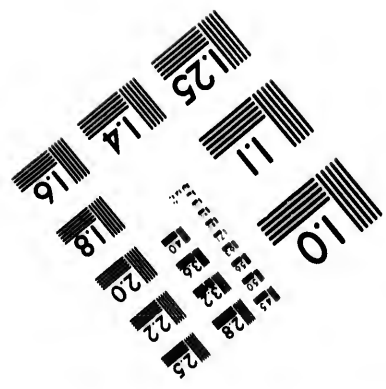
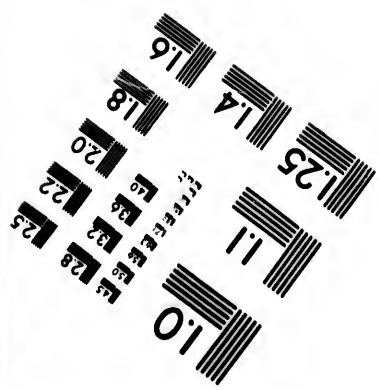
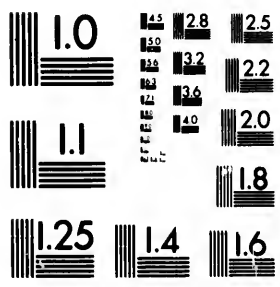


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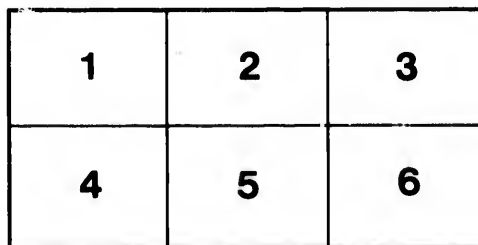
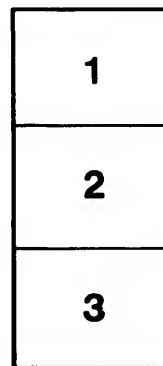
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DUPES & DEMAGOGUES.

A
SOUVENIR.

BY
ALBYN.

Bombast and Bathos we alike detest,
Nor in the regions of Romance invest-
Truth, only truth, and but a tithc of it
Will in this Souvenir of ours be writ.

PAGE 9.

1879.

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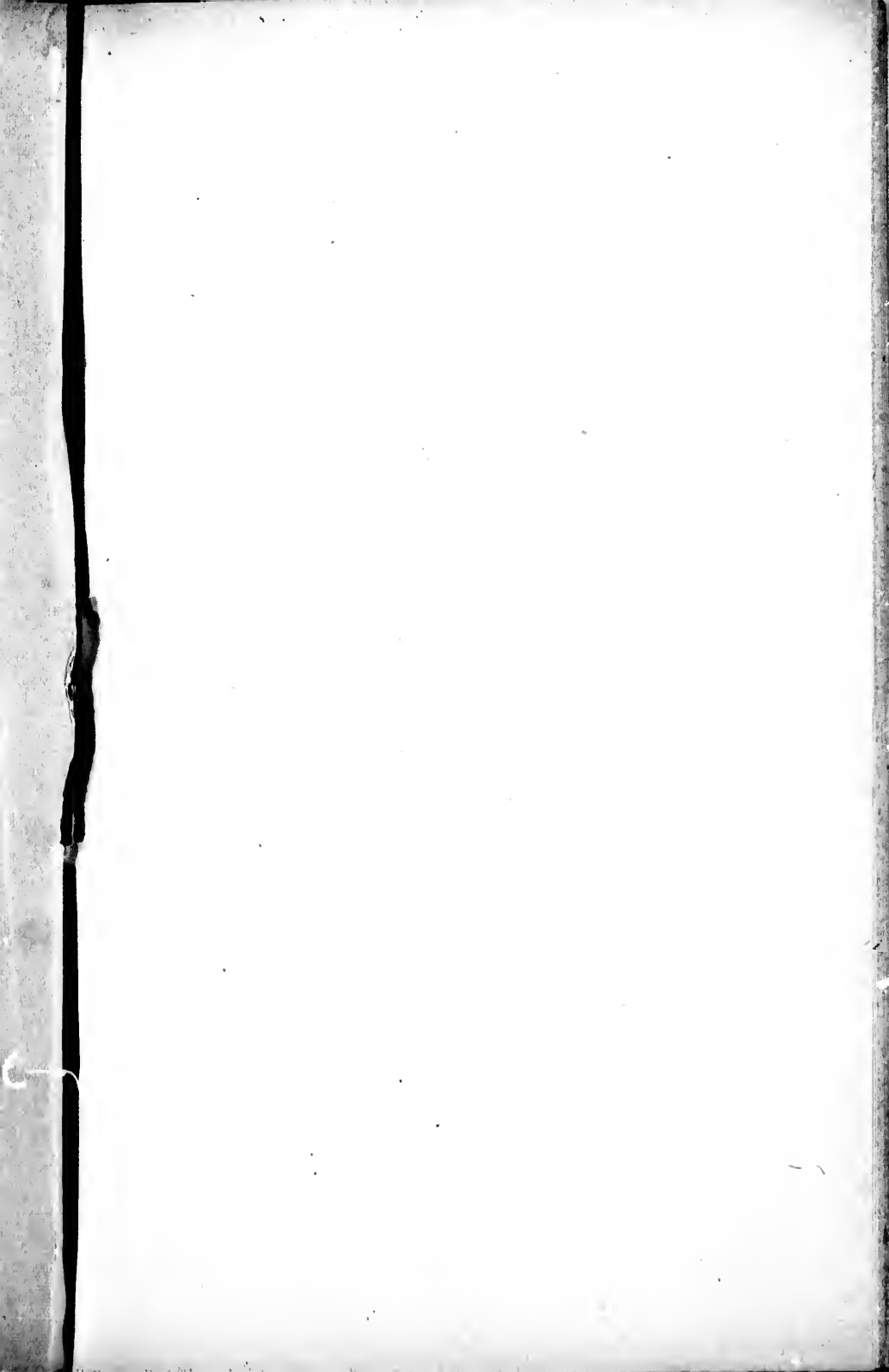


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DUPES & DEMAGOGUES.

A
SOUVENIR.

BY

ALBYN. pseud.
Andrew Shiels.

Bombast and Bathos we alike detest,
Nor in the regions of Romance invest-
Truth, only truth, and but a tithe of it
Will in this Souvenir of ours be writ.

PAGE 9.

1879.

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DEDICATION

To JOHN GIBSON, Esq.,

HALIFAX.

From CHESTNUT COTTAGE where the *Nine*
Are pleasing playmates still of mine!
And, tho' sometimes they fume and fret,
Their welcome have not worn out yet.
With guests like them to be a guide
And ceremony left aside,
To GIBSON, health and happiness;
This pen of Albyn's would express
In verse, not less familiar now
To him, than prose may be to you;
An art the Musés learn'd the boy
That frequently with them did toy,
Where Oxnam's rude and restless stream
Gave birth to many a dazzl'ing dream,
And Cheviot in the distance dim—
Was almost all the world to him;
Nor is one charm of childhood there
That mem'ry has not kept with care.

We look around; another scene
But diff'rent the programme has been
Much; O how much of good and ill
Repeated; and repeating still—
Day after day, and year by year;
What changes come and disappear.
Friends and companions, one by one
Are to their resting places gone;
And you and I are of the few
Associates left that once we knew,

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Nor know how soon the *fiat* may
 Be sent to summon *us* away.
 Some preparation should be made
 For what no mortal can evade.
 And our designs be what they may
 Not trifled with from day to day
 As ev'n before the rising sun
 May have one-half his journey run.
 Ills that admit of no redress
 Might overwhelm us in distress,
 And what we patiently await
 May come, but come for us too late!
 And much as we may feel aggrieved—
 Can never be from time retrieved.
 With such considerations prone
 To speak in a prophetic tone;
 Excuse me Gibson, that I now
 Inscribe this SOUVENIR to you,
 Where prodigal as they have been
 Both Dupes and Demagogues are seen :
 And photographs unfinished, will
 Say little of the artists skill,
 But redolent of dirty dust
 Knead in Aristocratic crust—
 Exhibiting more than to hide
 The rottenness that is inside.

The marble slab forgets its trust
 And crumbles down into the dust ;
 The cairn puts on a sullen air
 When question'd of its purpose there ;
 Nor less the "four grey stones" become
 Oblivious of the past, or dumb.
 Not so our verse ; the sculptor's art
 Can not so thrill the human heart,
 Nor does the painter's canvass shed
 Unfading lustre on the dead ;
 But lineaments the poets trace
 Nor time, nor distance can efface.

Of all the many we have known
 Few faces now, besides your own
 Gibson, are seen that we can greet,
 Or call by name upon the street;
 Only for age, you seem the same
 As when to Halifax you came.
 Altho' since that auspicious day,
 Some fifty years have passed away;
 Nothing beyond the courtesies
 That others ev'ry hour practise—
 Were ours, then by-and-bye we shared
 A kind of mutual regard.
 Ere long a more familiar caste
 Did ripen into friendship fast,
 Tho' quiet kept, yet it is not
 Of such a kind as soon forgot;
 And when we meet, and when we part,
 There is a glow in Albyn's heart
 Some cherish'd spot, some grove or glen
 At home are all before him then.
 Perhaps some mound or muirland where
 Are relics Time consents to spare;
 Or hap'ly some imposing scene
 Where home and happiness have been;
 Whatever now the cause may be
 It matters not to you or me
 As private worth, and patriot pride,
 Like nurselings, nestle side by side.

Our verse is not a mirror where
 All-comers equally may share;
 Yet friends their foibles there see
 However intimate they be.
 Nor is it as an index made
 The over-curious may invade,
 And idle gossips gape and gaze,
 Then load with censure or with praise!
 Or libel gen'rous deeds that's done,
 And observation seeks to shun

(Such as we have become aware
 By you are neither small nor rare)
 But, blush not, Gibson, none of those
 Shall at the present interpose ;
 Tho' at another season they—
 Might dignify a Poet's lay.

It is not that you more than some
 Do prosper, and are rich become,
 Nor is it that so far as known,
 You have to Albyn favors shown ;
 Nor in the hope of future gain
 That he from Gibson may obtain ;
 Nay, not for one or all of these
 Tho' such no poet can displease ;
 Gave birth to the distinguishment—
 That we to Gibson now present ;
 But rather to that clannish tie
 We Scotchmen measure friendship by ;
 And in the twinlike thoughts that find
 A fitting place in either mind ;
 Not to be quenched or cast aside
 By either poverty or pride ;
 But, as unerring as the pole
 They actuate the patriot's soul ;
 Such souls, the Poet's always deem
 Entitled unto their esteem.
 And, as delay might intervene
 Disastrously—as often seen,
 Ev'n compliments may lose the zest
 That should a compliment invest ;
 And so—to Gibson's name assign
 In future times a place with mine.

Assail'd by those who vascillate
 From side to side in church and state,
 The weather vane that's made to show
 The point from whence the wind does blow ;

To changing is not more inclined
 Than is a *quassi* Lib'ral's mind.
 Some pseudo parties in our day
 To tell the story their own way ;
 That never are or can be wrong,
 But either draw or drive along—
 A class of politicians who,
Ten times have made their "*first debut !!*"
 A partisan on either side—
 Most loaves and fishes can provide ;
 In all *their* twists and turnings round
 Inflexible *we* have been found ;
 Unflinching—still in all the strife
 That mingles with politic life,
 And tho' at present we are *outs*,
 There are no reasonable doubts,
 That when another term begins,
 We (if alive) will then be *ins*.

Lib'ral's in principle, the foe
 Just as they find us, leave us so ;
 No trimming ours, no turbulence
 Nor treachery ! but common sense !!
 In caucus, nor in canvass we
 Use in, or out of committee.
 What is of a deceptive kind—
 No countenance from us can find ;
 And as the estimate we place
 On your consistency, embrace
 This mode of showing ; though it seem
 To some like an enthusiast's dream,
 Without reserve the why, and how ?
 This brochure we inscribe to you.

The Antiquarian Club some day,
 A premium will not grudge to pay
 For a torn leaf, or title page

That now our leisure hours engage.
 Perhaps, then utterly forgot
 Tho' only half a cent'ry wrote ;
 As yellow cover'd novels will
 Eclipse it for a season ; still
 The connoisseurs there is no doubt,
 Our souvenir will ferret out !
 To form conjectures or infer—
 Who, and what SHIELS and GIBSON were.

*Written and dated from our perch
 At Dartmouth, in the first of March,
 In eighteen hundred seventy-nine
 Witness this nom de plume of mine.*

ALBYN.

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DUPES AND DEMAGOGUES,

A SOUVENIR.

Our theme is Indignation,—passions fierce
Burn in our bosom, and inflame our verse,
Impersonations of an evil name
Are broken loose and our attention claim ;
Not unawares, words of a savage shape
And wing'd with fire may from our pen escape.
Poets are not like preachers, college-made,
A pen is oft their only stock in trade ;
To them has been forbidden time to waste
On how the nouns and pronouns should be placed,
What words accented, and what emphasised
Or causras' are to be recognized.
Allied to nature's nurselings we may spurn
The polish'd gyves by Literarian worn.
We ask no favours, and have none to pile
On these we deem the villainous and vile !
Tho' sensitive, too proud to crouch or whine
O'er wantonness that may our verse malign.
Yet own, to us the critic's eyes have been
As mirrors where our blemishes are seen,
And out of sympathy, so we suppose,
Or, it may ev'n be courtesy, who knows ?
One of the old Parnassian Ladies may
Take oversight of what we have to say,
Though always pleased, and sometimes even glad
To profit by the experience they have had,
And in their presence passions ruffled plumes
A less imposing attitude assumes ;
Bombast and bathos we alike detest
Nor in the regions of romance invest ;
Truth, only truth, and but a tithe of it,
Will in this SOUVENIR of ours be writ.

Do the Dominion Colonists from choice
 In the delirium of their minds rejoice,
 Or can it be from fever of the brain
 Such multitudes of them are now insane;
 In all the premises, some more, some less,
 Commiseration claims in their distress;
 None more absurd, ridiculous and vain
 So maniac-like, so needful to restrain;
 Among them all is not a single one
 Can boast of more than mischief he has done,
 And are the soulless supplicants who crave,
 To be the puppets of a previous knave—
 Unused to praise, but willing to defame,
 And if they glory it is in their shame!
 In tricksters, stretchers, swindlers, and, who?
 Good Lord! a briber,—him of the “debou.”

It was supposed that infamy below,
 Had found its level in the long ago;
 Surpassing all that ever had been done,
 Sir John Macdonald had already won—
 It seems that the Canadians are combined
 A deeper still if possible to find.
 And they have found it, with a vengeance may
 Make them a by-word to their dying day;
 Now and hereafter they must take their place
 Among the abjects of the human race,
 And plume themselves on being now the slaves,
 Of John Macdonald and his kindred knaves.
 And as the Nova Scotians imitate
 Insanity among the would-be great;
 So must they in the ignominy share,
 Makes the Dominion odious everywhere.

What strange perversity in life is seen
 It seems so now, and must have always been,
 In politics the Lib-Cons. as a class,
 The patients in Mount Hope by odds surpass;

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Their climax of ambition is complete,
In being cheated, so that they may cheat.

The Amateurs and Antiquarians may
Perhaps be curious in some future day,
To ascertain, if possible, from whence
Or how came this zymotic pestilence,
And tho' in politics ill posted we
Can show them something shapen like a key.
Fruits of depression covering the globe
Reach'd Canada, and seized upon the mob!
First idleness, was theirs, then hunger came
And hunger is emphatic in its claim;
It predisposed the people to disease
They sought the readiest remedy to seize;
When forthwith a Right Honorable quack
Made known he could alleviate the attack,
Or even by a simple stratagem
At once restore prosperity to them.

Evaporation seldom we employ
To lessen sorrow or exhaust our joy;
A safety-valve more fitting to our mind
And more familiar, in our verses find;
And quite as well adapted to beguile
An overflow of either blues or bile.
Nor prompted now by indignation fail
Some prodigal's imposters to unveil;
And aid reformers to detect the fraud
That the Lib-Cons. so lavishly applaud;
And make a bevy of the jugglers known
That have the bubble of protection blown.
Or by some episodes in their career
Show how beneath our eye-glass they appear,
That wretched sham; that miserable hoax,
That myth; that thin politic paradox
PROTECTION!! one and all of them should have

Protection far beyond what they could crave,
 From all the "ills that flesh is heir to," none
 Should be neglected that was a Lib-Con.
 And whether he was a Lib-Con. or not,
 Provided always that he gave his vote
 To have the rotten cabinet restored,
 That erst for treachery had been ignored.

Protection! what a charm is in the word,
 Tho' practically it is so absurd;
 Protection to the ships the storm o'ertakes
 Upon the ocean and upon the lakes,
 The rapids of Saint Lawrence, and the rocks
 Of Anticosti that the seaman mocks.
 Protection such as farmer's hearts delight,
 From weevil, mildew, and potato blight;
 Protection to the miner's; and the more
 That they demand a premium for their ore;
 Protection to the merchant discontent
 With any profit less than cent per cent.
 Protection to the tradesman who contrive
 On prices that are ruinous to thrive;
 Especially protection to extend
 So it may all the Lib-Cons. comprehend!
 Such a protection as will be most fit
 To drive out of creation ev'ry "grit,"
 Protection that will paralyze ere long
 Our nighest neighbors forty millions strong,
 And make them shiver in their shoes to find
 What retribution is for them designed;
 And the humiliating figure they
 Will make when all their trade is swept away;
 And the Canadians chuckling o'er the sight
 Of their canal boats destitute of freight;
 Whilst railroad cars, and craft of ev'ry kind
 Across the line are to the toiler's mind;
 And all the happiness that earth can yield
 In the Dominion will be found unsealed.
 At such a grand achievement is it strange
 If madness should the multitude derange?

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Boa

In ev'ry village inn, and country store,
 Electors by the dozen and the score ;
 Collecting early in the afternoon
 Hold long discussions on the coming boon ;
 Protection and the thirty-seven per cent.
 Tariff ; its operation and extent.
 Half of them claquers, and the other half
 As ignorant as any sucking calf
 Of statesmanship ; more than from sea to sea,
 For the Canadians, Canada must be !
 This ev'ry blundering booby in the squad
 Reiterates, not knowing he is mad,
 And ev'ry sentence in the speckled speech
 If such a length a sentence ever reach
 Is meant (that is if it have any aim)
 To garnish Tupper's and Macdonald's fame ;
 But, of the great Pacific Scandal, they
 Have not a single syllable to say !
 Nor did the groups that were assembled there
 The Springhill Mines, or Pictou Railroad, air,
 And no allusion to the time was made
The hat went round for the retrencher's aid.
 So too the poison bags, McCully's pen
 Made so familiar, were forgotten then ;
 Nor less the edifice, and how it grew
 At Maplewood, was absent from their view
 In their mind's eye, for other visions float
 Our vantages immediate or remote ;
 But rustic wit, and what they witty deem
 The orator's raised in their own esteem,
 And what Reformer's either did or said
 By one and all a standing jest was made.
 Nor less the lynx-eyed Lib'ral's in their turn
 Contemptuously did Tory talker's spurn ;
 They saw by what to sanity pertains
 That madness was already in their veins.

We envy not those with unblushing face ;
 Boast what they did their country to disgrace

What is't to us whatever name be theirs,
 If it be Sterns, or even if it be Stairs,
 Walker, or Weeks, or Campbell the coal-man,
 Who either lecture or lead on the van.
 How are the promises fulfill'd that they
 Gave the electors on election day ;
 The golden times they foisted upon fools
 That willingly became the Tory tools,
 Or other designations that they claim
 Imagining that such will lend them fame.
 Profit of course none will expect to find
 From rogues and swindlers of the basest kind ;
 What is Sir John Macdonald and his clan
 But plunderers upon the broadest plan ;
 The frothy Tupper, if not all a rogue
 Is at the best a dangerous Demagogue,
 The Pictou railroad, and the Springhill mines
 Tell how the leaning of his love inclines.

O lovely land ! extending far and wide
 From the Pacific to the Atlantic tide,—
 Ocean to ocean—from the East to West ;
 Of ev'ry charm that man may crave possessed.
 Southward the limit quietly awaits—
 To be establish'd by the United States ;
 What they require by either fraud or force
 Is theirs, or must be, as a thing of course,
 And will remain indefinite as long,
 As there is ought to rectify that's wrong.
 Far otherwise as yet the northern bound
 No line in chaos has for it been found ;
 Perpetual snow and never ending frost
 Forbids an adverse claimant to the coast !
 And, neither Sioux nor the Blackfeet, care
 In such a region to demand a share.

But O ! how words are wanting to express
 Canadian landscapes in their loveliness,

Astounding cataracts, and inland seas
 Primeval forests and vast prairies,
 The mountains huge, the rivers broad and deep
 That down the vales in living grandeur sweep!
 The furious rapids, and the bold cascades
 That break the silence in the lonely shades;
 And awful cliffs of a stupendous height
 To gaze on, dazzles, and distracts the sight,
 And precipices naked as they came
 From Nature's hand, but strangers unto shame!
 Nor any courtesy seem they to show
 Unto the waters that beside them flow;
 But even more than gallantry display
 In standing still abruptly in their way.
 Nor less the exhibition we admire—
 Of vegetation in her rich attire;
 Scene after scene, nor can the eye explore
 At once a tithe of the exhaustless store.
 Meadows where, hid among the summer flowers,
 Enchantment holds levees in tranquil hours,
 And pardonable if, or felt, or feign'd,
 A glimpse of Eden should be there obtain'd;
 The beautiful, majestic and sublime
 Are everywhere; and the delightful clime
 Exhilarating, and a serenade
 Unceasingly is by the forest made,
 Here, as a Poet's eye like ours may range
 O'er such magnificence, can it be strange
 Without a syllable at our command,
 Inaudibly we breathe, "O lovely land"!
 Or inwardly to curse the idiot race
 Does the Dominion and themselves disgrace.
 And in their longings after lucre, can
 Prefer an *abject*, to an *honest* man.

O land! O land of beauty and of bliss,
 How is it such a glorious realm as this
 Should to the rotten rubbish of mankind
 In evil hour by madmen be consigned;

If false, incomprehensible the tale ;
 If true, it is a truth we must bewail.
 Who could imagine anything so bad
 As a whole people should at once go mad ;
 Where's the precedent seen without disguise
 And with such glaring deeds before their eyes
 That criminals, and crimes yet unatoned
 Should be so universally condoned.
 Who has forgot the tempting offer made,
 If " Peter " would transfer his father's aid ;
 And who are they do not remember well
 The trick of Tupper's grand retrenchment sell.
 Even Pictou Railroad, and the Springhill Mines
 Are not less brilliant than the sun that shines !
 And the Pacific scandal, all the globe
 With horror heard of that amazing job.
 The most gigantic of gigantic crimes
 In either ancient or in modern times !
 Great villiany has been, but nothing yet
 Upon the earth comparable to it ;
 And many a man for a much less affair
 Has danced the double shuffle in the air.
 Yet these are reckon'd among the Lib.-Cons.,
 In purity the veriest paragons !
 And ev'ry Tory sharing in their fall
 These robbers to their ravinings recall ;
 Nor yet is any shadow cast before
 To show when the delirium will be o'er,
 Or tell what time the leaders do intend
 This dynasty of devilment shall end ;
 Nor yet how long the mingled hopes and fears
 Will be kept tingling in the Tory ears.

We do not know, it is not easily known,
 How much dishonor must be gulped down,
 Before a candidate for place is fit—
 In the Dominion Cabinet to sit ?
 How much pollution of a pious kind
 With patriotism is to be entwin'd ?

Or base a reputation should be ere
 It may the title "Honourable" bear?
 No, that is quite beyond the Poet's skill
 But OTTAWA could answer if it will,
 And the minutia of the whole programme
 That constitutes the miserable sham.

A mighty action Tupper did achieve,
 In the disposing, without law or leave
 The Nova Scotia Province, for the price
 Of eighty cents a head, not over nice;
 A fraud that startled even the Lib-Cons.,
 But dwindles to a speck beside Sir John's.
 To his munificence there is no bounds,
 He made a present of our fishing grounds,
 Or in a drunken frolic for display
 Unto the Yankees *barter'd* them away.
 What were the fisheries or the fishermen
 To glorious Sir John Macdonald then?
 A bagatelle, a trifling affair!
 And quite below a Privy Councillor's care.
 Yet these are counted "honourable," these
 The only statesmen the Canadian's please.
 "Like draws to like," the adage is not new,
 But long experience proves it to be true.
 Hence to take measures, of the rank and file
 Below the cypher might create a smile.
 Such are the officials the Canadian's prize
 And Nova Scotian Tories idolize
 Such too the record of the time when they
 From place and pow'r were terrified away,
 Not less prepared than what they were before
 For gulping down some "tens of thousands" more.
 Where consciences that have no qualms unite
 With itching palms and quenchless appetite!
 It needs no sybil to make known the end
 That on such great enormities attend;
 Steep'd in corruption of the grossest kind
 And scope to revel in it unconfined.

Newspaper hacks and hired scribblers, who
 Veneer or varnish all they say and do ;
 Niagara's thunder smothers with the cheers
 That day and night they din into our ears,
 Yet " Mene, Tekel, Perez," on the wall—
 These Ottawa Belshazzers must appal.

Shades of the mighty who have passed away ;
 The glory of Acadia in their day,
 Our HOWE, who from a race of patriots sprung.
 In arts, and science, a proficient—YOUNG !
 ARCHIBALD the orator, and HUNTINGTON !
 None were more dignified, in all that's gone.
 JOHNSTON and HALIBURTON, Statesmen they
 That almost rivall'd Cicero in their day ;
 DOYLE too, the soul of our Assembly, none
 In parliament more brilliantly has shone.
 O heavens ! Can these lie quiet in their graves
 And their loved country made the prey of knaves ;
 Is the old Cabinet to be recast
 With these survived, the wreckage of the past.
 Promiscuously we placard on our list
 Alike corrupted, and corruptionist !
 But patents take precedence, and Right Hon.
 Imperiously points us to Sir John
 Macdonald ; pshaw ! that dirty fellow's name
 Is world-wide synonymous with shame !
 It is the bitterest of bitter gall—
 That we should have to mention him at all.
 Oh ! how much better were it if he might
 Be in oblivion hidden out of sight ;
 Or like another Pharoah and his host
 Within the depths of Lake Ontario lost ;
 Instead of the white-washing without glue
 His claquers have so often to renew.

Of Tupper, 'tis enough to say SPRINGHILL,
 Vamped and varnished, he's a trickster still ;

Could any one in friendship put the truth
 Pure and pellucid into Tupper's mouth,
 In some invective it would by and bye,
 Be noticeable coming out a lie!!
 "His soul's salvation;" no, not that, oh no!
 He pledged it on "Retrenchment" long ago.
 But something else to him as valueless
 That may in pawn veracity express,
 And for a while impose upon a few
 That all he said was actually true.
 And legions are in Halifax this day
 That will corroborate all that we say;
 Crowds in the Rink with cheers a thousand-fold,
 Did hail with rapture ev'ry lie he told;
 Is it for nothing, storms of hisses now,
 There greet the Doctor's supercilious bow;
 And idle tradesmen that in Richmond dwell,
 Can "Tupperisms" most astounding tell.
 Even rusted anvils, as they can express
 The great retrencher's want of truthfulness,
 And crumbling workshops creaking in the wind
 To cast reflections seem not less inclined.
 Groups of mechanics he has paupers made
 Cure—cruelly the fiend that them betray'd,
 And wantonly with a fallacious tongue
 The heart of many a loving parent wrung;
 His eloquence (which we admit is rare),
 To them has been a mockery and a snare!
 The hope deferred that sickens has been theirs,
 But now recoils and mingles with their prayers.
 If slight the impression that such seem to make,
 Woe is their portion that they overtake,
 And who knows but,—to Ottawa some day—
 Without a railroad ticket find the way.

As for McDougall we may let him pass,
 With Langevin, perhaps a stronger Ass;
 Like Issachar in old he crouches down,

Between two burdens, Tilly's and his own ;
 Each with a task perplexing how to hide,
 The one his poverty, the other pride.
 To Pope and Masson, no respect we pay,
 On them a couplet would be thrown away ;
 The perch whereon they come to roost at night,
 Is far too distant for the Poet's flight—
 They do not know, as little do they care
 How we, their serfs in Nova Scotia fare.
 In Ottawa the appetite is keen,
 And there the harpies naturally convene
 Where (in our day O ! need it be told,)
 Leaves are ambrosia, and the fishes gold ;
 Nor might the greediest of the greedy, dare
 To rival Lib.-Cons. that's in office there ;
 Besides ; Sir Hugh as in the heretofore,
 May for the asking, give " ten thousand " more !
 And where the Tories, saving Phipps and Plumb,
 Are all in terror lest they lose a crumb.
 Others in our abridgment we omit,
 As being for our catalogue unfit ;
 As partly imbeciles, and partly drones,
 And only by some accident, Lib.-Cons. ;
 Hence by some freak of fortune or of fate,
 Are now, or would-be, pillars of the state.
 It is not meretriciously they peer—
 Out of obscurity to figure here,
 And pardonable if we do forget
 Who may be *out* or *in* the Cabinet.

To please ourselves we pen a paragraph
 Will make the Tories grin, the Lib' rals laugh
 On a Pictonian, has already made
 Some progress in the Lib.-Con. kind of trade
 Who with Newspaper phrases at command,
 Completely bungled what he took in hand ;
 Of his adventures see a specimen
 In the whitewashing of the Premier, when
 He solemnly declared his hands were clean,

Without a speck, and always so had been.
 The last "ten thousand" from Sir Hugh, then might
 Be in some corner huddled out of sight.

Another blunder, equally as bad,
 But not so glaring was the share he had,
 In "bribing Peter," or th' attempt to bribe,
 And land his father in the Tory tribe.
 But the Pictonians seemingly are vain,
 To have him at the dirty work again,
 And a *portfolio* must be the reward
 Of what so providentially was marr'd;
 But peradventure in the next affair
 We'll chant *Te Deum* if he comes out square.

In photographing questionables, some
 There are we ought to shadow nearer home
 Of course necessity has got no law
 In Halifax, more than in Ottawa;
 Here truthfulness we solemnly avow
 Is only in the Dictionary now,
 Where it was seen in all its native grace,
Presumption has possession of the place.
 Few of the hungry looking harpies are
 But wickedly at one another stare;
 The first among them all we are assured
 To get the biggest loaf and fish secured,
 Is Holmes; tho' Holmes a Dignitary he,
 Without his henchman Woodworth, what is he!
 A sort of interrogatory note
 On certain information he forgot,
 Or had imagin'd; it was all the same
 To him, if he the Cabinet could blame,
 And always deep anxiety express'd
 On their intentions; so he might invest
 In speculations of a hostile kind
 Can gain no entrance to an upright mind.
 Of willingness he seems to have no lack

But ill disciplined for a close attack,
 Engage a shadow, if no other myth
 Be found convenient to encounter with :
 And shew'd adroitness quite as much as zeal
 In the harpooning of the "Province Seal."
 But fail'd to have Cape Breton blood transfused
 Into the Lib.-Con. faction ; some accused
 Woodworth of that, but he was closely watch'd
 Since the "Round Robin" in the House was hatch'd ;
 He and his henchman ever on the raid,
 And if not conquest, they confusion made.
 With solemn air and countenance devout
 Some sordid action sought to ferret out ;
 And ever in his own capricious way—
 Had something ill of Liberals to say.

Whatever is in Simon, (bless his soul)
 A big palaver comprehends the whole ;
 A rigmarole of rubbish long and loud
 May do to gratify a gaping crowd,
 But face to face with facts and figures we
 Another sort of Simon Holmes will see.
 'Tis more than either "sound and fury" they
 That have been famed for statesmanship display,
 And no exemption Simon may obtain
 More than Belshazzer that night he was slain.

Now some Electors in Cape Breton say
 There's an affinity in Simon's way
 To the Cameleon, in the attribute
 To change appearances as it may suit,
 And dexterously employ them to evade
 What promises in canvassing were made ;
 But misconceptions candidates may blend
 With something said they did not then intend :
 And surely no Cape Bretoner will dream
 Officials should a single pledge redeem,

Or that a Lib.-Con. Cabinet might not,
 Install'd in office, have them all forgot ;
 Besides, their clamours may not be correct
 Being minus now of what they did expect,
 Nor is there aught that Holmes will not make plain,
 When comes the time of begging votes again.
 (And those who can on auguries rely
 Already see a dissolution nigh)—
 And make it out, cross-question as they will
 There is no promise he did yet fulfil.
 Few politicians are Mackenzies' who
 Would only promise what he meant to do.
 Cape Breton grievances may all be true,
 But surely they are anything but new ;
 Only the everlasting wail that comes
 Up from the Island centres now on Holmes.

In the beginning of his terse tirades
 Like some huge crane that in the shallow wades,
 Slowly advances further in the lake
 And gives himself a careless kind of shake,
 A comprehensive preface that obtains
 Extensive practice among other cranes.
 But, keeping a commanding attitude
 Lest any prey his savage grasp elude,
 Makes a fierce onslaught with his wings outspread !
 Even so does Simon show some signs of dread,
 As viciously he ventilates his ire,
 Until, heels up, he flounders in the mire ;
 Or else exhausted with his rigmarole,
 Drops in his seat, a happy looking soul,
 Quite satisfied that his superior skill—
 Has utterly demolish'd Premier Hill.

There is another Lib.-Con. on the list—
 Become conspicuous, must not now be miss'd,
 That's Samuel Creelman ; if not greatly wronged
 Unto the Liberals one time he belong'd,

Tho' not a brilliant, yet with such esteem
 As due to him, we necessary deem,
 If inconsistencies in him we find
 They must be selfish, never ill design'd,
 He boasted strenuously in his "debu"
 Of being "a Brick"—one of the thirty-two;
 Then sent by his constituents to aid
 Howe, in the desperate onslaught that he made
 Or was to make, among the Tories; how
 Or why, is not within our mem'ry now.
 Liberals were men of principle, but poor
 Sam did not say so, but he crossed the floor,
 We'll not insinuate he turn'd his coat
 Tho' such conjectures might be then afloat;
 Or that he ratted! oh no, no—not that
 Sam had a character; he could not rat.
 But it expedient sometimes may become
 To change, and yet upon the wherefore dumb.
 That he's an honorable man we must allow,
 The question then comes up: what is he now?
 But passing this, a rather awkward task,
 To solve the problem, earnestly we ask
 What great achievements, early and direct,
 Can Samuel for his countrymen effect.
 True, Legislative Councillors at best
 Are only but a tolerated pest;
 And as for any usefulness approach
 What a fifth wheel would, fasten'd to a coach.
 But 'tis hard times, and not Algebra must
 In our assembled wisdom be discuss'd,
 And little favour will be theirs from hence
 Who either sit on, or have cross'd the fence.
 What tho' the people's mad; and some of course
 More so than others; 'tis so much the worse
 As there's a method in their madness may
 Be inconvenient at no future day,
 And retribution that is justly due
 To the protectionists Sam cant eschew,
 Tho' void of that corruption in his mind
 To be a Tory, were he so inclined;

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Rampage and roistering are not his forte !
 Altho' not wanting in a keen retort.

How, Toryism is at last become
 An epidemic and infectious, some
 Of the choicest spirits we have known
 It captivated, and then crush'd them down.
 From it what may the intellect benumb
 Has indirectly or directly come,
 And glowing aspirations has suppress'd
 In many a bosom—HOWE among the rest—
 Look at McLellan's person ; not his purse
 As evidence of the o'erwhelming curse
 And who can tell what may be Creelman's fate,
 Tho' half a Liberal, in a chair of State.

There is a lapse among the Tory tribe
 A poet may be puzzled to describe ;
 A lapse will no apology admit
 Nor have forgiveness from an honest Grit.
 On *this*—side justice calls on us to aid
 On *that*—to silence friendship would persuade.
 In the delemma for the Liberals' sake
 We must cognizance of the blemish take,
 Could aught so foul be fix'd upon the Grits
 Lib.-Cons. with laughter would go into fits ;
 Nor would the howl of hungry wolves compare
 With what would then the whole Dominion scare,
 And must, according to the Tory code,
 In Tory tactics form an episode ;
 But madness for reflection has no room
 And Dupes rush on in rapture to their doom ;
 Whilst what the men of principle behold
 Perhaps had better now be left untold.

Nothing as yet so despicably mean
 Among the Nova Scotia Grits has been

And if we were to lacerate inclined,
 (A harsher term would not be ill to find.)
 Even charity itself would be disposed
 To keep the moral orifice unclosed,
 So that the uninitiated may know
 A miniature Volcano is below.
 But ALBYN'S courage, tho' not wanting, fails
 To ventilate the various details,
 Lest he that savage sanctum should molest
 In Granville Street, so like a hornet's nest.

The wound (we might have written *crime* instead)
 May yet to serious consequences lead,
 And a Criterion of the faction, not
 So very venial to be soon forgot
 Done by a honourable Councillor! few
 Will care to see come under our review
 A Tory; but a Tory undebauched,
 Tho' to his party none seems more attached;
 And were it not the bribing Peter scrape,
 He from our Brochure scathless might escape,
 Willing to help the Lib.-Cons. if he can,
 But on the whole, a very harmless man;
 In politics, we scarcely can conceive
 How any one would pin them to his sleeve!
 With all his eloquence, however grand—
 "Hard times" will not depart at his command;
 Nor softer make the granite; crust of crumbs
 That at a premium to the poor man comes,
 Nor makes him happier for a single hour
 With half a dollar extra on his flour.
 But if a bribe will buy a Tory vote,
 'Tis certain where the coinage can be got;
 And undeniable, or undenied at least
 His share to make the Liberals a jest
 In sanctioning what his confreres' say,
 He's equally as blameable as they.
 And by those that we do associate with
 The consequences cease to be a myth.

Nor bribery to be commended, when
 It has been done by "Honourable" men!
 And tho' his claims to clemency be strong
 That aggravates, not palliates the wrong,
 And weighed against what good he does, will seem
 In want of something to an even beam!
 And by the way he slipt into his seat
 He shows more arrogance than what is meet;
 It is by sufferance, he must allow,
 Not legal right, he occupies it now,
 And has too much of overweening pride
 In politics to be a certain guide.
 Ah Doctor! could you see as you are seen
 Your mode had not so overbearing been.
 More dignified a listener to the brawl
 So vapid in the Legislative Hall;
 Could Beech-grove villa satiate your desire
 For eminence, and curb ambitious ire,
 The statesman's and the would-be satrap's fame
 Might by-and-bye be coupled with your name;
 Unwearied efforts made to imitate
 Your patron Tupper, is for you too great,
 The "frog" and "ox" shows something that the wise
 May profit by, but none of them praetise.
 How ill concealed, and near the surface lies
 The coveted, and long-expected prize.
 Nor is it difficult to comprehend
 Where indications evidently tend.
 The Senate Chamber ultimately may
 All his fraternal services repay;
 But, in our indignation, we can show
 Consideration, and so pass him now.

Before our leisure moments pass away,
 We have a word most seriously to say
 Of Moseley's jockeyship; less common sense
 Than cunning, kept him off, and on the fence
 Where our Provincial Politicians sit

To air their weakness, and to waste their wit.
 Suggestive of a monkey has to ride
 Upon two horses running side by side,
 An adept in the skill that is required
 To change position when 'tis so desired.
 It is just possible that Moseley takes
 From Jacko lessons, in the moves he makes :
 Now bolt upright—a feat all Tories dread,
 Then with a twirl he stands upon his head ;
 Else on the other courser with a leap
 He sits a straddle, or coiled in a heap.
 Even so has Moseley on the fence between
 Both parties in our Legislature been ;
 Nor is their one so qualified to climb,
 Or swing, into the Speaker's chair as him.

We glory not in ; nor do we revile
 The non-commission'd, or the rank and file,
 But curse the Authors of the stratagem
 So futile, yet so fatal unto them ;
 Not less indignant at the gross deceit,
 Than horrified at the successful cheat.
 We deprecate the tactics so unique
 Observable among the Tory clique,
 And spread them like delapidated flow'rs
 To shrivel in this Souvenir of ours.
 There is a family likeness in the whole
 Seen unmistakably outside the soul,
 What more than madness in the present day
 Gave it existence, is not ours to say ;
 Content to know the insolently vain,
 Have shrunk to native nothingness again.
 All of them have in either more or less
 Some faculties that squids and skunks possess ;
 With them good breeding always very thin
 When out of office, is *hauteur* when in,
 And the last earthly foible they quit
 Is to pile up aspersions on some Grit ;
 But free to sanction, if they cannot hide

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Enormities upon the Tory side.
 They, pseudo patriots certain of the fate
 Th' unprincipled and profligate await—
 It is enough our wrath should rest on those
 That openly their infamy expose ;
 It is the Leaders—not the led of them
 Now, and henceforth we utterly condemn.
 They would be counted magnates, yet are they
 The very commonest of common clay
 Dropped in the State kaleidoscope ; but lo !
 The PEOPLE'S mad ! and wills to have it so ! !

None of the wicked words that day by day,
 Baker and Johnston to each other say !
 Nor even can that gorilla-like grimace
 So often seen upon the *Herald's* face
 One half the scorn, or the contempt reveal
 For either Dupes or Demagogues we feel ;
 Yet is a quassi paradise *pro tem*.
 Established now at Ottawa for them,
 And impudently idlers ev'rywhere
 Are seen collected, or collected there.

We sicken, loathe, and really do abhor
 The dark recesses that we must explore
 Both in the deeds and characters of them—
 On calm reflection that we do condemn.
 Glad to abandon what may be supposed
 An obligation could at once be closed ;
 And the commission willingly resign
 We have as an official of the *Nine*—
 The *Nine* ; auspicious Patronesses they
 Prompt what the Poets either sing or say :
 And as their protege would not presume
 (Not willing to degrade our *non de plume*)
 To come in competition with the squad
 Of Lib.-Con. claquers, knowing they are mad

Claquers that in their calling are *au faie*
 And bellow long and loud both night and day.
 In trumpet tones the great exploits repeat
 Tupper's achievements, and Macdonald's feat—
 At the street corners spout and speechify
 In "Stretcher" style, for who 'twould pinch a lie?

We venture not to make our scrape and how
 Within the cabins of the CANUCKS now;
 Nor set a foot within the thresholds where
 Contamination must be in the air—
 Much more deleterious than the common run
 Of epidemics that are now begun.
 Or hydrophobia; or that awful scourge
 The yellow fever, sent by Heaven to purge
 The Southern cities, Memphis and Orleans,
 So virulent, it baffled human means.
 No? these diseases differ we allow
 From what has seized on the Canadians now.
 A visit there at present might be view'd
 As out of place, and some way misconstrued,
 And better to postpone them or await—
 Until the paroxysm does abate
 And then inquire into the happiness
 In hut, and hall which they did erst possess;
 And why it is, or who must bear the blame
 That on them such a dispensation came—
 As madness, frenzy, lunacy combined.
 Has made them so to Devilry inclined.
 And brought on them an avalanche of shame
 To brand for ever the Canadian name.
 All are infected, either more or less
 Severe; but Lib.-Cons. have it in excess;
 Some quite delirious; but O how sad!
 None of them seems to know that they are mad.

Whatever ills this home of ours pervades,
 We owe to Tupper and his false tirades,

And second-sighted, boldly we avow
 That as *he* sowed, *we* reap in madness now.
 Nor in Acadia was the process slow,
 But early ripened into want and woe;
 On him our malediction justly due
 We in the Poet's plenitude renew.
 With this proviso: that his shadow may
 Be never smaller; if so we can pray.

Pacific Scandal may go out of date,
 And that "ten thousand" have no better fate
 Tho' "the last time of asking," then for aid
 It to Reformers memorable made—
 Tupper's retrenchment, and the hyperbole
 He lavish'd on the pledging of his soul!
 Altho' not less in magnitude it peers,
 Amidst the debris of departed years—
 May be consider'd of no consequence,
 In something less than half a century hence.
 Even what eclipsed that luminary Howe
 May render dim all unto him we owe;
 Or what do now so prominent appear
 Lord Lorne's advent to our hemisphere:
 When there is not a vestage to recall
 The Levees that are held in Rideau Hall,
 The seventeenth day of last September will,
 In Nova Scotia, be remember'd still.
 Then fraud and fallacy unblushing came
 And sow'd dissension ev'rywhere, and shame
 'Twas then that we a fitting tribute paid
 For being serfs to the Canadians made;
 Ere then what ills were either felt or feign'd,
 Integrity we rigidly maintained.
 But never, never, will Election day
 In our remembrance suffer by decay.

What time the shades of evening closed around
 More energetic ev'ry one was found,

Each *new* announcement greeted with a cheer
 That echoed and re-echoed far and near ;
 Majorities extravagantly wild
 Protection Candidates had on them piled,
 And the position perilous was made
 To those Reformers question'd what was said.
 Nor was the task a simple one to know
 The diff'rence then between a friend and foe ;
 So fierce the frenzy that afflicted some,
 Did in the four and twenty hours become !
 True, it was not until the setting sun
 In Dartmouth that the rampage had begun,
 Where even the ladies did not always claim
 Exemption when the paroxysm came,
 And not without enthusiasm they
 Bawl'd out the plaudits on Election day.

One episode above all else that night
 Electrified the Tories with delight,
 And said by them to be a great "success,"
 The phrase of course was furnish'd by the "Press,"
 In stereotype kept readily to tell
 Of plays and pic-nics that have pass'd off well ;
 But as we have expressions quite as terse,
 Should not be now repeated in our verse
 As grand achievements better can describe—
 What is accomplish'd by the Tory tribe ;
 Such as the triumph of all triumphs, when
 They burned the effigies of honest men :
 Groups of the Grits unwillingly became
 Mute auditors of the cremation game ;
 And fortunately neither of the pair—
 The ROBBER and RETRENCHER were not there,
 But retribution need not be delay'd
 Until the efflux of this half decade ;
 A specimen unique when it was done
 Of all the victories by the Lib.-Cons. won !
 At such a breach of social etiquette
 Well might the Micmac where he was forget,

And wake the war-whoop of the red men loud,
 And long protracted in the startled crowd.
 Not more excitement could be seen or heard
 Had Stather's Bear among them there appeared,
 Or by some accident, a hand Granade
 A visit to the Dartmouthites had made.

An Indian Chief, stood by the steamboat gate
 In Halifax; calm, dignified, sedate,
 No mere spectator could emotion trace
 Upon the features of his furrow'd face;
 When suddenly a multifarious throng
 Came boist'rously and blustering along,
 Hats in the air, and heels as high display'd,
 The tokens of Election day were made.
 No programme theirs, but as they deem'd it best
 The frenzied fools hilarity express'd,
 And ev'ry new addition was encored
 Or hail'd with rapture by the reckless horde;
 Not mirth, but madness—madness everywhere
 Was seen in all fantastic figures there,
 Not until then had such a promenade,
 Various and vast, been in the City made;
 As on the street they improvised a dance
 The Indian eyed them with a mingled glance—
 In part derision, if we rightly guess,
 Or it might be astonishment no less;
 Then gave a grunt intelligibly when
 Words would be worthless among the red men.
 And in an undertone was heard to say—
 "That too much Devil, I must be away."
 "Not any one there of the Illenoe,
 "So much as that my people never do,
 "I will outrun them." And off like a shot
 He sprang, nor waited for the coming boat,
 And a canoe unto the Dartmouth side—
 Across the Harbour soon was seen to glide;
 He little knew what virus was to spare
 From Halifax then operated there.

No stranger he to ambuscade ; in haste
 His fragile skiff on Sandy Beech was placed,
 And mingling in among the crazy crowd
 Began to whisper, but it was too loud—
 “Ugh ! certain that no good ; Ugh ! the white man
 Make great big Devil, ev’ry time he can.”

He did not know that all there said and done
 Was the Election fever just begun ;
 He did not know when Cabinets were changed
 Conservatives at least became deranged,
 Or if at any time a “Grit” should be
 With Tory lymph inoculated, the
 Leader, and more outrageous than them all
 Among the Lib.-Cons. would be heard to bawl.
 But we resume : The red man it is seen
 Is not the red man that he once has been ;
 Albeit his sayings yet are of a kind
 Pale-faces might do well to keep in mind ;
 Even scornful smiles upon the Mic-Macs’ lips
 The sarcasms of Senators eclipse.

“Too much of lie come out of white man’s mouth”
 The Indians say ; and what they is truth.
 Not the whole truth ; but is too much within
 As is a mole upon the outside skin,
 Expressions improvised, or hyperbole
 Float o’er—not always fasten to the soul.
 Not of the sober second thoughts so prized
 As sentiments corrected and revised,
 But merely valves for letting off the steam
 Extravagant in the enthusiasts’ dream.
 By common scribblers, fees and lucre may
 Be deem’d illustrious in the present day ;
 Encomiums quite as worthless as they’re wild
 Profusely on their protegees are piled,
 That sound like music in a serenade
 With tinkling cymbals ; this we would evade.

Electioneering furnishes in part
 Proof positive of all that we assert.
 The cymbal sounds, no call for that to-day,
 Th' Election's o'er, there's noting else to say.
 Well then why tingle? is the good times come?
 Not yet? on that the Oracle is dumb—
 Sound, only sound! the Micmaacs tell the truth!
 "Too many lies come out of white man's mouth."

Amid the wretched hubbub that has been
 Like an Oasis in the distance seen,
 One trait alone commendable appears,
 Commingling with the days of other years,
 Gives out a glimmering ray of reason still,
 And lends our bosom a delightful thrill;
 Nor fails the favour of our high esteem
 Tho' unto others it may trifling seem.

John S. D. Thompson, we are almost proud
 To write, distinguished from the hungry crowd
 More for his father's sake, than for his own,
 (Tho' nothing to his prejudice be known.)
 A gifted one, a writer, facile, chaste
 And exquisite in Literary taste,
 Excepting HOWE's, another pen was rare
 In Nova Scotia, might with him compare.
 A critic, in his criticisms keen,
 But never, never bordering on spleen.
 Delighted more to modify than maim,
 And all he knew of caprice was the name.
 Than his, there was no finer balanced mind
 Among th' associates that he left behind,
 And tho' not wanting in familiars, still
 None of them all the blank he left could fill.
 And if the son his father's footsteps tread,
 Blameless he'll rest among the honor'd dead;
 'Tis not unlikely when he sees or hears
 Some new palaver of the new Premier's

Or the Great Stretcher; smiles but ill-suppress'd,
Will something more than Etiquette attest.

When Solomon Ecclesiastes wrote,
If he did write it! some say he did not,
No criticism ours, we only state
What others more elaborately relate;
But that is immaterial; all allow
That it was written; and we have it now,
And in the catalogue that he has made
Of what at various times he did and said.
Among the many fables he had
To solve some sort of problem, he went mad!
And in the intercourse his pen describes
On some occasions he had with the tribes.
There is no room for questioning what he did,
Nor is a copying of his fault forbid;
But like enough among the Jewish men,
There might be no Electioneering then.
Nor any Tories either, bless their souls,
To make it requisite for holding polls,
Or probably the voters on the lists
Had not the scope of our Dominionists
Have at the hustings; nor the madness they
Exhibit on the Declaration d...y;
Else in the axioms that he did compile
In his commanding brief emphatic style,
And in the scales of wisdom duly weigh'd,
Some hint at least would certainly be made
How victors and the vanquish'd should behave
And not as maniacs shout, and scream, and rave
That not a Grit will be found any more,
Between Columbia, and Cape Breton shore.

As the Dominion, Cannucks do confess
Is deep and drowning in indebtedness;
Mad as they are, some omens do appear,
Advising them of peril that is near.

Already at the Montmorency Falls,
 Of bankruptcy appalling, and appals
 The souls of Tories troubled, they look round
 Where something that is bouyant may be found ;
 Clutch at two straws on the politic stream
 (For such do Tupper and Macdonald seem)
 But they are mad ! yes mad ; if they were not
 The surf might show them that the things afloat
 Are really reptiles of a dangerous kind.
 Not difficult in Canada to find ;
 And what avails the horror must ensue
 When in midstream the breakers come in view ;
 What will avail their shouts for help ; or what
 The struggles made to reach this side or that ;
 Auxilior aid will then be found too late
 To stay the progress of impending fate,
 Destruction yawns, and willingly or no
 They must go down to the abyss below.

An eye thats covetous, has long been cast
 On Elephants ; they have got one at last,
 And made secure ; a wise man from the East
 Is at the present keeper of the beast.
 A scion of a famous Highland clan
 No one disputes will keep it, if he can.
 But Elephants are crafty, if they're dumb,
 And if it should obstreperous become,
 Or if it ever be contrary found
 Nor stanchel up as Elephants are bound
 To do, but snort and shake his ugly head
 Till terror through the official staff be spread.
 The King of Kentville, if he were well paid,
 Might be induced to lend the keeper aid ;
 Or to release his friend in such a case,
 Consent to be install'd into his place,
 Divide, as in their opposition days,
 The profit WOODWORTH'S, and to HOLMES the praise.

"There must be something rotten," Hamlet said,
 "In Denmark State," when the court *role* he weigh'd;
 The declaration certainly was sad,
 But the Dominion must be worse; 'tis mad.
 Knaves ev'rywhere are honourable deem'd
 And lightly honest citizens esteem'd;
 'Esteem'd,' we wrote, but the idea's absurd?
 Few seem to know the meaning of the word,
 But fewer still there are who do not hate
 What nobleness there is within the State;
 Rogues are exalted, honesty abused,
 The best are vilified, the worst are praised,
 The upright are by upper-ten-dom spurned,
 Their effigies by worthless blackguards burn'd,
 And epithets as wicked as they're wild
 Upon the purest characters are piled;
 But then the people's mad, and do not know
 They're on the edge of overwhelming woe;
 Stern retribution looms up far and wide.
 More than McLellan's white-wash brush can hide!
 Albeit his Amherst vapouring supplies
 Proof positive that he can Tupperize,
 And over prudence in his patrons praise,
 An itching in the artist's palm displays.

Two hundred more "Insane Asylums" may
 In Nova Scotia at no distant day
 Be requisite; at least there should be ten
 In ev'ry County for the Lib.-Con. men!
 And 'ere the paroxysm may be o'er,
 In Halifax perhaps another score;
 One of them must be to Ward FIVE assign'd
 And the attendants full employment find,
 Between the old Town Clock and Water Street
 Three more the city quota would complete;
 In a nice distribution less than two,
 Among the Dartmouthites would never do.

One at the Ropewalk ; or what better still
 Were the selection near John Dooley's mill,
 The other, for convenience more than taste,
 At the Skate Factory should at once be placed ;
 Or if the corporation should assert
 Some dignity, and grave objections start,
 Then resolutions and amendments might
 On a discussion for a fitting site
 Make voting equal ; at the Warden's word !
 Motions and counter-motions are ignored ;
 Or an adjournment, if the contest's keen,
 May for some special purpose intervene,
 And then the site, if it be anywhere
 On re-consideration, in the air.

O, lonely land, e're the Retrencher's soul
 Was put in pledge o'er thee to have control,
 (A pledge as worthless as the wicked tongue
 From whence the dazzling prodigy had sprung.)
 E're Queen Victoria thee Acadia made
 A kind of chattel in Imperial trade,
 And with a flourish of her Royal pen
 Shew'd how she valued Nova Scotia men,
 And furnish'd evidence how much regard
 Our loyal lieges from their Sovereign shared,
 As if allegiance, and the love profess'd
 By Colonists, were but an idle jest ;
 Yet O ! how fondly is thy rocky strand
 Endeared to us our own adopted land,
 Ill can this pen, altho' accounted bold,
 A tithe of Albyn's love for thee unfold !
 Much less avert the sorrow and the shame,
 Falls to our lot in the politic game ;
 Even the Provincial prestige we could boast,
 A bagatelle to Canada is toss'd.

A sad presentiment our lesson fills
With a deep consciousness of coming ills,
Nor dimly shadow'd ; a distressing day
For Nova Scotia is not far away,
Less from the shoals and breakers seen ahead
Than from the skipper's competence we dread ;
Self-confidence but little can avail
Among rough billows and an adverse gale.

