
“ The road, near Bradley's, with my lambkins' gore,  
“ That stroll'd about at such unseasonable hour ;  
“ Seeking so wolf-like what they might devour ?  
“ Who tore a Lamb of Fitzroy from his bed ?  
“ Who left him senseless with a fractured head ?  
“ Who were the Whelps that Landen kept at bay,  
“ For near an hour, when at break of day  
“ They fled and left their victim on the road,  
“ Glued to the crusted snow with clotted blood ?”  
“ Remorseless ruffians ! let the lambs today,  
“ Send empty all such enemies away ;  
“ Quench not their thirst ; give 'em neither crust nor bone,  
“ But pinch'd up bellies, let them carry home.  
“ For three long days, we've feasted them like friends,  
“ The gratitude they owe, they paid like fiends.”  
“ But now for the Poll ! one pull, long, strong, and alt-  
ther !  
“ The breeze is with us ; let's keep hard a weather !



" And hark ye boys ! before the setting Sun,  
 " You'll see the vanquish'd lions cut and run."

Then Lyon thus to Pinhey—" Sir !" said he,  
 " If to excite the mob your object be  
 " 'To acts of desperate hostility,  
 " Such language gives us proof of your ability ;  
 " You'll arm one half the county 'gainst the other,  
 " And then this scene will close in blood and murder ;  
 " Reflect a little ; the result may be  
 " Quite as disastrous to yourself as me ;  
 " Here at the door but now, an unpoll'd Lamb,  
 " Struck with a bludgeon a defenceless man,  
 " That man myself !"—" ha !"—quoth the Lamb " the Goat !"  
 " Were he my brother, I'd reject his vote,  
 " Constables pray mark him, when he comes to Poll,  
 " If I don't damn his vote, then d— my soul,  
 " I loathe the Lamb, as I would carnal carrion ;  
 " Who'd dare to raise his arm against my rival Lyon ;  
 " Henceforth consider me in my opponent's boat,  
 " And sink or swim, if but one single vote  
 " Will place the envied laurel on my brow,  
 " He shall not give it, that gave him that blow."

" Constables !" cries Edwards—" keep the door way clear,  
 " And give the voters easier access here !"  
 " Now Sir ! come take the book ! you solemnly swear,  
 " You've not yet voted and a freeholder are !"  
 " Stay Sir !" quoth Pinhey " I have some suspicion,  
 " That urges me to ask this honest man a question.  
 " What do you vote on ?"—" on a Richmond lot !"  
 " Deed or location ?" " No ; Burke bid me squat !"  
 " Let him be sworn to it ! give the man the book !"  
 " Burke might as well bid him go and puke :"  
 " Of votes like this, 'tis certainly in your power  
 " 'To run a match 'gainst minutes in the hour ;  
 " If these be legal votes, then woe betide us !"  
 " They are just as good as yours !" quoth Georgium Sidus,  
 " But Lyon," continued Georgium " let's have done,  
 " Our helm's a-lee, and we must cut and run,

" Unheard of Lambs are coming to the Poll,  
 " And carrying all before them ;—on my soul  
 " The road is lined 'twixt this and Lowry's tavern,  
 " With *yearling* Rams, whilst our deserted cavern,  
 " Where *prepossessing* pigs were wont to feast,  
 " Is now re-tenanted by such like beast,  
 " And most of our troops now fled ; the remnant few.  
 " Are only waiting for "*se sauve qui peut.*"  
 " So let's be off ;—let's hawl our colours down,  
 " And *treat* our friends with a *retreat* to town.  
 " In order tho' to smooth defeat's rough edge,  
 " Do you protest ; 'twill serve us for a kedge,  
 " Whereby we may re-anchor your *forced* tender,  
 " To serve the county ; you'll be yet the Member.  
 " Against corruption, bribery and locations ;  
 " Against undue influence, partiality and privations ;  
 " Against all sorts of grievances, which, on dissection,  
 " May be discover'd thro' the whole Election ;  
 " Will we protest against ; first 'gainst the ground,  
 " Whereon we've fought the battle, since we found  
 " We could not draw the Lamb, one solitary rod,  
 " Nearer to Richmond's all invincible sod,  
 " Where had we got him, there is little doubt  
 " But he'd been fairly beaten—*out and out.*  
 " I'll draw the protest."—Well, the protest drawn,  
 Signed and presented like a hope forlorn—  
 The Poll cast up and the account declared,  
 Some shouts and cheers without the wall were heard.  
 " Voters for Lion !" cried they—" mercy guide us !"  
 " Bid 'em all welcome !" shouted Georgium Sidus.  
 In came the voters, they were just a dozen,  
 A Fox-like trick the Lambs had played to cozen,  
 The enemy of what little worth,  
 Their protest had ; they slew it at its birth.  
 The bait was tempting, Lion took the hook,  
 And two more fancy Freeholders the book,  
 Location chaps they were, " but they'll deride us.  
 " If we don't take them !"—argued Georgium Sidus—  
 " And Pinhey so innocent, makes no objection.  
 " We might as well continue the Election."

Goat !"

ear,

idus,

However, the third, the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh,  
The eighth, the ninth, the tenth, and then the eleventh,  
Lastly the twelfth; save two, did every man  
Vote for the County Candidate, the Lamb.

So when this batch of voters had been poll'd,  
The Lions found how they had been cajoled.

"Edwards" quoth Pinhey, "will it not be best,

"To ascertain at once, if my antagonist

"Continues or gives up this long fought contest?"

"I've several votes at Anderson's new store,

"At Lowry's and M'Adam's, I've at least a score."

"Say Lion, will you strike or must I send a tup

"So far to bring my playful lambkins up?"

"I give it up" quoth Lion, "but if you please

"Till Radenhurst arrives, let's stand at ease!"

Now Radenhurst arrived;—the Poll declared,  
The speeches made, and our member chair'd;  
The contest closed; the warrior chiefs departed,  
Lambs broken headed, Lions broken hearted.

"Larrat" says Withlers, "did ye see the Lamb,

"Shaking so friendly Lion by the hand;

"When off he went and did the same with Rad,

"As cordially as tho' he'd been his Dad?"—

"Aye" quoth James Bell, "and is it not a pleasure

"To see the Lambs and Lions lying down together?"

"I heard Lloyd say to Pinhey—"Now with old George Burke

"None could be unfriendly, but a *Jew* or *Turk*!

"There's not a better fellow on God's earth,

"Your shot at him was, of obtrusive birth,

"'Twas really uncall'd for, he gave no offense,

"Come have the grace to say so, and the sense,

"Don't have it said, that you a valiant Ram,

"Ran your d—d horns 'gainst an inoffensive man!

"Well, then, there's Maxwell too! and there's the other;

"Hold Sir!" cries Pinhey, "that's Iscariot's brother;

"First, bid him when at night he says his prayers,

"Ask of the Gods to throw him down some stars,

"When in each hand, he brings to me a braec,

"I'll shake his faithless hand and kiss his Judas' face.

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ge Burke

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