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# POEMS

## SATIRICAL & SENTIMENTAL,

—ON MANY—

SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH CANADA,

—INCLUDING—

A COMPLETE EXPOSURE

—OF OUR—

County Court, and Division Court  
SYSTEM,

—IN—

Several Theatrical Acts & Dialogues,

SHOWING HOW THE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN, AND ARE NOW VICTIMIZED.

All tending to prove on the part of those indicated, a complete Conspiracy set up by them for the purpose of Enslaving the people of this Country.

—ALSO A DISSERTATION ON THE DOINGS OF THE—

Canada Company's Land, Jobbing, and other matters,

**BY ROBERT McBRIDE.**

LONDON :

Dawson & Brother, Book and Job Printers, Richmond Street, opposite City Hall, London, Ontario.

1869.

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1869

" See stern Oppression's iron grip,  
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,  
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,  
Woe, want, and murder o'er a land.  
E'en in the peaceful, rural vale,  
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale."

ROBERT BURNS.



### TO THE READER.

During the last twenty-four years or more, Upper Canada has lost thousands of her best sons. They have gone to another land, never to return. This has been a great grievance to many of their friends. For this great migration there must be some cause. Yes there are two of them—It is the law jobbing craft and the land jobbing craft; these are the principal actors. I have watched them for over thirty years. Previous to the union with the French, they were harmless; since then, they have got power they never had before, and have grown into monster leeches. These have produced a boil, into which, if a probe was sent to the bottom, the pus that would come forth would astonish the people. After getting a sight of the sore unexpectedly, I have been striving to uncover it, but its fever heat was so great that it burned me. I then began to explain how the burning was done, in a few random verses, so that I might be able to put others on their guard. If there was a good doctor that would begin and purify the blood first, he might then make a cure. Our Ontario government is beginning to rub a little costic on the old sore, it hurts, but I am afraid it will have to use the knife and cut away the diseased parts before there be a perfect cure made.

I want to see our population doubled during the

next ten years, and if there is not something done this will not be the case, because of this running sore: I mean across the St. Lawrence and St. Clair Rivers, &c. I also want to see a foundation laid, that will make Canada a second Russia to the north of this continent, great, glorious and free, (not a land of serfs,) under the old Union Jack, having the Beaver and the Maple Leaf along with the Lion and the Rose, the Shamröck and the Thistle emblazoned on the arms of Old England. United we stand, divided we fall. I will now leave the reader in hopes that the perusal of this book may do our favored, in many respects, and honored country—I say honored, because of its loyalty—some good.

R. McBRIDE.



# POEMS

ETC., ETC.

---

## JOHN MERCHANT'S VISION OF THE GREAT BEAST OF LAMBTON.

---

Away on the banks of yon river  
Alone in a desert I lay ;  
I'll think of the night now and ever,  
Yes, mind it to my dying day.

Old Morpheus was guarding my pillow,  
My Muse she had quit her old trade ;  
A halcyon hand held a willow,  
Which told me that I was betray'd.

Then a voice sounded sweet to my hearing,  
Yes, sweeter than music by far :  
It said that a beast was appearing,  
Was part of an old fallen star.

"Now look to the south, and behold it,  
Its rising aloft to the sky,  
Its mission to you I'll unfold it,  
And you may to all passers by.

"It's rising ; you see it with wonder  
Emerge from some fathomless deep,  
Its voice sounds like far distant thunder,  
It watches you now whilst you sleep :

"So open your eyes and behold it,  
Its setting a foot on our land,  
There is no one appears to control it,  
Nor none in its presence can stand."

I open'd my eyes and I view'd it,  
I trembled in every nerve  
To see that no man could subdue it,  
And give it its lasting deserve.

This Beast was both speckled and spotted,  
Its coat was a silk glossy hair ;  
It trampled down some as it trotted,  
It bray'd and it snuff'd in the air.

Sometimes on its pace it would quicken,  
Then rush like a whirlwind's blast ;  
My heart soon began for to sicken,  
It tumbled down all as it passed.

It had on a head like a monkey,  
Another was like a baboon,  
Whilst Jerry seem'd sportive and spunky  
With that of our common racoon.

Its body was covered with creatures,

These travel all Canada o'er;  
They had on beast's tails with men's features,  
I ne'er saw their equal before.

I thought that it might be that devil  
That John in his visions did see;  
I resolved in my heart to be civil,  
Least chance it might happen on me

I saw this Beast practice and prosper,  
I wonder'd, indeed, at the sight,  
To see such a monster usurper  
Destroying its victims outright.

I spoke to my august companion,  
Being griev'd by the monster I saw;  
I ask'd his advice and opinion,  
His answer was serfdom and law.

He said it "had been o'er the ocean  
Some thousands of years or more,  
But now it had taken a notion  
To visit this Western Shore.

"It's a friend to all despots, in training  
Their serfs to submit to the yoke,  
And all that its rule are disdainng,  
Will surely soon meet with a stroke.

"So take my advice, and bend to it,  
'Twill give you a nod of its head ;

Whatever it wants, up and do it—  
Remember the words I have said.

“But now I must leave thee forsaken,  
These wonders of wonders will be;  
Whilst many like you will be taken  
Though running a race to get free.

“So I'll bid you good by, in your slumber  
Old Morpheus may guard you awhile;  
That monster has taken your number,  
Yet suffer, but never revile.”

\* \* \* \* \*  
My slumbers left me in a fright,  
I up like that and struck a light!  
And saw that everything was right  
Around my dwelling;  
But curious things before my sight  
Strange scenes were telling.

Said, I “What does this monster mean  
That in my dreams I've lately seen?”  
No other thing it could have been,  
But dreams so frantic;  
Cause no kind ghost from lands unseen,  
Would be so antic.

I was perplex'd on every side,  
My thoughts on this and that would glide,  
And here and there they would divide  
To know the cause;

At other times I would decide  
Without a pause.

I went to bed, but there no sleep  
Did ease my mind from wonders deep ;  
And all around the room I'd keep  
My eyes in motion,  
I thought the monster in might peep—  
I had that notion.

I lay till morning light begun,  
To show the presence of the sun ;  
I thought the monster I would shun,  
If in my power ;  
Sometimes I'd think 'twas spooks for fun,  
At that late hour.

I then thought on the spirit land,  
Where \* Davis gets the whole command,  
And ghosts and spirits right of hand,  
Do him obey ;  
At times I'd say the fairy band  
Had been at play.

If Davis is at such employ,  
I thought, he was a curious boy ;  
For some had said he would destroy,  
Our wiry lines ;  
So that the news he could decoy,  
From out the winds.

\* A Spiritualist.

At times his spirit-lines he'll run  
Far, far beyond the setting sun ;  
Then soon the racing is begun  
    On every hair,  
From Adam to his youngest son,  
    He'll have them there.

Now, then, I thought that Davis had  
Pointed his wires to set me mad ;  
And that it really was too bad,  
    Without advice,  
To make me feel so very sad  
    By this device.

I then was sure I hit the point,  
Cause spirits yet I had not join'd,  
Nor any faith so newly coin'd  
    In any land,  
But mind the priests that truth annoint  
    With a high hand.

Davis says the devil's dead,  
No more on earth to lift his head,  
And of his den no one need dread ;  
    It is but folly,  
For all that priests have hither led  
    Are free and jolly !



**EPISTLE TO MR. DAVIS.**

Port Frank, July 14, 1854.

Now honor'd sir, I understand,  
By all your friends round here,  
That you control the spirit-land,  
And in their ranks appear.

And that you've got a high command  
Your books \* do plainly show,  
In pointing out the spirit-land  
To those who do not know.

You have been far beyond the stars,  
You tell of wonders there ;  
And heaven itself unfolds its bars,  
Its wonders you declare.

And that curs'd place, that priests call hell,  
You say is but a jest,  
For cut-throat thieves in mansions dwell,  
And mingle with the blest.

Now, since you have got such command  
O'er all that pass the shroud,  
And sometimes show them clust'ring stand.  
To meet you in a cloud.

Please let me know, from spirit-land,  
What means the Beast I've seen ;  
Enclosed 'tis painted with my hand,

---

\* Books on Spiritualism by A. J. Davis.

Its eyes are fierce and keen.

Explain its head and all its parts,  
Likewise its mission here,  
Since you have got the aerial charts,  
And know the course 'twill steer ;

If it was sent from other lands,  
Beyond the raging main,  
Where tyrants there unite in bands,  
The whole you must explain.

Or if 'tis spirits on their post  
That play such tricks about,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And you, commander of their host,  
You now should turn them out ;

Or give to them a warning all  
To strictly keep their post,  
Lest you, like Beelzebub, may fall  
Into a dingy ghost.

JOHN MERCHANT.

---

**EPISTLE FROM DAVIS.**

Spirit-Avenue, New York, Aug. 1st, 1854

Dear Sir, I have receiv'd your letter,  
I wish that things with you were better ;  
That monster, takes up many shapes,

'Times heads of bears, at others, apes ;  
With snakes and lions, too, is seen  
The crocodile in living green ;  
The panther and the tiger's head  
On tyrant's shoulders rise with dread ;  
And where they are, and where they go,  
They're sure to bring the people woe.

They've seen a Beast like yours in Kansas,  
That on their soil makes fast advances,  
Its heads are lion's, tiger's, bear's,  
And clotted blood bespat its hairs.  
The writer seems all in a fright,  
And thinks that I should put him right,  
I wrote to him, but that's no use,  
As he must bear this sad abuse ;  
This tyrant monster will destroy  
Both man and maid and stripling boy.

So I'll hold on, and write to you  
Of what will happen real and true.  
Last night I summoned up my spooks  
From spirit-land and all their nooks :  
They came, indeed, at my command,  
From out of every spirit-land ;  
Your letter there I did unfold,  
And unto them your story told.  
They laugh'd, and jok'd, and titter'd round,  
And made a curious whining sound :  
" Silence !" said I, " and let me hear

Why this vile monster did appear,  
Or who were there upon that night  
To give a mortal such a fright,"  
By showing of that ugly beast,  
They did our friendly cause arrest,  
To frighten mortals in their sleep  
That do not with your mission keep.  
One answer'd me upon the right,  
And said they were not there that night ;  
Another answer'd much the same,  
And said I should not give them blame,  
For when they went to Lambton county,  
That you were one ne'er took their bounty,  
Although there are a number there  
O'er whom they have a friendly care ;  
'Cause some had learned my navigation  
To shun the rocks they call damnation ;  
If round Cape Conscience they could glide,  
And land their ship on the other side.

Now, sir, indeed it grieves me much  
To think that you are one of such  
Who live by old-forgotten laws,  
And do not know our friendly cause,  
What nature's man has got to guide him  
From all the evils that betide him,  
And in our days to stop progression,  
You know it is a vile transgression.  
You see the wonders of our cars,

Which fly at night like blazing stars ;  
You see our wiry lines extended,  
All o'er the land we have them bended,  
Whereon are sent the current news,  
With lightning's flash we get its views.  
Now, when progression's on the wing,  
And thousands to its praises sing,  
Will we stop short on this bit earth,  
That gives us but a place of birth,  
And not invent new ways and means  
To take us to the starry scenes,  
Where there we'll see, with much delight,  
Grand visions bursting on our sight.  
I've wander'd there without control,  
The very thought transports my soul  
Again above the starry blaze,  
Where I can look with wond'ring gaze,  
And see, without a voice or sound,  
Each mighty planet make its round ;  
So on this earth, with this new light,  
I'll strive to bring poor mortals right ;  
Sands and shoals of perdition  
Are past and gone, what consolation !  
Soon we will have an ocean wide,  
Where mortals can in safety ride  
Triumphant to our spirit shore,  
Where there their troubles are no more.  
So now, to make all Christians liars,  
I will extend my spirit wires

To worlds unseen by eyes of man,  
Or telescope of Herschel's plan ;  
Them I'll extend beyond all light,  
E'en into everlasting night,  
To where some blazing star has hurl'd  
Destruction on a distant world.  
I see such things whilst on my flight  
Far, far beyond the realms of light,  
There I can navigate the winds,  
And bring the truth to mortal minds,  
And show them all the road to go  
When'er they leave these shades below.  
You see my followers quite content,  
Their hell is lost, not worth a cent ;  
So if you'll join our jovial band,  
We'll guide you to our spirit-land,  
Where you will all our secrets know,  
With every joy and heaven below,  
Without a glimpse of that bad place,  
To which the priests poor sinners chase,  
There's no such spot on all our shore,  
Nor shall there be for evermore.  
Now with regard to that great Beast,  
'Twill shortly on you make a feast ;  
And more than you it will devour  
Who come within its crafty pow'r ;  
Look to your county for some light,  
'Tis there you'll see it painted right ;  
And all those vermin you have seen

Will soon be round your threshold keen,  
Dividing all your wealth by lot,  
They'll leave you nothing on that spot ;  
And there they'll try, this beastly host,  
To see which shall destroy the most.  
Now, if you'll mitigate this storm,  
You'll join us in our new reform,  
And then your eyes will plainly see  
How from this monster you'll get free.  
I hope you will attend our call,  
If not, you'll surely get a fall,  
And that without our spirit aid  
Be lost, confounded and betrayed ;  
So join our band, I say again,  
We justice carry in our train,  
For all that join us have no fear,  
Were they to murder we will clear ;  
We care not for that priestly book  
That on us all as culprits look ;  
We'll swear upon it without doubt,  
We care not what, if not found out.  
So now you see what we can do  
For all who to our faith are true ;  
We mix with men of every shade,  
From highest rank to lowest grade ;  
Bosanquet has got praise indeed  
For holding up our favor'd creed ;  
There they will bring each other clear,  
You see it happen from year to year.

If one is caught for swearing lies,  
Another to his rescue flies :  
Elude the law, and all is right,  
And that we'll do with all our might ;  
And still we're free and friendly nice,  
And always can give good advice,  
And take it too, when we have chance,  
Not on a hempen rope to dance,  
Or lie within some counties' jail,  
Without our fellow-mortal's bail ;  
But in that case there's little danger,  
Unless to some bewilder'd stranger ;  
Who do not keep within our pale,  
Such may at times get into jail ;  
But if he gets the hempen band,  
We're sure to meet in spirit-land,  
Where there we'll fly from star to star,  
Quite uncontroll'd by distance far ;  
'Tis then we'll meet our faithful few,  
Réjoicing as I would with you  
Our road is clear, there is no doubt,  
All priestly tricks won't find us out :  
These joys to you we will secure,  
If you our passports will procure.  
I'll end my letter, and your joys  
Will be secur'd, but join the boys ;  
Our boys are settled at Pine-hill,



Where there they do our mission fill.

A. DAVIS, Spirit-Avenue, N. Y.

TO MR. MERCHANT, P. F.

---

“ Who steals my purse, steals trash ;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.”—SHAKESPEARE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—JOHN MERCHANT'S STORE.

*Enter Crimp.*

*Crimp.*—Mr. Merchant, I have news  
I think will suit your present views ;  
I got it from the fountain-head  
That you postmaster have been made ;  
Its one kind compliment, to know,  
Which men in office favor show  
All those to whom they are a friend,  
In hopes they will the same extend,  
Whatever time they need their aid,  
Of course of you there's none afraid ;  
There is a job now in the county,  
And you are one receives the bounty ;  
So you will use, without objection,  
Your voice, and vote at our election.

*Merchant.* Dear sir, your news is very kind,  
I always voted with my mind ;  
And tell your man at the fountain-head

By the nose to vote I ne'er was led ;  
 And now I'll vote just with the rest,  
 For whom the people think is best.

*Crimp.* That's right, I know its very true,  
 To buy your vote we had no view ;  
 But just in common, as a friend,  
 We always shall our hand extend.

*Merchant.* I thank you, sir, you're always kind,  
 I'll look to the man and then to the mind,  
 And vote for him whom I think best,  
 And care not a fig for all the rest. *[exit Crimp.]*

*(Merchant to people in the store.)*

Does that knave think I am a fool,  
 That I should be a traitor's tool ?  
 I scorn the faction, and their ev'ry action.

SCENE II.

*Enter Crimp.*

*Crimp.* Hot weather, Mr. Merchant, hot ;  
 I've rode my horse beyond a trot,  
 I'm sick and sore as well as he,  
 I cannot help, such things must be ;  
 I must serve all this bunch of papers  
 Before the folks light up their tapers ;  
 Election times are coming fast,  
 Now stick your colors to the mast.

*[laying his hand on Merchant's shoulder.]*

And give your vote, both free and fervent,  
 To whom you are an humble servant.

*Merchant.* Me his servant ? Go to the dogs,  
 I hate such croakers worse than frogs ;  
 I'll vote for him, whom I think best,  
 So you begone, and be at rest.

*Crimp.* You seem offended, sir ; take care,

You'll meet with trouble, now beware ;  
 This I am bound to let you know,  
 If in this County you act so. [*exit Crimp.*  
*Merchant* (sullenly). He's gone with threats, the scamp ;  
 He wants my vote to damp ;  
 I'll never owe him one brass cent  
 Who wants to make me thus repent.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Crimp, pulling out papers.*

*Crimp.* See here, I've got —

*Merchant.* Say what.

*Crimp.* See here it is, sir, look at that, [*handing a paper*  
 It's from your old friend, Captain Buck,  
 So keep it, and I wish you luck. [*exit Crimp.*  
 (*Merchant reads back of Summons.*)

Spittle-park, Jan. 5, 1855.

J. Merchant,	To Captain Buck in account.	
Unfurling sails last trip, . . . . .		£2 10 0
Counting ropes that slip, . . . . .		2 10 0
Unshipping rudder last storm, . . . . .		5 10 0
Other work I did not perform, . . . . .		5 10 0
		£16 0 0
Total . . . . .		

*Merchant.* Villain, does he mean to say.  
 I owe him anything I would not pay ?  
 It's the designing of this wicked Crimp,  
 Who acts court harpy for his brother imp.

## SCENE IV.

*Merchant at his Books—Crimp enters with papers.*

*Crimp.* I have been instructed, sir, to seize that boat,  
 That's by your storehouse there afloat.

*Merchant.* On what account be pleased to tell,  
 She's not a smuggler, I know well.

*Crimp.* It's on account of Rae and Rip,

They sued your man on my last trip;  
 The boat is theirs without a doubt,  
 If otherwise go prove it out.

*Merchant.* You'll seize her for another's debt;  
 You ugly lynkeyed lawyer's pet,  
 To seize and sell without being tried,  
 Is both by law and right denied.

[*exeunt Crimp and Merchant.*

(*Crimp's voice is heard outside.*)

Stop that boat, sir, let her be,  
 Or else your brains will pay the fee;  
 I'll blow your brains out, sir, I say,  
 Let her go, and clear the way.

*Merchant* (outside). Blow away, you cowardly dog,  
 You live by such ill-gotten prog;  
 I'll charge you, sir, five pounds a-day,  
 If e'er you move this boat away;  
 This boat is mine, the neighbours know,  
 And's bought and paid for long ago.

[*Enter Merchant.*

I really feel aggriev'd to think that scamp  
 Should bully round, and rage and ramp,  
 And seize my boat that's known's such,  
 And which, indeed, has cost me much.  
 I've never seen such acts before,  
 And hope I shall not any more;  
 But then he's full of vengeful spite,  
 And in such acts takes great delight

SCENE V.

[*Enter Crimp with papers.*

*Crimp.* Here is a —

*Merchant.* What now pray? [man,  
*Crimp* (handing a paper). That came from the middle-

So make it right as soon as you can.

*Merchant.* Such knaves—deserve untimely graves.

[*Merchant reads.*

SUMMONS AND ACCOUNT.

Shingle Grove, Sept. 20, 1855.

J. Merchant,

To M. Middleman in account.

Destroying or detaining a boat, £20.

These rascals all, I know them well;  
 See how they work their magic spell;  
 I bought that boat, and paid the cash,  
 How dare they send me here such trash;  
 I must be off and get subpoenas,  
 Whether fair or foul, or heavy rain is;  
 My witnesses, I must procure them,  
 With time and money I'll secure them;  
 It's fifty miles or something more,  
 I want subpoenas half a score;  
 To get them all, and serve them out,  
 Will take all week, I have no doubt.  
 What horrid work is this for nought,  
 I never have such trouble brought;  
 I've all my life in business been,  
 But such accounts I ne'er have seen:  
 I must be off, I cannot stay,  
 The time is short, there's no delay. [exit *Merchant.*

SCENE VI.—DIVISION COURT.

*Court open—Judge Blunderbrains\* presiding.*

\* This family of the Blunderbrains are very numerous. There are many of that name now presiding over our County and Division Courts, because we hear of them being in many parts of Canada, if reports be true. They have got many relatives also in active business whose names are Catchpoll and Cheatim, they are all connected, and are the great grand-children of one great father, whose name was Persecution, but who changed his name on coming to this country, many years ago.

*Judge* (to Merchant). Do you owe to Buck this account?

*Merchant*. No! He owes to me a large amount.  
I'll show my books, and then you'll see  
How his account and mine agree :  
I owe him not, nor never did  
Go in his debt—the fates forbid!

[*Judge looks at the Books.*

*Clerk*. This is an off-set, sir, you see,  
And such a thing there cannot be ;  
This man was in this court before,  
And sued the Captain on this score.

*Judge* (pushing away the books). You're a troublesome  
fellow, sir, begone,  
And let such acts as this alone.

*Merchant*. I say he's wrong, sir, in this place,  
And if you'll let, I'll prove my case.

*Judge*. Away, away, I want no more,  
You've said such things as that before.

*Judge* (to Captain Buck). Are you sworn ?

*Buck*. Yes sir.

*Judge*. Is this account made all correct ?  
Tell you the truth, and don't neglect :  
Is this and this I show to you,  
Quite correct, and justly due ?

*Buck*. Yes, it is true, and on my oath  
I wrote it down, and earn'd it both.

*Judge* (to Clerk.) Judgment for plaintiff —

*Merchant*. Impossible, your honor, that I can owe  
One cent, and that I here can show ;  
I ask but justice in this place,  
There's witness here to prove my case.

*Judge* (looking angry). No more of that, sir, I say ;  
Bailiff, hand that man away.

*Merchant* (aside with neighbors).

My honest neighbors, do you hear,  
 What Captain Buck has made appear?  
 You know the villain and his lies,  
 How can he thus the truth disguise?

*Neighbor* (to others). We know it's lies in every word,  
 For the judge to hear it is absurd;  
 Buck should be sent to lie in jail,  
 And if he were no one would bail,  
 For such vile lies good men despise—

*Merchant*. Well, now, to bring the rascal right,  
 I'll hand him up to judgment tight;  
 He owes to me a large amount,  
 For note of hand and book account;  
 The judgment's fil'd this long time past,  
 So now's the time to make him fast.

[*stepping up to the Clerk.*

I want a summons for Captain Buck,  
 He'll not pay judgment in cash or truck.

[*Clerk writes summons and hands it to M.*

*Merchant* (to Bailiff). Here, serve you that on Captain  
 Buck,

[*handing summons.*

He'll not pay me in cash or truck.

[*Crimp, the Bailiff, serves the summons on Buck, and is  
 heard whispering the following:*

There's a summons, but you'll see it's right,  
 And on that subject I will give you light:  
 Call me for witness, I'm the man can do,  
 And prove the case right plain for you.

*Buck*. I thank you, Mr. Crimp, for your advice,  
 I think we're apt to fix him nice. [Clerk calls *Buck*.

*Judge*. Now, Captain Buck, tell me the reason  
 You did not pay this in its season?

*Buck*. I'll prove it's paid, sir, long ago,

But this man wants to work me woe

*Judge.* Call your witness. [Calls Mr. Crimp.

What do you know about this case ?

*Crimp.* I know it's paid, sir, in its place.

*Merchant.* You know its paid ; how can that be ?

You never gave one cent to me.

*Crimp.* You told me, sir, that it was paid,  
And so I book'd it as you said.

[*Merchant calls Back.*

Please tell the judge how this was paid,

Whether in cash or current trade ?

*Buck.* I paid it, I paid it long ago,  
I paid it in the bush ; I'll let you know,  
You rascal, you mean to cheat—[*shaking his hand at Mer-*  
I will, I will—it was very late, *chant, and throwing out*  
I paid it all, and that you know, *tobacco spits.*  
Down, down in the swamp below.

*Merchant.* You never paid me one red cent ;  
You lying knave, do you repent ?

*Judge,* Hush ! hush ! Begone, sir, from this place,  
To all my courts you're a disgrace.

[*Capt. Buck affecting sorrow.*

And unto me, oh ! black's the day,  
He poison for me once did lay ;  
He mix'd it nicely up for me,  
And left it where I could not see ;  
He put it in my favorite drink,  
So what can people of him think ?

*Merchant.* You perjurd, lying knave,  
You deserve a traitor's grave.\*

\* Defendant being a stranger in Court, this scene was actually carried out, to injure his reputation and give him a bad name. Such scenes are often practised in these Courts. It draws the people's attention away from seeing the wrong inflicted.



*Buck.* (shaking his hand)—  
You did all this and more than that,  
I'm sore ashamed to tell you what!

*Merchant.* You old knave speak out, it's well  
If ought is wrong the truth to tell.

*Buck.* (pointing his finger at M.)  
You did it! my daughter has a boy,  
Just as like you as a toy.

*Merchant.* The devil take the toy,  
And you old boy.

(To the Judge) It is all lies, i'll prove it so,  
And that the neighbors round me know ;  
I crave the Court's protection  
From such a vile reflection.

*Judge.* Be off sir, from this place,  
I never want to see your face.

[*Merchant, aside with some acquaintances,*  
*seems much troubled.*

What law with all its kindred hate,  
Have fell upon my troubled pate!  
Dark was the day I saw this place,  
Or that this county knew my face ;  
It's worse than death to be tormented,  
Where justice says you can't prevent it,  
These villains know, from Judge to Crimp,  
The lying of this bluebaired imp ;  
But now I know and plainly see  
They want to ruin such as me ;  
It's fix'd all right at the county trap  
They know the boys they mean to slap.  
Freemen now must bend to the nod  
Of some usurping county god.

## SCENE VII.—CHANGES TO J. MERCHANT'S STORE.

*Merchant writing. Enter Crimp with papers.*

*Merchant.* What now, old boy—bad news?  
You look as though you had the blues!

*Crimp.* Execution, sir.

*Merchant.* What for?

*Crimp.* Your goods.

*Merchant.* My goods?

*Crimp.* Yes.

*Merchant.* How?

*Crimp.* Captain Buck.

*Merchant* (scornfully). You ——

*Crimp.* It's so.

*Merchant.* Villains all together.

*Crimp.* My orders.

*Merchant.* From whom?

*Crimp.* The judge.

*Merchant.* Not possible?

*Crimp* (showing a paper). Here it is, sir, look and see it;  
Pay out the cash, and then you'll free it,

*Merchant.* The law allowed me arbitration;  
Of rights this is a violation,  
How dare the judge send me his slaves,  
Who act like demon harpy knaves.

*Crimp.* I'll make a seizure, sir, and that you'll find,  
And sell you out, if you don't mind.

[*Merchant, excited, and lifting a yard-stick, says:—*  
Sell me out, you court-fledged imp!  
Begone, I say, or else you'll limp. *[exit Crimp.*

[*Crimp comes back in a short time, looking into the store—*

*Crimp.* I've seiz'd your sloop, sir, on the bay,  
I'll sell her out another day.

[*Merchant, troubled, says to customers in the store—*

What cruel works of vengeance,  
 See how they work their wicked engines !  
 For every day and every hour  
 It seems I am within their power ;  
 I intend to move this suit again  
 To where I will the whole explain,  
 By lawyers who will see my case  
 Rightly stated in its place,  
 Hoping justice to command  
 The truth with an uplifted hand.  
 But fiends they are, won't let me be,  
 Why wreak their vengeance thus on me ?  
 I'm doomed by treachery and knaves  
 Who are themselves the worst of slaves.

## SCENE VIII.—J. MERCHANT AT HIS BUSINESS.

*Enter Crimp with papers.*

*Merchant.* Halloo ! Jack Ketch, have you come again  
 To give me trouble and annoy my brain ?

*Crimp.* Yes, sir.

*Merchant.* What now ?

*Crimp.* A writ.

*Merchant.* Impossible !

*Crimp.* It's so.

*Merchant.* From whom or where ?

*Crimp.* County Court.

*Merchant.* What does this mean ?

*Crimp.* An action of trover. [*hands a paper.*]

*Merchant.* The Court's gone mad Mr. Crimp,  
 And you I think's the ruling imp.

*Crimp.* Me an imp.

*Merchant.* Yes, a Janus imp, the very worst

You'd cheat your master if you durst  
 But you can't cheat him, you are fast,  
 He'll have you when you'll blow your last.

*Crimp.* Ha! ha! you'll take it,  
 Whether you love or like it.

[*exit Crimp, shutting the door with a slam.*]

*Merchant.* Is it on earth let reason tell?  
 Where such corrupted men can dwell;  
 This boat, I bought her long ago,  
 And worked her with my men, I'll show,  
 That I possession long had got,  
 And paid her price down on the spot,  
 But he who sold this boat away,  
 Was put in Court by Rip and Rae,  
 These men would claim this boat again,  
 And take her off by might and main;  
 They tried me once, I won the case,  
 And shall again if right takes place.  
 One hundred miles are me before,  
 To see a lawyer on this score;  
 As fast as I can travel there,  
 I'll cause some lawyer to prepare  
 My strong defence upon this case,  
 And bring to tyrants foul disgrace.

[*exit Merchant.*]

SCENE IX.

*A boy enters the Store, and hands a letter to J. Merchant.*

*He opens letter and reads:*

MR. MERCHANT—Dear Sir: Your suit comes off first of  
 next month; look out for your lawyer.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN GOODWILL.

*Merchant.* It's true; four days there are at most;  
 My papers were to come by post  
 In time for me to serve them out;  
 There's something wrong, I really doubt;  
 Is my lawyer with the rest,  
 Or has he join'd the wicked nest?

*Merchant* (to boy). Go bring John Fleet, I want to see  
 if he can go to town for me. [exit boy.]

*Enter J. Fleet.*

*Merchant.* John Fleet, can you make haste to town,  
 And see my man who wears the gown,  
 And get subpœneas for this court,  
 Which seems to give the rascals sport.  
 Whatever loss you may be at, [exit Fleet.  
 I'll satisfy, but take you that (*handing him a ten dollar bill.*)

(*Aside*) What trouble this without a cause;  
 How tyrants mock the justest laws;  
 They're all combined in one curs'd nest,  
 My lawyer's one amongst the rest:  
 They hand and hand together go,  
 To work me up this mess of woe. \* [exit Merchant.]

SCENE X.—OPENS IN COUNTY COURT-ROOM—COURT AND JURY  
 SITTING.

*Clerk.* R. Rip—R. Rip—R. Rip.

J. Merchant—J. Merchant—J. Merchant.

*Answer.* Here—here.

*A Voice* (from a side door). Lunch.

[*Judge and Lawyers all leave Court.*]

\* These papers that were sent for were posted to the wrong post-office, by his own lawyer designedly.

*Bailiff.* Jurymen may go to dinner.\* [*exeunt jurymen.*  
*[An old woman beckons Merchant outside the court-  
 room, and tells him the following :*

*Witch.* Sir, I have seen, when on my tramp,  
 That wicked man you call a scamp,  
 Or otherwise an ugly imp,  
 I think his proper name is Crimp ;  
 I saw him just beside the jail,  
 With that huge beast and his long tail ; †  
 He told him all about your case,  
 And how that you would bring disgrace  
 Upon him and this wily set,  
 Who had spread for you such a net ;  
 The beast made answer in my sight,  
 And said that he would make all right,  
 And thank'd this Crimp for what was done,  
 And of the whole made pleasant fun :  
 So watch them well, there's mischief out,  
 They'll break you down without a doubt ;  
 To tell the truth it grieves me much,  
 Although I'm but a wither'd witch,  
 Which sometimes takes the shape of cats,  
 That round the house go hunting rats,  
 Or sometimes like a lonely hare,  
 I'll run the hills to take the air,  
 And on my journey to and fro  
 There's many things I chance to know ;  
 So now look out and mind your eye,  
 They're coming in—good by, good by. [*exit Witch.*

(*Court Returns.*)

*Judge* (to Clerk). Call the Jury.

\* A plan to get a packed jury.

† The Coon.

*Clerk.* I've called them all, there are but six,  
For want of them we're in a fix ;  
Six Jurymen, you see, are here,  
When others' call'd they don't appear.

*Judge.* Fine absentees, yes, every one,  
I'll not except a single man :  
Call other men to take their place,  
Such work in Court is a disgrace.

*Crier.* John Cousin to Crimp,  
Cousin James a willing imp,  
Wife's brother's uncle, Dodge,  
With Bill Flip, a cousin to Rip,\*  
And John Skip, with the thick lip.

*Clerk.* The jury's up, they number twelve,  
So at the swearing you may delve ;  
Both Plaintiff and defendant's here,  
And jury ready for to hear.

*Judge* (to lawyers, Mr. Positive and Mr. Simple.) Are  
*Lawyers.* Yes ; yes. [you ready.

*Positive* (plaintiff's lawyer.) Please your honor, my  
Has plac'd me here his rights to guard. [client's ward.  
Gentlemen of the jury, you all know well  
What it is to buy and sell ;  
My case is this, both plain and easy,  
I'll prove it up, I think, to please ye.  
A person was my client's debtor,  
Defendant thought his claim to fetter ;  
By fraudulence he bought a boat  
From client's debtor whilst afloat,  
And for that boat he paid no money ;  
You'll see the case looks very funny ;  
And by this trick and grand deception

\* A packed Jury.

My client has got interception  
 Unto his just and lawful claim ;  
 This is the point, I will maintain ;  
 I'll call witnesses and let you see  
 My case as plain as A, B, C ;  
 I'll call but one (I mean) just now,  
 The rest I'll call as I see how.

[To Crier—call Mr. Crimp.

*Crier.* Mr. Crimp—Mr. Crimp.

*Crimp.* Here.

*Positive.* Are you sworn ?

*Crimp.* Yes.

*Positive.* Now to the jury plainly tell  
 What in this case to you befel,  
 When you went there to seize that boat  
 That lay at Merchant's wharf afloat.

*Crimp.* Heigh ! well (*coughs*)—I went there to seize—  
 'Twas money I was bound to raise.  
 For Mr. Rip as you may see,  
 It was the Court that ordered me.

*Positive.* What happen'd there ? we want to hear ;  
 Speak it plain, and make it clear.

*Crimp* (*coughing.*) When I went to seize that boat,  
 That did on Sandy river float,  
 This man (*pointing to J. Merchant*) told me without a doubt  
 He did not own the boat right out ;  
 I knew all that and more right well,  
 Because I oft' heard people tell ;  
 He bought her not, and, what is worse,  
 To all our Courts he shuts his purse. \*      [*coughs.*

*Positive.* Tell on—

\* Merchant would give no bills to be sued, which annoyed this balliff much.



*Crimp.* Hem! I went to seize her as she lay,  
But oh! alas and a lack a-day!  
He swore that he'd blow out my brains,  
And I'd get nothing for my pains.

*Positive.* Mr. Crimp, do I understand  
That he had pistols there on hand?

*Crimp.* Oh! he's wicked without doubt, and furious,  
Has swords, and guns, and's curious;  
A man's in danger of his life,  
He'd shoot, and kill, or stab with knife.

*Positive.* Horrible! Gentlemen of the jury,  
The man's a regular fury.

*Simple* (for the defence.) Mr. Owner. [a witness.

*Crier.* F. Owner—F. Owner.

*Owner.* Here.

*Simple.* Are you sworn?

*Owner.* Yes, sir.

*Simple.* Now tell the jury, on the spot,  
Whether you sold this boat or not,  
Or whether you've got the money paid,  
As heretofore my client said.

*Owner.* I sold that boat I truly say,  
About the very first of May;  
Defendent paid me every cent,  
I sold the boat and don't repent.

*Simple.* How did he pay? make no delay,  
He paid in goods and note of hand,  
There's witness here I understand,  
One Harrow Fib he drew the note,  
And down his name as witness wrote;  
The note was drawn in Layman's name,  
To Merchant Layman sold the same,  
From him I got it for that boat,

That's gone to styx perhaps afloat.

[*Cross examined by Positive.*]

*Positive.* I think I've heard some others tell  
That you had said you did not sell ?

*Owner.* I never told such words as that  
To John or Than, the lying brat ;  
I was paid down, without a doubt,  
Thirty pounds, or thereabout.

*Mr. Positive.* Call Harrow Fib.

*Crier.* Harrow Fib.

*Fib.* Here.

*Positive.* Are you sworn.

*Harrow Fib.* Yes sir.

*Positive.* What do you know about this case ?  
It is this note we want to trace.

*Fib.* That note I never saw nor drew,  
Nor was there such a note in view.  
If such a note has ever been  
By me the like was never seen ;  
I do deny all knowledge of it,  
And swearing false I do not covet.  
The note was false if such there was,  
To cheat the plaintiff by the laws ;  
For me I have no more to say,  
But that I'm clear from Rip and Rae,  
I was no partner with them there,  
Nor have I in this case a share.

[*Mr. Positive calls Capt. Buck by the Crier.*]

*Crier.* Captain Buck—Captain Buck.

*Buck.* Here.

*Positive.* Are you sworn ?

*Buck.* Yes, sir.

*Positive.* Now, without fear, tell all you hear.

*Buck.* Last witness told me by the dawn

The sale of boat was but a sham.

*Positive.* Gentlemen of the jury, do you hear.  
What my last witness makes appear ?

[*Call Mr. Deist (another witness.)*]

*Crier.* Mr. Deist—Mr. Deist.

*Deist.* Here.

*Positive.* Are you sworn ?

*Deist.* Yes, sir.

*Positive.* Now tell the jury at your ease  
Just what you know, and as you please.

*Deist.* I was in Mr. Merchant's store,  
I'll tell the truth, and something more ;  
I was sent there of course to pimp  
Before the sending down of Crimp ;  
I there indeed did understand  
That he (pointing to Merchant) could not the boat command,  
But he who own'd her was himself  
The man who ow'd my master pelf ;  
So then I left him just for granted,  
I having gain'd the news I wanted.

[*Case closes.*]

*Mr. Simple* (addressing the jury.) I'm sorry gents, that  
How my poor client little know, [I must show  
And sorry, too, that he has spoken  
Such reckless things as here betoken ;  
That he's a man of shallow wit,  
And cannot things in order put ;  
Such cannot live up to the fashion,  
But this I hope will be a caution  
To every man who hears his case,  
I speak it here before his face ;  
I'm sorry for him, bear in mind,  
I hope you'll use him very kind ;  
He has done wrong without his knowledge,  
And like yourselves, ne'er got to college ;

I'm sorry for him, and distrest,  
 My very heart sinks in my breast ;  
 What can I do but plead his case,  
 You jurymen all know your place.

[sits down.

*Judge* (addressing the jury). There is no use in wasting  
 This case runs hard on wilful crime ; [time,  
 Defendant thought to rob his neighbor  
 Of what is counted honest labor ;  
 His witnesses have sworn lies,  
 Their credence here I do despise ;  
 The boat was not deliver'd right,  
 That is the point will give you light ;  
 Look to yourselves, and then you'll find  
 The plaintiff's verdict of that kind.

*Clerk*. Constable, take the jurymen away.

[exeunt jurymen.

*Re-enter Jury in about fifteen minutes.*

*Clerk*. Cause them fellows clear— [a pause—jury.  
 What's your verdict ?—let us hear. men, sit down—

*Foreman*. On plaintiff's side we gave the case,  
 Defendant did not prove the place  
 And right delivery of the boat,  
 And so by that he lost our vote,

[*Merchant, aside, makes these reflections to the people :*

This wicked court and lawyers all  
 Have join'd their heads to work my fall ;  
 I see their plan, I see their plot,  
 What I have heard is not forgot ;  
 My case is clear, I'll bring to light,  
 I have got truth to bring me right ;  
 At all division courts I'm there,  
 Twice in the county god knows where ;  
 In all this trouble I owe no man,  
 And every court I don't miss one ;

I'm suing none on my own account,  
But's paying costs a large amount ;  
Three seizures now, I know not what,  
Without me owing this or that.  
The devil's broke loose in this county right,  
Was ever man in such a plight !  
But sure as stars roll o'er my head  
I'll make these rascals fear and dread  
The wicked course that they have led.\*

*[A bystander speaks on the instant.]*

Is justice cast for ever down ?  
Has truth her temple shut ?  
Will we submit without a frown,  
And not such acts rebut ?

Oh ! no ; as freemen we will stand  
To guard our every right  
Against all traitors in this land,  
Whene'er they come to light.

For what is done to this our friend,  
Our neighbor, or our foe,  
Will to ourselves at last extend,  
And prove our overthrow.

We'll cut this spirit in its bud,  
Yes, joining hand in hand,  
Lest despots should our country flood,  
And drown our favor'd land.

*[Scene closes.]*

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\* Defendant here thought to take his case to the Court of Error and Appeal, but could not get it done.

## DIALOGUE BETWEEN

**THE CLIENT AND THE LAMBTON GHOST**

## ON GOING FROM COURT.

It being late in the month October,  
When every thing look'd calm and sober,  
The place was near to old Blue Point,  
Where Blunden Creek the lake has join'd,  
A stranger spoke to me most civil,  
But then I took him for the devil ;  
My eyes were first upon his feet,  
To see if he had got a cleet ;  
But nothing like that could I see,  
He'd hands and feet like you or me.  
We chatted on 'bout this and that,  
And things I cannot tell you what ;  
He told about some countries' laws,  
Their lawyers' wits and greedy maws ;  
And said, " Kind sir, you seem so pliant,  
That you, I know, have been a client ;"  
Saying, " Has your county got a judge ?"  
" Hush ! stranger, what you ask is fudge ;  
Do you think or do you doubt it,  
That we could live and be without it ?  
We have, indeed, got every fix,  
There's not the like 'tween this and Styx ;  
We have them here with long black tails,  
That round about each court house sails ;

Yes they have cloaks like to a raven,  
Standing in courts your money cravin' ;  
They'll cock their nose, and wag their jaw,  
And point their fingers to the law,  
And tell you plainly, and with scorn,  
That you're an antiquarian born,  
And that old truth has no foundation  
With them in holy legislation.

If you're a stranger, sir, beware,  
And of their trover acts take care ;  
For mind you this, I've been at schools,  
And know our lawyers are no fools ;  
For when of money they're in want,  
They'll then call on their country plant,  
And set them likely, sir, on you,  
With trover acts or something new.  
The bailiff comes, gives you a paper,  
You'll think it's nothing but a caper ;  
Then comes the day, then comes the hour,  
You must employ a lawyer's power ;  
This knave will tell you that you're right,  
He *sees* your case as clear as light ;  
You are the man, he has been told,  
Has got the notes or sterling gold.  
Next comes a brood from Satan's school,  
The country plant makes them his tool ;  
They look upon our good old Bible  
To be a priest-begotten libel.  
Thus they will come, yes ripe and ready,

To prove up lies both firm and steady ;  
The judge will sit and listen to it,  
Of course he does not bid them do it ;  
But lawyers know the whole detail  
(As sure as thieves know Kingston jail) ;  
They'll up and stretch their hands around them,  
And all your witnesses confound them ;  
They'll laud these villains to the skies,  
Who prove up wilful perjurd lies ;  
Your own black dic'tor well he knows,  
And lists the whole with itching nose ;  
He'll stand abash'd, as though he'd fear  
Your honest lawyer to appear ;  
And then, to fix you in the fashion,  
He will get up and give a caution ;  
He'l' tell the judge, without a doubt,  
That he has lately found you out,  
And that you have done wrong from knowledge  
Never got inside a college.  
This he will do with logic—fiction,  
You dare not give one contradiction.  
Next comes the judge, but not infernal,  
Although his sentence is eternal ;  
He'll tell you this before your peers,  
That in your case there's doubts and fears ;  
Your witnesses seem'd poor and shabby,  
And some of them were rather gabby ;  
He couldn't believe their word or oath,  
Although he listen'd to them both ;



And unto him it did appear  
Your opponents were frank and clear.  
Maybe they wore a finer coat  
Of Saxon wool or Theban goat.  
So now, my friend, as you're a stranger,  
I'll warn you off your greatest danger  
(But first I'll tell you in this place  
In several courts I lost my case.)  
Then, you beware of understrappers,  
Country weazils, spirit-rappers,  
Hawk-ey'd huxters, from their den,  
Coming out in shape of men ;  
Our county lawyers fear and dread them,  
Bailiffs, bulldogs, these have led them ;  
Men, to swearing noted lies—  
God knowing nothing in the skies—  
And thus they speak and thus they tell,  
They serve no God, they fear no hell ;  
So on this land there's many mourn  
And pray that justice would return,  
And give them but one glimpse of truth  
To shield this country in its youth  
From knaves, who have their conscience spotted,  
Where truth and justice down are plotted,  
These cause the laws, our honest pride,  
No more to be the people's guide.  
So now I'll end, whilst here I wail  
And curse such lawyers, hood and tail ;  
And you, my chap, you seem so civil,

I warn you of our county's devil ;  
 Although but one, there's many heads,  
 But each of them the people dreads."

*Ghost.* Ha ! ha ! my man, you're not alone,  
 There's thousands like you mourn and moan,  
 And bears the stroke of justice wrong ;  
 I've seen the lash, I've seen the thong,  
 Applied with spite and malice keen,  
 Between this place and Fidler's Green ;\*  
 E'en in the days when Minos stood  
 To judge the boys beyond the flood,  
 This black, designing, villain dodge,  
 Sometimes within his courts would lodge,  
 There get his plans so wily fix'd,  
 With truth and fiction nicely mixed,  
 That some were sent to Saturn's cave,

---

\* When I was a boy and near the Village of Ardstraw, at which there was a man kept tavern, whose name was Barney Bradley, Barney had a brother who was a great drunkard, but had a small freehold farm. One day Charley had been after having a real drunken spree, and on meeting his brother said, Barney I saw my father last night. Begone said Barney. It is true said Charley—wait till I tell you. Last night I was going towards home, past the sentry hill, and there I saw two men fighting, and you know Barney that I always liked fairplay, so I ran up to them, and on coming near, who do you think was there ? I don't know said Barney. Well it was my father and Alak Forbis, but as I was drawing near Alak ran away, and it was good for him, for if I had got up I would have levelled him, Barney ; but there my father stood alone, and the hair began to stand up on my head, but Barney I ventured and spoke, and asked him what brought him there. He said that he and Alak had met in the Elysian fields, and that Alak Forbis had blamed him for stealing a bridle out of Charley Maxwell's tavern, in

Forever there to be a slave,  
Although their walks had been from youth  
Strictly within the field of truth.  
Then Radamonthus was appointed,  
With oil of truth he was anointed ;  
The gods gave him a piercing eye,  
To know the truth and every lie ;  
Such tyrants, then, soon got their doom,  
Lock'd up in everlasting gloom,  
In Pluto's dark, dark, dismal cells,  
'Midst furies wild infernal yells ;  
Or rack'd with vengeance on a wheel  
(Sometimes I think I hear them squeal);  
Whilst some, for want of Charon's fare,  
Would wander round and everywhere

Strabone, and that when the governor of the place could not get them peaceed, "for you know Barney that when father was alive he would let no man call him a thief," but to end the quarrel the governor gave them liberty to return to the old sod and fight it out. Well Barney, I then said, dear father and what are you doing there, or what are you about? He said he was at a place called Fiddler's Green, in a large field called Spittle Park, and his business there was herding bullocks. Away, away, said Barney, you have been drunk, and you are drunk now. No, I am not drunk, said Charley, but wait Barney till I tell you the word he sent to you. Nonsense said Barney. It is true said Charley. He sent this word to you, that if you would not return the crock of butter to me, or its price, that you stole from him through the blind window, and also the game cock that you took at another time, that you will never even get into where he is, but will be sent to hell. Begone, begone said Barney, you're worse than drunk—you're mad.

Charley told the above story to his brother, and seasoned each sentence with an oath as he went along, by way of confirmation.

Along the banks of that great lake  
That makes the strongest hearts to quake ;  
Or sometimes down the river Styx  
With harpies like themselves they'd mix ;  
Till time brought on that awful hour  
When Pluto got them in his power,  
And Cerberus with tooth and nail,  
Would drag them to that dismal jail,  
And pitch them in, it made no odds,  
They're victims for infernal gods.  
So, now, dear sir, just take your time,  
For I have been through many a clime,  
And years beyond your comprehension  
Have pass'd me by, I will not mention ;  
But just as sure as I'm a ghost  
I'll make but one eternal boast,  
And that is this, and do you mind it,  
For to your heart's content you'll find it—  
Those dark, designing, long-tail'd knaves,  
Who rule o'er men to make them slaves,  
Will open up Pandora's pix,  
And, like old Joab, get in a fix \*  
And all the curses there unfurl'd  
Will goad them to another world,  
Or on the Mount Caucasus rocks  
They'll get their bodies in the stocks,

---

\* It is said by some that the boils that troubled Joab, were the small pox.

Where there they'll be for ever and ever,  
With vultures preying on their liver ;  
These things will happen, you need not fear,  
I know they happen from year to year ;  
So now I'll bid you a short farewell,  
Till I come again some news to tell ;  
My name is strange, but tell your host  
That I am Justice, the Lambton Ghost."

"Stop! stop!" said I, but it's out of my sight ;  
My vision was short in the dead of the night ;  
No sound could I hear but the lake on the shore,  
And wind on the woods in the distance before ;  
The night it was dark, but the road it was good,  
Although it's but lately cut out of the wood ;  
I thought on the story I lately was told,  
I thought of the money in silver and gold,  
That robbers have taken in gallons and pecks ;  
I thought of the stringing them up by the necks ;  
I thought of past times, when, for forging a note,  
A forger was sentenc'd, and hung by the throat ;  
I thought of some others, for swearing of lies,  
Were shav'd from the neck to the edge of their eyes  
What changes, thought I ; is it better or worse ?  
Are laws made for truth, or a fabulous curse ?  
Our fathers said that, but our lawyers say this  
And out of the spoils they seem rolling in bliss ;  
Their agents destructive are flying around us,  
Our laws they are lost, and will shortly confound us ;

Our Bible no more to our courts may be sent,  
 Unless that its thunders make villains repent ;  
 The thunders of law are a perjurer's scourge,  
 Why stop it, let Kingston this vaillainy purge ;  
 But lawyers will stop it, then do you reflect,  
 These are their supporters, they will them protect.  
 Away with deceivers ! away to the dust !  
 Crush down such law-jobbing, for crush it we must.  
 The laws are our freedom, the Bible's our guide,  
 Our Queen she defends them, their circle is wide.  
 Down with their traducers, wherever they be,  
 And we'll be a people contented and free,  
 A light then I spied in the distance before,  
 Which shew'd me the road to my own cottage door

---

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas.—Shakspeare.

DIALOGUE I.

AT AN INN AFTER COURT.

PRESENT, JUDGE B., SIMPLE AND POSITIVE.

*Judge B.*

Hard work to-day, my friends, 'cause stubborn truth  
 'Midst all your logic at the bottom lay ;  
 And perjury would show itself, forsooth,  
 Through all your arguments to open day.

*Mr. Simple.*

All's well for the past, let's drink brandy and wine,  
When our honor's at stake we will fix it ;  
There's no use in fretting, when all in our line,  
For sake of their purse, act Don Quixote.

*Mr. Positive.*

I'll never act Quixote, I'll make it appear,  
Nor do I take bribes 'gainst my client,  
I have no such wrongs on my conscience to fear,  
Although to your will I was pliant.

*Judge B.*

Hush ! my friends, there's more to do,  
Keep steady to your files,  
For Merchant has got now in view,  
This perjury and smiles.  
You know for Rip he got a bill,  
But I have turn'd it out ;  
He'll work on that with all his skill,  
Of this there is no doubt ;  
He must be smash'd, this is my care,  
I was sent here for that ;  
If there be blame, I'll take my share,  
No matter how or what.  
Assizes soon will come to town,  
Then we must be prepar'd ;  
And by our interest, keep him down,  
This is to you declar'd.

*Positive.*

Fill up and drink, I care not how,  
My client's case you mend it ;  
I'll always keep my lawyers vow,  
And conscience never rend it.

*Simple.*

"Your conscience," sir, you seem to think,  
That other men have none,  
And look so slyly when you drink,  
As though you're right alone.

*Judge B.*

When I depended on the bar,  
And clients round me stood ;  
I always watch'd the ruling star,  
That seem'd to do me good.  
I'd turn around with easy grace,  
Assuming whig or tory ;  
By that I got this honored place,  
And all my present glory.

*\*  
Positive.*

The counsels' good and fair betimes,  
To cheat the truth and court the dimes ;  
Deception yet may show her mark,  
And light spring forth where all is dark ;  
For me I'll always mind the laws,  
Supporting my client in every cause.



*Simple.*

Will you dictate and us despise,  
As though we're demons in your eyes,  
'Cause we have enter'd on a train,  
To break those down who us disdain ;  
We act with all our ruling squires,  
Who from our hands this work requires.

*Positive.*

Religion, law and politics, I'd let them  
go to smoke,  
Before I'd let the Devil put my conscience in his  
poke ;  
And some do fear his majesty has many such in  
store,  
And if such works are practised in he'll have as  
many more.

*Judge B.*

Debate no more, but drink your glasses.  
I am sick and must go home ;  
Trouble comes each hour that passes,  
Raging waters gather foam.  
We must finish what's intended,  
Breaking Merchant is my theme ;  
Simple you have him defended,  
Who is he dare give you blame ?

*[exeunt Judge and Lawyers.]*

## DIALOGUE II.

ON MEETING IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

*Judge B.*

Well met my friends, now let us hear,  
What plans you have projected ;  
Assizes time is drawing near,  
And we must not neglect it.

*Positive.*

I understand that several bills,  
For perjury are pending ;  
By Merchant which my client fills,  
With terror for defending.  
If he will prove what he can do,  
He'll on our heads throw scandal ;  
So secret plans we must pursue,  
And him completely handle.

*Judge to Positive.*

We must be off and meet the court  
Before it enters here ;  
Give Merchant's name a bad report,  
And keep your client clear.

*Simple.*

That's good, let's go and meet the court,  
Queen's Counsel and his lordship ;  
And cast on Merchant every sort,  
Of scandal through your worship.

It can be done with easy grace,  
 Keep secret our intention ;  
 And then in Court this perjured case,  
 Will smother by prevention.

*Judge.*

Then we'll be off and take the boat,  
 The Court sits down the river ;  
 'Tis there our plans we will promote,  
 Now is the time or never.

*[exeunt Judge and Lawyers.]*

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### DIALOGUE III.

ON BOARD A STEAMER.

*Judge B. to Judge of Assize.*

My lord reluctant I must tell  
 Some secrets of our Court ;  
 I know you understand it well,  
 When we must make report.  
 It is a case, and one of those,  
 We tried at several times ;  
 And now defendant headlong goes,  
 To mark us all with crimes.  
 He has brought up some men of truth,  
 For perjury unfounded ;  
 Although it is himself forsooth,  
 With such should be confounded.

*Mr. Simple.*

Yes, I have pled his case and know,  
His habits every where ;  
To plead again I would not go,  
Nor in his actions share ;  
His witnesses swear everything,  
With shame I lately found it ;  
Which in my conscience leaves a sting,  
And has it sorely wounded.

*Positive.*

Respected men should not be mark'd,  
In open Court with shame ;  
When hidden malice, mean and dark,  
Is all that gives them blame ;  
By kindred spirits that may swear,  
As they have done before ;  
His honor here can witness bear,  
Such scenes are all in store.

*His Lordship.*

Be brief and let me know the case,  
Bad men I must despise ;  
I see such men in every place  
Where'er I turn my eyes.

*Judge B.*

His name is Merchant who has fil'd,  
Beneath the Queen's protection ;  
Some perjur'd cases base and wild,

We had them for inspection ;  
Against some men of upright mind,  
Our wish is to befriend them ;  
Lest in the Court you would be blind,  
And down to Kingston send them.

*His Lordship to Queen's Counsel.*

"Permit me Counsel," watch this case,  
And I shall do my part ;  
Keep honest men from such disgrace,  
Don't let it get a start.

*Judge B. to his Lordship.*

If this was permitted to go to the Court,  
And you unacquainted before it ;  
It might give us trouble of some other sort,  
And we in our place might deplore it.

*Queen's Counsel to Judge B.*

Your right to make known all the evils about,  
And tell us in time to detect them ;  
As we in our place have no reason to doubt,  
But rights of our Court you'll protect them.

*Judge B.*

I know all this case from beginning to end,  
I know all the parties included ;  
And Merchant's a man that we never could bend,  
But on rights of our Court has intruded.

*Queen's Counsel.*

I'll bend him about and I'll show him his place,  
 Perhaps I will fix it to-morrow ;  
 Such papers I want as will show me his case,  
 And I'll stop it, or cause him much sorrow.

[*Papers handed, exeunt Judge.*

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 DIALOGUE IV.
 

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BEFORE QUEEN'S COUNSEL AT HIS ROOMS.

*Merchant appears with his papers.*

*Queen's Counsel—*

What is your business sir, at the Assize,  
 You have some papers let me look them o'er ;  
 Some men are foolish, and their acts unwise,  
 Which keep this coun:ry in a sad uproar.

*M— hands papers.*

Sir I'm in trouble, and feel sorely press'd,  
 By justice smother'd, where it should be free ;  
 I'm come before you to have wrongs redress'd,  
 Inspect my papers and my case you'll see

[*Reads papers—a pause.*

*Queen's Counsel—*

It's dark, its dark, and dismal dark beside,  
 Can I proceed on your assertions here ?

Your case is scatter'd and the points are wide,  
How could I join them, this is what I fear ?  
The first presentment from the County Court  
stands so,  
It cannot enter in our courts above ;  
Unless before a magistrate you go,  
And all these facts and allegations prove.  
We have appointed Doctor Angler's bench,  
To hear such cases e'er we take them in ;  
He's a British subject, not a French,  
His honor's waiting and will soon begin.  
Your other cases he will hear them too,  
And do you justice I have little doubt ;  
Then I'll present them without much ado,  
And will be sorry should he turn them out.

*Merchant—*

What is the matter sir? have laws been chang'd,  
Can County Courts not return a bill ?  
Or does your honor think it was derang'd,  
When mostly magistrates such juries fill ?  
Or are our laws of camaleon hue ?  
Which changes color as it changes place,  
From white to yellow, or the royal blue,  
It seems to me that such were the case.  
I have sat on Juries, and I know the rules,  
All Britons then came before their peers ;  
But laws are changing with our lawyers schools,  
Who change their logic as we change our years.  
*[exit Merchant.]*

**JOHN MERCHANT'S PRAYER.**

Oh ! thou who in the truth delight,  
Raise spirits up to guard our right ;  
This land is festered o'er with sores,  
The blood proceeds from all her pores ;  
Unconscious till the deed was done,  
She has her race of freedom run ;  
And will whilst lawyers wield the power,  
Still sink her deeper every hour.  
They fly like locusts o'er this land,  
With judge and bailiffs hand in hand ;  
This country oft has looked you'll mind,  
As if sirocco's burning wind ;  
Had stopped the caravans of trade,  
And had all life its victims made !  
Each County Judge a worthless name,  
Unknown to truth the country's shame ;  
And lawyers too I here can say,  
O'er truth and justice bear the sway.  
Oh ! for a \*Hale would such arise,  
Amidst our courts in deep disguise ;  
And watch the actions of those knaves,  
Who make Canadian Britons slaves ;  
We then would get what we desire,  
A passport for such rogues entire.

---

\* Chief Justice Hale was one of the best judges ever seen in England. He often went to the Courts in disguise, and by this means found out many wrongs.



For all we have are fit for tools,  
Taught in their grand politic schools ;  
Where honest lawyers are cast out,  
This has been done there is no doubt,  
And honors oft have been retarded,  
Where master slaves were well rewarded.  
Would Canadians but be wise,  
And to their troubles turn their eyes ;  
They would look round and mind their choice,  
And not in names of smoke rejoice ;  
When at election times they send,  
A subtle lawyer, but no friend ;  
To represent them, but his purse  
Is never full this is the curse ;  
And by his actions and his plans,  
Sends thousands off to foreign lands—  
Yes off they fly like southern slaves,  
To shun Canadian laws and knaves ;  
This is the case and will each day,  
Whilst Judge and lawyers bear the sway ;  
Our treasury benches keep them free,  
From knaves and lawyers sent by thee ;  
Do this Canadians, then you'll share,  
The blessings of my humble prayer.

*After waiting to the last day of Court with eleven witnesses, Merchant was permitted to see this magistrate.*

### DIALOGUE V.

*Doctor Angler.*

Be seated Mr. Merchant, I'm in haste,  
Who are those people that are waiting round ?  
You must be brief, there is no time to waste,  
For in the Court House I must soon be found.

*Merchant.*

They are my witnesses if you will hear,  
The Queen's Solicitor has ordered all ;  
Before your Worship, and it does appear,  
By your decision I must stand or fall.  
I have been sworn into debts unfounded,  
By men whose actions are as dark as night ;  
And when my witnesses you will have sounded,  
I think that justice will secure my right,  
For I have wrestled with these nonconductors,  
Of truth, for justice I have battled sore,  
And those who act as our law constructors,  
Have bled my pockets till they'll bleed no more.

*Doctor Angler.*

All bosh ! sir, you seem to think,  
Our worthy lawyers raises stink ;  
Yes worse than skunks in May or June,  
And act court harpies night and noon.

This presentment number one,  
I can its bearings nicely scan,  
An officer you have convicted,  
For swearing what you contradicted.  
I'm bound to guard such men from harm,  
And all such whimsical alarm ;  
I'll quash this case and let it fall,  
And will not have it heard at all.

*Merchant.*

I satisfied our County peers,  
That he has sworn lies ;  
But cunning counsel now appears,  
To rule at the Assize.

*Doctor Angler.*

How dare you doubt, sir, what I say ?  
Remember where you are ;  
Or else you shall a forfeit pay,  
Dictate sir, if you dare.  
Your witnesses I shall not hear,  
Had you as many more ;  
Make haste and from my presence clear,  
That I may shut the door.

*[exeunt Merchant and witnesses.]*



**THE DEVIL AND DOCTOR ANGLER.**

"The doctor is well monied, and his friends  
Potent in court." —SHAKESPEARE.

When the devil\* was sick, and felt very sore,  
He sent for a doctor to mend him;  
But the devil got better, and felt as before,  
Yet the doctor he thought to befriend him.

The devil and doctor agreed on the spot  
To go as companions about it;  
And now they are off with their pills burning hot,  
To cure all their patients that's gouted.

They had their young students around on the  
sweep,  
With poison election abstracted;  
And medicines, black from some fathomless deep,  
Which sends their poor patients distracted.

All things they will cure in a whimsical spleen,  
By conscience-struck, burning hot nurses;  
Their cure it is certain, not half and between,  
But, patients, look out for your purses.

The plague it is spreading, the poison's let loose,  
The people have got the black vomit;  
They know that they're poison'd but that is no use,  
It's the tail of the last passing comet.

\*The devil represents the court, here.

To cure this distemper that's raging around,  
I got the receipt from the doctor—  
Three perjury pills to a man that's unsound,  
With a gallon of lies as decoctor.

This will amazingly work on his breast,  
Get a nurse from old Erebus hunted.  
And lock up his conscience in Pandora's chest,  
With a yell from old Beelzebub granted.

The cure you can get, but apply to the place,  
They have doctored me up in this fashion ;  
But devil and doctor's ashamed of my case,  
And both have gone off in a passion.

---

### DIALOGUE WITH A GHOST.

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SCENE NEAR KETTLE-POINT—COMING FROM COURT.

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One night I was on Huron shore,  
A-gazing o'er the waste,  
I heard a voice was heard before,  
Which turn'd me round in haste.

“What ails thee, man ?” a Spectre said,  
“You have a troubled mind ;  
You need not be of me afraid,  
Nor nothing of that kind.

Since last I saw you by the mill,\*  
And up the lonely bush,  
I have seen many a lawyer's bill,  
And heard their client's wish.

Just such as you they seem to be,  
Lamenting o'er their lot ;  
Whilst perjur'd villains, frank and free,  
Have lawful license got."

*Merchant.*

"Then, honest Ghost, do you see yon rocks,  
Where seabirds fly in pairs and flocks ?  
I'd wish them there, midst icy blocks,  
When Huron rages,  
And let them get some feeling shocks,  
Their well-earn'd wages ;

Or send them farther with a word,  
Upon that point they call Cape Hurd  
When Huron's in an icy curd,  
Boils, bolts, and rages  
Amidst the rocks, when no seabird  
Their place begrudges.

I'd let them there think on the past  
Without a sailor's oar or mast ;  
And Nick might blow his strongest blast  
For aught I'd care ;

---

\* Near Hillsborough.

I'd only wish they were the last  
Would earn such fare."

*Ghost.*

"Well mind you this, as sure as a nod  
When the iron horse is nicely shod,  
And Sarnia sends for living cod  
To the Atlantic,  
Such tyrants must stoop to the hod  
Or else run frantic.

I've heard Blackstone the other night,  
Say he had sons a shining light,  
Who wore their gowns and tippets right,  
Tho' some disgrace them,  
And when the road was full in sight  
He would displace them.

*Merchant.*

'If that be so,' said I, 'I'll ink it,'  
It's like the truth I really think it;  
So down it goes, I mean to clink it  
Both firm and fast;  
The iron horse, they cannot blink it,  
He'll come at last.

*Ghost.*

Judge Hale was there amongst the rest,  
When Blackstone had himself express'd;  
He said his heart was sore distress'd

And full of pains,  
To see some lawyers monkey-dress'd,  
More tails than brains.

He said such work as this must stop  
So soon as ripe the growing crop,  
And that they must begin and lop  
    Off rotten branches,  
Cause justice yet must rise o'er top  
    Of voice of banshees.

So let it be just as it may,  
I tell the truth in all I say ;  
These are the gents would not betray  
    The truth by fiction ;  
And for these facts you all may pray  
    This benediction :

The day they'll start the iron horse  
Upon the London Sarnia course,  
That you'll be freed from crimes that's worse  
    Than death or danger,  
The cravings of a lawyer's purse  
    To truth a stranger.

So take you notice, here's adieu,  
Remember what I've said to you,  
For e'er we meet again, it's true,  
    Upon this coast,  
Some honest lawyer will subdue  
    This tyrant host.



SOLD OUT AFTER COURT.

## DIALOGUE VI.

*In a Lawyer's Office, Judge B., Simple, Positive, and  
Bailiff looking after Costs, &c.*

*Simple.*

Pray Bailiff, what is your return ?  
Just let us hear the news ;  
You've made indeed a short sojourn,  
Have you made fast the screws ?

*Bailiff.*

Yes, Merchant's goods are sold at last,  
All I could find in store ;  
Which were all things he had not passed  
To creditors before.  
I stripped his house of everything,  
E'en his last bed and stove ;  
Which sent his children on the wing,  
Throughout the world to rove.  
These scarcely brought the costs to me,  
For serving in this case ;  
Here is the bill you plainly see,  
All's balanced in its place.

*Judge to Positive.*

Now, you go to work and be writing—  
Just send to your client at once ;

The work must be done by a little exciting  
So write him with Merchant there's no other  
    chance,  
Than swear that he parted his goods to another,  
    To cheat him of money was justly his due ;  
And then in the walls of our prison we'll smother,  
    And twist him about as we're wishful to do.

*Positive.*

That's what I thought, i'll do it quick,  
    And post it off with speed ;  
I think that Merchant must be sick,  
    When he'll no longer bleed.  
If he had got this perjurd case,  
    But enter'd in our Court ;  
Things would have worn another face,  
    And might on us retort.

*Simple.*

All's right I'm glad to see  
    This long expected hour ;  
That we could bind him where he'll be  
    Beneath our will and power.

*Positive writes.*

Friend, Mr. Rip at Hill of Pines,  
I send to you these hurried lines ;  
Merchant we have sold him out,  
You've bought all in, there is no doubt ;  
Now you'll proceed to needy James,



## DIALOGUE VII.

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 BETWEEN JUDGE AND POSITIVE IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.
 

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*Positive.*

The post has come, I've got the news,  
 Our friend has made all right ;  
 To Merchant now we'll put the screws,  
 And bind him firm and tight ;  
 Your Worship please a warrant sign,  
 Our Bailiff's at the door ;  
 When we his person can confine.  
 Our trouble will be o'er.

*Judge to Positive.*

Call in the Bailiff, he must hear  
 What I have got to say

*[calls Bailiff.]**To Bailiff.*

Bring Merchant's body, do not fear,  
 Be quick upon the way.

*John Merchant in Jail.*

*The Coon enters immediately after him, and before the  
 doors were shut.*



## DIALOGUE VIII.

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*Coon.*

Ah! you're here old friend, nice rooms indeed,  
They're pleasant quarters these;  
The Lord provides for those in need,  
To sit and take their ease.

*Merchant.*

If you but think that they are nice,  
I wish your head and tail  
Were fast within this county's vice,  
Yes, in this very jail.  
It's your deserts without a doubt,  
Because of cruel wrong,  
Your master yet will find you out,  
Perhaps before 'tis long.

---

## THE COON'S LECTURE TO HIS FRIENDS.

GENTLEMEN :—

I thank you for unwearied zeal,  
In working out my plan;  
We'll fix him now, he's fast in jail,  
This most insulting man.

Now jailor, you must do your part,  
His mess you must provide;

That soon must mollify his heart,  
We'll thus pull down his pride.

A crust of bread, the poorest sort,  
Must all his wants supply ;  
A herring's tail and at the most,  
Some tea we'll not deny.\*

He'll soon be in our doctor's hands,  
Which will break up his frame ;  
And when he's low in fever bands,  
We'll him completely tame.

*[Turning to the Judge.]*

Your honor, I will not forget,  
You did this work so free,  
And, Positive, you need not fret,  
I'm bound to do for thee.

The government will you appoint,  
Attorney for this county ;  
I'll oil the court in every joint,  
And equalize my bounty.

Simple, you have acted well,  
As well as man could do ;  
There's something secret, I'll not tell,  
I have in store for you.

---

\*It was the third day before he would eat anything. He told the jailor he never would eat what he brought him. After this he was used like a human being.

This little scribbler, Mr. Mac,  
He did his work so well  
That he must be a cor'ner's quack,  
Commissioned to excel.

The counsel for the Queen is right,  
A judgship fell by chance ;  
He's now commissioned, what delight ?  
To see my friends advance.

The man of customs he has fell,  
He dared my sway despise,  
F——h's his name, you know him well,  
His fate's before your eyes.

More men than he I have chastised,  
Too tedious here to mention ;  
I think next time, they'll be advised  
To raise no more contention.

*[In a low voice.]*

'Twas government that trap'd for me  
A number of its friends ;  
But after this, perhaps 'twill see  
How I work out my ends.



**JOHN MERCHANT'S DREAM.**

THE FIRST NIGHT IN JAIL.

I dream'd last night that I saw hell,  
By devils well surrounded,  
But what they did I scarce could tell,  
I was so much confounded.

A coon was acting Beelzebub,  
His crony acted devil ;  
A lawyer, with a lawyer's club,  
Kept guard to keep me civil.

Their harpies were like devils too,  
The truth like snakes they twisted ;  
They had them there of every hue,  
Great plans to them were trusted.

Said I, " If this be hell indeed,"  
Unto myself I said it,  
" I wish these on their journey speed,  
For they're the boys that made it."

But this curs'd hell that binds me now,  
I'll burst its bands asunder ;  
For Britons all have made a vow,  
No tyrant to lie under.

I scorn a traitor tyrant's grasp,  
Such never yet could hold me,



Nor shall this hell, with iron hasp,  
Where perjury has sold me.

I had maintain'd the laws through life,  
And that in every action,  
Till knaves brought on this cruel strife  
By perjur'd villains' faction.

For freedom then my soul did fly  
From every chain that bound it ;  
A Briton slave can never die,  
Though fire and death surround it.

I wak'd a-struggling in my sleep,  
My nerves were all in motion—  
My thoughts were like some troubled deep  
In stormy wild commotion.

I thought upon the two year's past,  
The sick'ning suits and losses ;  
I thought upon expenses vast,  
Heart-burnings, toils, and crosses.

May He, who rules the starry frame,  
Give judgment in his station,  
On whomsoever is to blame  
In this long litigation.

And may His vengeance hurl dismay  
Through every villain faction,  
Combin'd the truth to cast away  
In this and every action.

For I have spent my night in gloom,  
By locks and bars surrounded,  
Subjected to a villain's doom  
For debts I ne'er have founded.

---

**EPISTLE TO THE JAILOR, DEBTOR'S WARD.**

*Written January 19th, 1857, after being two nights  
in Jail.*

---

Dark is the day, dark is the hour,  
That gives to man a tyrant's power,  
May vengeance on all traitors shower,  
Destruction quick ;  
I'd wish them in old Pluto's bower  
Stuck on a stick.

I'd let them writhe in anguish there,  
Brought by themselves, let wild despair  
Seize every cruel lawcraft's heir ;  
That after ages,  
Might warning take lest they might share,  
Their well-earned wages.

Then they would know there was a world,  
Wherein stern justice is unfurl'd,  
And that to vengeance some were hurl'd

To their dark cell ;  
Where blazing vengeance blue and curl'd  
The distance swell.

For all those days have passed and fled,  
That man for lies has had a dread,  
'Cause infidels have thousands led  
A wily way ;  
For them to earn their daily bread,  
Unknown astray.

Here man to man acts so unjust,  
Although they're all but moving dust ;  
That one will steal a brother's crust  
By lies truth sounded ;  
And crush him down and say he must  
Be flayed or hounded.

It is the case we see such play  
At work around us every day ;  
We see it onwards on its way  
By high protection.  
May some high hand this trouble stay,  
And cause dissection.

And send black Dickey, though no stranger,  
To eat them out of house and manger,  
That sent me first that cruel ranger,  
His name is Crimp,  
He'll have them all without much danger,  
Yes every imp.

At every court I have been at,  
They swore me out of this and that,  
They'd swear a crowbar's made of fat,  
    And curl their nose ;  
I'd feed them on a Norway rat,  
    Till life would close.

Now Mr. Jailor here's my letter,  
From one the law has made a debtor,  
Although he's yet without a fetter  
    Within these walls,  
His spirit down they'll never get her,  
    In judgment halls.

Here justice truth and freedom call,  
To freemen for a tyrant's fall,  
And I for one my life my all,  
    I could extend it ;  
To have my case in a judgment hall,  
    Where truth would mend it.



### THE GHOST IN THE CELLS.

Last night, when in my lonely cell,  
My thoughts on bygone scenes would dwell ;  
My cell was dark and dismal too,

In the lonely night I tell to you.  
'Twas there I thought on days of yore,  
When husbands from their wives were tore,  
And wives from husbands oft were rent,  
And into dismal dungeons sent,  
And were with irons tightly bound,  
Chain'd down to rocks plac'd in the ground,  
And there in fetters, night and day,  
Their lonely lives they'd pass away ;  
Their crimes indeed, when rightly told,  
Were tyrants' whims, they being bold  
To speak their mind as freemen should ;  
These facts are now well understood,  
Compar'd with mine their case was worse,  
As they had irons to their curse ;  
But as for me, the truth I'll tell,  
I could move through my lonely cell ; \*  
My case, in fact, was the same cause,  
Canadians shame ! these were our laws ;  
Its inquisition and its train  
The very same as was in Spain.  
There they have blamed old pilgrim priests,  
And call'd them nasty ugly beasts ;  
No one need mind such foolish blarney,  
There's just as bad as them in Sarnia ;

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\* Imprisonment for debt lately repealed, but some lawyers are again putting out their horns, like a snail on a dewy morning, to have the curse revived. We see their croakings in some newspapers.

Altho' they do not get that name,  
Their very acts are just the same.  
Some call them big bugs with a leer,  
But if they'd chance such words to hear,  
Down goes the poor unhappy wretch,  
And then he's sold for what he'll fetch.  
'Tis said they will not sell the body,  
It would not bring one glass of toddy ;  
I thought on this, and on my case,  
With iron bolts before my face ;  
I shrugg'd my shoulders, as I ought—  
These bolts and bars, what dismal thought !  
I'll mind them to my dying day,  
Where'er on earth I'll chance to stray ;  
Because I know both firm and clear,  
If British laws unmasked could hear,  
My case would soon dash tyrants under,  
And burst those bolts and bars asunder.  
In meditating thus, a light  
Sprung up around me clear and bright,  
Yes, round my cell as clear as day ;  
The light shin'd round it every way—  
I look'd and on the other side,  
Where bolts and bars the cell divide,  
There stood a spirit's lovely form,  
As white as snow in winter's storm ;  
I was astonished, as those gates,  
On turning round, made noisy grates,  
And that I could have heard, if life

Had enter'd in with meaning strife ;  
I could not say good-day or night,  
But there I lay in trembling fright,  
A chilling sweat ran from my brow,  
I thought to speak but knew not how ;  
At last the spirit mov'd its hand,  
In which it held a rod or wand,  
And this to me it gently said :—  
“ Within these walls be not afraid ;  
Do not by wrongs be so opprest ;  
Don't let them sink so in your breast,  
For He who rules o'er might and light  
Has tyrants all before His sight ;  
He'll send them where there's no return,  
Through endless ages, doom'd to mourn,  
Far, far beyond creation's light,  
Midst fiery flames' eternal night,  
Where wave on wave, in thick'ning smoke,  
There vengeance tell what's long bespoke  
To all deceivers, where they'll burn,  
And from that wrath there's no return,  
Since they are doom'd for ever and ever,  
To joys that's lost returning never.  
It's hard, indeed, unjustly so,  
That British laws should be so low,  
As to support each lawyer band  
To rob this fair Canadian land.  
Where politicians, cast from power,  
Can hell subscribe and heaven devour,

And by their secret agents screen  
The blackest deeds that e'er were seen.  
But of such knaves be not afraid,  
It's lasting truth what I have said,  
Adieu, farewell—when on my post,  
I'm partner to the Lambton Ghost."

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### ON GIVING UP THE BOOKS.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE.

These books are mine !  
I lost them all by law expenses ;  
When rogues combine,  
They'll drive a man beyond his senses,  
But let it be, I plainly see  
The spot from whence such wrongs commences.

A man that's blind,  
And cannot see the ditch that drowns him.  
Yet in his mind  
Perhaps he'll see some hopes around him ;  
And when he's fled  
Amongst the dead,  
We think at last that heav'n has found him.

But my sad state,  
With darkness black, is yet surrounded ;  
Who knows my fate ?



By perjur'd villains hemm'd and hounded,  
 And must sit down  
 Without a frown,  
 To bear their scourge and be confounded.

There is a judge  
 Who knows the truth and all my sorrow ;  
 I don't begrudge  
 His downward course who falsehood borrow,  
 But wait my time  
 Whilst hear I'll rhyme,  
 And hope for better times to-morrow.

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### THE LAMBTON COON HUNT.

When a coon and a fox started here on the chase—  
 I mean last election we had in this place—  
 The coon lost the chase, as you plainly may see,  
 He then sent his beagles a hunting at me.  
 With my right tally ho ! right tally hi ho !  
 The beagles of Lambton he did let them go.

The crime I committed, it was very small  
 To cause my destruction and sudden downfall ;  
 He sent a commission my vote to betray,  
 But the mandate he order'd I would not obey.  
 With my right tally ho ! &c.

He hunted me out of both houses and lands,

Whilst I kept him in chase with my lifted hands,  
His beagles did hunt me, and that you may see,  
Through six courts in Warwick they have hunted  
me. With my right tally ho ! &c.

They hunted me next through the county, you know  
Four runs through the county I had for to go ;  
They hunted me up in this grand steeple chase,  
And all the whole time, I ne'er slack'd my pace.  
With my right tally ho ! &c.

At last I was pent like a fox in his den,  
And had to fight devils transposed into men ;  
I did give them battle the best way I could,  
Still showing my front, as my courage was good.  
With my right tally ho ! &c.

My money is spent, and my lands they are gone,  
A house or living they have left me none ;  
And yet they are hunting with vengeance and strife,  
And aim at existence, the end of my life.  
With my right tally ho ! &c.

These beagles have hunted me up to the jail,  
And here I lie mourning, and constantly wail,  
And curse the old coon and his perjured nest,  
Who laugh at my sorrows, and make it a jest.  
With my right tally ho ! &c.

Dick Warwick, I'll blame him to my dying day,  
Jim Harrow, you know him, and one Rattle Ray,

The last two were plants for a hunt in the chase,  
 They'll surely soon meet with a lasting disgrace.  
 With my right tally ho ! &c.

The coon struts around us in majesty here,  
 Still viewing my cell with a kind of a leer ;  
 He's just like his namesake with long busy tail,  
 \*After stealing a chicken will perch on a rail.  
 With my right tally ho ! &c.

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### HURON FROG POND.

'Twas one day, as I wander'd out  
 Throughout the woodlands round about,  
 To pass away one lonely hour  
 In nature's wild, romantic bower ;  
 There, as I mus'd and walk'd along,

---

\*And he is now on a rail where the dogs may bark at him, but that's all they can do. There is many another sly animal such as he is similarly situated, but dare not come down from the fence lest they would get worried and torn to pieces.

### Imprisonment for Debt in 1857.

For a debtor to get clear of imprisonment and trouble at this time, the law required that he should give up all his property into the hands of parties whom the law styled trustees. After which he was to notify all people by advertizing in the "Canada Gazette," and one other paper published in his own County ; and personally or by letter to his known creditors ; and then, and not till then, he

I heard the warblers make their song,  
I heard them, as they seem'd to be,  
All happy in their summer's glee ;  
There, Whip-poor-will did make his choice  
To skim the air with echoing voice ;  
The Robin, on the green spread tree,  
Sent forth his notes melodiously ;  
Bob-white was heard amongst the rest  
To pour rejoicings from his breast ;  
The Partridge too, with booming sound,  
Kept drumming through the woods around.  
I listened as I mov'd along  
Amid this scene of happy song,  
And thought if man could be so blest

was to be heard before the County Judge, touching all matters respecting his debts and credits, &c., after which he was to be liberated from all further process by law. To take this step John Merchant was advised by his lawyer, and reluctantly took the advice. The Court or lawyers then, with his consent, appointed trustees, into whose hands he had to give his books and Bills Receivable. These bills were nearly double the amount of the unjust debt and law costs included, then held against him. At the same time to carry out the requirements of the law, he gave money into the hands of his lawyer to pay for the necessary advertisements in the "Gazette" and County newspaper ; but the advertisement was not put into the "Gazette" the third time, so that when the Court met in which he was to have been examined, and in which he was to have got clear the Judge would not proceed. "This was another court dodge," which would cause a delay of three weeks to get the advertising brought to maturity. Again, this delay was wanted at the time, because the Hon. John H. Cameron had brought in a bill to the Canadian Parliament, and was pushing it through with all the power with which his brethren of the long robe were able to

With such kind feelings in his breast  
As now pervade these woodland choirs,  
He would be all that God desires.  
But that was lost by Adam's fall,  
Since few are just—scarce one at all.  
Just at this time, I chanc'd to spy  
Some boys beside a pool hard by,  
They had long rods of every hue,  
Whilst some were stripped black and blue,  
Sometimes I'd hear them make a noise,  
Like any other merry boys.  
I left my path, and went to see  
What kept them in such ecstasy ;  
I then indeed was much surpris'd,

help him. He got it through and it was put in force immediately—31st March, 1857. This bill did away with the law that allowed at that time an honest, but perhaps an unfortunate debtor to become a freeman in Upper Canada. In it there was one clause that allowed every debtor who had placed himself into this Court, for the purpose of getting clear of the law, to receive into his own hands again, if he did not get through, whatever property he had put into the hands of the trustees. Notwithstanding that clause this person has neither received his books nor Bills Receivable to this day. The Judge was to see that this clause should be carried out. Did he do it in this case? No..

At this time there were in the jails of Upper Canada over 600 debtors, and it is likely these parties were all making application to get free. If they were it would cost in each case, on an average (if lawyers could twist the money out of them,) \$40 that would be \$24,000 taken by a system of lawfully acknowledged robbery. The like of which was unknown in any other country in the world, and the money taken from the very poorest of the people. At this time thousands fled from Upper Canada to the United States, and all for

To see some boys, though half disguis'd  
Around a pool of muddy water,  
Made such a place by splash and splatter ;  
This pool was full of toads and frogs,  
With here and there some rotten logs,  
All full of mischief there they stood,  
Still watching round in merry mood ;  
And when a toad would raise its head,  
Of which it seem'd to have a dread,  
He might just raise it up a little,  
For that they would not care a spittle ;  
But if he would give but one cheep,  
He got a slap that made him sleep.  
Some frogs hopp'd there from other pools,  
And said that these were silly fools  
To thus be pent and struck so dumb,  
And not roar out " Strong rum, strong rum ; " \*

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\*Language said by boys to be used by bullfrogs.

fear of the jails. This injured the creditors more than anything else, because the property left behind them was eaten up by lawyers, sheriffs, and balliffs. But then these unfortunate debtors did right when the laws of their own country would not protect them. If they could have stopped at home, they would have saved their creditors a great deal, by putting their property into the best shape to pay them. At that time there were some strange inconsistencies in Canada—the government was encouraging emigration, and the lawyers which was, and is yet near allied to the government (and so near for the country's good) was turning the people out as fast as it could. It was also said that there were more political debtors in jail than real ones, that is, law manufactured debtors.

Then these would raise their heads and roar it,  
"Strong rum, strong rum, there's naught before it,"  
They would be independent frogs, no matter  
E'en in a pool of stagnant water ;  
Then one would croak a while, but mind it,  
The wicked boys were sure to find it ;  
Yes, the noise they would find out,  
If in the pond, there is no doubt ;  
Then on the head poor frog got tap,  
Which sent him down to take a nap ;  
"Ha ! ha !" they'd say, "you'll croak no more,"  
Then all the boys would laugh and roar,  
And off they'd run to watch another,  
Perhaps 'twould be the last frog's brother ;  
And if he'd raise his head to croak,  
He in an instant got a stroke,  
And down he went among the mud,  
Or belly up, died in his blood  
So there I watch'd this frog-pond well,  
And all the boys as they would yell,  
As down went toady, frog, or lizzard,  
By boys without heart, soul, or gizzard ;  
Said I, "My boys, who owns this pond,  
Or who are you that are so fond  
To knock poor frogs upon their head,  
And knock them till you knock them dead ?"  
"The pond," they said, "was owned by Jack,  
Who long had rul'd the Huron Track ;  
And they were sent to watch all croakers,

And mischief-making known provokers."  
This they said, which grieved me sore,  
Although I'd heard such things before  
About this Jack, and all his capers,  
With clap-trap tricks and bits of papers;  
Said I, "My boys, I cannot see,  
How cruel work, like this can be  
Permitted by the Great Creator,  
Who gave us life, Just Legislator ;  
Or how can man be so unjust  
As thus betray his Maker's trust ?  
For tyrant man acts so unholy,  
That Heaven to him's a hyperbole ;  
Those downy beds, where tyrants lie  
In death, a woeful want supply ;  
Yes, tyrants all, your worldly store  
Is lost in death for evermore."

---

#### A GROAN FROM HURON.

Oh! why can tyrants stretch their hand  
Out o'er the raging sea ;  
Upon this fair Canadian land,  
A land that should be free.

Or why did George, oncesovereign king,  
Grant land to tyrant's, where  
They keep their bailiffs on the wing,



To cause so much despair ?

Or was that charter deign'd for good

To help the poor man's lot ?

Or was it then well understood,

To help the lording sot ?

Now he who sits in gilded halls,

With seeming power and pride,

Upon the honest settler falls,

Who dare not turn and chide.

Yes, those who clear'd the woods away,

Till fertile fields appear,

Now live in terror, night and day,

By titles not made clear.\*

Dark was that day for Huron lands,

That men could man decoy,

And hold that power within their hands,

Which afterwards destroy

Those who have toiled through winter snows

And sultry summer's heat,

And trimm'd the forest down with blows,

Where grows their fields of wheat.

For now they fly away from this,

Their country and their care ;

---

\*Leases which have sent thousands of our best Canadian settlers and subjects out of the country.

Yes far beyond the lakes to miss,  
The tyrant's wilder fare.

They love their country, not her laws,  
And love their country still ;  
But toiling to fill lordly maws,  
That works against their will.

For Huron leech not satisfied,  
Till gorg'd with blood, nor dies ;  
The rights of man it has defied,  
And homeless children's cries.



### CANADA COMPANY'S WALKING BEAM.

TUNE "GARYOWEN."

The ten years lease on Huron lands,  
In statu quo it never stands,  
For settlers now are seen in bands,  
Upon the road from Huron.

It is that cruel walking beam,  
That money hunting walking beam,  
That deadly moving walking beam,  
That drives them off from Huron.

Just see their bloodhounds on the scent,  
Hunting the settlers for the rent ;  
Hear how their case the poor lament ?  
When forc'd to fly from Huron.

&c., &c.





He there show'd me townships, concessions and  
roads.

With lands that were clear'd and their happy  
abodes ;

'Twas then I paid money in bright guineas down,  
For which I got papers with ink streaked round.

&c., &c.

Another ten guineas took me to the land,  
I then went to whack with an axe in my hand ;  
I builded a shanty, or one-sided house,  
I chopp'd down the trees and burn'd up the browse.

&c., &c.

For over ten years I have work'd very hard,  
Still hoping at last I would get my reward ;  
With sixty clear'd acres, I thought was my own,  
But interest on payments have left me with none.

&c., &c.

The sheriff sent letters, I could do no more ;  
My wife and my children were sent from the door ;  
And now to the West we must trudge it away,  
After putting in Huron a ten years' stay.

&c., &c.

These base Huron landlords are up to the laws,  
They have the poor the settler in their lion jaws ;  
And if he be noisy, there's no one dare bail,  
They'll crush him to pieces or send him to jail.

&c., &c.



May they ever be bound by a truthful emotion,  
 To guard all their rights on the river Saint Clair.

Here nature, with wild shady bowers extending  
 Bedecks these green banks, and their beauties  
 declare

By the sun when at eve his long shadows he's  
 sending

Across thy clear waters, unrival'd Saint Clair.

Port Sarnia and Huron thy wharfs are commanding  
 And link with the world and its trading to share,  
 And far distant lands from the ocean are sending  
 Their wealth to thy ports on the river Saint Clair.

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### LINES

ON THE MURDER OF THE LATE MR. RUSSELL, LONDON  
 AND SARNIA ROAD.

Come all you marri'd people and listen unto me,  
 I'll tell you of a murder and woful tragedy  
 That happen'd on London road, which grieves the people  
 sore  
 To think that Russell's murder'd, and now is seen no more

His wife was very wicked, and laid the cruel plot,  
 The warning's of her Bible she had, alas! forgot;  
 She took the road to ruin, by sinful actions led,  
 And murder'd her own husband, the partner of her bed

She had induc'd a young man to help her in the act,

They manag'd their stratagems with cunning and with  
tact ;  
But God, who rules above us, and knows us every one,  
Has pointed out the guilty, and B——n is the man.

When Russell he was buried and laid low in his grave,  
This B——n and this widow did curiously behave ;  
Inless than one week after they were made man and wife,  
Which told the people plainly who took poor Russell's life

A coroner he was sent for, and Russell was took up,  
A jury there decided who gave the poisoning cup ;  
'Midst cries of orphan children, who rais'd a mournful wail,  
This woman with her partner were sent to London jail.

Let every man and woman that round this country dwell,  
Mark out what cruel murders the courts of justice swell ;  
Blacken'd deeds, scarce known before in any other land,  
Are foremost on our dockets, in numbers largely stand.

Above all cruel murders, the worst it sure must be,  
Where vows with joint affections should bind their destiny ;  
Now, let us look around us, where God entwines the knot,  
Their duty to each other is never once forgot.

E'er Russell he was murder'd ; he said it would be so ;  
That B——n would murder him, he seem'd the whole to  
know ;  
He knew his wife was faithless, he knew it long before,  
His neighbors made sport of it, and thought of nothing more.

Now all you married people who dwell throughout this land,  
Remember what you're bound to, on joining hand in hand,  
For Satan's strolling round you, he is an ugly spy,  
Watch him well, least he get in and loose the marriage tie.



**EPISTLE TO BOSANQUET.**

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE COLLECTOR AB-  
SCONDING WITH THE TAXES.

Bosanquet, run, fly for a doctor,  
You're wounded sore by honest Proctor ;  
He's run away, and's took your cash,  
And's gave your heart an awful gash.

Run, get a doctor whilst you're able,  
Who has a hand both firm and stable,  
And let him use his healing art  
To cure the wounds that's in thy heart.

Do call thy friends and let them see you,  
If from your illness they can free you ;  
Do search the spot where poison lurk,  
But do not call a Hare or Burke.\*

For many such you have around you,  
Now watch them well, or they'll confound you :  
I say begin, reform your life,  
Lest you may get another knife.

Your friends are cunning, cruel, wicked,  
But just they are as you have picked ;  
Have you not trusty men to guide you  
To honest fame, and not divide you ?

---

\* Two men who were executed in Scotland for kidnapping and murder.

Keep your purse from all such knaves,  
As fit for naught but villain graves,  
And do not let them suck your veins,  
Such rogues are all too fond of gains.

But time will teach you to be wise,  
Designing tricksters to despise;  
Yes, and to know who justice classes  
From wicked knaves and silly asses.

But now you're sick and very sore,  
And many black spots fill the core;  
Get nurses kind that will befriend you,  
But not such knaves as want to end you.

- Within your bounds there's many a curse,  
who wants to hold the township's purse;  
But if you'll get another Proctor,  
You'll scarce get cur'd by any doctor.

---

**THE POOR MOOLEY OX'S LAMENT TO HIS  
MASTER.**

---

The poor mooley ox he is now dead and gone,  
The cows and the calves are left mourning alone;  
He had made his will, being ready to die,  
And bid all farewell with tears in his eye.

How hard was the fate of this poor mooley ox,  
His sides and his shoulders show'd poverty's  
knocks;  
Because on his bones stuck his hide hard and dry,  
On bidding farewell with the tear in his eye.

"Dear Charley, your mercy and pity I crave,  
For long I have been both your servant and slave;  
And do not destroy me, I'm ready to die"—  
These words said poor mooley, with tears in his  
eye—

But Charley said nothing, not even a word,  
He ran for a butcher, yes flew like a bird;  
And cut mooley's throat, whilst, to all passers-by,  
The ox bawled for "Mercy," with tears in his eye.

"I might be your father, dear Charley," he said,  
"My teeth are all gone, there's not one in my head,  
And if you will kill me I'll never deny,  
I'll turn round your mouth 'twixt your ear and  
your eye."

The ox being dead, and his beef it was boil'd  
I pity poor Charley, whose mouth it has spoil'd;  
It's turn'd to the side, and he cannot deny  
The advise from the ox with tears in his eye.

**EDMOND GARNER'S ADDRESS TO HIS  
WIFE IN ENGLAND.**

---

AFTER GETTING A LETTER COMPLAINING OF NEGLECT.

---

My dear loving Edith, I know it's no use  
To send you a letter without an excuse ;  
The best I can send you, whilst here I do roam,  
Is that I have been striving to get you a home.

A home for my Edith, a new forest home,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

That home I have got, and I send it with speed,  
That by the last mail I received my deed ;  
I save all my earnings, though here I must roam,  
Whilst my heart's with my wife and my children  
at home.

&c., &c.

I'm working my garden, six acres hard by,  
Where Huron St. Clair with her waters supply,  
And speeds to the ocean through cataract foam,  
But my heart's with my Edith, my children, and  
home.

&c., &c.

If the season be fruitful, this I will say,  
The first of next summer you'll be on the way ;  
And though as a stranger you hither may roam,  
When here, you can rest in your new forest home.

&c., &c.

Forgive me, dear Edith, if crops they would fail,  
 It's God that directs, and we cannot assail ;  
 He guards and protects us wherever we roam,  
 And will, till we meet in our new forest home.

&c., &c.

I have forty acres, the land's of the best,  
 The deed is forever, and here we can rest ;  
 No landlord can move us, or send us to roam  
 To lands far away from our new forest home.

&c., &c.

My Joseph, and Martha, and Betsy I see,  
 Whilst John's on the ocean now coming to me ;  
 My Ebe and my Sarah all hither must roam,  
 We'll all then rejoice in our new forest home.

&c., &c.

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### LINES

ON SEEING A LANDSCAPE PAINTING\* THAT HAD BEEN  
 EXECUTED BY A YOUNG LADY, SISTER TO MESSRS.

A. AND DR. N——H, OF WARWICK.

May thy heart and thy hand, honor'd lady, still find  
 A subject so tender, yet none to thy mind

---

\* A view of their father's residence, who had been rector of the parish of Andstraw, county Tyrone, Ireland.

Will have such endearments to pay for thy toil,  
As painting the landscapes around Castle Moyle.

'Tis twenty long years since I have been there,  
And the painting is faithful, I can it declare ;  
For scenes of my boyhood again did recoil,  
On viewing the image of old Castle Moyle.

The bridge and the trees in the front do appear,  
The castle is back, and shows off in the rear ;  
The Strowl and her sister from mountain glens boil  
And join both their waters below Castle Moyle.

May thy heart and thy hand, honor'd lady, still  
move,  
In painting out scenes of affection and love ;  
And do not let distance or time ever soil  
Past scenes of thy childhood around Castle Moyle.

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### LINES

IN MEMORY OF THE MELANCTHON CHILDREN, WHO WERE CARRIED OFF BY INDIANS TWENTY-THREE OR FOUR YEARS AGO.

When old Mr. Horning first ascended yon hill,  
Away in Melancthon, to build himself a mill,  
The settlers there were scarce, and dwellings far between,  
And he in that township was the first to be seen.

When the mill she was going, and every thing right,  
He in these improvements took very great delight ;

And when the weary trav'ler would call in to rest,  
The feelings of a brother would rise in his breast.

He always made them welcome by night or by day,  
Indians, in their-hunger, were never sent away ;  
He shared with them his bounty, and gave them his bread,  
As of their bad intentions he never had a dread.

One evening in the summer, the cows were away  
A distance from the house, in the wild woods astray,  
And his son, with his playmates, went out as before  
To bring in the cows, but was never seen more.

Little Lewis Horning, was his loving son's name,  
And three of Van Meers' of tender age the same ;  
The Indians stole them off, and away they did go,  
Which sunk their loving parents in sorrow and woe.

They took away these children to lands far away,  
But where they have been taken to, no one can say ;  
Mr. Horning searched the woods, round mountain and lake,  
And in peril put his life for his dear son's sake.

He had got other sons that to manhood had grown,  
Their father's lasting sorrows they shared with their own ;  
They search'd for their brother on each desolate shore,  
But a sight of their brother they never saw more.

Lewis Horning returned to his desolate home,  
Where the wife and the mother distracted did roam ;  
They both lay broken-hearted, and melted away,  
And in doleful lamentations this they would say :—

“ 'Tis Thy will, Great Creator, and here must be done,  
We know that favored Jacob did once lose a son,  
And he saw the blood on his many-colored coat,  
And heard all the rumors of his death set afloat.

But thy hand followed Joseph to Egypt, we know,  
Where the king of that country to Joseph did show  
His friendly attachment, by giving honor'd trust,  
And said to all his nobles, obey him they must.

May the God of Joseph be the God of our son,  
And help him all the gods of the heathen to shun ;  
And grant that as a star he may shine evermore,  
Doing good in his season, on some distant shore."

'Tis more than twenty years since these children were lost,  
And often were they searched for regardless of cost ;  
Their parents lay mourning, still hoping it might be  
That a sight of their children they once more might see.

The parents of these children have gone to their rest,  
Perhaps they have met them in the land of the blest ;  
The trial was distressing that they did undergo,  
As all died broken hearted, in sorrow and woe,

---

### THE STRATHROY BARBER.

At Strathroy town without a frown,  
Miss lady Johnston carries ;  
She's fair and fat, and more than that,  
Sharp shaving tools she carries.

To shave you all, both great and small,  
Out of both land and houses ;  
As all went there, I can declare,  
Have lost both coat and trowsers.



And then her hitch this manly bitch,  
 Knows well how to protect it;  
 If there you be you can't get free,  
 Till barber'd and dissected.

&c., &c.

There are a few within her stew,  
 She keeps for use, not bullies;  
 For they can write and you invite,  
 Whilst she makes fast her pullies.

&c., &c.

This Strathroy jade keeps up her trade,  
 She has her lovers blinded  
 'Till they leave there, with buttocks bare,  
 The truth they never find it.

&c., &c.

Beware of she, perhaps 'tis he  
 Hermaphrodite or *curnel*;  
 Takes cash and land, on every hand,  
 Miss Johnston acts infernal.

&c., &c.

This trust and loan make thousands moan,  
 Canadian ladies wonder  
 To see their men shaved, clipp'd and then  
 Their children mourn with hunger.

When shaved of *an*, &c.

**THE STRATHROY DANDY.**

---

From Lobo I started and soon got employ  
At driving the quill in the town of Strathroy ;  
I wear a mustache, with my hair curled round,  
And in this new village, a treasure I found.

And sweets of the season I'll never destroy,  
But taste all the pleasures of sporting Strathroy.

The ladies, God bless them, I keep them in twist,  
And some of their hearts I begin to enlist ;  
I slip them the bounty, and do not care where,  
And ladies, I love them I vow and declare.

&c., &c.

Then men raised a fuss, but I cannot tell how,  
And said they would send me again to the plough  
And keep down my courage, but that will not do,  
There's other employments for men to pursue.

&c., &c.

I then took a notion of physic and lance,  
And paid my respects to old gallon, by chance,  
The science was grave, and I now can declare,  
I had to make straight all my new-curled hair.

&c., &c.

Then bright as the star of the morning, did rise  
The *Times* of Strathroy, in full view to my eyes ;  
I took in tow with a line of my muse,  
And keeps it at sea with a freight of good news.

&c., &c.

Some say the ship's leaky and soon will give out,  
 Some say that her timbers are twisted about ;  
 I care not for that, whilst the ladies are free,  
 The wreck of a ship's little trouble to me.

&c., &c.

So here's to Strathroy, to the *Times* and the pen,  
 And here's to the frolics of women and men.  
 While roses are blooming, I always shall smell,  
 And the curse of the *Times* on the rogue that shall  
 tell.

•&c., &c.

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### ANNA M'DOWELL'S LAMENT.

---

My name is Ann M'Dowell, the truth to you I'll tell,  
 I was deceiv'd near Sarnia, the people know it well ;  
 I left my place for Huron, a working girl to go,  
 Which prov'd my sad destruction and sudden overthrow.

The young man that deceiv'd me did follow to this place,  
 He knew my situation and coming sad disgrace ;  
 He promis'd for to marry me, and that without delay,  
 But soon my sad seducer from this he fled away.

My parents died and left me, and that the people know,  
 So I was broken-hearted, and that to you I'll show,  
 M'Dowell then came to me, whilst struggling in my mind,  
 And said that he would marry me, and after use me kind.

I told my situation, and that in every part,  
 I never let deception have entrance to my heart ;

He said it would content him if I would be his wife,  
And that he would befriend me for ever through this life.

We very soon got married, there was not much delay—  
In all this I was honest, and never did betray;  
My husband he was wicked, and that to you I'll tell,  
As by his sad contrivance remorse my bosom swell.

Three months after marriage, with my baby on my knee,  
He said, "We'll go to Canada, the other side to see;  
I there will get employment, and then to work I'll go,  
But in the boiling river your baby you must throw :\*

I'll not have such annoyance, it's irksome unto me,  
So put it from existence, get from its trouble free;  
If you will not obey me, then this to you I'll say,  
That you must go for ever to wander as you may."

I said, "I would not drown it, I could not bear the shock—  
Oh! do not ask me do it, your heart is like a rock.  
Oh! do not drown my baby, it's innocent, you see,  
The lovely little creature is pleasure unto me."

"Yes, you must drown your baby before we reach yon shore,  
And if you will not do it my face you'll see no more."  
Thus, being sorely tempted, I did give my consent,  
With stones pinn'd in its clothing it to the bottom went.

So soon as my dear baby had vanish'd from my sight,  
I knew that it was innocent, I then was in a fright;  
My conscience then did seize me, and that without delay,  
Its horrors will assail me until the judgment day.

---

\* M'Dowell was not the father of her child, but she had told him her situation.

A coroner he was sent for, and I was taken there,  
I saw my lifeless baby, which sunk me in despair ;  
Yes, this is my dear baby, I did the horrid act,  
M'Dowell he advis'd me, I tell the very fact.

But if I could command it, the world, with all its store,  
I'd give it for my baby, if life I could restore ;  
M'Dowell has destroy'd me, and took my baby's life,  
He was the one advis'd me, because I was his wife.

Death it is too good for me for giving my consent,  
The murder of my baby I ever will lament ;  
When night comes on I'm troubl'd, I cannot get my rest,  
I think I hear my baby and feel it on my breast.

I'm now in Sarnia jail, executed for to be,  
The twenty-fourth November my life will pay the fee ;  
M'Dowell goes to Kingston, to serve his season there,  
I hope he will repent, and his wickedness declare.

The judge and jury's mercies the Governor he got,  
I'm on my way to Kingston, seven years are my lot ;  
Farewell to all-acquaintance, I'll ever wish you well,  
Likewise my own relatives, wherever they may dwell.

---

### TO OILSPRINGS BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

JUNE 13TH, 1867.

You land speculators, with oil on the brain,  
When will you revisit those regions again ?  
Like swallows in summer, you're still on the wing,  
To catch other flies at the opening of spring.

These follow the seasons, as winter draws near  
They skim o'er the waters and soon disappear ;  
But there are some swallows, lie buried in mud,  
Till winter pass over and spring warms blood.

But you are like neither, lost feathers you mourn;  
That yet may build nests for the birds that return ;  
You once had your engines all squirting away  
At pumping old wells, both by night and by day.

Then had you been wiser, and took to the drill  
In place of the pump, you'd have acted with skill,  
And sunk your wells deeper, to oil veins below—  
By this, the brown liquid would constantly flow.

Return, then, if wisemen, these valleys and hills  
Are sure to repay you, for all your past ills ;  
For down in these rocks, the priz'd liquid is there,  
Over nine hundred feet, but there's none in the air.

'Cause times are fast coming, we see them ahead.  
When oil shall be cooking and baking our bread ;  
It now drives large steamers o'er waters away,  
Which carries on traffic to each distant bay.

Then let us take courage, should birds be forgot,  
All fowls lose their feathers, when men loose them  
not ;  
And Oilsprings shall rise o'er the whims of the past,  
When oil trade gets founded on prices to last.

LAVY IN QUEST OF SPORT.

---

Did ever you hear of Port Franks,  
Or Lavy, some call him the blinker ?  
He always is found in the ranks  
Of those that are fond of a clinker.

This person left home on a day,  
He said on a hunting excursion ;  
But what he made out by the way,  
May give you a little diversion.

He came to the sign at the hill,  
They say it's the sign of the hunter ;  
He there saw some game he might kill,  
It being in dead of the winter.

This Lavy was fond of a toast,  
When ladies would help him to drink it ;  
And then of their beauty he'd boast,  
And chuckle and laugh, you may think it.

His hostess this day was at home,  
He drank and he frolic'd around her ;  
He thought he had got her alone,  
And then he began for to sound her.

“ Is the hunter away on the chase,  
Or will he be home e'er to-morrow ?

My wish is to look in your face,  
It banishes all kinds of sorrow.

So fill me a glass of good ale,  
And you can drink wine, rum, or brandy;  
There's no one can tell a long tale,  
We'll work out our frolic so handy."

"Yes, my husband has gone to the chase,  
The game it is getting so plenty;  
It's a week since I last saw his face,  
I wish he may make it out twenty.

So drink up your glass and be wise,  
The hunters we'll make them repent it;  
Their skulking about I despise,  
But how can poor women prevent it?

So here's to the bottle and glass,  
And here's to the last of our sorrow;  
And here's to the man loves a lass,  
We'll all be rejoicing to-morrow."

Then Lavy jump'd round like a bird,  
His heart got as light as a feather;  
He had made it up with a word  
And talking a little together.

The landlady went to the door,  
But left our friend Lavy behind her;  
She told how that ugly old boar  
Had wanted in fetters to bind her.



The hunter was sitting hard by,  
    'Tis said with the maids in the kitchen ;  
But Lavy could never descry,  
    The landlady seemed so bewitching.

She told how he wanted a bed,  
    And how that she soon would be ready,  
She wanted to put him in dread,  
    And cause him hereafter be steady.

“ His wife,” she said, “ had a hard lot,”  
    But that she would give him a caution ;  
And show him the road for to trot,  
    And that in a new-fangled fashion.

So Jack, get a piece of a stick,  
    Get under the bed and be ready,  
And when you get at him be quick,  
    Lay on him both constant and steady.

For if I was here in your room,  
    I'd surely begin for to welt him,  
And cudgel him well with the broom,  
    I think in my heart I would melt him.

I'll see him again in the bar,  
    He's throwing out plenty of money ;  
His prospects I'll never debar,  
    But smile and look wonderful funny.

We'll soon have a piece of a joke,  
    Old Lavy was all in his glory ;

Whilst fun at our lady he'd poke,  
And then tell a piece of a story.

At last all the strangers had fled,  
The bar-room look'd dingy and smoky,  
And Lavy was thinking on bed,  
And laugh'd at the fun, by the hoky.

Now Lavy was shown to his room,  
The next to the hunter's was rated ;  
But little he thought of his doom,  
Or music he lately had created.

He went to his bed and he might,  
Have kept it in peace till the morning ;  
But thought on his joy and delight,  
His wife lay at home he was scorning.

At last a dead silence prevail,'  
Whilst some made a noise in their slumber ;  
Then Lavy starts in his shirt tail,  
The hunter's bedclothes to get under.

He had to go round to her room,  
The door being left slyly open ;  
So now he was just in his loom,  
He went by his wants and a token.

He threw himself into her bed,  
How fain was his love and affection,  
Whilst those to the altar he led  
Was held in a total abjection.

Now Jack the bold hunter was there,  
A candle was placed on the table ;  
You'd think he was killing a bear,  
He hammered him whilst he was able.

Then Lavy began for to squall,  
He thought on his master the devil,  
But Jack on his body did maul,  
Whilst Lavy cried, " Mercy ; be civil—

I'll give you my purse and my gold,  
Your fury to stop I will do it ;  
I'm sorry for being so bold,  
I really confess that I rue it."

The blood it ran over the floor,  
Yet thump went the cudgel still winding ;  
As Lavy made haste for the door,  
Jack kept at his knocking and grinding.

" Says Jack you're a ringle-ey'd buck,  
So stay with your wife on a frolic ;  
Take that, and I wish you good luck,  
You soon will get cur'd of your colic."

Jack hunted him up to the hill,  
The blood it was flowing still faster ;  
With Jack many bucks made their will,  
But this one he wanted a plaster.

The people came out for to see  
A man in his nakedness running ;

The ladies all sung chick-a-dee,  
And boys at their kettles were drumming.

The maids at the horns did blow,  
Old women with cow bells were running;  
The fields they were cover'd with snow,  
The cold was both biting and stunning.

Thus Lavy stood naked and trim,  
The boys they sung high-diddle-diddle,  
All poking their music at him,  
After breaking his new-fashion'd fiddle.

Now Lavy got home to his wife,  
And told her an old-fashion'd story,  
How robbers had taken his life,  
And left him so blacken'd and gory.

Poor woman! she griev'd at the sight,  
And bandag'd him up in good order;  
He clear'd for a doctor that night,  
As none could be found on the border.

So all you that hunt in the night,  
Remember old Lavy the blinker;  
His lesson may give you some light,  
How Jack paid him off with a clinker.

But he has gone home to his bed,  
And thinks of the fun and the frolic,  
And how his late patient was bled,  
And cur'd of his new-fashion'd colic.

## IN MEMORY OF ANNA M'GEE,

DAUGHTER OF MR. A. M'GEE.

She was the first white person who died and was buried at the town of Port Franks. Her grave is now covered over with wild rose bushes

Where wild roses bloom on yon sand-beaten shore,  
Lies Anna M'Gee, whom we'll never see more ;  
With books and with toys, as she used to be  
The joy of her parents, this Anna M'Gee.

She's gone to that land from whence none do return,  
And's left her lone parents in sadness to mourn ;  
Her place is now vacant, which grieves them to see,  
But she fills a far better, this Anna M'Gee.

As the hot burning fever encircl'd her breast,  
She sunk without murmur into her long rest ;  
And during her illness you never could see  
The least of repining from Anna M'Gee.

Four summers her age, with a countenance mild,  
Her manner was gentle, this beautiful child ;  
A kind disposition you always could see,  
And all that was lovely in Anna M'Gee.

Her loss it seems great to her parents, we know,  
That loss for a season they'll surely forego ;  
Let them serve out their season, expecting to be  
Again with their lov'd one, their Anna M'Gee.

**CHAPMAN'S COLLEGE, OR PHRENOLOGY  
GONE MAD.**

---

Oh, Brant! oh, Brant! sad news of late,  
I mourn with thee poor Chapman's fate;  
Had he been spared, I think he should,  
He might have done his country good;  
For all who did his knowledge want,  
Had naught to do but go to Brant.  
Mount Pleasant was the favor'd spot,  
It had his seat of learning got;  
Where all were welcome, if inclin'd,  
With learning deep, to store their mind.  
His plan surpass'd all else was known,  
And he had wise and wiser grown;  
Lucky his trade in humble life,  
Us'd him to leather hides and knife;  
And where he kept his cobbler's stall,  
He had his lasts hung on the wall;  
He saw these lasts half peg worn through,  
From which he useful lessons drew;  
With Fowler's books, o'er these he'd pore,  
Till knowledge he could find no more.  
Some bumps were high, some bumps were low,  
Thus reasoning from his lasts, he'd show  
That phrenology had fixed his mind  
On other fields, the truth to find;  
He saw these lasts, then thought of skulls,  
And down the lasts in bundles pulls;

He pitch'd them all to fire and flame,  
When he saw other fields for fame ;  
Far, far beyond his leather and pegs,  
Whilst he had power to use his legs ;  
He said he would be Doctor Bump,  
And trace the cause of every lump,  
And show to all the human race,  
How they all evil deeds might trace—  
Those knew his art and knew his mind,  
Knew that his equal none could find ;  
And confidence in one's own self,  
Was the first step to power and pelf ;  
He thought on this and thought on more,  
On human skulls in many a score ;  
He wanted skulls from boys and maids,  
From blacklegs, rogues, from straps and jades,  
He wanted skulls from men of wit,  
He wanted some whose throats were cut,  
By their own hands when trouble sore,  
Had made them fit to live no more ;  
Some others who had took the life,  
Of their own loving wedded wife ;  
Heads which had murder'd half a score,  
And heads of priests as many more ;  
Lawyer's heads from men of knowledge,  
Idiots heads and heads from College ;  
He got all these by axe and knife,  
But never took a human life ;  
But from the graves wherein they lay,

He stole them from their sacred clay ;  
He boil'd these up and scrap'd the bones,  
Tis said he heard some fearful groans ;  
He clean'd these skulls and plac'd them all,  
On pegs around his cobbler's stall ;  
So when of Chapman's stock you'll judge,  
A Fowler might his place begrudge ;  
Phrenology in all its parts,  
This man could give the surest charts ;  
Those saw his College none denied,  
But competition he defied ;  
For he could show and that with sense,  
Where reasoning did in man commence ;  
He'd tell the youngsters o'er the land,  
What they were destin'd for off-hand ;  
And many had by his advice,  
Learn'd honest trades and learn'd them nice ;  
So he was honor'd far and near,  
For wit and learning every year ;  
But oh ! these skulls, his stock in trade ;  
All grinning there made some afraid,  
For sometimes they would gap and grin,  
And make some motions down at him.  
One night to lecture he was bent,  
On all the ills that man lament ;  
For he could prove from crany nobbs,  
Proceeded guilt and all bad jobs ;  
And he could show you every where,  
How these grew on for want of care ;



Of youth, when in their tender years,  
And minds were full of love and fears ;  
And easy moulded into shape,  
This he would prove by line and tape ;  
Which he would draw from ear to ear,  
And show the bumps as they'd appear ;  
And how to mould them with the rod,  
This he would do and with a nod ;  
(Lest what he said would make a rupture,)  
He'd prove the whole from sacred Scripture ;  
Thus he would cover up his ware,  
Beneath the sacred page with care.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lecture being pass'd that night,  
He homewards had to take his flight ;  
He had got nought but horse and saddle,  
And sack for skulls and all his twaddle ;  
He plac'd all these within the sack,  
Then made all fast on 'poney's back ;  
This night he was at Brantford town,  
Nam'd so from Brant of high renown ;  
As chieftain of a warrior race,  
Who often did their foemen face ;  
With tomahawk and bloody knife,  
To take their scalp and end their life ;  
From there he took in the lonely night,  
The road towards his College height ;  
And as he sat on his old nag,  
The skulls upon its sides did wag—

Then winds raised up a hollow sound,  
As if the noise came from the ground ;  
And clouds came tumbling through the air,  
With thunder claps round every where ;  
All seemed as though death's ruthless hand,  
Would sweep all life from off the land ;  
With groans and shrieks all mourning mad,  
Whilst all around in gloom were clad ;  
And desolation marked the doom,  
In this satanic fearful gloom ;  
Of some unhappy godless wretch,  
That they were bound that night to catch ;  
Then hollow voices wild and dull,  
Were heard to cry, my skull ! my skull !  
But Chapman stood to spur and whip,  
Unwilling yet to give them up ;  
Till all around on every side,  
Their headless skeletons did glide ;  
Each grasped its own within the sack,  
Then off they flew like pistol crack ;  
They took poor Chapman off that night,  
Amidst the clouds in æriel flight ;  
They took him off no one could tell,  
Some said to heaven, some said to hell ;  
The worst of all is that his college,  
Has lost its Principal and knowledge ;  
Whilst he with wisdom of a fairy,  
Perhaps was drowned in Lake Erie.

## LINES

ON A CONVERSATION HAD WITH SHAWNAW THE INDIAN  
CHIEF AT KETTLE POINT ON LAKE HURON.

Where shall I go says the white man ?  
Do you know where I'll go when I die ?  
Where shall I go says the white man ?  
I'll rise to the mansions on high.  
What shall I do there says white man ?  
When I'll have ascended above,  
I'll sing sweet songs says white man,  
Of joy in the mansions of love.

What shall I do says red man ?  
On bidding this world good bye,  
What shall I do says red man ?  
Say where shall I go when I die ?  
What shall I do says red man ?  
When I am no longer left here,  
All round sweet waters says red man,  
I'll hunt the green woods for the deer.

White man says red man's a bad man,  
Because he wont worship his god ;  
White man make red man a sad man,  
He switches him so with his rod ;  
Red man he knows that great power,  
That's seen where black thunder clouds keep ;  
He sees it sometimes in a flower,  
Or in rocking his baby to sleep.

Red man wont steal from a white man,  
But white man will steal from himself ;  
Red man far better than white man,  
For red man won't murder for pelf ;  
White man say bad man the devil,  
He's after the white man in chase ;  
Red man says that he'll be civil,  
Lest bad spirits take up his place.

---

LINES

ON HEARING WORDS SPOKEN BY A YOUNG MAN LEAVING  
LONDON, WHO HAD ENLISTED IN THE 100TH REGI-  
MENT, WHICH WAS ORGANIZED DURING THE  
SEPOY WAR OR REBELLION IN INDIA.

It was in London city, in Canada I mean,  
'Twas there that I enlisted to serve our gracious  
Queen ;  
To serve her as a soldier, in either peace or war,  
And follow after foemen to lands that's distant far.  
I left my loving sweetheart, likewise my parents  
kind,  
It's nothing but their sorrow that does annoy my  
mind ;  
For where the bloody Sepoy has laid a Briton low,  
And murder'd wives and children, there I am  
bound to go.

And carry to them vengeance that burns within  
my breast,  
To those who have our sisters so wrongfully op-  
prest ;  
Likewise for their young infants that sat upon  
their knee,  
We'll clear that land of rebels, and leave the  
country free.

Farewell to my dear Emma, likewise my parents  
kind

Whose friendship in my childhood I will forever  
mind ;

But justice love and honor call me to war away,  
To crush the cruel Sepoy and stop his bloody sway.

Oh! Canada my country few with thee can compare  
Thy sons are sons of freemen, who have encamped  
there ;

Their Queen and British freedom they always  
keep in view,

And leave their native country their foemen to  
subdue.

Then here's to all in Canada, the loyal and true,  
Who carry on their standard the scarlet and the  
blue ;

May freedom be their watchword till time shall  
be no more,

They'll fight their foes like Britons as oft' they  
did before.

Now London I must leave thee with many joys  
behind,  
My country and my kindred shall never leave my  
mind ;  
And when I be in battle where cannons loudly roar,  
I'll think upon that maiden perhaps I'll see no more

---

**THE WESTERN FARMER IN SEARCH OF  
A WIFE.**

---

Far distant on the western plains  
There liv'd a man was fond of gains ;  
But one day hapless was his lot,  
He had a wife, but found her not ;  
She had went off, 'tis said one day,  
To distant lands, far, far, away,  
But where she went, he did not know,  
Nor after her he did not go,  
But seem'd quite happy and content,  
He never let himself lament,  
But strutted round his farm and cows,  
And kept his boys still at their ploughs,  
And cultivated his broad acres,  
And every harvest watch'd his rakers,  
And gather'd in his harvest grain,  
Securing all from wind and rain,  
For he had barns large and spacious,  
And us'd his servants kind and gracious ;

His wealth increas'd as years roll'd on,  
Got pudding-fat and well put on,  
His cheeks were dappl'd red and flush,  
And none more pleasant you could wish ;  
He was a man just forty-five,  
And yet apparently did thrive ;  
His belly in his Sunday breeches  
Had just begun to burst their stitches,  
And everything was thriving fast,  
His neighbors saw this as they pass'd,  
Three summers left him in this state,  
Quite reconcil'd he bore his fate,  
His wife's long absence was forgot,  
Said she was dead, be't so or not ;  
And rumor had it running rife  
That he was looking for a wife ;  
But then and there his mind would fetter,  
He could not tell where he could get her ;  
So thus he rambled at his will,  
To get a wife he us'd his skill ;  
He went to preaching every Sunday,  
And lodg'd the preachers until Monday ;  
With stabling for their horses free,  
No man more bountiful could be,  
Yet whilst these clergy would sojourn,  
His single life at times he'd mourn.  
And when such notions they set in,  
They seem'd his worst besetting sin.

A preacher happen'd at this time,  
To tell him of another clime,  
Where women were so very plenty,  
That he could pick from ten or twenty  
One, who would make a loving wife,  
And be his comforter through life.  
He nam'd a widow, dwelt in Sarnia,  
And in her praises used no blarney,  
He also told of maids repining,  
With wither'd face, pass'd beauty shining,  
All mourning there ; their days far spent,  
Without a man to pay their rent.  
The farmer thought upon this story,  
And seem'd for once in all his glory,  
And soon made ready for the east  
With letters from the trav'ling priest,  
And one, indeed, for Tom the deacon,  
Who here in Sarnia dries his bacon ;  
Then off he starts by boat and rail,  
The preacher pray'd a happy sail ;  
So here he comes with his commission,  
In rolling fat and good condition ;  
He tells no one his doubts and fears,  
But at the widow's house appears ;  
He enter'd in, and told his story  
Of western life, and western glory ;  
He told of buffalos running wild,  
And as he told the lady smil'd ;  
He told of wheat and corn in store,



And sheep and cattle many a score ;  
He told of all, we have no doubt,  
And of his horses in and out ;  
Then told her every thing he wanted  
Was her kind hand if she would grant it—  
This widow blush'd as widows do  
When e'er such questions pop in view,  
And seem'd as though she was afraid,  
Cause instantly these words she said—  
“ Are you come from the distant West,  
To make me sport or silly jest ?  
Do you but think that I'm so blind  
As not to see a stranger's mind ?  
If you were worth an old brass kettle,  
At home you'd meet your equal mettle ;  
So you can keep your cows and barns,  
I want no more such silly yarns.”  
He knew the word of this command,  
And off he started, hat in hand ;  
He took the street right from the door,  
And through the town did wander o'er ;  
Then made enquiry for the maids  
Who liv'd, he said, by honest trades ;  
He landed at their mansion-house,  
They look'd as trim as mountain-grouse ;  
Their legs had not got on the feathers,  
But round their brows stood many gathers,  
‘Cause ugly tempers had full sore  
Mark'd faces there, with many a score ;

But in he goes, and down he sits,  
Takes off his hat and off his mits,  
Saying, "I'm a man that's strange to you,  
My mission's strange, but nothing new ;  
Our preacher, Tompkins is his name,  
When to the West a trav'ling came,  
Told me you led an honest life,  
And that you'd make a thrifty wife ;  
I have got cows and horses plenty,  
And everything that might content ye ;  
Where Mississippi river flows,  
There all my flocks a-pasturing goes ;  
My corn fields unbounded rise  
Full fifteen feet to meet the skies ;  
Now, what I want upon this shore  
Is but a wife—I want no more ;  
So, as I've met you both together,  
Please answer me without a whether,  
Which of you will be my wife ?  
You may toss up to end the strife."  
These maids look'd round on every side,  
A smiling face they could not hide,  
Although for years, past half a score,  
They had not laughed right out before,  
Then half in love, but seeming shy,  
They made the farmer this reply—  
" We dread all strangers from the West,  
And love our own dear country best ;  
So you be off, we want no more,

We'll live and die on our native shore."  
This farmer rose at this command;  
For woman's tongue he could not stand;  
Next to the deacon's house he goes,  
To make complaint and tell his woes,  
And show the preacher's loving letter,  
When he at last could do no better,  
And courting on his own account,  
Could not with him to much amount.  
This deacon was a man, you'll find,  
Who us'd his friends all very kind;  
He said that he would be most fervent  
In acting out his humble servant,  
And that the widow he could get her,  
And fix all things said in his letter;  
But first said he, "I'll see herself,  
Although she's wiser than an elf;  
But yet her heart is pure and kind,  
And few her equal you can find;  
You can sit down, this maid's alone,  
And keep her company whilst I'm gone."  
The deacon hasten'd from the door  
To fix up things half fix'd before;  
He enter'd in the widow's hall,  
Or drawing-room, or both, or all,  
Soon there he was completely seated,  
And unto her his trust related;  
He nam'd the farmer from the West,  
And said she would by him be blest,

And to live single and demure  
Was worse than death, he made her sure ;  
Such reasoning brought her kind consent,  
She pray'd she never might repent ;  
When things were fixed they bid good night,  
And home the deacon took his flight.  
The farmer all this time, you'll find,  
The deacon's maid still kept in mind ;  
She was, indeed, a lovely lass,  
For half a beauty well might pass ;  
Our hero told her many's the story  
Of western life and western glory—  
He told her that his mission there,  
Was for a wife his joys to share,  
And told her of his many a loss  
Cause his lone mansion had no boss,  
This maid look'd round and took the hint,  
You know how steel will work on flint ;  
For just like that they both struck fire,  
And seem'd each other to admire ;  
They hugg'd and kiss'd with loving squeezes,  
Till this fat farmer took the sneezes—  
But, hark ! the deacon comes with speed,  
He had done all as was agreed ;  
And told the farmer from the West,  
How he had put all doubts to rest,  
And wish'd him joy throughout this life,  
With his intended, loving wife.  
The farmer looked in the maiden's face,

Then to the deacon open'd his case—  
Saying, "please go tell the widow Spruce,  
And make for me some kind excuse,"  
Then turning round again, he said—  
I mean to marry this blooming maid,  
In wedlock's bands we'll soon be tied,  
We're both agreed, she'll not deny't."  
Our deacon spoke, yet seeming sad,  
At last outrageous, scolding mad,  
Saying, "Are you come to act the fool,  
And make of me a silly tool,  
To go and woo and tell some lies,  
And laud you to the very skies?  
The widow's heart is kind and free,  
And ought your better's wife to be;  
So you must turn to your first love,  
Or you'll get blame from all above;  
It is deception this we find  
Ruins half or all of women kind."  
The farmer listen'd as he chatted,  
Whilst on the back the maid he patted,  
Saying, "Mr. Deacon, here's my choice,  
She's gave consent with heart and voice,  
And we have all things now agreed  
To clear to the West, and that with speed."  
The deacon's eyes began to flash,  
Then call'd our farmer every hash,  
And many things that were far worse—  
Call'd him a knave with empty purse,

And in his rage and anger hurl'd  
Strange missiles from another world ;  
But all in vain—the farmer stood  
Determin'd yet to make love good ;  
To keep the maid he did his best,  
The deacon might have all the rest.

This deacon had for some time past  
Look'd on his maid with eyes downcast,  
And it was said he had design  
With her himself to have a shine,  
But whether in hymen's bands or not,  
The farmer call'd him a worthless sot,  
As, if he intended to make her his wife,  
He should have told it, and ended the strife,  
The farmer was griev'd and prick'd to the heart  
To think he was forc'd with this maiden to part ;  
He also got sad and look'd very dull,  
The deacon persisted and would have his will ;  
The quarrel being ended, on that very night,  
The farmer met the widow to the deacon's delight  
A clergyman was sent for, and all being there,  
This couple got marri'd, and the deacon said the  
prayer—

He pray'd for their safety to their far distant home  
Whether by land or where raging waters foam ;  
And also for their happiness if that would be so,  
So thus did this deacon his deaconship show.  
The farmer has gone with his wife to the West,

The deacon keeps the maid—you may think all  
the rest.

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**LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON LEAVING  
FOR THE WEST.**

My youthful friend I've heard it said,  
That thou art for the West ;  
Where mountains rise and rivers flow,  
Through valleys green and blest.

With all that's rich, where cereals yield,  
Her bountiful supplies ;  
And man alone, and only man,  
His Creator's gifts denies.

If thou are cast 'midst evil men,  
The lessons of thy youth ;  
Will guard thee past, let all thy ways,  
Be honor built on truth.

'Tis God alone can guard thee where  
The snares for youth are laid ;  
See Joseph and see Daniel stand,  
In honor undismayed.

Though encompassed on every side,  
By wickedness and guile ;  
Yet in his place each man has stood,  
And at his foes could smile.

Because the lessons they were taught,  
Beneath their parents care ;  
Ne'er left them when in foreign lands,  
Their God was always there.

So now I'll bid a kind farewell,  
May God thy guardian be ;  
Oh ! may he keep thee 'neath his arm,  
This is my prayer for thee.

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### ANSWER TO H. J. NELSON

ON HIS LINES ENTITLED, "THE WORKS OF NATURE."

An Oil Springs poet told, last week,  
How nature moves along—  
How little birds their pastime seek,  
To fill our woods with song ;  
He tells about the moon and stars,  
And glorious orb of day ;  
He tells about convulsive wars  
That 'neath Vesuvius play.

He tells about the ocean, too,  
And of great wonders there ;  
He pictures nature to our view,  
With Iceland's snow and air ;  
He tells about the moving grain,



And meadows green and broad ;  
He tells about the falling rain,—  
All handy works of God.  
I do admire his pleasing theme ;  
It gives the mind employ  
Whilst it upholds Creator's name,  
And fills the heart with joy—  
But I will write of other scenes,  
Of scenes where oil is found ;  
Where man has power and has the means,  
Holes through the rocks to pound ;  
To draw from that unbounded source,  
Stor'd in the rocks below,  
The oil that gaseous vapors force,  
Until our tanks o'erflow,  
Yes we will see this liquid spout  
As it has done, and more,  
See buyers turn their dollars out,  
Where cents were paid before.  
Then let us all fresh courage take,  
And drill our wells still deeper ;  
Some lucky one may strike a lake  
Of oil, that's now a sleeper ;  
For sure as Etna is with flame,

And liquid streams run o'er,  
So sure will Oil Springs rise to fame,  
For oil in boundless store.

---

P. S.—About three years ago a gentleman from Hamilton was at Oil Springs. He and I entered into conversation about oil wells ceasing to flow. I then said oil would be got at a greater depth and to flow, because it was continually being produced; and as a proof said that petroleum supplies volcanoes with their fuel. He said I could not prove it, because it was never seen to run over. I said the reason why it was not seen was, that it was all burned up, and nothing left after the fire; but referred him to the excavations at Herculaneum, where we read of their digging through bituminous pitch, shale, pumice stone, &c,—adding that there you see where the oil was sent over in a body, and into a place where it could not burn; and its presence was a positive proof of petroleum being the agency of supply to these burning mountains. He said he had not thought of Herculaneum, and that that was a proof of oil being the agency of supply.

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### ON THE COMING STRUGGLE.

---

The trumpet, the trumpet, we hear its last sound,  
Its echo is spreading which nations confound,  
And near the dark waters, where mystery-led,  
The beast and the prophet are lying for dead;  
They're sick and tormented, no doctor can cure,

The last dying pangs in a case so impure ;  
That gold headed image of Daniel now falls,  
Whilst help from its fellows it lustily calls ;  
Its legs have got under, and's now in the mill,  
And the stone that was grinding keeps grinding them still ;  
Yes grinding away and will never stop so,  
Till it grinds them all up from the knee till the toe ;  
And then it will fill all this earth evermore,  
With joy for the past when this grinding is o'er ;  
The trumpet is sounding, you nations prepare,  
The carnage is coming, look out for your share ;  
The downfall of nations that truth did betray,  
Are now on the balance and cannot delay ;  
Their leagues and combinings no longer can be,  
Permitted by Him who iniquity see ;  
Their numbers are up on the great book of fate,  
The times are fulfill'd and the murmur is great ;  
So arm for the battle the great battle field,  
Yes on with your armor, your sword and your shield ;  
For birds want a feed, and they'll soon get it where,  
The earth's cruel tyrants lie bloody and bare ;  
Prepare for the battle, yes do with your might,  
The bright star of freedom, will rise o'er the fight,  
And shine o'er the battle-field gory indeed,  
Where earth's mighty captain's lie low by each steed ;  
For horse bridles there will be covered with blood,  
Near fens and old marshes where bigotry stood.  
Awaken, awaken, you nations don't slumber,  
The forty-two months have just dealt out their number ;  
With woe to all despots, we hear the loud call,  
Come forward you tyrants prepare for your fall ;  
And see their quick motion all working for breath,

And biting their tongues in the anguish of death,  
But a king or a Queen of the isles shall be strong,  
In midst of these thunder clouds rolling along.

---

LINES

ON THE APPEARANCE OF A GOOD HARVEST, 1860.

Here and around the fields are green,  
All beautiful and gay ;  
And farmer's hopes are brighter seen,  
Than twelve months past this day.

No canker worm the crops destroy,  
As heretofore they did ;  
It seems the pest has shipped a hoy,  
Or's in oblivion hid.

For spotted fields no more are seen,  
Half reddened here and there ;  
But all are clad in living green,  
Round this and every where.

So joyful hearts and happy times,  
Appear to be in store ;  
For farmers in these northern climes,  
What can they ask for more ?

**HOOPS AND EXCISE MEN.**

There is a man I'll not say where,  
Lest I would make you wise man ;  
Some say upon the broad St. Clair,  
I mean our new excise man.

For hoops are wide, some things to hide,  
Which need not you surprise man,  
Cause some they broke, at every stroke,  
Which blinded this excise man.

This chieftain of the gathering race,  
Like other wits of fashion ;  
When e'er he sees a blooming face,  
Gets in a fidging passion.

&c., &c.

If ladies have a flowing skirt,  
And otherwise look swelling ;  
He's sure to hand them past the dirt,  
Whilst something he'll be telling.

&c., &c.

One day a bouncing Scottish lass,  
Was walking with another ;  
He thought he would not let her pass,  
But took her for a mother.

&c., &c.

He put his hands upon her there,  
In places I'll not mention ;  
She said be aff ye ugly Bear,  
Or faith ye'll need a pension.

&c., &c.



Now in those days, some dogs would stray  
Far distant from their homes away  
(The spot, the subject of my theme,  
Was near to far-famed Lundie's Lane,  
Where nations once, in war's alarms,  
Caus'd brothers die in brother's arms.  
Ungrateful war ! yet it was just,  
For Briton's rights support we must,  
And all her sons, till time's no more,  
Will drive all traitors from their shore,  
And still proclaim their glorious cause,  
Canadian rights and British laws;)   
Yet use no better name than dog  
To him who truth and justice clog;  
Now to that spot, amongst the rest,  
Strayed one lone dog, half sick, distress'd;  
He was, they say, of coley breed,  
Good on the scent, and good for speed;  
The other half was not just coley,  
But was from lands far-famed and holy.  
This dog was chosen, bear in mind,  
To guard the flocks of every kind;  
He fattened and got very sleek,  
And show'd improvement every week,  
But oftentimes griev'd the flocks full sore,  
In playing pranks ne'er played before.  
There was a bridge, no man knew where,  
Beneath this bridge he had his lair;  
One day it was his hapless fate,

This bridge fell down and broke his pate.  
Poor dying dog! his tail and all  
Were ruin'd by this mighty fall;  
Because the bridge fell o'er a bank,  
And in the boiling river sank,  
To rise no more whilst ages last,  
But's talk'd about as things that's past.  
This dog was coley-like, sagacious,  
And watch'd his flocks both kind and cautious;  
He yelp'd and yell'd around the town,  
But never bark'd nor show'd a frown,  
But whin'd about, made sore lament,  
And lick'd his wounds quite discontent.  
Now, patronage to him was granted,  
By royal bounty, what he wanted;  
This they will do to every dog,  
Who keep their kennel half *in cog*.  
'Twixt Gaspé Bay and Lake Superior,  
There's many a hound and many a terrier,  
That's kick'd from flocks they used to keep,  
And kick'd with indignation deep,  
But now can rule as equal masters,  
Freed from their flocks and all disasters.  
Thus every mastiff, every breed,  
Is help'd along to get his feed,  
Regardless of those that they follow,  
• If they're pent up where they can't halloo.  
Now this vile cur, of curs the worst,  
Devoured and done all that he durst.



'Tis now some years, past half a score,  
It may be twelve, or something more,  
Since first this dog was sent to run,  
Upon the lands 'twixt Brant and Dun,  
Where there he changed his breed to beagle,  
In hawking sport, fond of the eagle,  
With other dogs, half-breeds at best,  
Were fond to smell the eagle's nest.  
They had forsook the lion's den,  
Their royal master and his men ;  
What power would rise, what power would fall,  
The strongest party had them all.  
Now for such tricks this dog got blame,  
By all who owned a Briton's name ;  
Their jeering jests oft grievd' him sore,  
When his past actions they'd explore ;  
But now for years rebellious bands,  
Had ceas'd their mischief in our lands,  
And loyal men had here and there  
Made homes on lands in British care ;  
These had been hunted many a year,  
For wicked wolves and fatted deer,  
And such wild beasts as could be found,  
The native hunters hunted round ;  
But all these men, old Britain's sons,  
Might work their land and keep their guns ;  
For unto all it had been said,  
The lands to them in common laid,  
Some to pasture, some to hunt,

And all to do as they were wont ;  
But keep in mind the golden rule,  
And British laws their guiding school ;  
Thus did each party give consent  
To hunt and work without dissent ;  
But when that cur, of mongrel breed,  
Came there to hunt, they disagreed ;  
He hunted off the British race,  
And left wild beasts to take their place ;  
And once, where grew the fields of corn,  
Now stands the briar wild, and thorn ;  
When settlers heard his barking cry,  
In coverts round they used to lie  
And crave protection of his master  
From this destruction and disaster.  
One noble hunter, Cheshire stood,  
And thought to do his comrades good,  
He deign'd to give this tyrant battle,  
But not where cannon loudly rattle.  
He fought him battles many a score,  
And would have drown'd him in his gore,  
If other half-breeds, mongrel curses,  
With grinning teeth and tails like purses,  
Had just looked on and said, " Fair play,"  
Friend Cheshire would have had the day.  
But ho ! they tore his hide to patches,  
You'll see it in those day's despatches.  
Thus ends the fight, which grieves us sore,  
As Britons fled to another shore,

A land 'gainst which their father's fought,  
A resting-lace they now have sought.  
Some left their homes in wild despair,  
Some sank beneath their load of care  
For many had been hunted so  
For years, through wintry winds and snow,  
And many had been frozen fast  
Beneath the cold and biting blast; \*  
Yes, would I name them, many a score  
Have sunk in death to rise no more,  
For cold and dismal were those days,  
When they were robbed of means and ways.

\* \* \* \* \*

Doomed is that hound of beagle breed—  
Should have got ratsbane for his feed  
The day he got that cruel power,  
His worthy betters to devour;—  
Yes, to devour hearts firm and true  
To the Union Jack and British blue—  
For those that fled to another nation,

---

\* The persecution of the settlers in putting them off the Indian lands in Tuscarora and Oneida was great. One woman, a mother of ten children, the oldest not more than fourteen years, was turned out in the month of February, her husband being from home. She got such a cold that she died before he returned, within one week. Her youngest child was only a few days old. Many others were driven out the same day. It was one of the coldest days that winter. These very men had been encouraged unto these lands by a former government, but Lower Canada had now her hand in our affairs, and all sympathy was lost to loyal Canadian British settlers.

Have fiery wrath, just indignation,  
But there they are, perhaps they mourn,  
Still longing for that day's return,  
When they'll have chance in battle-strife,  
To pay their wrongs or end their life.\*  
Oh ! would our rulers but despise  
All mongrel curs with glary eyes,  
And give us men, not rogues in need,  
And have their mission set—decreed,  
By truth and justice well laid down,  
The strongest guard-works of the crown.  
Let politics stand in their place,  
But let them never so disgrace,  
As take from justice all her power  
To lap her wings and cause her cower.

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\*At this time, one John Todd who had been encouraged unto these lands by Sir F. B. Head, and had got eighty acres cleared (at this time,) and who was the father of seven sons, was turned off, and when at last he saw that he had to leave, he told Thorborne and Clench, (who sat as a court upon him, fining him five pounds for cutting a tree,) that he would now leave Canada and go to the United States, which he was sorry to do, as he was the son of loyal parents from beside Londonderry, a people that never was anything else than loyal ; but that now he would leave, and if he never got back to take revenge on such as composed this court, he prayed that his sons would. He went to Michigan ; and in less than ten years had got a quarter section of land and a large cleared up farm, and although an old man on the borders of sixty, he volunteered into the American service on the first breaking out of the late rebellion, and died in the service down South. This shows the spirit of loyalty the world over. The country that will protect the rights of its people the people will protect her rights. Mr. Todd's farm lay west of Lexington, in Michigan, about fourteen miles.



The hills they were heavy, scarce fitting to pass,  
The inns they were scarce as you pass'd on the way,  
But all kept good whisky and plenty of hay,  
With beef and pork plenty, and everything right,  
And all that was wanted by day or by night ;  
One Logan was keeping an inn with the rest,  
He always was fond of a joke and a jest ;  
And always could manage to get up a spree,  
To keep all the boys in a frolicsome glee ;  
One day, as it happen'd, he was at the door,  
A horseman was passing, he knew him before ;  
He was a long Yankee came up on the trot,  
And banter'd this Logan to trade on the spot ;  
He show'd off his horse with a tail sweeping long,  
And said he was supple and tarrashion'd strong.  
Said Logan, " I'll buy him and pay you the cash,  
If he'll carry double, and not kick and smash ;  
My wife she takes notions, as some women do,  
And has got a pillion and side-saddle too.  
If he carries double, I'll never delay,  
But pay you the cash, and then let you away."  
The Yankee jump'd round; as he made a reply,  
Saying, " Get on behind me, and then you can try ;  
My horse carries double, I know it right well,  
So get on behind me, and then you can tell ;  
My horse he is good on the road, that I know,  
Both single and double his mettle he'll show."  
" I'll get out my wife, then," said Logan, " with  
speed,

So get on your horse, and the bargain's agreed."  
Then Logan made haste for to send out his wife,  
But dress'd himself like her, as like her as life;  
He got on a bonnet, a cloak, and a shawl,  
With petticoat-flounces and veil over all;  
He got on the horse, and they canter'd away,  
They rode half a mile and had nothing to say;  
But when they were turning again to the inn,  
This Logan his mischief he did it begin:  
He got a hard hold of the Yankee's small-clothes,  
And what he had there you may all well suppose;  
He kept a good hold as they canter'd away,  
Whilst the jockey kept cursing the rest of the way;  
But Logan held fast by the hold he had got,  
Till the horse landed back on the very same spot;  
Then Logan got off, and he enter'd the door,  
And threw off the clothing he wanted no more;  
Next round by the bar-room he enter'd the street,  
And there, as the landlord, he stood on his feet,  
Saying, "Now, Mr. Jockey, pray how did he go?  
Has my wife got well pleased, I want for to know?  
She's breathless, and fainting, and dying with fear,  
You drove back so fast, as she sat on your rear."  
"She's an ill-meaning woman, I tell to you plain,  
I'd not, for my horse, let her ride so again:  
Just look to my breeches, and there you can see  
She's an ill-meaning woman that rode so with me."  
"My wife a bad woman! you vagrant, I say,  
How dare you insult me in this kind of way:

Be off in an instant, I say on the spot,  
Or you'll get the best kicking that ever you got."  
Away went the Yankee, he wanted no more,  
Whilst the boys rais'd their laughing, yes, up to a  
    roar,  
And Logan did join them in their merry glee,  
And such a day's laughing you never did see.  
This joke it is true, and if Logan you'll hear,  
He'll tell you the day and the month of the year.

---

#### JUSTICE ON TRAMP.

Near to St. Clair where Huron flows,  
Its waters down that river;  
The fields were clad with Arctic snows,  
As white and pure as ever

The night was cold and darkness veil'd,  
The starry host above;  
And all beneath old Somnus quailed,  
No living thing did move.

Just as I passed my footsteps from,  
That dreary winter beach;  
A stranger did my presence don,  
And did my help beseech.

He was in stature very tall,  
And seemed of high degree;



No winter snows that round us fall,  
Had whiter locks than he.

He said he had been many a year,  
Through scenes of grief and woe ;  
But darkness now had caused a tear,  
First from his eyes to flow.

He also said the stars so bright  
Had lost their lustre where ;  
From which he had to go that  
Was Sarnia near Saint Clair.

To help a friend if you be such,  
Said I, I'll not deny ;  
I never thought it was too much,  
To help a stranger bye.

We traveled on our dreary road,  
No moon or stars were seen ;  
At last I saw he had a load,  
On shoulders broad between.

Said I my friend, tell me your name,  
Your mission and your trust ;  
Likewise the place from whence you came,  
The whole explain you must.

My name is justice, sir, but hark !  
I have no more to do ;  
Since I lost truth my favorite clerk,  
I've lost my eyesight too.

My burden is made up of bribes,  
Some call them justice presents ;  
I got them from the fairy tribes,  
Who run for me some errands.

I've black commissions tied in scores,\*  
Bad politics to mend them ;  
Some call them squibs, election boars,  
And get them for to end them.

I'm on my tramp to Parliament,  
I hear it is in session ;  
I there will use my argument,  
And bring them to confession.

For they are blamed for half the deeds,  
I carry on my shoulders ;  
'Tis said 'tis they and fiery creeds  
Turn pebble stones to boulders.

I looked around and saw old Bub ! †  
Close on the road behind us ;  
And in his hand a fiery club,  
Oh ! dear said I he'll find us.

I scarce had said these words when dash  
Flew justice up still higher ;

---

\* When Malcolm Cameron was coming from Quebec, on board a steamer, previous to an election in Lambton, a person said to him, Mr. Cameron, you'll have a hard opposition this time. Oh, no, said he, it is all right here, clapping his hands on a large bundle of papers.

† Beelzebub.

And after him I saw a flash  
Of flame and liquid fire.

They took the road to Parliament,  
And struck out on a bee line ;  
And just as quick as steel on flint,  
The fire flew like a sea line.

I got the news by telegraph,  
That they had landed there ;  
And government had claimed its half,  
And Bub the other share.

---

### PEDDLAR TOM IN MUGGINS RETREAT.

---

One night on my rambles, 'twas late in the fall,  
The roads then were bad, there was mud over all,  
I came to an inn, but I'll not tell you where,  
Few lights were burning when I entered there ;  
Showing gloom to my mind,  
Of a desolate kind,  
And the landlord was there,  
Looked as rough as a bear ;  
Making sport for his tools,  
Who were acting like fools.

Thus late in the night, and a stranger by chance,  
I knew not the road nor where else to advance ;

I asked for a bed, and I got it that's true,  
But alas ! such a bedding I never did view.

For the blankets saw there,  
Were matted like hair,  
And the sheet lay below,  
By its color did show,  
Very ill wanted washing  
All dingy and dashing.

No use in reflections I had to begin,  
To throw off my clothing and just tumble in ;  
As heat did increase, what a trouble was there ?  
With tugging and twisting, I soon got my share.

By the white coated bloats,  
As they all took their oats,  
For my hide got on fire,  
But I could not retire ;  
What I suffered was great,  
Half I cannot relate.

Next morning I up by the dawn of the day,  
I thought I would wait till I'd see the whole fray ;  
And just as the sun had peeped o'er the trees,  
The blankets I haul'd them right out of their lees.

And then on the floor,  
I view'd them all o'er,  
With a glass in my hand  
I espied the whole band,  
All rooting and hoaking  
Times nose up a poaking.

The blankets appeared like a field on a moor,  
All covered with hogs this I can you assure ;  
The field looked like bent in the Spring of the year  
When the color is yellow it did so appear.

This flock looked so antic,  
All playful and frantic,  
With their gambols in life  
At times they show'd strife;  
And each blasted creature  
At times would try nature.

Yes every action belong'd to the brute,  
I kept this a secret, I never would moot ;  
For the landlord was wild, with bottle and glass,  
So I thought it was safest to let the thing pass.

But the morning showed there,  
A sad state of his ware,  
Tumbled over the room  
Black, filthy in gloom ;  
With glasses in mud  
All filthy with sud.

I'll never again enter Huggins retreat,  
When roads they are bad and the night it is late ;  
For as long as I live, I'll never be willing,  
To feed all his flock and pay him a york shilling.

But I paid him the cash,  
Without murmur or fash,  
But it still grieves me sore,  
When I must tell you more,

That a few came with me  
Without their pedigree.

You landlords be wise keep your houses in trim,  
A critic may enter you cannot tell him ;  
Keep your beds and your glasses as clean as the  
spring,  
From which you get water to do such a thing.  
Let each look like himself  
Still as wise as an elf ;  
Keeping guard on your beds,  
Gray grouse people dreads ;  
And the man that keeps drunk,  
Smells worse than a skunk.

---

**THE THEOLOGY OF MR. S. ON SUNDAY LA-  
BOR, PARAPHRASED WITH A MORAL.**

Pump boys pump, yes pump away,  
From morn till night, on Sabbath day ;  
Here Mr. S pumps in his mind,  
Working away the oil to find ;  
These new inventions he brings in,  
To pump for oil and think no sin.  
Yes, working away the whole week round,  
And breaking the Sabbath, pump and pound ;  
'Twas Sunday labor sav'd the ox,

(The case applies to oil from rocks)  
When he was drowning in the ditch,  
Here Mr. S has got the hitch,  
Or thinks he got it, what a plea !  
Here's Scripture proof, the thing must be.  
Canadian laws must now submit,  
'Cause laws divine have gave permit,  
And moral laws can never rise,  
O'er Christian in the people's eyes ;  
So all is past the reasoning's out,  
To pump on Sunday without doubt.  
In Scotland, too, their melting fires,  
On Sunday, there the wretch admires,  
Because 'tis proof from Christian land.  
That seems to strengthen up his hand ;  
For there the Sabbath is preserv'd,  
From desecration and reserv'd ;  
But in this one case, just like oil,  
Man may his maker's laws despoil,  
And run against all scripture light,  
And drown his soul in endless night ;  
All counter to the great command,  
Which ought to rule each Christian land.  
God ended creation on the eve  
Of Sabbath, and we must believe  
Next day he rested and ordain'd,  
By man it should not be profan'd,  
By labor, but should be for rest,  
God said it, and that day he blest.

▲

He after wrote the fourth command,  
On tablets stone with his own hand.  
Let Mr. S. look there and find  
A mirror for an atheist's mind,  
If he denies that God was right,  
He must be doomed to endless night;  
And lashed by madness is the elf,  
Who'd rob his God to help himself;  
And like his master Bub or Bell,\*  
If he holds on he'll go to hell.

---

**Answer from the Spirit of the West to  
Mr. Perrault's Rebellious Speech  
in the Canadian Parliament,  
March, 1864.**

Perrault! Perrault! why do you exult,  
Or brag about your volunteers  
Who are training, you say, us poor Westers to slay,  
Why trouble us thus with such fears?

For you say it is true, and we must believe you,  
That that's their disloyal intention;  
Then you bid us be wise, not your warning despise,  
Lest we meet with a bloody contention.

---

\* Beelzebub.



For those thousands you say, who would fight  
right away,  
Can be rebels, you mean for to warn us ;  
So according to rule, in the old British School,  
It is time we were into the harness.

Now since you're the man to make fight if you can,  
Just do it, but let it be easy ;  
For our West volunteers can give three British  
cheers,  
Which to do they have never been lazy.

Please give us our right, and we'll not have a fight,  
Unless you will force us to do it ;  
But if that must be so, we will just let you know,  
That you and your chums they will rue it.

There is one thing you'll find, and bear it in mind,  
That fighting comes hard on the noses ;  
Because solid shot, is an argument hot,  
When it comes from right under the roses.

So we'd have you be wise, and just open your eyes,  
And see what this fighting might end in ;  
It would lay you quite low, if you once struck a blow  
But to us it might be a god send in.

Yet we dont want to fight, but we must have our  
right,  
When honor and justice demand it ;  
By the tongue and the pen, not with armed fight-  
ing men,  
So we hope you will right understand it.

So Perrault a hoy, get some other employ,  
Than bearding our lions by vaunting;  
Lest they show their teeth and send you to Leith,  
Where a brood of such creatures are wanting.

---

### ON PASSING SCENES.

Were ever you with riches blest,  
And all that's good in store,  
And by your friends around caress'd  
As though they would adore?

And have you stood to every trust  
That guard the public weal,  
And acted out the part was just,  
And none could you assail?

And have you seen the tyrant rage,  
Like some fell beast of prey,  
And on your vitals to engage,  
Your all to take away?

And have you battl'd with his strength,  
Disdaining all his power,  
And with him measured arm's length,  
Till he did all devour?

Or have you been in prison cast,  
For debts were not your own,

By perjury to crown your last  
When all from you had flown?

If not, the like have been the lot  
Of many through this land,  
Where red-hot politicians trot  
With death's head in their hand.

Say why has man this power obtain'd,  
To crush his fellow-man,  
And be, by powers that rule, sustain'd  
In working out his plan?

Rise, British Freedmen! rise and stand  
To crush these reptile knaves,  
Who prowl like monsters e'er this land,  
Themselves the worst of slaves.

---

**MOTHER WANTING.**

Bosanquet is the place for sport,  
You'll find it there of every sort;  
Old women there act very frisky,  
Without the use of rum or whisky.  
One we know has pass'd three score,  
But says she's thirty, and no more;  
Now, this old dame, of frolic fiction,  
Is all made up of contradiction;

Her face is wrinkled everywhere,  
Which shows what time is doing there;  
But yet, she'll tell what she can't smother,  
She'll have a man, somehow or other;  
She must have one to work her farm,  
To cut her wood, and keep her warm.  
Now, here's her picture, all in trim,  
From head to foot, and every limb:  
She's tall and thin, like to a rake,  
And's always subject to a freak;  
Her nose and chin have come to points,  
The skin and bone show bulky joints;  
The teeth have fallen from her head,  
She has not one to break her bread;  
She wears a cap and ruff'd border,  
So now you see her in good order. ●  
Now, this old woman's got so antic,  
That Jack the Dutchman says she's frantic;  
He had been with her one night late,  
But what she did he ne'er would state;  
No one could tell who was to blame,  
But Jack came home with burning shame,  
And call'd her every wither'd witch  
And every ill-designing such—  
She'll hunt the men o'er hill and dale,  
And tell to each some curious tale,  
Her neighbors say, who are observant,  
That she is not an idle servant.  
And yet they laugh and make her sport,

Both old and young, of every sort ;  
Then, like a fury, she will hurl  
Black vengeance from another worl' ;  
Her tongue and nerves are all in motion  
When'er of wrongs she takes a notion.  
One day, by chance, to crown her joys—  
Amongst some strolling, traveling boys—  
She told them all about her riches,  
Her corn-fields, her farm and ditches ;  
One sporting lad thought of her farm,  
And then of love—perhaps no harm—  
For instantly they struck a match,  
And did up things with all dispatch ;  
As they were married on the morrow,  
Which put an end to all their sorrow.  
Her husband was just twenty-four,  
He said himself he was no more ;  
He was a jolly, roving blade,  
And well acquainted with his trade—  
I mean to say in women's line,  
As he had got from eight to nine—  
And by the way, he thought no harm  
To help her wants and get her farm.  
So now, for the sport and the charivari,  
The boys were bound to have a spree ;  
They got old kettles, horns and all,  
And every bell hung on the wall ;  
With rusty guns and bags of powder,  
Here they come—the noise gets louder—

Crash the door comes on the floor !  
All's mask in order—what uproar !  
The bride and groom were in their bed,  
Both trembling there with fear and dread ;  
They stripp'd them of their clothing there,  
And left them naked everywhere ;  
Then on their bodies plac'd some tar,  
Without a feather wound or scar  
All being past the boys have gone,  
And's left the bride and groom alone ;  
The groom was up as soon as morn,  
The bride lay weeping and forlorn ;  
The groom mov'd round, and took his ease,  
And did all things his love to please ;  
And she did all that was agreed,  
Sign'd off her farm by a deed.  
He took her then beyond the lakes  
To land of liberty and freaks—  
But there, alas ! he soon was slanting,  
And left alone poor Mother Wanting  
Without one penny in her purse,  
Just six months older, but no worse.



**ON THE LIFE OF ANTHONY BOSLEY AND  
HIS WIFE.**

HE WAS 106 AND HIS WIFE 104 YEARS OLD. THEIR  
RESIDENCE WAS NEAR OLD PORT FRANKS, 1857.

Now Bosley,\* you're old and forgotten,  
Few with thee in life can compare ;  
What millions on millions lie rotten,  
Since first you have breathed the air.

And yet you seem always contented,  
What pleasure your life must have been ;  
Wherein you done wrong you repent it,  
Your mind is yet sensitive keen.

Your wife and you, both sit together  
And look into each other's face ;  
And without a doubt or a whether,  
You give to each other solace.

Contented you're always pursuing,  
Your wonderful journey through life ;  
Whilst many you oft' have seen ruing,  
The day they were made man and wife.

But days of thy youth have passed over,  
And poverty hangs at thy door ;

---

\*This old man was born in Lower Canada, and worked a boat on Lake George, at the time of the American Revolution, carrying troops &c., from one place to another. He and his wife died in less than two years after this Poem was written. He delighted in telling old war scenes.

Yet thy heart's show the constant true lover,  
 You love and rejoice as before.

One hundred and six, what a number ?  
 Your wife is one hundred and four,  
 And yet you can walk round and ponder  
 O'er actions that happened of yore.

You tell of the old revolution,  
 And how you did work the battau ;  
 And fought for the king's constitution,  
 And shoulder'd your musket also.

But now you're forgotten and humble,  
 King George has long gone to his rest ;  
 You never lament, grieve nor grumble,  
 But seem to be constantly blest.

---

**GREETINGS TO THE WIDDER TOWN  
 MUSE.**

AIR—"OH, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME."

Kind Poet o' the Widder glens,  
 How weel I like tae hear thee ;  
 Whan ye hunt rogues frae hidden dens,  
 My very heart loaps near thee.  
 For ye hae gied the pilfering race  
 Hard cloots beneath the lugs, man,



And then ye did it wae sic grace,  
For orphans bits and rugs, man.

Lang may thy muse ower Widdier hills,  
Sing sweet amang the graces,  
And drink frae Grecian water rills,  
Tae watch oor courts and cases.  
Division courts and a' their roots,  
Are Satin's work, some ca' them ;  
And o' their fame I ne'er had doots,  
Since first my een haes saw them.

The Deel is surely near the judge,  
The waefou judge o' Lam—n,  
And gi'es his elbow' i a nudge,  
Whan something he is wantin'.  
Unless it be auld cloot himsel',  
Nae ither could advise him  
Lord save us a' frae him an' hell.  
And every black exciseman.

He tak's frae a' their geer about,  
The poor may yelp wae hunger,  
The Deel has sent him here, na doot,  
In some fell fit o' anger,  
Bit a' these saints that's hedged about,  
And disna fear auld clooty,  
Whan a' the poor are gane na doot,  
He'll get them for his booty.

For a' haes imps like locusts then,  
Will eat up every green thing,

Trees o' the forest stump and stem,  
They'll na lay ought for seething.  
Oh, wad the Lord send him an' imps,  
Where'er he haes ta send them,  
Frae geein' orphan's stomachs crimps,  
Our prayers wad never mend them.

O, a' the ills our country boasts,  
Division courts and sweerin',  
Sends mair adrift like blackened ghosts,  
This godly folks are fearin'.  
Sae, friend neer stap but i' let tilt,  
Against a' that deceive us.  
And drive your 'elsiors tae the hilt,  
Whan they get up and grieve us.

---

LINES

**On Seeing an Inclination to Break the  
Sabbath.**

The little bee from opening flowers,  
Its store of sweet renews ;  
Likewise the wasp with poison powers,  
Its deadly work pursues.

Thus man can from the sacred word  
Draw joys of life to man ;

Another can by thoughts absurd,  
Draw poison on his plan.

The sacred books divinely spread,  
Are like a field in bloom ;  
Where some draw wisdom and 'tis said,  
To seal their lasting doom.

Whilst others draw, the sweets and joys,  
Of everlasting life ;  
Which to extract their thoughts employ,  
In love devoid of strife.

Proud man ! the image of his god,  
How fallen must he be ;  
As to betray by reasonings odd,  
That Sabbath made for thee.

But kings and queens shall nurser's be,  
Unto our churches here,  
And those that would from truth be free,  
Must shortly disappear.

Along with those that poison drew,  
Voltaire and Payne I mean ;  
Who have got followers not a few,  
These Bible truths profane.

But let that day be never seen,  
In this fair land of ours ;  
When we will deeds of darkness screen  
'Neath Satan's princely powers.

**JOHNNY BULL AND YANKEE DOODLE.****FROM A SCENE AT OIL SPRINGS, AFTER A DOG FIGHT.**

Johnny Bull and Yankee Doodle,  
Met at Oil Springs t'other night ;  
They talk'd 'bout dogs from bull to poodle  
And of dogs were prone to fight.

From dogs to men and 'many creatures  
Each would have his choice the best ;  
By which they brought out other's natures  
All was said was seeming jest.

From that to country then each boasted,  
Which was freeist was the theme ;  
Said Mr. Doodle, I'd be roasted,  
E'er I'd own a Briton's name.

Said Mr. Bull, I may not blame you,  
Sons have often scorned their sires ;  
But if I can I'll strive to shame you,  
Some have even call'd them liars.



## LINES

ON THE DREADFUL STORMS AND SHIPWRECKS ON THE  
LAKES IN NOVEMBER, 1856.

Now Hacate mounts his ariel car,  
We see the clouds descending,  
The elements seem all at war,  
His vengeance round extending.

He's sweeping o'er our mighty lakes,  
Destruction with him follow ;  
The water to its centre shakes,  
Shows mountain, hill, and hollow.

Dark, dusky clouds of fleaky snow  
He carries in his tender ;  
I'll write it down, that all may know  
What happen'd in November.

The tempest hurl'd with sweeping gale  
Both brig and bark all under,  
Whilst those had time to furl their sail  
Were dash'd on rocks asunder.

Some others strove to gain the port,  
In manly strife did battle,  
Midst angry winds that made them sport,  
Where ice-bound ropes did rattle.

You landsmen on the distant shore,  
With terror view the motion

That sends our bark to be no more  
A traveler o'er the ocean.

Whilst here we stand, in view of land,  
The waters round us boiling,  
And take the word at each command,  
To save our ship still toiling.

You've seen our vessel gain on shore,  
The tempest blow still harder,  
Whilst we are toiling evermore  
From off the rocks to guard her.

Now, glassy ice surrounds the deck,  
Which hands and feet do fetter;  
We're loosing ground, a fearful wreck,  
You landsmen soon will get her.



### CANADA, PAST AND PRESENT.

Ye sons of this soil once by others possesset,  
Think you on the days when your fathers came  
west;  
This land was then wild, and a wilderness o'er,  
Lake, river, and forest they saw nothing more.  
The Indian, astonish'd with terror, was dumb,  
On hearing their cannon and sound of their drum.  
Your fathers ascended these rivers and lakes,  
Through woodland and prairie and desolate brakes

Till they came to that spot where a cataract roar,  
The Falls of Niagara, unheard of before,  
Astonish'd they stood, and with wonder did gaze  
At the Fall, and the rainbow above in the haze.  
The sun in position then happen'd to be,  
Which made the scene pleasant and grander to see.  
Then away to the lakes in the far-distant west,  
Till they got to their end they were never at rest ;  
Their dangers were great when you'll give them  
a view,

Their sailors were natives, their ship a canoe,  
And made from the bark of a thrifty birch tree,  
With hickory splints, and the best that could be :  
In such kind of vessels your fathers did sail,  
They had not a steamboat, their land roads a trail,  
And great were the dangers they met on their way  
Whilst instinct for knowledge still kept them in  
play,

And likewise their courage exploring the land,  
Where cities and towns now in majesty stand.  
Around by the shore of each river and lake,  
Where once were the woods or the desolate brake.  
This land now produces the wheat and the corn,  
Where all other blessings its surface adorn ;  
Away to the north our great forests produce,  
All timber that's wanted for building in use,  
Which loads of our ships to the ocean away,  
All mann'd by our sailors quite happy and gay !  
All hail to our land, where the rays of her morn

Are scarce on the east of her horizon born !  
We see her extending and rising to fame,  
Whilst her woods and her waters produce the  
best game.

Far to the north we will hunt the wild wolf,  
Our ships they're no longer confin'd to the gulf,  
But speeds to our lakes over each waterfall,  
By the aid of St. Lawrence and Welland Canal.  
The land of our fathers we honor with pride,  
Their laws are our freedom if not set aside ;  
So let us remember the struggles they bore,  
To give us these blessings, to part with no more.  
All hail to our land, that real freedom adorn !  
Such blessings extend to the infant unborn ;  
All hail to that land, where our forefathers stood,  
Their freedom commanding, and often with blood,  
May we be like them, to our privilege see,  
And keep down all tyrants, wherever they be.

---

### ODE TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

---

Our skippers have gone to a dance,  
Their jilts they are running around ;  
The pipers are playing from France,  
We see them all leap at the sound.



Our skippers have gone into Spain,  
Some say they are back in a cloud,  
And all's got a troublesome pain,  
Which makes them so clamorous loud.

Our skippers have got a great gun,  
Its model is sent to each county ;  
Their boys have got plenty of fun,  
I mean those that live by the bounty.

Our skippers are getting up steam,  
Some say they're a moving volcano,  
And others, they're half and between,  
An ass and a raging hyena.

We hope they may bust in their cloud,  
And take their big gun from each county,  
We'll then dress them up in a shroud,  
The boys that shoot government bounty.

When our skippers have gone to their rest,  
No more on their clients to urge,  
We'll be like good citizens dress'd,  
And sing them a funeral dirge.



**LINES ON SARNIA.**

Sarnia is a thriving town,  
And lately was incorporated ;  
Has no rivals to pull her down,  
Nor none against her can be created.  
Railroads they are ending there,  
We see them from the broad Atlantic,  
And from the Rocky Mountains, where  
High towering rocks set people frantic.

Mighty river, all complete,  
Is passing by from old Lake Huron,  
And its bosom shows a fleet,  
Perhaps from China some are moorin',  
Warehousemen are at their work,  
And all are seen in life and bustle ;  
Every man from Jew to Turk,  
Are moving with the steamship whistle.

Here we are happy and free,  
With everything that might content us,  
Soon a city you will see,  
Where nothing is that can prevent us.  
Our corporation's took a start,  
And we have held our first election ;  
Every man has done his part,  
And Forsyth rules without objection,

Inns are scatter'd o'er the town,  
And few there be of them in number—

Adams keeps, as you go down,  
To steamboat's wharf and moorings under,  
Lands their cargoes and away,  
Or takes another if it's handy ;  
If they do, they're apt to stay,  
And try the strength of Adams' brandy.

Western inn and M'Avoy's,  
Are inns that long have kept the stranger ;  
Mac's a favorite with the boys,  
And keeps a house that's free from danger  
Herace Hall's, it next comes in,  
On London road it's very handy ;  
County Courts and all their din  
Come there to dine and try his brandy.

---

### LINES

#### ON THE DEATH OF THE PORT FRANKS WORTHIES.

There was a town, once named as such,  
But then that name was yet too much ;  
It was a wild ungodly spot,  
Its equal hardly could be got ;  
For stealing, cursing, lying, swearing  
And breaking Sunday, catching herring ;  
And drinking whisky rum and gin,  
With every other work of sin.

There were a few had settled there,  
From distant lands, but none knew where,  
Port Franks its name, I'll tell it plain  
Few towns such privileges attain ;  
With waters deep on every side,  
Where ships of burthen they could ride ;  
And safely scorn the stormy blast,  
If they were in that harbor cast ;  
There's moving sands near to the mouth,  
Of Sauble river, north and south ;  
But there a harbor could be made,  
For stones are near and easy laid ;  
And timber plenty on the bank,  
Where pines grow thrifty, long and rank ;  
These pines are of the Norway kind,  
The best for building you could find ;  
Would those who own this land but sell,  
The place another tale would tell ;  
Then honest men would locate there,  
And give this town their fostering care ;  
But that great bane to all that's good,  
In Canada by some dark mood ;  
Denies that right to freemen there,  
Such meet from them the worst of fare ;  
So gloom and sadness fill the place,  
Where desolation you can trace,  
To vagabonds call'd chartered knaves ;  
Oh! that they'd met untimely graves,  
E'er that they got these lands as such,

I know I have not said too much ;  
For here it lies struck by their blight,  
Might be a town of much delight ;  
Where men of wisdom and of wealth,  
Might live by merchandise in health ;  
And distribute to every shore,  
The country's wealth for evermore.

But here I'll tell another tale,  
Perhaps 'twill cause some hearts to quail ;  
On this unhallowed godless spot,  
Some men possession there had got ;  
Not by consent, nor deed or lease,  
These did their neighbors nicely fleece ;  
By every act of cruel wrong,  
They'd cut and carve their road along ;  
None were safe near where they stood,  
As they had eschewed all was good ;  
Denying He who bought their souls,  
They liv'd and di'd as blind as moles ;  
But there was one amongst this set,  
The worst and vilest of them yet ;  
He did deny there was a God,  
He scorn'd his word, he mock'd his rod,  
All else they're equal every way,  
Except a youth, but who can say,  
Might yet return, but God said not,  
As all alike have met their lot.  
It had been said and some declares,  
That they were Satan's faithful heirs ;

And that they'd mortgag'd their poor souls,  
Saying heaven was lost and man controls.  
Their destiny, good men did mourn,  
And ofttimes call'd them to return ;  
But here to make my story brief,  
They look'd to Satan as their chief ;  
And to that spirit moving den,  
Which now betrays the souls of men ;  
This faith in spirits moving round,  
Has sear'd some hearts with many a wound ;  
Messiah's truth they all deny,  
And from his gospel counsels fly ;  
Saying there's a place where spirits dwell,  
But no such place for man as hell.

Now these three worthies in one boat,  
With all their traps had got afloat ;  
And started off for the north away,  
Just up the shore in Sauble Bay ;  
The wind was fair the day was fine,  
They started northward on the line ;  
Soon gloom came o'er the broad blue sky,  
And Huron groaned and heaved a sigh ;  
The wind capp'd round a seaman's phrase,  
Which caus'd the sleeping waters raise ;  
No more sereneness clad the air,  
All was with them in dark despair ;  
The elements above did battle,  
Whilst thunder clouds did deafening rattle ;  
And Huron show'd her frantic fits,

Where whitecaps flew o'er watery pits ;  
For north-west winds blew strong and wild,  
Whilst Huron pounded froth and boiled ;  
Never was seen along that shore,  
Such awful tempest there before ;  
But they were seen in the distant spray,  
To that great spirit once to pray ;  
They lifted up their hands above,  
To that great God we fear and love ;  
But oh ! a cloud as black as night  
Stood o'er them in the people's sight ;  
And in that dark and dreadful hour,  
The watery waves did all devour ;  
For as the cloud pass'd o'er that spot,  
The people fear'd what was their lot ;  
Ah ! yes it pass'd, but then no more,  
Was their frail bark seen from the shore ;  
No, all had sunk in the watery wave,  
Death was victor that their grave.\*  
The storm then hush'd as though asleep,  
Whilst those that mourn'd did sigh and weep ;  
Yes many wept, but not for death,  
Nor for their friendship here on earth ;  
They mourn'd their sad untimely fates,  
'Cause they had all died reprobates ;

---

\* Some days, perhaps a week before these men were lost, I dreamed that I saw them struggling in the water with their boat capsized.

Unless that hand that's all divine,  
Did send in death a saving line ;  
And tow'd them to that heavenly shore,  
A place unknown to them before.  
Let all take warning, mind that hand  
That guides the just on sea and land ;  
As when great storms arise around,  
Sure safety in his arms are found.

---

#### THE LAST REPORT FROM PORT FRANKS.

Now here's the last story, I'll not say its true,  
But just as I got it I'll give it to you ;  
'Tis said all along by the shore and the beach,  
That late in the night you will hear their sad  
screech ;  
When here on this earth, they said spirits were  
hurled,  
Away to some star far away from this world ;  
But now they are seen moving round in the night,  
Along by the beach when the moon gives her light ;  
And sometimes away on the smooth placid lake,  
They're moving along near a boat in its wake ;  
And when the lake rages, they're bobbing their  
heads,  
The sight is so awful that all people dreads,  
To move in the night, whether sailing or walking,



As all think they see them, or hear them a talking;  
Old Captain Buck is seen first on the trot,  
It's thought he wants something that he has forgot,  
But the minute you see him, he flies out of sight,  
Which shows the aversion that he has for light;  
Sometimes he is seen round his own favored spot,  
With his bottle of whisky, but then I forgot,  
The landlord who help'd him to whisky and rum,  
Is just at his elbow his own favored chum;  
But where he gets whisky, there's none seems to  
know,

It's surely not sold in the regions below;  
But when he has got it, it's stranger to think,  
How he can return to the Sauble and drink;  
For along in the night he is seen up and down,  
Sometimes on the beach and sometimes in the  
town;

No one yet did venture to ask him what news,  
But to all appearance he's deep in the blues;  
Sometimes he is flying as though he had wings,  
So people are telling such wonderful things;  
Young people are crazy, afraid of their life,  
The old people tells them, he's lost his long knife,  
And that his old body lies low on the beach;  
That his spirit can't hurt them, although it may  
screech,

But young people yet, are afraid of each sound,  
When night throws her mantle the hill tops around  
They say he was wicked and used for to tell,

There was not a heaven nor place they call hell ;  
And now they are sure when he's so on the tramp,  
He'll get into neither he was such a scamp.

---

LINES ON THE

DEATH OF DOG PRINCE, AND HIS ADVICE  
TO HIS YOUNG MASTERS.

Prince was a dog kind and observant,  
Unto his masters a willing servant ;  
He'd haul their wagon or their sleigh,  
And jump around them at their play,  
He seem'd with them to take delight  
In playing tricks from morn till night,  
And nip the pigs if near the door,  
And at them bark, but do no more ;  
He never tore their ears to tatters,  
But from all mischief watch'd their waters ;  
He never did a neighbor harm,  
But in his master's care was warm :  
If through the bush they'd chance to go,  
He there with them ran to and fro,  
And if a bear would chance to growl,  
Poor Prince would raise a warning howl—  
Yes ! be it bear, deer, wolf, or skunk,  
Prince from his duty ne'er would flunk,

But keep with caution all in trim,  
No wicked beast could outwit him ;  
Altho' this dog was kind to all,  
He'd enemies round that work'd his fall ;  
He'd been advis'd oftentimes, indeed,  
But to advice gave little heed,  
But would attend a neighbor's mission,  
To hunt all beasts of bad condition.  
One night—it happen'd very late—  
As Prince lay at his master's gate,  
A man, of wicked mind intended,  
His friendship unto Prince extended ;  
He took him off in the lonely night,  
Far, far beyond his master's light,  
And there with wicked hands did spill  
Poor Prince's blood without his will.  
When he was dying at the last,  
All round the place his eyes he cast ;  
He look'd for his young masters there,  
But mourn'd their absence everywhere,  
Saying, " Cruel man, why take my life ?  
I've never been in acts of strife,  
I have been told to do what's right,  
That I have done by day and night ;  
My masters' were my only care,  
To them I send my warning prayer,  
To keep at home when late at night,  
And not be flatter'd out of sight ;  
For he who kill'd me here, their dog,

And laid me low beneath this log,  
Would kill them too, my masters dear,  
If they his flattering tongue will hear.  
Don't mind such, as they walk along  
With twitching eyes and oily tongue;  
Keep your father's house and home,  
Be not led off to stray and roam  
Where words, sweet sounding, strike the ear;  
Such sweet-lipp'd scoundrels, keep them clear;  
If they've got tarry eyes and brows,  
And cross-ey'd, small, like linseed bows,  
And pointed, wolf-like, to their nose,  
And round and round a-twinkling goes,  
Restless, though dead, at times will flash,  
At other times show blood-shot dash;  
Such showing works of fiends within,  
Murder, theft, to such no sin;  
Watch them well, keep from them free,  
They'd do to you what's done to me."

---

### LINES ON THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY.

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE  
HON. MR. SULLIVAN, IN TORONTO, 20 OR 22  
YEARS AGO.

Away to the West, to the far-distant West!  
Away to the lands that are verdant and green!

Saskatchewan valley has lands of the best,  
Where rivers run slowly the valleys between.

There millions of acres of prairie lands vie  
With the richest on earth, and the climate is mild;  
There buffalo ranges, and finds a supply  
From pasture in winter, unheeded and wild.

Remote from the shores of the eastern sea,  
Remote from the snows that on Greenland  
abound,  
And far from the ocean these rivers are free;  
No falls or wild rapids are there to be found.

Let us hie to the West, to the far-distant West!  
The mountains beyond it lie cover'd with gold!  
On east of those mountains there millions can rest,  
Where railroads in motion they'll shortly behold

And steamboats in play, from Red River away,  
Saskatchewan windings they'll shortly explore  
For one thousand miles, without lock or delay,  
Whilst the gold-pointed regions lie shining be-  
fore.

The clack of the mill will be pleasanter still,  
When gold-headed Ceris shall rise to the view,  
And each rural dale with mechanical skill  
Their useful employments in peace will pursue.

And flax growing there will be boundless with care  
The shuttle will move in full motion and play,

And off to the West they'll dispose of their ware,  
O'er the Pacific ocean, at no distant day.

---

### LINES TO CANADIAN ELECTORS.

Arise! Canadians rise and tell  
The nations of the world,  
That you will not your birthright sell,  
Where faction has unfurled  
The dark designs of former years;  
Where rights are all your own;  
Do stop them short on their career,  
Who discord round have sown.

For thirty years and more, my friend,  
Divided parties stood;  
Each working for some selfish end,  
Not for their country's good;  
Let faction now and discord cease,  
Let wisdom guide the State;  
And those who wish to fight for place  
Hold up to scorn and hate.

So at the polls let freemen send  
Their voices o'er the past;  
It is the time they should contend,  
That peaceful times may last;  
Our ruling powers, perhaps are right,  
In working out their plan,

But watch them well and keep in sight,  
Their actions every man.

Free patriots then a country's pride,  
Will let their sovereign know  
That faction o'er them cannot ride,  
Where honor binds them so ;  
So onward to the polls and tell  
All factionists and fools,  
That you will not your country sell,  
Where discontentment rules.

---

**Written on Reading the Report of the  
Norwegian Emigrants Calling for Wa-  
ter at a Railway Station on their  
Way through Canada to the  
far West.**

---

Why did we leave our Northern hills ?  
To suffer death in these strange lands ;  
No more we'll see clear water rills,  
Again pass down those pearly sands,  
To sufferings great we here must yield,  
Far from the land that gave us birth ;  
No more we'll see the Dofrefield,  
For death consigns us to the earth ;  
Oh give us water, Christians, give,  
And let our dear ones only live.

Have we not got a human soul ?

A soul that God himself has given ;  
Can man, proud man, our lives control,  
And make this land a hell or heaven ?  
Stern death, more sweeter is thy name,  
Upon the stormy ocean wide ;  
Than to endure this burning flame,  
Where smoke and dust our persons hide,  
Oh give us water, Christians, give,  
And let our dear ones only live.

Our sufferings here no tongue can tell,  
Come, God of righteousness and cheer ;  
Thou dost within our bosoms dwell,  
Thou art our hope and thee we fear.  
For in those cruel cattle pens,  
Where hogs in droves have oft been driven ;  
We now think on our mountain glens,  
From which we are forever riven,  
Oh give us water, Christians, give,  
And let our dear ones only live.

The Maelstrom of our northern sea,  
Within its whirlpool we could lie,  
And happier there if that could be,  
Than listening to our children's cry ;  
There is a God, Him whom we serve,  
To Him we'll humbly tell our case ;  
He will in death our souls preserve,  
Though here He seems to hide His face.



Oh give us water, Christians, give,  
And let our dear ones only live.

---

### GREETINGS TO A YOUTHFUL MUSE.

My youthful friend I see thy muse,  
Paints truth as well as fiction ;  
And gives thy neighbors pleasant views,  
'Those understand her diction.

Just guide her on her present course,  
She's pleasant to a stranger ;  
She'll make your friends I'm sure no worse,  
Nor bring yourself in danger.

Could I but bring my muse to think,  
Of rural scenes around me ;  
I would be glad to let her clink.  
But lawcraft so confounds me.

That she'll not rest by day or night,  
Nor will she let me settle ;  
But strikes the rogues perhaps she's right,  
In this she shows her mettle.

She pitches at them every day,  
She scorns a lawyer's diction ;  
And could forever pelt away,  
Without the least restriction.

There was a time she lov'd the glen  
The waterfalls and bushes ;  
But oh ! what troubles are since then,  
Destroying all her wishes.

So now my friend just keep thy course,  
May trouble ne'er oppress thee ;  
Nor cause thy muse to think of worse,  
Than what may seem to bless thee.

---

### JACK FROST AND THE WEATHER.\*

What do you think of Mr. Frost ?  
What do you think his jokes will cost ?  
Do you but think that he will be  
Kept sporting with our A B C ?  
Frosty, frosty, frosty weather,  
Frost and summer both together,  
Frosty, frosty, frosty weather,  
Put Jack Frost upon a tether.

Now Mr. Frost with his glass eyes,  
Brings down his meteors from the skies,  
In winter time upon our lakes,  
He plays indeed some curious freaks.

*&c., &c.*

---

\* This was written on a school teacher who had not conducted himself properly towards some of his female pupils.



Such scenes as that are a disgrace  
To those that do inflict them.

I think our country's taken flight  
Beyond the Lakes to Texas,  
Where bowie knives and pistol fight  
Is all that can protect us.

If that be so, please let us know,  
Since you are the *Observer* ;  
That we may for our country show  
Some feeling, and preserve her.

You tell us too of monster bears,  
And how the boys dispatch them,  
And how the Yankees fight in pairs,  
And stops the cars to watch them.\*

Maybe we are beyond the hills  
They call the Rocky Mountain,  
Where grizzly bears the country fills  
In numbers past our countin'.

I know we have got biped bears,  
Their growling here confound us ;  
Now let it be our earnest prayers  
That they may not surround us ;

But that we may return again  
Where British laws protect us,

---

\* A scene in Georgia.

From grizzly bears and all their train,  
And bloody laws of Texas.

---

**ON THE SAME.**

Are we, freemen, free or not ?  
Mark each dark and dismal spot  
That our statute-book has got  
By wicked perfidy.

See oppression, how it lower,  
Mark the hand that gives it power,  
Closing on us every hour  
Dark chains of slavery.

Will we bear this dreadful yoke ?  
No! the chains they must be broke,  
The sage for ages has it spoke,  
That Britons must be free.

Britons ! rise, and put to flight  
Those vile usurpers of your right ;  
Drive such tyrants from your sight,  
And then you will be free.

Is our law to be in chains ?  
No! we'll blot out all its stains,  
Yes, or empty out our veins,  
Or else it shall be free.

Are we to be a tyrant's slave,  
That's nothing but a tool or knave ?  
Better get a Briton's grave,  
And then we will be free.

Who can show the foreign land,  
Where a Briton's foot may stand,  
And cannot his rights command ?  
Our country makes us free.

---

#### MUTTON TOWN ROGUES.

If you will go to Mutton town,  
And buy a row of pins,  
And do not plank the money down,  
Your trouble then begins.  
So what do you think of Mutton town ?  
What do you think, I pray ?  
What do you think of Mutton town,  
And honest Robin Day ?

That is the place, the people say,  
Which fills the bailiff's purse ;  
For every court they're on their way,  
Bosanquet's standing curse.  
So what do you think, &c.

They'll sue you there for this or that,  
And never send a dun

Until you'll see the Warwick rat,  
To him it's pleasant fun.  
So what do you think, &c.

Let every man be on his guard,  
And shun the wily spot,  
Or else you'll get Dick Warwick's card,  
And after him must trot.  
So what do you think, &c.

They cheat the poor in every part,  
We often hear them mourn ;  
When they are sent to Warwick mart,  
Their hearts with anguish burn.  
So what do you think, &c.

Day's Brother chums have got this trick  
To sue for cents and dimes,  
To help along old Warwick Dick,  
Who to their music times.  
So what do you think, &c.

So shun that place call'd Mutton town,  
If you'll take my advice,  
Dont trade with such, but break them down,  
And then you'll serve them nice.  
So what do you think, &c.

Then honest men will take their place,  
And help you at your call ;

Such men will think it a disgrace,  
To sue you then at all.  
So what do you think, &c.

---

### THE LAST MESMERIC SLEEP.

When in my last mesmeric sleep,  
To other world's I got a peep ;  
Yes, far beyond this world of ours,  
Where man has lost his earthly powers ;  
Beyond creation's starry light,  
I there beheld in gloomy night ;  
A deep unknown beyond all space,  
Where fiery beds fill up the place ;  
I enter'd there a mournful hall,  
And saw strange visions on the wall ;  
Where underneath were cinders red,  
By some unearthly fuel fed ;  
The heat was great, yes burning hot,  
And many furies fill'd the spot ;  
They all were cooking some poor elf,  
That was not fit to cook itself ;  
Silly chubs from ten to twelve,  
Were held on spits that turn'd themselves ;  
Yes turn'd around to fry and roast,  
Till some were crisp'd and bak'd like toast ;



One large fury like a monkey,  
Watch'd all this roasting and was spunky;  
He'd grin and smile when all were toasted,  
Or nicely cook'd or tender roasted.  
All those that cook'd on this grand scale,  
Wore long black gowns with forked tail;  
And I was told when round this fire,  
To honors oft they would aspire;  
There was one imp amongst the rest,  
Could cook and turn young roasts the best;  
Yes cook and turn and grin and wink,  
Far faster than the rest could think;  
Until the roast was cook'd and ready,  
The master cook look'd very steady;  
Then threw the spit against the wall,  
And rais'd a wild unearthly squall;  
This started me from wonders deep,  
Seen in my long mesmeric sleep;  
And brought me to my long lost senses,  
I then knew where such work commences;  
I also knew and none can blame,  
For earthly harpies do the same.\*

\* On being in Court one day, I saw a couple of little boys under age, cruelly cross-examined by an attorney, without being stopped by the Judge, although it was evident the children were baffled, and did not know what they were saying, such should not be allowed in any court. I thought the whole wrong that was done lay on the Judge and lawyers; and they looked in my eyes like demons.

## LINES

**On Reading an Account of an Infamous  
Lawsuit.**

Murray, Murray, what's the matter,  
That you should honest men bespatter,  
When you get up so very wrathy ;  
You would do better soldering pans,  
Than working out such ugly plans,  
Against your neighbor Mr. Strathy.

You thought to tinker up his kettle,  
But all you did was clean the mettle ;  
It now looks burnish'd bright and shining  
So just stick to your tongs and mallet,  
And use the solder in thy wallet,  
Upon your own to holes inclining.

Yes tinker at it night and day,  
And do not go so far away,  
To look for ugly jobs around you ;  
For if you'll go to whip the cat,  
Perhaps again you'll smell the rat,  
Where every honest man confounds you.

So just begin your pans and pots,  
And brighten up some ugly spots,  
And stay at home where we may find you ;  
But never mind such ugly plans,  
As picking holes in pots and pans,  
Where all the dust comes off to blind you.

This Strathy kettle looks like new,  
That has been tinkered up by you,  
And everybody tells its handy;  
'Tis said you picked it everywhere,  
And not one hole you could find there,  
So now they call you tinker dandy,

Then tinker dandy take your time,  
And never waste another dime,  
In driving trade so furious;  
But lay your Gipsy budgets down,  
And go no more about the town,  
To hunt up jobs so curious.

---

### THE DELAWARE BEAR HUNT.

Do you not remember the Delaware hunt,  
That happen'd last midsummer day?  
To hunters I'm sure it can be no afront,  
To tell of strange scenes by the way

The boys started off for to have a grand chase,  
At hunting an ugly old bear;  
Each one had his rifle, and stood in his place,  
And did for close action prepare.

With rifles in order and courage combined,  
They said the old bear she must die;

So every man to his fate was resign'd,  
On bidding his neighbors good bye.

All were in hopes of the bears being scarce,  
Before they would ever return ;  
If any should die it would be the reverse,  
We would then have occasion to mourn.

The boys took the woods in a long single file,  
They knew that old bruin was there,  
And thus in their courage they often would smile,  
And pray for the sight of a bear.

As soon as the woods they began to explore,  
'Midst logs in a kind of a thicket,  
They heard the wild beast give a terrible roar,  
Most awful, most dreadful and wicked.

Their captain, they say, was a hero by name,  
He had of good men half a score ;  
He thought in the wars he could earn some fame,  
But he never met danger before.

Three cruel bears started out on the plains,  
That lie in that place, Delaware,  
Which gave to our heroes some life-loving pains,  
As they took to their heels I declare.

The bears, oh ! the bears, what an awful display  
Of true manly courage was there ;  
Each look'd for himself as he scamper'd away,  
And humm'd out a piece of a prayer.

Their captain he call'd for a counsel of war,  
The bear her long teeth still kept grinding,  
His men they had fled in the distance afar,  
The dangers of death was still minding.

His lieutenant, H——d, was up in a tree,  
With a two-barrell'd gun, double locker;  
He thought the poor bears he would let them go  
free,

He was really afraid for to cock her.

A revolver he had of the best by his side,  
And thus he had every accouter;  
She was made by old Colt, and the best of his pride  
A revolving, unequall'd six shooter.

Now the bear hunt is over, and all have gone home,  
To make their complaint to their mother;  
They say after this they'll let hunting alone,  
And thus they condole one another.

So yon that go hunt on the Sabbath beware,  
Lest conscience with guilt may surprise you;  
And strike you with something looks worse than  
a bear,  
This lesson I hope will advise you.



## LINES

**On the Rejection of Law Reform by the  
Canadian Parliament 1860.**

A cloud, a cloud, a gathering cloud,  
Hangs o'er this land in a sable shroud ;  
From east to west it is gathering fast,  
Whilst winds keep still in their pent up blast.

There will be a wreck when winds do blow,  
We see they are shifting both too and fro,  
And streams are running in fury mad,  
Where maples are fading in mourning clad.

For frost nips everything that we see,  
Which blooms in the valleys of rural glee,  
And people are shouting in numbers here,  
There's no use ploughing the lands we clear.

Whilst lawyers like locusts hang round the throne,  
Each picking the fat of our marrow bone ;  
The bone is our land and people must pay,  
The cost of this picking some other day.

A lawyer gets up and he'll show his plan,  
Of doing your work as a lawyer can ;  
But looks to his craft, and his wily race,  
Who shifts with the winds that give them place.

They'll do all this work in their toga robes,  
As black as their master in his abodes ;

They'll do it again if you'll pay their fare,  
But quashing the truth is their honest care.

If people be wise they will look no more,  
To clouds of disunion now hanging o'er ;  
For lawyers are there in the midst of the storm,  
To keep back the sunshine of law reform.

---

LINES

**On Reading an Infidel's Account of  
Creation.**

When nox had earth, from chaos hurl'd,  
And Deity pronounced a world,  
Then darkness did the whole pervade,  
There was no light, all was in shade,  
With gloomy fogs, as black as night,  
Above the towering mountains' height :  
Then, all in gloom, this new-born earth  
Show'd distant worlds its place of birth,  
And took its bounds and took its place  
To travel through its destin'd space ;  
Then came a Voice, commanding there,  
Commanding water, earth and air,  
Each element to take its stand,  
The watery surf and rising land ;

The waters sank to their ocean bed,  
Lakes by their rivers hither fled,  
Then gloomy fogs forsook this earth,  
And show'd the sun's refulgent birth ;  
Now flow'ry shrubs and trees around  
Sprung from the new and virgin ground,  
And Paradise was planted there  
With genial spring, no fœtid air,  
All things were made just as they should,  
The Creator said that all was good ;  
Then last of all in creation's life,  
He first made man, and then his wife ;  
Man he was made out of the dust,  
Next from his rib his mate and trust ;  
He breath'd in man a living soul  
To live for ever, and control,  
All this earth by land and sea,  
Of what had life there living be.  
So man stood up in beauty dress'd  
With God's own image in his breast :  
Say when will man return again  
To wear that image without stain ?

---

LINES ON THE

**Wreck of the Schooner Niagara, at Port  
Hope, in the Fall of 1856.**

See the tempest rage and scatter  
Wild destruction on the shore ;



See yon bark begin to shatter,  
See, she's gone,— we see no more.

Look, she rises—see her bounding,  
See the men from danger fly ;  
Here she comes, we see her grounding,  
Listen, what a piercing cry !

See them holding by yon timber,  
See them swinging in the air,  
See, all hopes of life is limber,  
Hear them shriek in wild despair.

Ice is making fast around them,  
Soon they will be frozen fast ;  
See the boiling surge surround them,  
Help, oh ! help, or help is past.

See the shore with men and women,  
Hear their shriek pass on the gale,  
Not a hope for dying seamen,  
Not a man to man a sail.

Yes ! there were men standing ready,  
Took their boat to do their best ;  
Pull'd their oars both firm and steady,  
Every wave they topp'd its crest.

Now they gain the point they wanted,  
Now rejoicing from the shore,  
Now a wave the boat has swamped,  
See them sink to rise no more ?

What a frightful gloom has started !  
Dark and dismal was the sight ;  
Friends from friends for ever parted,  
Now the tempest shows its might.

Is there none to save from dying,  
Those that mercy hither sent ;  
See the people round are flying,  
Hear how some their friends lament.

Yes, there is another coming,  
See stout fellows in his track,  
See the frightful waves high running,  
See a boat upon their back.

See them pull and tug and twist her,  
Keep her bow before the wave,  
With courage strong they seem to trust her,  
Every life they hope to save.

Now all hopes begin to brighten,  
See them fast among the wreck,  
Now the sailors down they lighten,  
See them hand them o'er the deck.

Here they come—the waves are boiling,  
See each boy pull at his oar,  
See each man his best is toiling,  
Now they're landing on the shore.

Noble sailors and commander,  
Captain Woods, of men the best,

Could there be a scene more grander  
Than to save such men, distress'd ?

Long may you navigate the waters,  
Still rejoicing on return,  
And when the wave dash all to shatters,  
May you never have to mourn.

---

LINES

**On the Duty Lately put on Petroleum Oil,  
29th April 1868.**

Our rocks have been pouring out oil,  
The gift came from him who designed it ;  
What expenses and wearisome toil,  
Was lost by the men that could find it ;  
Here works are all stopp'd, and no more  
Our engine is heard with her whistle ;  
Our men the St. Clair passes o'er,\*  
For the West, for the West, is the bustle.

New Scotland, her coals are yet free,  
And Salt wells at Goderich, but mind it,  
That all shall get badger'd as we,  
This tax has got others behind it ;

---

\* They thought they would have got government land in settled townships. Lower Canadians have been receiving a bounty for killing fish for years, whilst Upper Canadians have been paying a license for liberty to fish.

Our fishers pay license to fish,  
Quebecers are paid for their fishing ;  
Such law-making tarts fill each dish,  
Whilst people for sweets have been wishing.

But money's their god and their pride,  
They care not for country or people ;  
But hunts them away where they hide,  
'Neath an eagle that sits on a steeple ;  
For twenty long years or more,  
The West has been trampled right under ;  
Each act that comes out has fruit bore,  
Which often sets people to wonder.

That they could submit to such laws,  
Often made as we know to enslave ;  
These life-blood from freedom still draws,  
But they're scorned by the noble and brave ;  
Two millions of people say you,  
Can bear all this heavy taxation ;  
Ten millions would do it that's true,  
Just now, only for such vexation.

Our young men were waiting for land,  
That promise to them has been broken ;  
Our rulers these cannot command,  
Their backs to our lakes gives the token ;  
This duty on oil will send more,  
Away to the West because near it ;

This black spot and virulent sore,  
Still running away we all fear it.\*

Then gentlemen bring us good news,  
As you do at times of election ;  
Keep up do not tighten the screws,  
Give us breath ; have a little reflection,  
When a cord is tight, it may break,  
Thus cords of affection may sever ;  
Before a ship sinks she will leak,  
Thus sinks bad state.craft and forever.

---

#### A. K—Y'S FAREWELL TO HIS LOVER.

Oh ! Charlotte, dearest Charlotte, you must remember well,  
When we have met together, and did sweet stories tell ;  
It was of love and unity, and pleasures of this life,  
When you and I should be as one, a happy man and wife.

But love is like the seasons still changing hot or cold,  
And not like that perpetual spring where Adam first was sold ;  
Yet I'll not blame you Charlotte, although it might be so,  
But those who ill-advised you must surely come to woe.

They were indeed deceivers who troubled you and me,  
So fare you well and Oil Springs, some other lands I'll see ;

---

\* Both sides of politics have had their hands in this shameful taxation. It has been the cause of people paying as much more for every gallon of oil they use. At the same time it is of no benefit to the producer. The crude is no higher now in price than it was before this law came in force. It is class legislation, and it is only one class that is benefitted by it. It is a strange way to help trade, that is to tax it.

I'll let your cruel sister and others bear the blame,  
I'll strive to love another where none shall me defame.

Perhaps the jade is laughing, perhaps she thinks it right,  
To stop our fond intentions and give our hearts a blight ;  
She's crazy in her petticoats, her brain is turning round,  
She's acting like a bedlamite, and should be tightly bound.

Her man she will bamboozle him, if one she can betray,  
His heart will get dejected, he'll not know what to say ;  
He must become a woman's slave, unless he makes a turn,  
And send her where all should be sent who cause a man to  
mourn.

Farewell my loving Charlotte, I'll always hold you dear,  
I know your good intentions of that I had no fear ;  
For well I do remember the place where first we met,  
And if we never meet again I hope we'll not forget.

---

### THE QUEEREST MAN IN SARNIA.

There is a man in Sarnia town,  
Who has no hair upon his crown ;  
This is not strange, where time has shorn  
An honest head through life well worn ;  
But when you meet a sinner sainted,  
Or seeming so just outside painted ;  
With something dark away behind him,  
Which hides him where you cannot find him ;  
Until he bites you like a snake,  
Just pity the man for his head's sake.

But if again he's in a corner,  
Where honor sits, but acts the scorner ;  
And if where honest men are striving,  
You meet with nothing but conniving ;  
Where confidence can never bind him,  
Nor in such chains you ne'er may find him ;  
But's like an eel in silken nooses,  
He'll slip away without excuses ;  
Then set the wires and watch the elf,  
Lest he slip round and snare yourself.

Now this old joker trades in wares,  
All tightly bound by worldly cares ;  
But if he gets you in his meshes,  
Whether hard or soft your skin or flesh is ;  
He'll draw the wires, and pierce the bone,  
With heart as hard as granite stone ;  
He scorns the poor, their claims defying,  
Whilst he delights in saintship lying !

Some say young Bauldy is driver,  
At bargain-making a contriver ;  
Did I say young ? an aged sire,  
Is liker truth, which men admire ;  
But truth by him is in presentment,  
It would not give his soul contentment ;  
But like the spider till the fly's in,  
His net looks silky soft entisin'.

Then like that insect he will fumble,  
Whilst the entrapp'd may buz and bumble ;  
He there will pick this poor lost creature,

And like the spider show his nature ;  
Then turning round he will begin it,  
Another web to weave and spin it ;  
And when its ready change positions,  
As quick as puppet show magicians.

Thus he will act both saint and sinner,  
For at the trade he's no beginner ;  
When in the church he'll speak most loudly,  
And praise the preacher's theme and proudly ;  
Though it may cut him into slices,  
He'll relish all and dust the spices ;  
The text may be on Nathan's plan,  
Thou sainted sinner art the man.

Such words have often caused wry faces,  
But not with Bauldy he has graces,  
Or thinks he has them ; every dodger,  
Has got within a secret lodger,  
To kill his conscience, burn and sear it ;  
And send him down the place we fear it ;  
But if there's oil petroleum there,  
We know some rogues will get their share ;  
Because they have sent down their cargoes,  
Free from this earth without embargoes ;  
Yes it went there and to that shore,  
Where all is lost forever more.

[*Captain John Savage's complaint with many  
others paraphrased.*]



**EDWARD HOWLEY'S LAMENT.**

A boarding shanty I did start,  
M'Kay and Smith they took my part,  
And said they would pay every mart,  
    To board them on the railroad,  
    The railroad, the railroad ;  
    I lost my money, and every cent,  
    By boarding on the railroad.

My bosses have fled o'er the line,  
To drink their brandy, rum and wine,  
Whilst here in jail I do repine,  
    For boarding on, &c.

My merchant boss, his name is Brown,  
He keeps a store in that new town,  
In Plympton township it's laid down,  
    Along the line of, &c.

My bosses slop'd and ran away,  
And did not give this Brown his pay—  
Their nature here they did obey,  
    To cheat all on, &c.

Donald Grant, and Wallace too,  
And one M'Donald made the stew,  
To drink hot slings till they were blue,  
    Whilst foremen, on, &c.

They'd strut around like monkeys there,  
In cursing men they would not spare,

And cheat them all, I do declare,  
That worked upon, &c.

Whiteman was a foreman kind,  
He always did his business mind,  
He on his post you still would find,  
Whilst foreman on, &c.

If other bosses had done that,  
They would not be so slipp'ry fat,  
Nor I would not have smelt a rat,  
For boarding on, &c.

Brown should have held my bosses' tail,  
When first he knew that they would fail,  
And not have plac'd me here in jail,  
For boarding on, &c.

But from this place I'll soon get free,  
And that the knaves will shortly see,  
And then to board I'll ne'er agree,  
Such rogues upon, &c.

---

**WHEN AND HOW ROBIN RAY WAS BOUND  
AN APPRENTICE.**

---

'Twas in the year of fifty-six,  
One Robin Ray went boating;  
It was not down the River Styx,

He thought that he was floating ;\*  
He sail'd away from Sarnia town,  
Port Sauble was his station ;  
To gain that Port e'er Sol went down,  
He knew would save vexation.

But e'er he got to Kettle point,  
Or Ipperwich was turning ;  
The sun the horizon had join'd,  
And lights on land were burning ;  
But soon he was in Sauble bay,  
By darkness all surrounded ;  
And winds were shifting so they say,  
And he was sore confounded.

Because a cloud was in the east,  
Where thunder loud did rattle ;  
Rob thought the boat to beach at least,  
Although it might prove fatal.

---

\*This Robin Ray was a curious customer ; no one could tell his country or place of birth. Some said he was from the small island of Aron, on the north coast of Ireland ; others said they thought he was from the sea-coast in Pembroke-shire, in Wales, whilst a third party thought he was from the Orkneys. Let him come from where he will, he was of a strange kidney. At the time of the above scene, he did not know much ; since then he has got master of the sciences. But there are none of them he has cultivated so well as that branch of the mathematics known as navigation. There is no other sailor on board our lake craft, can compete with him, but he is so well acquainted with the other sciences that some people have attached Master of Arts to his name. About eighteen months ago he took a notion to go to the East Indies, and went to

A whirling tempest struck her then,  
Amidst the boiling waters ;  
His sailors were two trusty men,  
Yet sails were torn to tatters.

The winds then blew a hurricane,  
A cloud was coming nearer ;  
Rob with his boat thought land to gain,  
But in he could not steer her.  
The sailors boys said let her go,  
And clear away her lading ;  
Then Robin did his courage show,  
When hopes of life was fading.

For in that cloud he saw a spark,  
He knew it boded danger ;  
Whilst howl'd the tempest lowering dark,  
To which he was a stranger ;  
But as the cloud still nearer came,  
Rob could not tell what ail'd him ;

our Custom House Department and took out his papers for the journey. He said that he had heard of the Flying Dutchman at the Cape of Good Hope, who had beat all navigators. He said he would never rest until he would take the broom from his masthead. Perhaps the reader does not know who this Flying Dutchman is ; if not, I will tell. Once, when the Cape of Good Hope, (that is South Africa,) was a Dutch Colony, there was a Dutch captain lying with his ship in Table Bay, at Cape Town, and it being the season of the shifting of the Trade Winds when there are violent storms around the cape and sailing dangerous. At this time the captain of this ship began to prepare for sailing around the Cape, but the people who were acquainted with the danger, advised him not to attempt it. He, like many another foolish, wicked and bad man, swore an

Because the spark was like a flame,  
'Twas then his heart it fail'd him.

Oh what is that ? said Robin, then,  
Unto the sailors turning ;  
It is said they old blackened Ben,  
We see his lamp a burning.  
The boat had turn'd her bows about,  
The sailors seem'd to guide her ;  
But in an instant without doubt,  
Old Horney was beside her.

I've found you out said Horney Ben,  
I'm prince of wind and waters ;  
I'll take you, but these other men,  
To them it little matters.  
I will command the winds to blow,  
They are my servants minding ;  
I'll cause them send you all below !  
My own I'll then be finding.

oath that he would either double the Cape, or sail his ship into hell. So he weighed anchor and left port, but never returned to Table Bay again. Since that time, it is said that when storms arise at stated periods, that he is seen in the midst of them, with his ship driving at a furious rate, as if she was skimming the billows, and is on that coast, something like Will o' the Wisp on land, enticing his victims to their destruction. So you see when once a man begins to serve the Devil, he will hardly ever get liberty to quit him. But if Robin Ray beats the Flying Dutchman, he will be the smartest sailor that ever left the Canadian waters. We have been anxiously waiting the news of the result of his mission, from the cape, but none has yet come.

Poor Robin's hair stood up on end,  
Cause brimstone he was smelling ;  
But thought 'twas better make a friend,  
Than then to be rebelling.  
I know said Robin what you want,  
Will you renew my charter ?  
If this your Majesty will grant,  
Myself with you I'll barter.

Then here's my hand old Horney said,  
You're prentice bound for ever ;  
So now you need not be afraid,  
Shake hands for bein' so clever ;  
Just as old Horney bid farewell,  
The boat she struck a boulder ;  
And by the next returning swell,  
A wreck you could behold her.

Near Lexington in Michigan,  
Like castaways they stranded ;  
They lost their boat but not a man,  
They were so nicely landed.  
Now Robin's in his prenticeship,  
And serves his master rarely ;  
Although he thinks at last he'll slip,  
Away and cheat him fairly.



**WILLIAM AND SUSAN.**

---

How blissful the days, when my love and I went  
Our journey to school, being both thither sent ;  
I often then look'd for the dirt and the mire,  
To keep her feet dry was my constant desire.

For years I had loved her without an alloy,  
Our long-lasting pleasures no one could destroy ;  
My hopes were all center'd on her I lov'd best,  
On meeting at eve we were constantly blest.

Then love did entangle, I could not disguise,  
No mote could I see in her beautiful eyes ;  
As time drove us on in our lasting delight,  
No cloud did obscure it or give it a blight.

The day of our wedding was set and prepar'd,  
Neither I nor my love and its pleasures I shar'd ;  
That day has pass'd over, no more to return,  
Which leaves me dejected in sadness to mourn.

I dream'd of my love in the cold dreary night,  
I dream'd that her dress was of pure linen white,  
She kiss'd me her hand as if bidding adieu,  
Then out of my presence she instantly flew.

I went to her parents and instantly told  
That death on my darling had taken a hold ;  
Get horses and carriage, away we must go,  
She's down at her uncle's, in Oakville below.

A messenger came to the door on the spot,  
 And told the sad news that I lately had got ;  
 She call'd for her William, and this she would say  
 " Do bring me my William, and do not delay."

I'll mourn for my Susan, while life it shall last,  
 In full recollection of joys that are pass'd ;  
 I'll think of her words, and I'll keep them in store—  
 " Remember me, William, you'll see me no more."

She's now lying low, and no longer will be  
 My dearest companion on life's troubl'd sea ;  
 But sweet recollections of joys that are pass'd,  
 Will dwell in my bosom, while life it shall last.

---

### THE FEMALE EQUESTRIAN.\*

Two country boys were on the road,  
 'Twixt Errol and Bosanquet, O !  
 They had a horse, he had no load  
 But saddle, straps, and blankets, O !  
     With my fal de ral de ri do  
     Right fal de ral de dimmy, O !  
 Right fal de ral de ri do,  
     The lassie show'd her shimmy, O !

---

\* A person who absconded with a sum of money.



A lassie they were passing by,  
The boys thought on their mother, O!  
They thought a ride they would supply,  
And acted out the brother, O!  
With my fal de ral, &c.

They got this lassie on the horse,  
She said she could not ride it, O!  
But said that things could be no worse,  
And then began to stride it, O!  
With my fal de ral, &c.

The horse he hobbl'd through the mud,  
The boys kept close behind him, O!  
This lassie show'd real Gilpin blood,  
And said, " You need not mind him, O!"  
With my fal de ral, &c.

They thought they had a maiden there,  
They handled her so tender, O!  
But something did her waist prepare,  
From being quite so slender, O!  
With my fal de ral, &c.

When coming to a country town,  
This lassie did not mind it, O!  
The boys there thought to get her down,  
For shame a bit behind it, O!  
With my fal de ral, &c.

The lassie said she did not care,  
That riding was quite handy, O!

And at the inn, so soon as there,  
 She'd treat the boys to brandy, O!  
 With my fal de ral, &c.

When at the inn, the horse did stop,  
 The lassie went to lighten, O!  
 Then something sent the boys to hop,  
 Whilst others it did frighten, O! †  
 With my fal de ral, &c.

---

### SARNIA SMUGGLERS.

My name it is George Western in Sarnia town I rest,  
 By trade, I am a pedlar and that one of the best;  
 I peddle with the farmers, I'm always on the track,  
 But never yet did carry my goods upon my back.

I have two jolly farmers they help me right along,  
 And carry all my ware as they are both stout and strong;  
 They always serve my customers wherever they do go,  
 And never wait to banter and this the farmers know.

For me I was not skillful in peddling at the best,  
 Nor could I work at smuggling, such work I do detest;  
 But being call'd a pedlar, and lucky at the trade,  
 I met two female smugglers and this to me they said.

Will you but go a smuggling along with us and try,  
 We have as good commodities as ever you did buy;

---

† She turned a summersault head over heels on getting off the horse  
 at Hillsborough.

We get our goods at first cost and plenty have in store,  
And if you'll join our Company you'll want for nothing  
more.

I did not like their smuggling, I tell to you the truth,  
The people say its sinful, I've heard it from my youth;  
These maidens got offended because I'd not comply,  
Then hurried to the Gauger's Court, and told a flippant lie

They said that I was smuggling, they met me on the track,  
And that I went to rob them, they thought that I was slack;  
When the Gauger heard their story, he said he would me  
fine,

For robbing of the revenue and touching crinoline.

When I was in the Gauger's Court, to fate I was resign'd,  
Because these female smugglers they there in person shin'd;  
I was fin'd in five bright dollars and costs I had to pay,  
Altho' to touch their calico I never went astray.

Come all you jolly peddlars and listen unto me,  
All you that peddle farmer's stock throughout this country  
Do never mind young smugglers in female gay attire,  
Or if you do you'll meet with worse than *ignis fatuus* fire.

---

### THE CANADIAN SERPENT.

When northwest winds loud bellowing sweep,  
Along Lake Huron's watery deep;  
Far distant then you'll hear her roar,  
Breaking her icefields on the shore;  
All tumbling, jarring, creaking, smashing,

Each fleak on fleak its sides a dashing ;  
Then gloom and sadness fill the air,  
As if she groan'd in wild despair ;  
'Twas just a night like this when sleep,  
Had fled from me and wonders deep ;  
Had all my mind with gloom o'er cast,  
In thoughts of times now gone and past ;  
For on Lake Huron late were seen,  
A placid icefield firm and clean ;  
With merry bells and pleasant mirth,  
Sleighs running round as if on earth ;  
But now the storm like distant thunder,  
Had split these icefields all asunder ;  
This is the time her icy fleece,  
She'l pitch in acres every piece ;  
Around her wild and rugged shore,  
Till sunbeams give them place no more.  
Thus musing on the past I lay,  
Not distant far from Sauble Bay ;  
I listened and I could not sleep,  
Till midnight pass'd in wonder deep ;  
Discordant sounds still struck my ear,  
Of Huron in her wild career.  
At last, in sleep I shut my eyes,  
Amidst her groans and fearful sighs ;  
Then in my sleep down by Quebec,  
I thought I saw a living speck ;  
Of something moving which did crawl,  
But had no legs—not one at all.

It was on land at times it fled,  
And hid beneath St. Lawrence bed ;  
I view'd it as it moved along,  
Quite stupid, but its move was strong ;  
At last I saw it rise its head,  
Then thousands from its presence fled ;  
It had within its fangs down east,  
All living things, both man and beast ;  
Some there with terror were struck blind,  
Others it used them very kind.  
I watch'd this wild unshapely beast,  
Still moving westward from the east ;  
And as it near and nearer came,  
I saw the waters turn to flame ;  
Yes, all sweet waters springs of life,  
Were soon in boiling springs of strife ;  
This serpent's length was many miles,  
'Twixt fear and love it all beguiles,  
At last it threw its tail up west,  
And there lay down to take a rest ;  
Yes, sleepy drowsy you would think,  
But did it sleep ? ah ! not one wink ;  
Its head stuck up, and its bright eyes,  
Shot fire in sparks like fire-flies ;  
Whilst in the west its tail did wiggle,  
And rais'd up many an ugly wriggle ;  
'Cause some did court its friendship there,

In hopes its dirty slime to share ;\*  
They got it too it made some fat,  
Ah ! yes they got it but for what ?  
To make for it a greasy bed,  
Its tail wants that but not its head ;  
These coward knaves who took its dose,  
Keep to the tail both firm and close ;  
And drench their friends whom they attain,  
With all the dirt flows from their brain ;  
Whilst some fly off to shun the pest,  
To prairies at the distant West.  
For now this tail begins to slap,  
And makes sad havoc, many a gap ;  
Crushing around our western shore,  
This tail goes wiggle grinding sore ;  
For all won't drink its slime and dirt,  
Must loose their coat, must loose their shirt,  
And all on earth to them most dear,  
If they'll not help its wild career ;  
For now alas, this serpent wild,  
Has thousands in its snares beguiled ;  
Not for its sake, but filthy gain  
These swallow dirt without a strain ;  
Such trample down throughout this land,

---

\* Previous to our union with the French, very few Canadians left the country, since then there has been a combination, so unjust as to cause them to leave in thousands. This is what the French wanted to keep our country from passing theirs in population. It is hoped that Ontario will now look out for her own rights, and that those days of depopulation will stop. We have had enough of them.

The people's rights and then they'll stand ;  
To raise this monster's slimy crest,  
O'er British freedom in the west ;  
Black are such knaves, short be their hour,  
Who help it on to thus devour ;  
It takes our rights this is its plan,  
Yes rights of God, and rights of man ;  
And here they strive as though unseen,  
To keep the filthy tyrant clean ;  
To make it smooth knaves take delight,  
These show it off in people's sight ;  
But God will cause the stage to turn,  
And our deceivers yet will mourn ;  
Who lie beneath that gloomy shade,  
That death and Hades for them has made ;  
Each power it gets, its wanting more,  
Both head and tail which grieves us sore,  
If it your spirit can't control,  
'Twill crush the body for the soul.

---

### VISION OF THE MICHIGAN ROOSTER.

**March 1858.**

One night when close in prison bound,  
In Lambton's County jail ; \*

---

\* I wrote this poem from a dream. I was standing somewhere, having my oldest son by the hand, and such a bird came along with a man in its beak. My son a little boy, I pointed his finger up to it. Next day I wrote this picture. I thought it was like the way people were picked off from Canada, only a different class to what is here represented.

I thought I heard a welcome sound,  
Float on the passing gale.

My spirit was as free as light,  
That travels through the air ;  
Although I was confined that night,  
In cells sunk in despair.

I saw the sun in splendor rise,  
Out o'er the woodland trees ;  
And travel through the vaulted skies,  
With sunbeams o'er the leas.

Just then I heard a rooster crow,  
His voice was shrill and loud ;  
But where it was I did not know,  
The voice came from a cloud.

I looked around to Michigan,  
How awful was the sight ;  
When I beheld the monster stand,  
Up to the stars for height.

His tail had swept the blue-tinged sky,  
He was of Shanghai breed ;  
I knew no land could him supply,  
With rations for his feed.

But I was soon set free from doubts,  
And that on every side ;  
As I was shown his ins and outs,  
And what would soon betide.



He clapped his wings and crow'd, then stood,  
His steps were five miles long ;  
As when he walk'd I thought he could  
Step that, I might be wrong.

I saw him when he frighten'd me,  
Just pass the broad St. Clair ;  
And if you were his steps to see,  
To him 'twas but a hair.

He took his course by London first,  
'Ne'er stoop'd to take a peek ;  
I saw his head pass clouds or mist,  
I watch'd his portly neck.

Just down the road to parliament,  
I saw him passing then ;  
I knew some rogues there must repent,  
But yet I knew not when.

He clap'd his wings, and crowed, then stood,  
I saw him stoop his head,  
He got some fellows by the brain,  
Those that our wisdom led.

He swallowed them without a doubt,  
Ne'er shook his tail one feather ;  
Then pick'd another dozen out,  
And gulphed them all together.

He then came strolling o'er the land,  
Just picking here and there ;

He pecked some mortals off their stand,  
And left their places bare.

I saw him always drawing near,  
O'er Lambton's county lines ;  
He pick'd them up on his career,  
In threes and fours and nines.

I saw him pick some black coats up,\*  
As hens will pick up wevil ;  
And when he got the last he put,  
As though he were the devil.

When he got back to Michigan,  
His crop was wide distended ;  
And there to crow he has began,  
God knows how soon he'll end it.

He turn'd about, and clapp'd his wings,  
Loud crowing after feed ;  
And every bird rejoicing sings,  
Loud praises for the deed.

I started in my troubled sleep,  
Just as he clapp'd his wings ;  
And how can I the secret keep,  
Dreams will show just such things.

---

\*Just so, the last feed he will get will be black coats, for when the working men are all gone the gentleman must follow.

**DREAMS AND REMINISCENCES.**

---

**Written March 1858.**

---

The author of this book has come through a persecution similar to John Merchant, and was made a debtor by perjury in an unjust action of trover. And because he would not pay the unjust debt originating therefrom, he was put in jail, being there for about one month. On 29th March, 1858, a lawyer brought in a document to him known as interrogatories, all of which were duly answered, but the seventh, and here it is :

“Seventh Interrogatory, whether you should be discharged or not out of close or other custody in this action, will you upon oath undertake to pay the debt and costs, in this cause, or as much thereof as you can, as soon as, and whenever the means for doing so shall be within your power or control. Answer the foregoing interrogatories fully by affidavit in writing, to be sworn to and filed in the ordinary way pursuant to law. Dated this 29th day of March, 1858.” The answer was given by defendant that he would neither answer it in the way required, nor would he swear to anything of the kind, no matter what the consequence would be, stating that he owed no debts of his own, and that what was made to be a debt against him was on account of the judge charging the jury not to believe one word of what his defendant's witnesses had sworn. And at the same time the witnesses of his opponent whom he Defendant had taken up for perjury to four courts, and had got a true bill against one of them at the first court, and whom the judge got out of trouble, by ordering the jury back. And that only for the said judge that he Defendant would have had his opponents in Kingston Penitentiary now, in place of himself being where he was, and that the judge well knew. Two days after this, on 31st March, this unjust court sent him again, a document which was said to be a quit claim deed of all the property he owned at Port Franks. He told the lawyer who brought this paper that he did not own any property at Port Franks, that he had given it all up to pay his honest debts ; but it was no use he was told that he must sign the document sent him, or else never get liberty to leave where he was. He then stated, that on account of his children, and for the sake of his life and liberty to them, he would sign the paper, but on no other account, at the same time protested against the unjust proceedings of the court in forcing him, and took the following men, then debt-

ors in jail with the jailor witness to the protest. A. McMillen, Geo. Watson and J. Wilkey.

The original debt with which the author had nothing to do, was ten pounds eight shillings, and which he knew nothing about. At this time he had bought a boat from the man who was the debtor, and which was bought long before the owner was sued for the debt; afterwards this boat was destroyed and lost, but was never seen by the author afterwards. Then an action of trover was entered against him to recover her value, presuming that he had not bought and paid for her, and the case was carried through by perjury of the worst kind. Before it was done it cost him nearly thirteen hundred dollars. In one case where he brought the parties up for perjury, the cost amounted to over \$200, and he followed them to four courts and could have spent a million of money for justice if he could have commanded the money. It also cost him two months imprisonment, for the debt and costs originating therefrom. The cause of the last month's imprisonment, the second year he was told by a friend at the time, it was because he was publishing a pamphlet, showing in a satire, the doings of the unjust court, &c The court having taken his books and bills receivable the year before, and had never returned them. If men are to be gagged for telling how they have been robbed and abused in this country, then away with the liberty of the press and all other liberty—the name is a mockery.

The following poem was written during the last month's confinement, as dreams during that period continually took him back to scenes of his youth.

When midnight dreams take me in sleep,  
Through lonely glens and valleys deep;  
Far eastward of Columbia's shore,  
I there my native land explore;  
Tis then, I think I see her towers,  
Her ivy'd walls, and broom-hill bowers;  
And all those haunts of happier days,  
Along Derg Water's banks and braes.  
When I am there I think 'tis true,  
That all are real which strikes my view;

But when I wake alas I mourn,  
Those days are passed ne'er to return.  
Well I remember when at school,  
And like some others played the fool ;  
Though oft advised (paternal care),  
By my kind Father to beware ;  
Of pitch and toss and all such strife,  
Which led young boys to lawless life ;  
Although advis'd, at times I'd stray,  
Along with comrades young and gay,  
To break the rules of that command,  
My father's law with a high hand ;  
I knew the wrong, and felt the deed,  
My conscience striking and with speed ;  
Then I'd stop short and play no more,  
Till by those comrades tempted sore ;  
Again I'd try my luck at chance,  
Till black remorse would send a glance,  
Into my troubled conscience where,  
There was no peace I do declare ;  
Temptation had me in her net,  
I had not power to leave it yet.  
One night I dreamed that near a hill,  
Where I was rambling at my will ;  
That Satan came and gave me chase,  
I up the hill and ran a pace,  
He just was like what I was told,  
Black, grim and wicked, ugly, old ;  
His tail was bended o'er his head,

His feet were cloven, how I fled,  
Yes up the hill till near the top,  
I ne'er look'd round nor made one stop ;  
With trembling fear I op'd my eyes,  
(Perhaps there was lamenting cries ;)  
I never after play'd at game,  
I car'd not who would give me blame,  
But manhood comes and with its cares,  
Are link'd in life as many snares ;  
The world's a game of hazard now,  
Which soon tells on his care worn brow ;  
When hopes like rainbow shadows fly,  
As for the prize to gain he'll try ;  
Soon death may come it has the power,  
It can his hopes on earth devour ;  
It came to me and oft' I mourn,  
The loss of those will ne'er return !

\* \* \* \* \*

A few short years of time had pass'd,  
When railroads were a building fast ;  
I then had neighbors moving west,  
To join their luck I thought 'twas best ;  
And took that road that leads the way,  
To Sauble river near the bay,  
Whilst on that road in nightly sleep,  
Strange visions did a warning keep ;  
Foreboding to my mind some ill,  
Unknown to me by human skill ;  
Of some untoward circumstance,

"Which some might call the fate of chance,"  
That then was pending and would fall,  
Upon my fate, with loss of all ;  
My worldly riches on the waves,  
Where Erie's shallows, water laves,  
For navigators dread her much,  
I've heard such stories told by such ;  
But no, the vessel came to port,  
With all my ware a goodly sort ;  
And all the losses I did fear,  
Were nought to what I suffer here,  
Within this gloomy debtor's cell,  
Which may be term'd an earthly hell ;  
Caus'd by oaths, that swore me here,  
Which oaths are false, as heaven is clear,  
From plots of violence and guilt,  
This they will find where truth is built ;  
But that foundation here now sinks,  
And in the nose of justice stinks ;  
But truth will rise her temple grand,  
Yet, o'er this fair Canadian land ;  
'Cause smother'd wrongs like embers lie,  
And hidden burn, but never die.  
With madness now my bosom burn,  
But that small voice says do return ;  
A hand divine holds vengeance rod,  
It will repay 'tis said by God ;  
These thoughts relieve me then I'll try,  
To leave it all to Him on high ;

He knows the wrongs that cloud this land,  
O'er which he soon will stretch his hand;  
And bring to justice those who think,  
They can his just commands hoodwink;  
For I am here in cruel walls,  
And think I hear my children's calls;  
Calling to me but I am bound,  
And cannot answer back one sound.\*  
Some gleams of freedom I can get,  
When sleep my slumbering eyes beset;  
In dreams I see my native shore,  
And distant hills e'en Barnesmore;  
Near by Derg water where it glides,  
Round hill and dale to meet the tides;  
I see her as she was of yore,  
Tumbling her waters evermore;  
O'er her steppes when floods arise,  
And onwards to the ocean hies;  
Joining with Morin side by side,  
In locked embrace to meet the tide;  
Yes, past Strabane and Lifford too,  
And in the Foyle bids all adieu.  
'Twas just last night that I was there;  
On hills above the orchard where;  
All things seemed as they were of yore,  
I knew not that I'd left that shore,

---

\* He was denied the privilege of a letter in or out, without being first inspected by the jailor. This is the worst kind of tyranny, and persecution known, except the tortures.



I saw the hills all clad with broom,  
And in their native yellow bloom ;  
I saw Ardstraw and graveyard there,  
With tombstones round it everywhere ;  
I saw it and I heav'd a sigh,  
'Cause that's the place my father lies ;  
Most sacred is that spot to me,  
Although the place I ne'er may see ;  
Roll winding river pass that town,  
Of old Ardstraw without a frown ;  
Long may thy waters, banks and braes,  
Rejoice in freedom's happier lays ;  
And may thy sons as they have been,  
Long free from despot tyrants seen ;  
That honored pride yet fills each soul,  
Of where its father did control ;  
The tyrant James of despot sway,  
They drove him from their walls away ;  
I've stood myself on Derry walls,  
And view'd those emblems, freedom's halls ;  
Where my grand sires stood to oppose,\*  
By bloody war their stubborn foes ;  
With their true brethren of the north,  
Whose sons are widely scatter'd forth  
To distant lands, but where they go,

---

\*I have stood on the spot, on the walls of Derry, from which James Houston shot the French Officer at the head of his troop, at Prehen, across the Foil, "said to be one mile." This time he was taken and carried on his bed to do it, as he was very sick, but when he had been well he had lowered the French colors several times by killing the standard bearers.

Their innate freedom they will show ;  
They scorn the tyrant's angry frown,  
Who wish to pull their freedom down ;  
Will they surrender ? no I say,  
Till death or freedom marks their way.

For liberty their fathers fought,  
That lesson to their sons is taught ;  
They scorn all upstarts in their pride,  
Who wish on serfdom's horse to ride ;  
Such springs from dirt and quagmire blood,  
We see them here rise from the mud ;  
Pretending that they're lords in life,  
Oh ! would some hand but lend a knife  
To cut their throats, yes every one,  
Till Canada can't show one man  
Of that ungodly pilfering race,  
Who drives the horse, but holds the trace.

'Tis said a tree's known by its fruit,  
Here man shows man, but acts the brute ;  
A noble spirit oft' you'll find,  
Rests on the poor and humble mind ;  
If noble blood it matters not,  
Its equal's found in humble cot ;  
But upstarts sprung from springs impure,  
An honor'd mantle can't endure—  
How can I think of bygone years ?  
When I could bring before their peers,  
This wicked, lost, ungodly set,  
Who have me here within their net ;

They took my all, and's wanting more,  
And by their actions grieve me sore ;  
May he who rules o'er them and me,  
From perjur'd lawcraft set me free ;  
And let me breathe a freeman's air,  
Let all such rogues die in despair ;  
Gloating like bloodhounds this I say,  
And on each other night and day ;  
Cause they are they who rob the people,  
With costs as tall as any steeple ;  
And by their actions freedom kill,  
See rich and poor are at their will ;  
Time calls me now to take a sleep,  
May peace my mind from trouble keep ;  
For oh ! no malice that's the test,  
Should wreck our minds on going to rest.

---

**FAREWELL TO THE LAWYERS OF  
LAMBTON.\***

Farewell unto Lambton, her Philistine hall,  
Her judge, and her lawyers, her courts, and them  
all,  
Farewell to my friends who are out of their camp ;  
May they never come under the shade of its lamp.

---

\* This song was circulated through Sarnia eleven years ago.

It's dark and its dismal, its death unto me,  
From blacklegs in office, oh ! Lambton be free.

I know all your blood hounds wherever they go,  
I know them for vengeance, for trouble and woe,  
For dark was their sayings, and darker their plot,  
They'll all get their pay when their oven is hot.  
Their lamp it is dark, and its holders must be,  
The blacklegs in office oh ! Lambton be free.

May he who invented this law jobbing strife,  
Ne'er meet with contentment, but trouble through  
life;  
And may his house fall in the dark of the moon,  
When tempests are raging may that happen soon.  
By the shade of that lamp where its holders  
must be,  
The blacklegs in office oh ! Lambton be free.

Farewell to these tyrants, I'll name them no more,  
They oft cut my heart and has made it full sore;  
But may all those lawyers with Judge in his place,  
Forever meet trouble with shame and disgrace.  
May their lamp never shine where its holders  
must be,  
The blacklegs in office, oh ! Lambton be free.



**Lines on the Exodus from Canada,**

As learned from the United States Censes, showing the number of  
Canadians in that country.

Will rulers never take their stand,  
Where truth so oft has led ;  
Will they connive on every hand,  
To fill this land with dread ?

Are we to be cast down by knaves ?  
By upstart power and pride ;  
And trampled down, yes, worse than slaves,  
Yet never mourn or chide ?

No ! but we'll seek another land  
Where freedom's flag's unfurled ;  
Though Briton's always took their stand,  
First freemen of the world.

We'll let this land, though dearer still,  
In slavish chains remain ;  
The parting is against our will,  
But tyrants we disdain.

And time will surely bring to light,  
Our wrongs—perhaps too late—  
When justice shall cut down with might,  
Those sycophants we hate.

Who scourge the true and loyal man,  
By plots as dark as death ;

Such licens'd knaves this country scan,  
By their unhallow'd breath.

Yes honor'd vipers, infidels,  
These hold the public trust ;  
Where courts of justice oft prove *hells*—  
Speak out the truth I must.

These send the bravest in these lands,  
From homes where they were born ;  
Yes, every year they leave in bands.  
To shun the tyrant's scorn.

Near fifty thousand in New York,\*  
Canadian natives rest,  
Two hundred thousand are at work,  
On prairies of the West.

If we petition, showing wrong,  
It's answer'd back with scorn ;  
To rulers might and power belong—  
They think it's with them born.

Those that are griev'd then clear away,  
Though subjects of our Queen ;  
But may we meet another day,  
In shining armor seen.

---

\* If there be that many native Canadians in the United States, how many British subjects are there in it who first settled in Canada as their adopted country? See how many thousands the Canada Company has sent off their cleared up farms, at the end of their ten years lease. If there were no other cause, this one is too many.

To take that vengeance long delay'd,  
Where justice was deni'd ;  
On upstart scamps who had betray'd  
Their Queen, and them defi'd.

---

**An Elegy on the Sailing Shepherd of War-  
wick and his Special Cargo.\***

What agencies has Satan got ?  
To put in force each cunning plot,  
All manufactur'd far below,  
Where Hecate keeps a bellows blow,  
On irons that shall never cool,  
Whilst man acts instrument or tool,  
To turn them.

Some take the north star for the sun,  
And to its equatorial run ;  
Though oftentimes an iceberg rise,  
Before them to the very skies,  
They'll tack around and keep their course,  
And on themselves destruction force,  
A death forever.

---

\* He was superintendant of schools, and reported a school-teacher to the Board of public instruction for being a drunkard, which was known to be an untruth by the rest of the Board.

Our temperance zones were travel'd o'er,  
And well explor'd from shore to shore;  
Yet some will penetrate the poles,  
To lose their own and other's souls,  
Although oft warn'd of danger near,  
They'll in those dreary realms appear,  
Without a chart.

I know of one do call him—Mack,  
The Warwick sailing shepherd back;  
Call him—ye stars that o'er him shine,  
Call him—ye powers that rule divine,  
From wrecking sinners such as I,  
Beneath his cold inclement sky.

Mock temperance.

For me I never lik'd his bark,  
For shipping cargoes in the dark,  
Nor sailing right against the truth,  
I knew these dangers from my youth;  
So I was cast upon that shore,  
Where modern cerberus will roar.

Intemperance.

Some people know this merchant man,  
Self-sainted on the latest plan,  
Yes encompassing sea and shore,  
To make one proselytè or more,  
And when he makes him, knows his doom,



Is seal'd in everlasting gloom.  
Beyond all hope.

This merchant, shepherd, what you please,  
Has got amidst the flowery leas ;  
Of Christian flocks all feeding where,  
He thinks to get them in his care  
Pretending that these northern regions,  
Requires new habits and religions.

Unknown before.

How couldst thou man divine such plans ?  
Thou who hast donn'd the cleric bands,  
As to set up this Janus crest,  
Enthron'd on darkness in thy breast ;  
And by thy light support his throne,  
To crush that temperance cause ye own  
Deceiving.

Oh ! man 'tis hard, yes hard indeed,  
But then thy master has no creed ;  
But what may serve him right or wrong,  
Where thou art bound by falsehood strong,  
To crush his foes with all thy might ;  
By cunning plans as dark as night.  
Or Erebus.

Why man a shepherd that would guide,  
His wandering flock ought strive to hide,  
Each stragling sheep seen round about,

Lest some wild wolf might find it out;  
But then to skin a poor lost creature,  
Scarce tallies with a shepherd's nature.

And it alive.

In latter times there was a crowd,  
To come on earth pretending loud,  
That they had got the chart of love,  
Prepar'd in heaven and far above;  
Deceiving and we may expect,  
'Tis said by God his own elect.

These are the times.

Had I but drank thy bitter cup,  
And not have shown a nose turn'd up;  
Thou wouldst have led me on thy road,  
And on my conscience plac'd a load;  
In fashion with the great Voltaire,  
And all his kindred spirits where.

Dark is their doom.

But man, could I have done thee good  
As man should man, all that I would;  
E'en when I found thy poison dart,  
Sink to the bottom of my heart;  
Still thinking that thou might'st get free,  
From him who had a hold on thee.

The Devil.

THE MIDNIGHT WALK.

---

One night as I walk'd by the moonlight bright,  
When woods were all cover'd with green ;  
I heard a sweet voice, but it gave no delight,  
Where no living thing could be seen ;  
My heart was sad when I thought of a song,  
That was sung in the olden times ;  
Of a man who would drink as he travel'd along,  
And would treat an old friend to the wines.

For the moon she had topp'd the highest tree,  
And shadows were crossing my way ;  
And sounds that I heard were strange sounds to  
me,  
As they all seem'd to lead me astray ;  
For a song was sung, and a siren song,  
Whilst a cloud in the east it arose ;  
And shut out the light from a teetotal throng,  
Where the people lamented their woes.

The light I saw hid was a star in my youth,  
It shines where the sun meets the morn ;  
Its orbit was guarded by union and truth,  
And its rays a bright arch still adorn ;  
Then I long'd for that song of the olden times,  
When our fathers were happy and gay ;  
And to pass by a friend was their worst of crimes,  
Without tasting a drop by the way.

Woe to that cloud ! that is passing I said,  
Which hangs o'er the youth of our land ;  
And woe to a friend who has friendship betray'd,  
Such traitors now give us their hand ;  
Then I thought of that song I could hear no more,  
Where friendship was burning and hot ;  
And serpents were hissing and death at the door  
Stood marking out a lost brother's lot.

Do flee from your bondage ye sons of the light,  
No more beneath task-masters bend ;  
They'd lead you away to where death ends in  
night,  
But be sober and true to the end ;  
And still take a glass whilst in friendship you steer,  
The road that your forefathers led ;  
Yes, let it be whisky, strong brandy or beer,  
But Ephramite drunkards still dread.

There's many things more, but I'll not tell them  
here,  
And many supposed to be hid ;  
This teetotal pledge and its friendship I fear,  
Are just what the Scriptures forbid ;  
For I still love that song of the olden times,  
Which tells what the old people say ;  
That passing a friend was their worst of crimes ;  
Without tasting a drop by the way.

My walk it is over and I'll bid adieu,  
To friends on that temperance road ;

If old friends are gone I rejoice with the few,  
Who despise Satan's last lurking toad;  
To the tune and the song of the olden times,  
When fathers were happy and gay ;  
And to pass by a friend was their worst of crimes,  
Without tasting a drop by the way.

---

**A New Song on Theodore O'Neil and His  
Fenian Army.**

---

One Theodore O'Neil, with his ragamuffin tail,  
Are all thieves and freebooters designing ;  
These meet throughout the States, around each  
city's gates,  
To assassinate Canadians combining.

We never did them wrong, this murder-craving  
throng,  
Who are doom'd to destruction by nature ;  
They're a curse to each land, where degraded they  
stand,  
With the murderer's mark on each feature.

But if these rogues come o'er, as once they did  
before,  
They will meet with the sons of their master ;

Where British Minnie balls, on such for vengeance  
calls,

Whilst our fingers to load will move faster.

We'll let no Fenian thief, come to steal our sheep  
and beef,

Nor our hens though such feed seem to charm  
them ;

For our loyal volunteers, will send them home  
with cheers,

To their master the devil who will warm them.

So like Theodorus great, O'Neil's a mighty cheat,  
Midst his tatterdemalions and flunkies ;

And just like him he'll fall, by rope if not a ball,  
Whilst driving these Fenians like donkeys.

But he has cash in store, yet wants a little more,  
Then like Stevens he'll cross o'er the border ;  
Away to France or Spain, whilst his booty he'll  
retain,

As commander and chief of the order.

Theodore had sons, and a mighty lot of guns,

These he often would show to his fellows ;

All Bashan's with their toils, like the Fenian  
O'Neil's,

Blowing wind through a pipe without the bellows.

But Theodore is dead, with a bullet through his  
head,

And his chieftains lie buried in ditches ;

So take warning O'Neil, lest your mission may fail,  
And the devil get you and your riches.

**LINES ON HON. T. D. M'GEE'S DEATH.**

These Fenians now have made an end,  
Of him who knew his country's foes ;  
Although in youth his ear he'd lend,  
To hear false tales of Ireland's woes,  
And all these tales in falsehood told,  
Have oft' deceived the youthful mind,  
McGee knew this when getting old,  
And threw such falsehoods to the wind.

To know deceivers he was keen,  
Though some have thought he was not true,  
His death now proves what he has been,  
And brings him right before our view ;  
'Twas time that brought his spirit right,  
By close reflection and by thought,  
Whilst Fenian circles drown'd in night,  
Have hell by bloody murder sought.

These are the pest of every land,  
And Ireland's curse, and Ireland's shame  
He told them this and made a stand  
Against them as they were to blame ;  
A gloomy cloud hangs o'er them now,  
What nation can their presence bide ?  
Those that will do it make a vow,  
That bloody murders they will hide.

Him whom we mourn, his country's pride,  
In this Canadian land of ours,

Took wisdom for his constant guide,  
He lov'd this country's rising powers.  
Each Fenian now has got the mark  
Of murder plac'd upon his brow,  
For like assassins in the dark,  
They carry out their midnight vow.

---

**Lines on the Shooting of the Duke of Edinburgh in Australia, 1868.**

There was a youth of royal blood,  
Sent 'cross the raging sea ;  
To see his mother's rich domains,  
For many such had she ;  
He was a stripling in his teens,  
Beneath a guardian's care ;  
He with his mother's blessing went,  
And every good man's prayer.

All loyal hearts were with the boy,  
And wish'd his safe return ;  
Unto his royal mother's arms,  
Lest she'd have cause to mourn ;  
He had a mother who was kind,  
A ruler and the best ;  
As ever rul'd a people free,  
And by her they were blest.



It is by peace Victoria rules,  
And that her subjects know ;  
Unless a few misguided men,  
Who work themselves much woe ;  
Her heart is kind, she feels for all,  
A tyrant's rule she hates ;  
Whose country is a land of slaves,  
All poor degraded states.

'Twas this good Queen who sent her son,  
A mission o'er the world ;  
That he might see on every shore,  
Britannia's flag unfurl'd ;  
For from the setting of the sun,  
Until he rise at morn ;  
That flag is seen on every sea,  
Its waters to adorn.

But when that youth the sailor boy,  
Went round the world away ;  
To meet with loyal hearts abroad,  
What can good people say ?  
Of those who strove to take his life,  
And follow'd him afar ;  
But that the prince of darkness soon,  
Must on their souls make war.

'Twas Fenians did with oaths combine,  
To take his life away ;  
They follow'd him beyond the sea,

But God their rage did stay ;  
They sent a bullet through his flesh,  
Right round his ribs it tore ;  
They thought young Edinburgh was slain,  
Our Queen to grieve her sore.

Long live our royal sailor boy,  
He soon will be a man ;  
We hope to guard Britannia's fame,  
As Admiral in the van ;  
To sweep the seas of every pest,  
A scourge to every shore ;  
Where murder reigns and not suppress'd,  
Till Fenians are no more.

Canadians, loyal, send their voice,  
Unto that flowery land ;  
Which did maintain old Britain's laws,  
And did her rights command.  
They hung O'Farrel by the neck,  
A quick turn off had he ;  
Australia is no land for such,  
Her people must be free.

Had Canada just done the same,  
Two years ago ; I ween ;  
Our jails would have no Fenians now,  
As troublers of our Queen.  
McGee would not be in his grave,  
Nor would the prince be shot ;  
If Fenians then had got their pay,  
Beneath the hangman's knot.

**On the Battle of Ridgeway, with General  
O'Neil and his Fenian Army.**

On second day of June my boys,  
The year was sixty-six ;  
Two thousand half-dressed savages  
Did here their standard fix ;  
Near to where old Fort Erie stood,  
Pretending to make war,  
Upon this fair Canadian land,  
Their names were sounded far.

One hundred thousand Fenians,  
'Twas said were at their back,  
That those were but the vanguard,  
The rest were on their track ;  
When here they did not slumber long,  
Those landed on our shore ;  
They robb'd the honest farmer then,  
And plunder'd every store.

These men had neither country,  
Nor honor to sustain ;  
They were a band of murderers,  
From every city's lane,  
Throughout the great Republic,  
Where there they do their work ;  
To murder its good citizens,  
They round each corner lurk.

But soon our loyal volunteers,  
Who were eight hundred strong,

Did hurry on to meet the foe,  
It did not take them long.  
The Royals from Toronto came,  
All gallant hearts and true,  
With York and Caledonia boys,  
This enemy to subdue.

With loyal sons of Hamilton,  
These were a glorious band,  
Who went as every Briton should,  
To save their native land  
From the vilest of creation's race,  
To whom we did no wrong;  
They're Erin's curse and greatest foe,  
This worse than heathen throng.

The Royals from Toronto were,  
The first to meet the foe;  
Who from its hidden ambush came  
Then blood began to flow.  
Our volunteers extended lines,  
And sent a galling fire,  
Amongst these Fenian miscreants,  
And follow'd them with ire.

They fought them there just one to three,  
Where minnie balls did tell  
On forty of these Fenian thieves\*

---

\* There were about 20 or 22 others got afterwards dying or dead,  
in isolated places, besides the prisoners

Who in the battle fell ;  
Their faces there look'd grim in death,  
All gastly as they lay ;  
Whilst many more lay wounded round  
And did for mercy pray.

McEachren whilst leading on  
His boys the field to gain,  
Met with a ball that struck him down,  
Thus was the hero slain.  
Likewise brave Smith and Alderson,  
Defries and Tempest too,  
McKenzie and Young Mewburn fell,  
All by this Fenian crew.

With Mathison and Lackey all  
Have met untimely graves,  
By men unfit to dwell on earth,  
Unless as freemen's slaves.  
Long live our wounded volunteers,  
Whose pensions give them rest ;  
Whilst Fenian crippled vagabonds,  
Are begging round distrest.

Two hundred of these Fenian rogues,  
Whose hands in blood were dyed,  
Were marched along to fill our jails,  
And were as prisoners tried\*

---

\* They could not have been tried for murder, if they had they must have been brought in guilty and hung.

Yes they were tried, but hemp was scarce  
 Thus murderers go free ;  
 But if they come again we'll try  
 That none shall prisoners be.

Then here's to all our volunteers,  
 Who bravely fought at Ridgeway,  
 And put their bloody foes to flight,  
 Dishonored rogues were they.  
 And here's to Queen Victoria,  
 Her cause is all our own ;  
 Throughout this broad Canadian land  
 We will support her throne.



### THE LAND WE LIVE IN BY R. SANDS.

Banished from earth the fiends should be,  
 Their foul deeds ne'er forgiven,  
 Who with unnatural enmity  
 Distract the land they live in.

A parricide is deemed the worst  
 Of culprits under heaven ;  
 And they are equally accurs'd  
 That wound—the land they live in.

No favor, ev'n a foreign foe—  
 When from their country driven—

Should to the base delinquents show,  
That hate—the land they live in.

Against oppression all should strive ;  
As patriots oft have striven ;  
But none at wicked schemes connive,  
To hurt—the land they live in.

True loyalty, like yonder oak  
By lightning scath'd and riven;  
Will send new suckers from the stroke,  
To guard—the land we live in.

But black dishonor shall attend  
His name, whose plan conniv'd in—  
To answer some sinister end --  
Would crush—the land we live in.

Our volunteers, with courage true,  
Have bright examples given  
They to the front like heroes flew,  
To help—the land we live in.

Then let all loyal subjects sing,  
From Gaspe unto Saugeen,  
That they will clip this Fenian wing,  
Which curse the land it lives in



### ADVICE TO THE SIMPLE.

Let simple and deluded men  
 Gang thither tae Toronto,  
 Bit a wha dinna Scripture ken  
 These needna gang thereunto;  
 Since Beovin there haes laid a plan  
 By Puseyite invention;  
 Tae catch poor sinners if he can  
 Bit this I should na mention.

Toronto's deep in business,  
 'Cause clergy wants a drone;  
 And some haes got a dizziness,  
 And canna weel intone  
 Though Beovin tri'd his prentis han'  
 The day the Synod met;  
 And did it on the latest plan  
 O toning done as yet.\*

This Beovin he can mak the droans  
 Bit canna set them in;  
 Cause some o them ne'er got the tones  
 This is a venal sin.  
 The bishop's in an ugly plight,  
 Which does him much annoy,  
 Cause tae pit droans and whistles right  
 The deel he maun employ.

---

\* At the Synod in Toronto 1863, the bishop permitted this intoning with his clergy all present. Now I say, that the clergyman who would not protest against this nonsense that I would protest against him.



This Beovin is a pawky cheel  
In logic o deception ;  
He can his road sae nicely feel  
Whar truth haes lost inspection.  
Sae let the youngsters at oor schools,  
Tack tent o culdee drivers,  
That fain would mak them sainted fools  
By puseyite contrivers.

---

**Lines on the Visit of the Prince of Wales  
to Washington's Tomb.**

From the spirit of the Press at the time.

Is't Washington the meteors\* of whose name,  
To royal bosoms sends a sacred flame ;  
He who was doom'd a traitor rebel chief,  
By his grand sire, who now shows royal grief,  
He was a hero in the world's dark page,  
Whose name shall shine throughout in every age,  
Great Alexander set the world on fire,  
To rob and conquer was his whole desire ;  
Hannibal infested Italy's flowery plains,  
For love of riches and for love of gains,  
And for revenge young Sepia stole away,

---

\* Meteors, such as blazing stars are supposed to be, carriers of fuel to the sun.

To conquer Carthage and to stop her sway ;  
Napoleon thought to make the world his slaves,  
And left his country red with human graves,  
But Washington had a holier nobler cause,  
To free his country from usurping laws ; \*  
When her petitions had been cast aside,  
By parent statesmen cross the flowing tide,  
'Twas them that did the wrong which caus'd him  
fight,

A noble deed in man when for his country's right.  
May peace forever guard that land and ours,  
From all despotic and ungodly powers ;  
Our language tell what country gave us birth,  
Old England—now the freest land on earth,  
And greatest power, she help'd her sons I say,  
To be the next in all America.

The lights they carri'd and in their bosoms bore,  
Were first lit up on Albion's friendly shore ;  
Oh may that light, the brightest and the best,  
Still guard all people in the distant West ;  
May they like Jews though scatter'd by their fall,  
Still look to father land, the fairest land of all.

---

\* Canadians can have no such faults to find with old England. They have power to make their own laws, and if they have any complaints against them, it must be against those whom they have empowered to make them, and no matter what commotion may arise, the great body of the people must and will be loyal to Great Britain. If the same privileges had been granted to the United States, they would have been British Colonists still.

**On Internal Taxation such as is on Petroleum Oil, &c.**

---

Canada West an honor'd name,  
Now torn by plots our statesmen's shame;  
Yes torn and shorn in devious ways,  
Of what she was in former days;  
Just see her tied she cannot turn,  
Whilst base insults she fears to spurn.  
When she permits her own produce,  
To pay a tax there's no excuse;  
That she should let this money fall,  
In union chest not one at all;  
What e'er comes in as custom dués,  
The union chest may take for use;  
And spend it o'er the whole Dominion,  
This is my own and firm opinion;  
But what's collected that's internal,  
To rob us of looks like infernal;  
Nor shall we pay for links like these,  
They cost too much, sir if you please,  
I'd rather cut the chain that bind us,  
Then leave the rickety coach behind us;  
In this Dominion coach and four,  
The Quebec horse is weak and sore;  
And will not pull one pound but feed,  
And rob the rest through perfect greed.

**On Nebuchadnezzar's Dream.**

Written after reading in the newspapers that liberty of conscience  
had been proclaimed in Spain.

Nebuchadnezzar dream'd a dream,  
Which left him in the night ;  
And put him in astonishment  
Until the morning light ;  
He called for his soothsayers then,  
And wise men o'er the land ;  
To see if they could tell his dream,  
Or meaning understood.

But none could tell till Daniel came,  
Who did the dream unfold ;  
He said the king an image saw,  
Whose head was made of gold ;  
Its arms were of silver bright,  
But was an ugly thing ;  
To come before his royal sight,  
Or stand before a king.

He also told its trunk was brass,  
Its feet were mirey clay,  
Except a few strong iron bands,  
That from its legs did stray ;  
Thou art oh ! king that golden head,  
Look see its legs afar ;  
And that its toes shall rule in time,  
As iron gods of war.

Then thou oh ! king didst see a rock,  
Cut from a mountain side ;  
Which crushed this image and its feet,  
As onwards it did glide ;  
And thou didst see a glorious light,  
In God's right hand to free ;  
The nations that in darkness sat  
No longer there to be.

This stone began in Germany,  
To crush the largest toe ;  
Then rolled along to England,  
And did its leveling show ;  
It then rolled over Denmark,  
And Sweden far away ;  
And all along the northern coast,  
Where Holland bears the sway.

In time of great Napoleon,  
It touched his kingdom there,  
It now has touched proud Austria,  
And's rolling everywhere.  
It crushed a toe in Italy,  
And now has turned on Spain,  
It soon will pass o'er Portugal,  
Then turn to roll again.

Vile nations shall like powder be,  
Cast to the winds away ;  
Then all shall see their heavenly King,

And none but him obey.  
And Christ will reign a thousand years.  
In peace the wide world o'er ;  
Then all mankind from war shall cease,  
Through time for evermore.

So now rejoice you chosen few,  
Rejoice both one and all ;  
Be always to your country true,  
Be ready at her call.  
We hear the great red dragon's tramp,  
We hear the trumpet sound ;  
Where Michael with black angels fought,  
Will soon be holy ground.

---

#### OBITUARIES.

**Written by the Author after the Death and  
Burial of his Eldest Son, who died at Oil  
Springs June 13th, 1862, Aged 20 Years  
6 Months and 23 Days.**

---

Oh! John, my son, my son,  
Thy place is vacant here,  
Thy youthful life was early run,  
But not without a tear.

For twenty years I watch'd thy ways,  
And watch'd with anxious care ;

I saw thy manhood's coming days,  
And thought of pleasure there.

But oh! thy father far above,  
Was watching I am sure;  
And took thee early in his love,  
When all thy thoughts were pure.

So not my will but thine be done,  
Were words thou used to say;  
When thy fond mother first begun,  
To teach thee how to pray.

But she had to her Saviour gone,  
And left thee to my care;  
Bereft of friends as I had none,  
With her I could compare.

May he who gives the power to man,  
By wisdom from on high;  
Cause me to follow out that plan,  
Redemption known and nigh.

Until I meet thee in the skies,  
By God my Saviour blest;  
Rejoicing in that glorious prize,  
Christ's promised endless rest.

---

**Lines on the Death of John Sands, who  
Died on the 25th of February 1865, aged  
16 Years, Written by his Father.**

He's gone to his rest, to the land of immortals,  
Where peace bloometh sweeter than Gilead's  
balm;

His justified spirit has passed the bright portals,  
Of mansions prepar'd for the lov'd of the Lamb

We mourn him on earth ; but in vain since he  
heeds not,

The cry of companions or wailing of friends ;  
His dwelling's on high and our sorrow he heeds not  
Where bliss is now perfect and joy never ends.

Tho' the moths may consume and the worms  
prey on him,

And set be his sun in the gloom of the grave ;  
Again he shall rise, and my hopes are to join him,  
Through Him who has power and's willing to  
save.

---

**In Memory of James Somerville, who was  
Killed at Oil Springs by a Steam Boiler  
Explosion June 25th, 1866.**

I had a friend, a youthful friend,  
Whose mind did show the man ;  
By honor, truth, and rights to all,  
This was his favorite plan.

No sullen thoughts, but cheerful looks,  
And kindness all serene ;  
Had him as if by nature bound,  
To do you good unseen.



But oh ! that treacherous power of steam,  
Oft grieves the heart and sore ;  
It was by steam he lost his life,  
James Somerville's no more !

The morning of that fatal day,  
On which he breath'd his last,  
No gloomy thoughts appear'd to be,  
Around his spirits cast.

His friends may mourn, relatives weep !  
Yet all can view with joy ;  
Who knew him well, know actions kind,  
Did all his thoughts employ.

Oh ! may all those who read these lines,  
Keep evil thoughts away ;  
And actions too, for bear in mind  
There is a judgment day.

Where there our good and evil deeds,  
Shall be to light unfurl'd ;  
O may we all prepare to meet,  
This gathering of the world.

---

**In Memory of Mrs. Catherine Fowler, who  
died at Caledonia June 19th, 1868.**

And has she fell asleep?  
And is she gone before ?  
To where bright angels keep,  
Their vigils evermore.

Our sister and our friend,  
This true and loving wife,  
Strove kindness still to blend,  
Through all her acts in life.  
No frown was ever seen,  
To mar her household ties ;  
Her life all peace has been,  
And like her life she dies.  
Yes, Catherine Fowler's love,  
Was pure as light could be ;  
She's now in realms above,  
Set by her Saviour free.

---

**MORAL.**

Oh ! would the matrons o'er the land,  
And youthful maidens too ;  
Learn how their tempers to command,  
A thing they all should do.

Then happy homes with every joy,  
Would shade this country o'er ;  
Where cruel tempers oft destroy,  
Their peace for evermore.

For men will seek the tavern vain,  
Or otherwise will roam ;  
When they cannot that peace obtain,  
That should be found at home.

## LINES

**In Remembrance of Jane Lighthouse,**

Who died at Oil Springs, Dec. 6th, 1868, aged 17 years and 6 months.

---

I saw a maid in youthful bloom,  
All beautiful and fair ;  
Again I saw her sinking fast,  
As if oppress'd with care.

Jane Lighthouse was this maiden's name,  
A sweet and lovely lass ;  
I watch'd her in her rising years,  
I lov'd to meet her pass.

She was as harmless as a dove,  
No evil thoughts had she ;  
Her heart and soul were join'd in love,  
Her words were kind and free.

She had a lover bear in mind,  
To whom this land denies ;  
A home to such young people here,  
Which Western States supplies.

He cross'd the lakes far to the West,  
A homestead to secure ;  
Which broke this lovely maiden's heart,  
Whose love and life was pure.

Of't silently she took her walks,  
To view the setting sun ;  
And to the West would turn her eyes,  
As twilight had begun.

Then thoughts, no doubt, of him away,  
At times would shadows send ;  
Into that heart now sinking fast,  
Scarce notic'd by a friend.

Consumption quick, that secret foe,  
Companion of the mind ;  
Insidiously did work, and sure  
The doctor's skill to blind.

As death, relentless death drew near,  
She said she was prepar'd ;  
For that she felt a Saviour's love,  
And in his promise shar'd.

Her eyes upon her father gaz'd,  
Which griev'd the parent sore ;  
Then unto him these words she said,  
I soon shall be no more.

Will you for me one message send,  
To him that's far away ?  
Tell John I love him in my heart,  
Yes, to my dying day.

He has been kind and ever true,  
Though at the distant West ;

Do see his letters, father, see,  
And write my last request.

Her father said he would obey,  
And would those letters keep;  
Contented then, she clos'd her eyes,  
And calmly fell asleep.

Yes, fell asleep to rise again,  
More beautiful and fair;  
When the last trumpet gives its sound,  
Throughout the distant air.

You parents need not mourn your child,  
She's only gone before;  
But be prepar'd to meet her, where  
Your parting is no more.





# A DISSERTATION

On the doings of the

## CANADA COMPANY'S LAND JOBBING

AND OTHER MATTERS.

In the Spring of 1851, a number of persecuted people who have been shamefully abused by our Canadian Government, on the Indian lands which had been surrendered, and surveyed for settlement in the Townships of Oneida and Tuscarora. These parties had been encouraged to settle on these lands by a former Government to that which was in power at the time of their troubles, but they had to leave their settlements and move to the United States and other parts of Canada. Some of these people went to the Canada Co. lands in the township of Bosanquet. To them the agents of the Company said that they were about to lay out a town at or near the mouth of the Au Sauble River; and that there would soon be a good market established at that place. This they said with the Mills that they had arranged with Brewster & Co., to build at the new town would make in a very short time the Township of Bosanquet a very desirable place to settle in. This was told the author of this book, and he having in his hands the history of Canada, past, present and future. In it he saw that the river Au Sauble was allowed to be one of the best rivers on Lake Huron for shipping; once a

harbor was built. By inquiry he was also told that there were large quantities of oak, walnut, and pine timber growing on the Company's land in the vicinity of the river; a trade with which he was well acquainted, and thinking he would do better by selling out his property in Oneida, and buying more in the new town. He wrote the Canada Company's agents at Toronto, letting them know his views respecting his inclination to sell out his farm &c., that is, if there was such a town laid out at the mouth of the River Au Sauble, in which he could buy property and make a home. To this communication he got the following reply:

Canada Company's Office, Frederick St., Toronto, 23d April 1851.

SIR:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th inst., containing enquiries respecting our lands at the mouth of the river Au Sauble, in the Company's Huron Tract, and I have much pleasure in forwarding you a map of that district printed with the Company's Prospectus, and also a list of our scattered Crown and Reserve lands. I trust that these will afford you the required information. I have not sufficient personal knowledge of the land to be able to advise you as to any particular locality, which may be suitable to your present views.

I remain Sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERICK WIDDER, *Commissioner.*

To R. McBRIDE, Oneida, Seneca P.O.

In this letter the Canada Company's Commissioner states that he sent a map of that district printed with the Company's Prospectus. So he did, and on that map was marked a town at the mouth of the river Au Sauble. "The map is in existence yet," and the knowledge that that map, prospectus and letter gave, was the cause of him selling his property in Oneida, thinking he was sure of having the privilege of getting land where he wanted it, and about which he had written to the Company's agents at Toronto, but he was sorely deceived. After selling out he immediate-



ly took the stage coach for the West, and passing through London, was soon at the mouth of the river Au Sauble. He liked its appearance well. From the mouth of the river he walked to Goderich, over very bad roads, not passable for teams in summer to near Bayfield. On passing Brewster & Co.'s Mills, their agent with whom he had dinner told him, that the Canada Co. was about to lay out a new town at the mouth of the river, and that Brewster & Co., were getting a plot of land on which to erect mills, for both sawing and grinding; and that the dam known as Brewster's dam was to be taken down, for the purpose of draining the lands that it flooded. Leaving this he followed on his journey to Goderich, and there presented himself before the Canada Company's Agency, who told him that there was no town laid out at the mouth of the River Au Sauble, nor were there any lands for sale at that place. He produced his letter and map from Toronto, and said that surely the Company would not deceive him so. The agent then said that the printer had made a mistake with regard to the map, and for the lands in question that they belonged to the government, and that of course, they had not the power to sell them. Hearing that the lands belonged to the Government, he left the Company's office, and went immediately to the residence of Mr. Clark the Government land agent, situated about two miles out of Goderich. On seeing Mr. Clark in his office he inquired of him about the lands at the mouth of the Au Sauble river. Mr. Clark said he knew nothing about them, but that he did not think they belonged to the Government. There was an aged

gentleman sitting in the office with Mr. Clark, who said that 18 or 20 years ago he had surveyed all the lands around the river Au Sauble, in the Township of Bosanquet for the Canada Co. Mr. Clark then said that according to the Company's letter, prospectus and map, that they could be made sell lands, and that too in a town plot at the mouth of the river Sauble, or otherwise pay heavy damages. He said they had no business to write a man such a letter, with a map in which was answered all the inquiries, made to them respecting a town being at the mouth of the river. He said it was entirely wrong for them to induce men to part with their property so. On coming home to the place he had sold he was much troubled at the disappointment he had met with in Goderich, and wrote immediately to the Company's Agent at Toronto respecting the position they had placed him in, to which he got the following reply :

Canada Company's Office, Frederick St. Toronto, 19th June, 1851.

Sir : I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th inst., and am entirely sorry that you have through some misunderstanding on your own part, suffered disappointment with respect to the town, a town plot which you supposed to exist near the mouth of the river Sauble. I cannot however see that we can be blamed in any manner. No survey has yet been made of the town of Port Franks, nor indeed has the Company yet determined the location of the place, and a grant to you of land on which to build a storehouse would be therefore out of the question, and only liable to mislead you ; as we before informed you the whole of the business of the Huron Tract is transacted at Goderich, to which office I beg to refer you, should you require further information.

I remain sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERICK WIDDER, *Commissioner.*

To R. McBRIDE, Oneida, Seneca, P.O.

The Canada Co.'s agent or Commissioner states that he is entirely sorry through some misunderstanding on the writer's own part that he has

suffered disappointment with respect to the town and town plot, which he supposed to exist at or near the mouth of the river Au Sauble. Why did he not write him that information in answer to his first inquiries? But he did not, he wrote he had not sufficient personal knowledge of the land to advise. Why did he send a map with a town on it at the mouth of the river in question? He allowed his correspondent to look to the map and prospectus for information, that was his advice. Another thing the Commissioner must have got his information in a hurry somewhere, that is the information he gave in his last letter. Why did he not give this information in his first and not disappoint so badly?

On the receipt of this last letter the Canada Co's Agency was written to that if they would not make a town at or near the mouth of the river Au Sauble, or sell some land to the writer there, that he would enter an action against them for damages. Immediately after this the Agency sent word to him by a man of the name of Gillespie and others, that the Company was about to lay out a town at or near the river Au Sauble, in the month of September, and that so soon as surveyed that he could get all the lots he wanted. The town was laid out, and a map of it shown in the Canada Company's office at Goderich. He then went the second time to Goderich, and on the map of the town of Port Franks, he picked out and got the deed of six quarter acres, his brother-in-law, William Leith, and a neighbor of the name of Martin, bought each of them a lot at the same time and got their deeds. After this the Company's Agents would sell no more town

lots in the town of Port Franks. On account of the first disappointment the writer had to buy a village lot of half an acre of land, about three miles distant from where he had had his farm and former place of business. On this he built a store and dwelling, &c. In the course of three years after this he moved with his family to the West. His business was a general store and a lumbering agency. The lumbering he intended to carry on along the river. Brewster & Co., at this time had taken out the frame timber for the mills that were to be erected at the new town; \* and they state that when these mills would have been erected that they were to have taken down their dam, which was the only impediment in the way to carry on the lumbering trade along the river, where there were plenty of oak, pine and other timber. This dam was a great loss to the settlers, as on account of this obstruction they had to burn valuable timber to get it out of their way on making their clearances, and only for the actions of the Canada Company these settlers could have turned this timber into ready money, and by doing so the manufacturing of it, and the taking it to water would have created a good market for their produce, and work at home for themselves and teams in winter; but the Canada Company's Agency did not want this, for by it the settlers would perhaps get too independent, and they the Agents would not likely have the chance of sell

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\* The Canada Company after this refused Brewster & Co. the mill-site at the new town, and consequently the mills never went up. Years after this the people indicted the dam as a nuisance, and by that means took it down, without giving Brewster & Co. anything for it.

ing their lands the second time, when the leases would fall, as they have done, and as they are now doing continually. Just think of men with their families settling in the heart of the Company's wilderness on lands at perhaps two or three dollars per acre, and that so soon as these very men will have cut the roads, and at a time they expect to get some friends to join them, which would increase the settlement, and help them to keep up the roads, that at once, and unexpectedly, the Company rises on the price of the land, and that so high that it completely bars out their friends from settling near them. These poor settlers are then forced to do what is impossible for them to do, 'that is,' keep up their long lines of roads through the woods to their market and pay for their land, &c. The result of which is, that at or near the expiration of their leases they must sell out at whatever they are able to get and leave, or else lose all, as many of them have done, (and have had at last to go to the United States where land is cheap,) the Canada Company will then sell these poor settler's farms at perhaps four times the original price, the difference of price is certainly the value of the poor man's labor. Is such money got honestly, or is this the way to encourage British subjects? I say no, and no good can come from it. The Canadian Government is to blame for this kind of robbery, only for it, the Company's Charter was broken long ago, but this kind of work will come to an end some day, and would very quick if every other man's rights were trampled on as these poor settler's rights are. Yet what destroys the settler hurts every man in the country, but people do not see it.

After moving to Pt. Franks, and during the time the writer was getting his buildings up, he wrote to the Company for several parties who wanted to buy building lots, but no answer came, at last he wrote to know of them what they intended to do with Port Franks. He got no answer to this letter either. The Township Council then wrote to them for a list of lots in the town of Port Franks, so as that they could be taxed. The Company's Agents replied by stating that there was no town there, nor likely never would be. The Council wrote the second time stating that that could not be so, for that they the Council had seen a deed made by the Company in a town situated near the mouth of the Au Sauble river, and that the name of the town was Port Franks. To this last the Company's Agents made no reply. He then was advised to enter an action at law against the Company for betraying him into the wilderness, under false pretences of a town being where the existence of which was denied by themselves, and although having a deed for several lots in it, could not find the plan registered in the Registry Office of the County, so as to get his deed put on record in it.

At this time Mr. Wm. Brewster, of Brewster Mills, proposed to carry out a law-suit against the Canada Company (they having at this time refused to grant the mill-site) in which he said he was sure to get heavy damages, and that all he wanted from the author was the power of an attorney to act. He did not empower Mr. Brewster, but wrote to a lawyer in Toronto, a man whom he thought was trustworthy, and enclosed a ten dollar bill to him, stating to him the case

truthfully, and also, that if he the lawyer was not sure of gaining the suit, and without any more costs to him than the expense of witnesses; that he was to take his fee for his advice out of the ten dollars, and drop the case and return the remainder of the money, but if he thought he was sure to gain the suit against the Company, he was to enter it on the above conditions and not otherwise. The lawyer kept the money and wrote him some plausible looking letters about what he was doing for him with the Company. This proves that there is very little use now in going to law with such an establishment as the Canada Company, because money can bribe and do anything with too many of the lawyers we have at the present day. There are so many of them.

About this time there had been an election in this County, and one of the Bailiffs being anxious to secure the return of his man, and seeing and knowing that the writer had a good many bills due him over the country; this Bailiff wanted to get them out of his hands for collection, which would have been a good thing before an election, but the Bailiff was told that he was not in the habit of suing unless he could not help it, and would give no bills. This Bailiff then asked him for his vote for his friend, and threatened him if he would not vote as he wanted him (this is the whipping-in season), that he would suffer. The reason he said was, because his friend had great interest in the county. He then told the Bailiff that that very threat would cause him to vote for his opponent, if he even thought he was no better than the other. But just as sure as the Bailiff threatened, and immediately after the election the

trouble began, but so long as an old gentleman, "who was then judge," sat on the bench, they could do him little harm. This Judge was one of the old appointments, but he was soon exchanged for another. After this the persecution began completely, to the satisfaction no doubt of all his enemies, Canada Company included, and here is the secret. He had a deed of some property in the mythical town of Port Franks, and he had let the agents know his intentions of opening up a market for their settlers timber. They did not want that. But here is a copy of the deed given many years ago by that Company in a town now a wilderness and unregistered.

THOMAS MERCER JONES of the town of Goderich, in the County of Huron and Province of Canada, and Frederick Widder of the city of Toronto, in the County of York and Province aforesaid Esquires, the Attorneys of the Canada Company, incorporated under and by virtue of an Act made and passed in the sixth year of the reign of George the IV., entitled, an Act to enable his Majesty to grant to a Company to be incorporated by Charter, to be called the Canada Company, certain lands in the Province of Upper Canada, and to invest the said Company with certain powers and privileges, and for other purposes relating thereto, being constituted and appointed such Attorneys, by virtue and in pursuance of an Act passed in the 9th year of the reign of his Majesty King George the IV., entitled an Act to alter and amend an Act for enabling his Majesty to grant to a Company to be incorporated by Charter, to be called the Canada Company, certain lands in the Province of Upper Canada, do hereby in consideration of the sum of thirty-five pounds of lawful money of Upper Canada, to us as Attorneys paid, grant and release to Robert McBride, of the Township of Oneida, in the County of Haldimand, and Province aforesaid, merchant, all that certain parcel or tract of land, situate as follows, composing lot one in block ten, lot eighteen in block twelve, lot nine, in block thirteen, lot one in block four, and lot sixteen in block



thirteen, in the town plot of Port Franks, in the Township of Bosanquet, in the County of Lambton and Province aforesaid, containing by admeasurement one acre and two rods of land, be the same more or less, and all the right, title and interest in the said Canada Company to, and in the same and every part thereof, to have and to hold unto the said Robert McBride, his heirs and assigns forever.

In witness whereof, we the said Thomas Mercer Jones, and Frederick Widder, have hereunto subscribed our hands as Attorneys of the said Canada Company, and affixed our seal of office, at the town of Goderich, in the Province of Upper Canada, this 12th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one.

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of  
 Alfred W. Otter, Thos. Mercer Jones,  
 Donald McDonald. Fred. Widder.



This is a deed given by the Canada Company, to a man whom they had encouraged to sell out his property, so that he would buy from them, but in less than three years after going to their new town he is smashed up and left penniless, with it may be presumed, through the action of some secret agents, persecuting him as it were to death to get back from him the same property, without which, if not complying, he could not get liberty to breathe the air of a free man. Could this Canada Company recompense this man, or any other spirited man for undergoing such a persecution, or the insults he got by being put in prison. I say it could not. I then ask is there no law or justice in this country, to get damages from such a set of unprincipled men as compose this company for entrapping men so. If not the sooner people leave the country the better, because their wild lands now extends into nearly every township in Canada West, where Government have

had wild lands to sell, and on them no spirited man is safe, if he happens to displease any of their secret agents, or in any other way annoy this huge monopoly.

I must now soon bring this book to a close, and since we have got partially separated from Lower Canada, I do hope that there will soon be great changes for the better, in our land settling system. But I think I will show that at present our Dominion Government is not doing what it should do, with this part of the Dominion, so far as their emigration policy is concerned. Last year Mr. Dixon, an emigrant agent, wrote to the Messrs. Temperly, ship agents, who were carrying out a number of emigrants from east London, (these emigrants intended to settle in Ontario,) drawing their attention to the fact that according to an order in council of the Government at Ottawa, dated June 19th, that the ship's company would likely have to bring their cargo back to London again; as that poor emigrants would not get liberty to land at Quebec. What the London Standard of 25th July last said respecting this order, was that likely the ship would be ordered off like the convict ship sent out to one of our Colonies some years ago. It said worse than that about the treatment some emigrants had got on their way to Ontario through Quebec, which I will pass over,\* but all was said was disgraceful to our Quebec friends. So by this it appears our Ottawa Government do not want poor hard working emigrants to come and make their homes

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\* This statement of the London Standard was taken from the Patriot, a paper no way unfavorable to the Dominion Government.

in Ontario. Well then if it had been honest enough, and let our land jobbers send these emigrant agents on their own mission themselves we could not say much; but government must do it and pay them too. If land jobbers had sent them as they should have done; because it appears these agents are only sent out to do their business. If so these jobbers would likely have given them the following instructions, which no doubt these agents have or will get from some party. They would have said (of course privately), Now you go on your mission gentlemen, go into the towns and villages where rich farmers meet, get into their company, and just show them that they can get land in the Dominion of Canada, as good as in the world, in any settled township, at from one pound (\$5) sterling an acre to five pounds, (\$25) free forever. Don't trouble yourselves about the poor hard-working men, we want none of them, the men that have the money are the men you are to look after. Remember we wish to get what wild land we have sold and the money for it, before these new countries are opened up which is now in contemplation by the Government to settle, so that we can make a strike there. You see we can do nothing with these countrymen of our own, Canadians. They go to the United States in place of buying land from us. They are too cute for that. And we have now held these wild lands so long that the taxes have raised their value so that most of them have become nearly worthless to us. And if we cannot through you fool these old country farmers into buying our land we will be dead broke. Now I say the sending of emigrant agents home is all a

blind. Let the Government use the people in this country well who want land, and also those who come to it well, so that they will not leave it. Then I say one hundred emigrants, poor or rich, well used, will do more to bring in others, than all these agents can do. It was the abuse of people in Canada that first stopped emigration, and which has turned the tide entirely another way. The policy of the U. S. is seen this year in the report of the Hon. D. A. Wells, Commissioner. He says that from 1st July 1865, to 1st December 1868, that about 1,000,000 natives of foreign countries had sought homes in the U. S. These emigrants he says, bring with them on an average \$80 apiece, and their labor is worth to the country \$1000 more. Such emigration since the war has added \$80,000,000 directly, and \$500,000,000 indirectly to the wealth and resources of the country. This is not the policy of our Canadian governing wisdom. No, they have been killing the goose that laid the golden egg for over 25 years, and she is now about dead, and all they have got left is the feathers, which they are beginning to scatter to the winds again by this emigration policy. But then they have all been in the ring or in the two rings joined together, the one being inside the other, and interest binds them. I mean by such politics as has been—no difference they are all one. We may call them what we like, but the formation of them was a grand conspiracy, and has been well carried out, so far as Upper Canada was concerned, to the impoverishing of this fine country, because only for our own statesmen on both sides of politics in times past, for both have had their hands in the

job, our country would now be in a different position to what it is. If old Upper Canada had got fair play she would now have had ten millions of loyal subjects, or more. She has room enough for double that number. Her scattered inhabitants must now be taxed to make up the deficiency of a thickly populated country, for we have more law makers now to provide for than is sufficient for ten times our present inhabitants. These gentlemen may get their eyes open, if matters are not mended and that soon, and perhaps when it is too late. The people may get their eyes open first, then pity the blind who will not see.

I just see that some newspapers are letting us know that our Ontario Government has placed in the aggregate one million and a half of dollars in Dominion stock. Will this money ever return to do the country any good, or is it put in with the intention that it should? If so why not apply the money at once in buying up the speculators land, and then begin and give it away to our young men and others who are now leaving the country in thousands for want of it—a thousand dollars each is worth more than the land, according to American policy. Oh! say some, we could not buy out the speculators land at any reasonable price. Yes gentlemen you can, and just stop this running away of your own people across the lines. You can do it by bringing in a bill to the Ontario house of Assembly, that all wild lands in the settled townships must have, inside one year from the passing of the Act, ten acres chopped and ready for logging on the front of each hundred acres, and if neglected that the Township must do it for the owners, charging the expenses to the

land, or have it so that inside of five years from the passing of this Act, that all wild lands belonging to non-residents, must have ten acres cleared up and well fenced on front of each hundred acres throughout Ontario. Men who had got land for their sons would go at the work at once, and speculators would have to take the Government price for theirs or else conform to the law. This would give immediate employment to all our young men, and others now leaving the country, and also to those coming into it, and would give our country a rise that it had never got the like of before. Let people begin, and send neither lawyers nor land speculators to make their laws, and this Act can be passed at once, and in it there would be no injustice done to these land jobbers. They have had enough already of the spoils to pay them. The Government should give them the original price paid by them for the land, with interest, and no more, which these gentlemen would be glad to receive. One thing more. If this will not, nor cannot be done, the people should send a memorial such as the following to her Majesty the Queen.

*A Memorial to her Britannic Majesty, Queen of the British Isles, Empress of the East Indies of South Africa, of the Dominion of Canada, of Australia, of Tasmania, of New Zealand, of British West Indies, and other Islands and countries over the world too numerous to mention.*

May it please your Majesty, we your loyal subjects in this part of your empire, known as the Province of Ontario, merchants, farmers, mechanics and other professions. Knowing that we did at one time ask from your gracious Majesty the privilege to govern ourselves, by getting from you the responsibility so to do, which your Majesty kindly granted. But now we find to our sorrow that this privilege has been abused by those in whom we have placed confi-

dence. Our case is this. When your Majesty granted this power you left us large tracts of land to be given or sold as the case might be to loyal settlers, your subjects, from time to time as your predecessors had done before you. Now our complaint is this, that those into whose hands you entrusted these lands, have divided them amongst themselves and their friends, and have sent their rightful owners, our brothers, cousins, sons, neighbors and friends, your Majesty's most loyal subjects, out of this country to a foreign land, to the number of over one million people. These again by the reporting of their grievances, have also kept several millions more from coming in, and settling amongst us, their friends, all of whom would have been residents of this country, only for the complaints of those that have been so banished from their rightful homes. Now we your loyal subjects do complain, that all these lands lying wild in the partially settled townships of this Province, belong to our banished friends, and not to those who now pretend to own them. We consider that these lands have been embezzled from our friends, your Majesty's loyal subjects, and that those parties who now pretend to own them, own them just as the receiver is the rightful owner of stolen goods. We therefore pray that your Majesty will issue a royal commission to inquire into these allegations and see whether our complaint has got any foundation in fact or not. If well founded then please have these wild lands returned to their rightful owners, so that they may be cultivated, to the strengthening of this our country, and that it may not be kept in a state of wilderness any longer. And we also pray that your Majesty will cause that from hence-forward and forever, that the government of this country shall no more have mock auction sales, or any other sales of wild land to be given to any party or person, except he be a bonafide settler thereon, and who will enter on the land and improve it immediately. By granting us this our petition, your memorialists, as in duty bound, will every pray, God save the Queen.



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## CORRECTIONS.

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Page 5th—Second verse, third line the word "halcyon" should read "helicon."

Page 12—The line of stars in the middle of the third verse is an error.

Page 197—After heading, should be added addressed to the Editor.

Page 225—4th verse 2d line should read,  
"Neither I nor my love in its pleasures has shared."

Page 238—14th line from top should read "million of dollars."

Page 256—6th line from bottom should read, "Bashaws with their tails," &c.

Page 264—2d line, 2d verse from top should read, "Who bravely fought that day."

There are a few typographical and other errors, which the reader will see as mistakes.