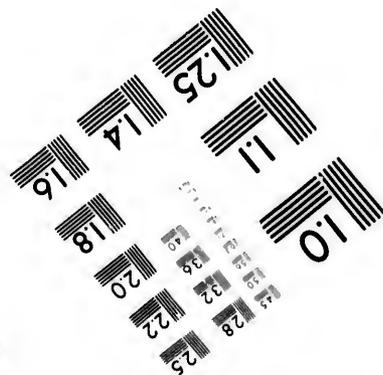
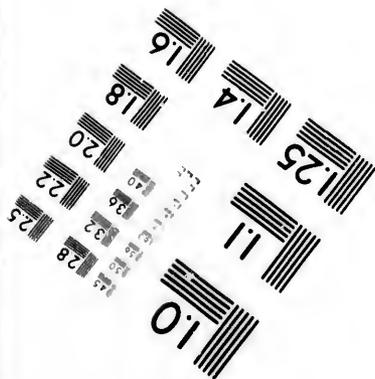
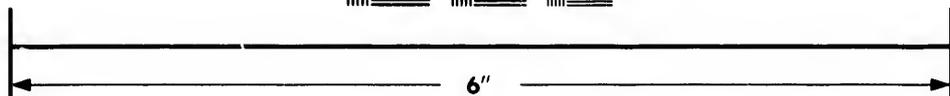
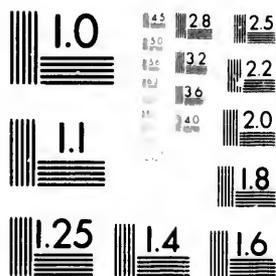


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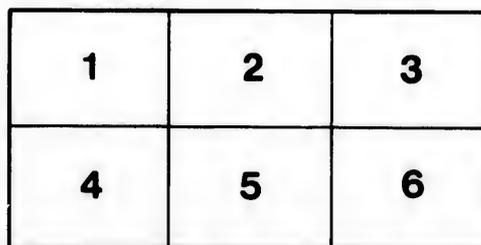
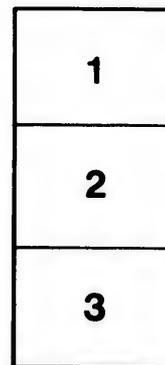
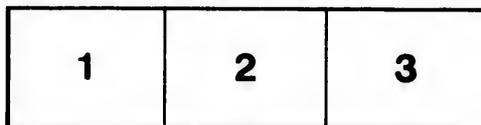
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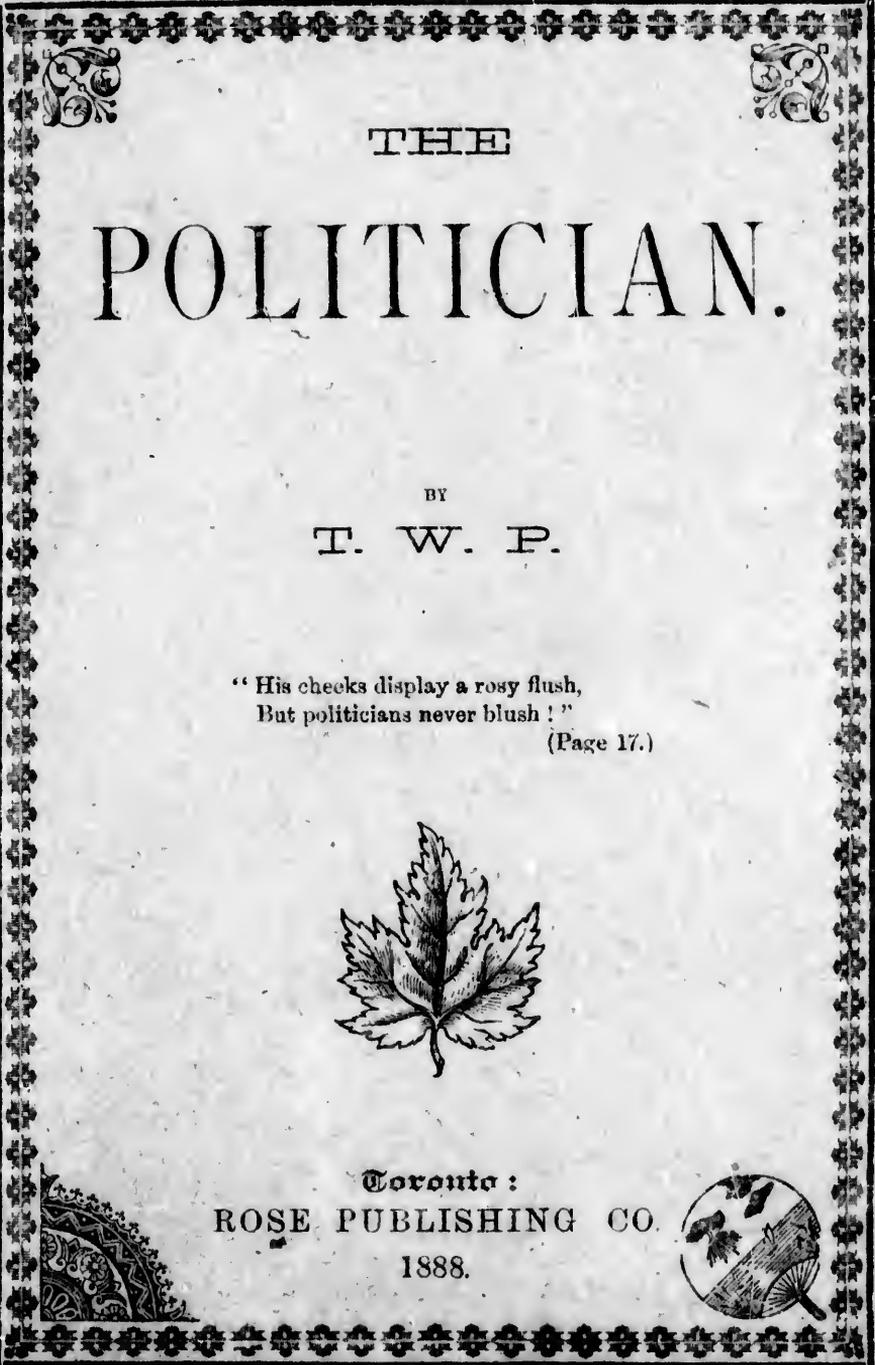
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THE
POLITICIAN.

BY
T. W. P.

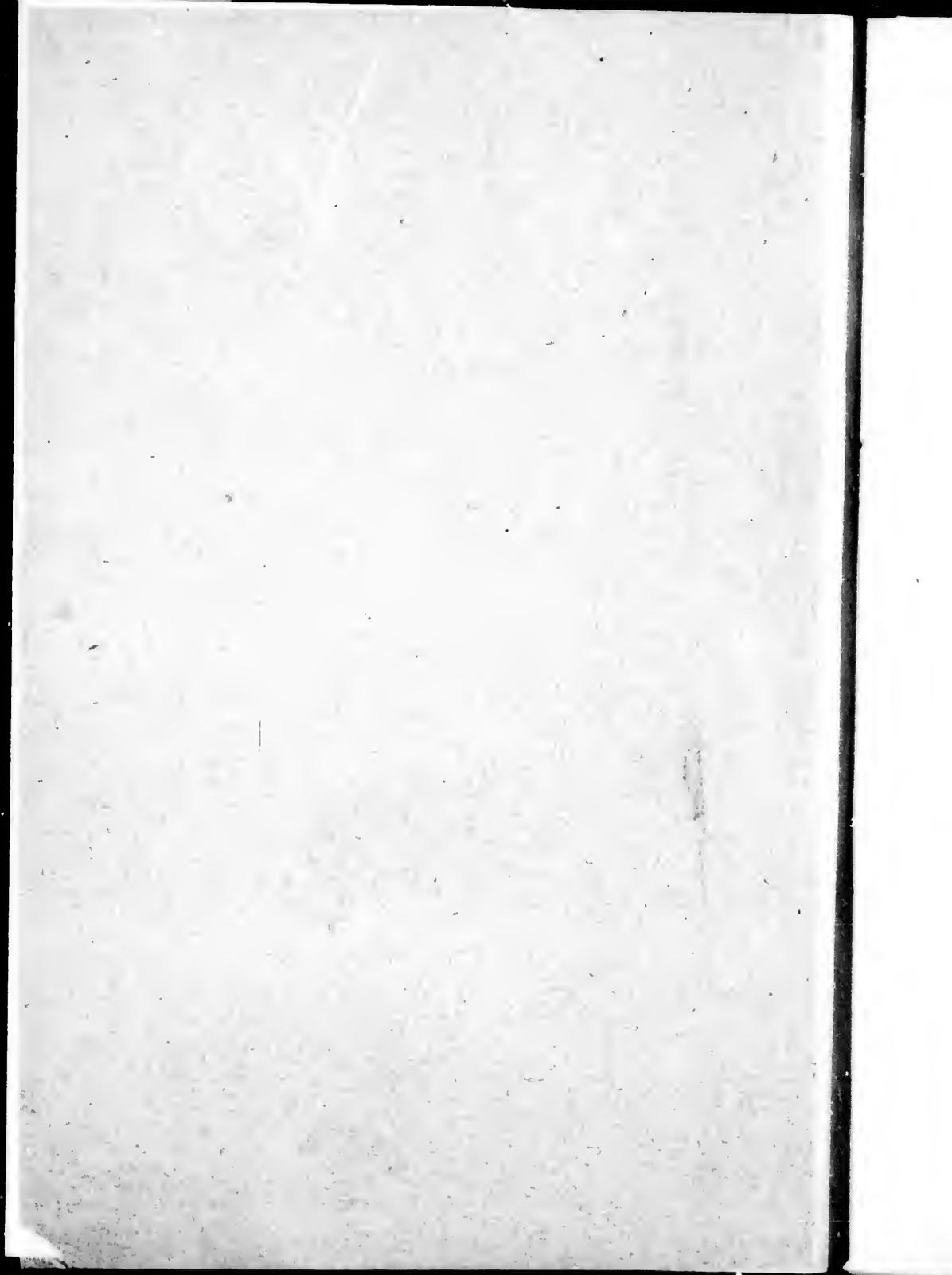
“ His cheeks display a rosy flush,
But politicians never blush ! ”

(Page 17.)



Toronto :
ROSE PUBLISHING CO.
1888.





THE POLITICIAN.

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T. W. P.

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Entered according to the Act of Parliament of
Canada, in the year one thousand eight
hundred and eighty-eight, by the ROSS PUN-
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Prologue.

TIME was when to the Poet's skill
Extraneous aid was lent at will,
And his first care was to invoke
The Muse, to aid his varied lay,
And at her shrine devotion pay ;
Then lyres were touched and harps awoke,
And mystic minstrelsy bespoke
Its varied forces to combine,
And build with care the measured line.

The Muse no longer holds her sway,
The harps and lyres have pass'd away ;
No genii come at our command,
Or wave for us their flow'ry wand ;
No beacon lights Parnassus now,
No glamour clusters round its brow ;
No sighing vot'ries linger there,
But all is cold and bleak and bare.
And so, in these degenerate days,
One scarce expects the meed of praise ;

Though stirring themes he may rehearse,
The critics sure will damn his verse.

No matter! here my task begins,
The struggle of the "outs and ins."
To paint on this unsullied page,
The noble, patriotic rage
Which animates the Grit and Tory ;—
'Tis a new field unsung in story.
What forces here come into play,
What passions kindle in the fray,
What frauds are rife, what tricks of state
Impose on the electorate,
Who have, it cannot be denied,
A "weakness" for the winning side.
How dead men vote, and "bound to win,"
A Member may be "counted in."
With much besides of right and wrong—
Theme worthy of immortal song!



Canto i.

THE House prolonged its sittings late,
Till wearied with the long debate ;
Where rivals, armed with tact and skill,
Assail, defend, retort at will.
Since now, for reasons to appear,
A struggle rages fiercely here,
Taxing the Speaker's utmost pow'r
To quell the tempests of the hour,
Where party zeal and party hate
Bode evil to the infant state !

The Premier sees with anxious eyes
New complications daily rise ;
On him a load of anxious care
Weighs heavily, and talents rare
Might fail the ship of state to guide,
Where breakers loom on every side.
Besides, to plague his public life,
A thousand lesser cares are rife,—
How to unite his motley train,
His powerful rivals to restrain,
How lull his timid followers' fears,
And tickle the electors' ears.
How organize against the hour
When ballots wield their fatal power ;
How bear with dignity the fate
Which hurls from office soon or late ;
How now dispel the clouds which low'r,
And sail triumphant back to pow'r,

For these he must his plans prepare.
Meantime the House absorbs his care,
Since sturdy foes his course assail,
And pierce his heaviest coat of mail.
His favorite policy deride,
And threaten ruin deep and wide.
Aghast his followers are seen,
With drooping crest and sullen mien,—
If then the final vote were taken
The Ministry were sorely shaken.

Into the breach the Leader darts,
And summons all his practis'd arts ;
Master of fence and rare of skill,
He awes the House with force of will.
He thrusts and parries undismay'd,
For his is a Damascus blade.
And keen his wit, as on his foes
Fall heavily his weighty blows ;
Cheer after cheer his sallies greet,
And vict'ry crowns him in his seat.

But nightly new assaults begin,
Each party strives a point to win ;
The charge and counter-charge are rife,
And passion swells the wordy strife,
Hot words across the floor are toss'd,
And buncombe motions made and lost.
Yet still the members seem to vie
Who next shall catch the Speaker's eye ;
Not that they hope a vote to change,
But that their words have wider range,
And reach the country's listening ear,
For an election now is near !

That was the secret of the quest
Which troubled many a Member's breast ;
Besides his Riding's special claims,
Each one had certain private aims ;
How to conduct himself with grace,
How to confirm himself in place,
How to secure the public voice,
And be again the people's choice.
Such thoughts consumed his day by day,
As sped the tardy hours away.
Besides he wished his friends to know
He spoke at least an hour or so
On some deep question of the hour,
And moved the House with words of power.
Though (they might never know the joke),
It was to empty seats he spoke !

Meantime the smoking-room was full,
(Those speeches are so horrid dull !)
And the saloon below was such,
—Well, I must not reveal too much,
Suffice to say, the wines were rare,
And jolly fellows, too, were there !

What varied schemes have here a place,
And jostle in the doubtful race !
Charters for this, and grants for that,
A hobby in each Member's hat ;
Some public work, some burden raised,
No matter, if he be but praised.
The city Member dare not frown
On what will please the bustling town.
The man returned by rural votes
Grows eloquent on wheat and oats,
And hopes to gain a vote of thanks
By advocating "Farmers' Banks."

Here Lumber interests muster strong,
And Manufacture swells the throng.
Whiskey has friends as well as throats,
And counts in secret many votes.
All these and more the places fill,
And bore the weary House at will!

The ruling question of the hour,
Was how to get, or keep, in power,
What cry could now the country sweep,
What principles 'twere wise to keep,
With whom alliances were best,
How to lull party ghosts to rest ;
How far to plead the party needs,
In justifying doubtful deeds ;
How to outflank a dang'rous foe ;
How to avert a threatened blow ;
How to attain a higher fame,
And blast a daring rival's name ;
How erring Tories might be shrived,
Or wicked Grits securely "hived."
Such were the topics of the day,
Discussed, not in a public way,
But among party friends alone,
And in a guarded undertone ;
Withdrawn beyond the Speaker's gaze,
Within the smoking-room's dull haze,
In corridor and stately hall,
In quiet corners at the ball,
In promenade, where two or three,
In groups together you might see ;
O'er social glass and friendly pipe,
The plots and counter-plots grew ripe,
And seemed to fill the very air,
Intangible, yet everywhere !
The party caucus now became

An aid to play the party game :
Séance of leading spirits, where
 The chiefs their policy declare,
 Consult, advise, mature, explain,
 And organize the new campaign.
 Happy if moved by master hand,
 Holding his forces in command ;
 Who, skilled to read the human heart,
 Assigns to each his proper part ;
 Ready to curb impatient zeal,
 And wounded pride to promptly heal,
 A man of ready tact, who knows,
 The strength alike of friends and foes.
 A general of superior sense,
 Skilled in attack and in defence,
 Whose party loves, whose rivals hate,
 Such is the man shall rule the state.

Both parties claim such men to hold,
 And point with pride to leaders bold,
 Whose beck they follow and obey,
 Each leading off a different way,—
 Where one says "black," the other "white,"
 To be contrary in the fight.

* * * * *

At length the session wore away :
 The Leaders, wearied with the fray,
 Welcom'd its now approaching close.
 The Members in their places dose,
 Or read, or lounge the hours away,
 Killing the time as best they may ;
 Now scribbling off a hasty note,
 Now rising with their friends to vote,

Cheering whate'er their Leaders say,
And with them voting yea or nay.

Thus in the Commons wane the hours,
Till dissolution ends its powers.





Canto ii.

THE session of the House was o'er,
In fact, "the House" was now no more !
The Members had received their pay,
And taken each his homeward way,
Laden with Legislative spoils,
The gleanings of their winter's toils :—
Blue books, and printed speeches,—dull,
And trunks with stationary full,
Enough to kindle all the fires,
Until the youngest sons are sires !

Thus homeward sped the ex-M.P.,
Delighted all his friends to see ;
Knows everybody at a glance,
Or, if in doubt, he takes his chance,
Salutes them all, and smiles on those
He knew before as party foes.
"How are you John, and James and Bill ?
Come in till we our glasses fill.
How are your wives and children all ?
Bless me ! that boy has grown so tall !
Now Tompkins, is that really you ?"
A friendly grasp, and "how d'ye do ?"
This he repeats with varying phrase,
And always for the liquor pays ;
Making himself "a hale good fellow,"
Until his friends at times grow mellow.

A great event is drawing near,
 Awakening hope, inspiring fear,
 Bearing fierce passions in its train,
 Giving to baser thoughts the rein,
 When men their nobler instincts smother,
 And basely buy and sell each other.
 When the dead show themselves as men,
 And answer to their names again ;
 When warmest friendship turns to hate,
 And party rancour shakes the state !
 All this and more shall soon appear,
 For an election now is near !

From the great city's glittering dome,
 To the backwoodsman's humble home,
 A something seems to fill the air,—
 Vague expectation everywhere.
 "Who's coming out, who's going to run ?"
 Are questions asked by every one.
 The local leaders still are mum,
 The would-be candidates are dumb ;
 But nod and smirk enough to show,
 If press'd, they might consent, you know.
 "Will Simplex run ?"—our ex M. P.,
 Ask him, and you perchance shall see,
 Simplex replies,—“ It all depends,
 On the good wishes of my friends
 I'm in their hands, to stand or fall.”
 Meantime he canvasses them all.

The Party monster never sleeps,
 But day and night its vigil keeps ;
 Excited now, it paws the ground,
 And rampant, glances wildly round ;
 Erects its mane and sniffs the air,
 As scenting plunder here and there ;

Moves its huge tail, and far away,
Brings other movements into play ;
Gatfers its friends from far and near,
As Delegates, who now appear.
'Their task to learn the party's choice,
And give the party thought a voice,—
To be the arbiters of fate,
And choose a party candidate.

Behold them in the public hall,
With dusty floor and dingy wall,
Its benches comfortless and bare,
While smoky columns fill the air.
Arranged in groups, a motley crowd,
Whose conversation waxes loud ;
Making a perfect Babel there,
Till call'd to order by the chair.
Now there are Smith, and Jones and Brown,
Men of repute, if not renown,
Besides the late, esteemed M. P.,
And others there perchance may be,
Who all have fairly grounded hopes,
And who know how to "pull the ropes ;"
Of whom but only one can be
The party's chosen nominee.
And yet the friends of all must choose,
The man to win, the man to lose.

First, the ex-Member has the floor,
And fights his former battles o'er ;
Recounts the laws he helped to make ;
And the great interests now at stake ;
Tells how he shared the long debate,
And voted with the party straight.
Not anxious now the post to fill,
But zealous for the party still—

He's in their hands, and will abide
By what the delegates decide.

Then followed Smith and Brown and Jones,
Each in his very blandest tones ;
Referring much to public aims,
And hinting at their party claims :
Brown was particularly clever,
And seemed to think it " now or never."

At length after mature debate,
And as the hour was growing late,
The weaker candidates withdrew,
Until there now were only two.
Simplex and Brown the hall divide,
The delegates take either side ;
Simplex the favorite appears,
And now is hailed with rousing cheers.

Simplex, 'twas plainly to be seen,
The fav'rite all along had been ;
Had he not laurels won before,
Why not achieve a victory more ?
" Hurrah for Simplex !"—one and all,
" Simplex !" a hundred voices call !

Then Simplex made another speech,
Shook hands with all within his reach ;
Thanked them profusely o'er and o'er,
" Would win, as he had won before,
But they must cordially unite,
And join their forces in the fight.
'Twas true," he said, " our factious foes
Are dealing us some heavy blows,
But their pretences are ' too thin,'
And if united, we shall win ;

Our policy is large and wide,
And claims support on every side.
Always associate in your mind,
Party with country intertwined;
Our party, I of course would say,
But more of this another day.
Here let me add a word or two,
Don't be found out, whate'er you do.
Where needed there shall be supplies,
But get our friends to organize;
And one and all, employ your wits
To crush these pertinacious Grits."

[*Great Cheering.*]

Then followed speeches of less note,
And platitudes I need not quote,
All ending with a "hip hurrah!"
Which closed the business of the day.





Canto iii.

BOTH parties at conventions play ;
And so upon an early day,
Reformers gather in the hall,
Responsive to the party call ;
On party themes deliberate,
And choose a party candidate.
Yet after all " what's in a name ?
At bottom they are much the same.
Our Tories have no bluer blood,
Our Radicals conserve the good,
Both, minor rivalries can smother,
To save the country from each other !
If you reverse a thing or two,
The rest for both alike will do :
Some speeches which do not enthuse,
And stale events, which pass for news,
A list of nominations, framed,
To compliment the persons named ;
A doubtful honor soon resigned,
And only given to be declined,—
Tactics by Tories still preserv'd,
And e'en by Liberals conserved ;
Now duly honor'd, till at last,
The votes for candidates are cast,
And Doughnut is the honor'd name—
An honest man unknown to fame.
Doughnut surpasses all compeers,
And so they hail him now with cheers.

More cheers as Doughnut takes the stand,
His lieutenants on either hand;
His cheeks display a rosy flush,
But politicians never blush!
"My friends," he said, "I thank you all,
And since your choice on me did fall,
Though better men are here in sight,
I'll do my best to win the fight.
The combat will no doubt be warm—
Our watchword still must be 'Reform!'
For great abuses still abound,
And rank corruption stalks around;
Fat pickings have the Tory crew,
'Tis time we had our innings too.
Our foes are vigilant and wise,
And have more plentiful supplies.
You know how much success depends
Upon the counting in, my friends!
But pray be prudent, if you please,
And do not let the whiskey freeze;
Such blunders may for Tories do,
But I hope better things of you."
Three cheers, and then a tiger more!
Adieu! adieu! and *au revoir*.

And now for an exciting race!
Simplex and Doughnut face to face,
Each with his partizans around,
Each resolute to hold his ground,
Each keen in search of doubtful votes,
Or catering to thirsty throats.
For now the ball is rolling fast,
The writs have come to hand at last:
It is the Politicians' hour,
Now gird ye with your subtlest power,
Armed with a voter's list, prepare
Your rivals, one and all to dare.

In country place or county town,
Your business is to talk him down ;
He will advance what is not true,
And so undoubtedly will you.
Your party friends he will defame,
And you can do to his the same.
When charges cannot be denied,
Be sure and blame the other side.
In these fine arts you need not fail,
Just imitate the *Globe* and *Mail*.
But do not hope a vote to change,
Nor think your failure odd or strange.
Your friends will very likely cheer ;
The others will as surely sneer.
Both have already taken sides,
An ever-widening line divides ;
This is a gladiatorial show,
It is to see the fight they go ;
Don't fancy 'tis to hear you speak,
Or that it is the truth they seek.

The party organs once so dull,
With spicy garbage now are full.
No charges are so foul and base,
But here they find a welcome place,
If they but serve to blast a name,
Or hold a rival up to shame.
In labor'd columns they dilate
Upon the ruin of the state,
For which, of course, they loudly claim,
Their guilty rivals are to blame.
Each learns its malice to refine,
And damns its foes in every line.

Now Simplex had been "through the mill,"
And on him they had wreaked their fill.

This time his feelings more obtuse
Made him regardless of abuse,
And he pursued his checkered way,
Heedless of what detractors say.
But Doughnut, of retiring mien,
Felt these assaults with anguish keen,
And would have shunned the muddy shower,
If such had been within his power.
"Who could have fancied?" Doughnut cried,
"That I should thus have been belied ;
My best intentions made a scorn,
While innocent as babe unborn
Alas ! why did I e'er consent
To seek a seat in Parliament ?"
Yet there were consolations too,
From many friends, both old and new,
Warm graspings of the hand, and cheers
Which fell like music on his ears.

Now cries for Simplex rend the air,
And cheers for Doughnut echo there.
Election posters deck the walls,
And voters nightly crowd the halls
Where politicians, young and old,
Their party principles unfold.
Still higher the excitement grows,
And now and then some hasty blows,
Reported to be party fights,
Alarm the citizens at nights.

Two hostile camps are now arranged,
And bets are freely interchanged.
Much brag and bluster rule the hour—
Each party claiming "the right bower,"
Or "ace," or "trump," or 'what's the name,
Which always guarantees the game.

Each had its "knaves," beyond a doubt,
The trouble was to find them out,
Each practised various arts to win,
Heedless alike of shame and sin.
Where conscience was not over-nice,
The only question was, the price,
Paid down in crispy notes, or gold,
For votes in open market sold.

Sometimes, for fear it be found out,
The purchase was more roundabout ;
The voter sold a goose or duck,
And then and there the money took,
The purchaser to call some day
And take his property away
Which both contracting parties knew
He really never meant to do.

A common practice, it would seem,
Was to engage the voter's team,
For use, on service as required,
But such a team must not be hired.
Yet while they with the law comply
The pay comes later, on the sly.

Yet men who bribe must not be rash,
Nor need they always pay in cash ;
Fair promises are often made,
And form a copious stock-in-trade.
At least till the election's o'er,
And then are seldom thought of more.

This market varies very much,
There are some voters hard to "touch."
Others have so run down in price,
A glass of whiskey will suffice.

The dealer who desires to buy
Should know his man before he try ;
Wherein his character is weak
What petty honor he may seek,
How far he's willing to promote
His own chief interest by his vote.
How best his present whim to please,
And win him over by degrees.
It is a complex task to fill,
And needs a special tact and skill.
Thus, an adept who bribed in groups,
Was said to "mesmerize" his dupes.
Some play the "missionary" rôle—
Seeking the body, not the soul.
And though the business is accurs'd,
Large sums are often thus disburs'd.
Ah Simplex ! now your shekels spare,
And, Doughnut, of your cash beware !
The courts this maxim oft disclose,
Too zealous friends are worse than foes.

Now as more doubtful grows the day,
Still other forces come in play,
And leaders with each other vie,
In raising a religious cry.
Fostered by some invention bold,
And with an air of mystery told,—
A plot ! a scheme ! a trap concealed !
A wily Jesuit in the field !
From mouth to mouth the slanders pass,
How Simplex has been seen at mass.
How Doughnut rides the Orange goat,
To catch the corresponding vote.
Some startling fib, on either side
Uttered too late to be denied.

No matter how absurd the stuff,
'Twill take, if only bad enough.
For prejudice hath wond'rous power
And passion dominates the hour.





Canto iv.

THE day of fate is near at hand,
The conflict rages o'er the land;
Committees, late into the night,
Hold council how to win the fight;
And count the voters o'er and o'er,
Less certain than they were before.
Summon fresh speakers to their aid,
And chuckle most when most afraid.

At length the day of fate has come,
And loud declaimers now are dumb,
The time for talk is fairly past,
The time for work has come at last.
Aye "work," which means to run about,
And drag the tardy voters out.
Forestall your rival in the race,
And vote your man before his face.
To promptly seize on the main chance,
And promise all things in advance;
To treat the voters on the sly,
And always have a full supply,
Concealed, of course, from prying eye.
To shout at intervals, "hurrah!"
This means to work on polling day.

* * * * *

Ah yes! you played a clever game,
Yet here is Mister What's-his-name,
Who had with you a charming ride,
Yet voted on the other side.

He says you counted on him sure,
And brought him from his very door.
And, bless me! how those fellows cheat!
The six to whom you gave a treat;
They shouted right, and took their pay,
And voted each the other way;
And now are laughing in their sleeve—
How those (blank) rascals do deceive!
And there's old Jones, who died last year,
This afternoon has voted here!
At least 'twas done in Jones' name,
The ballot was the very same;
The fellow for a weak disguise,
Had placed a bandage o'er his eyes;
The Deputy had turned his head,
Perhaps forgot that Jones was dead.
Both agents hoped the vote to win,
And so they got the ballot in.
"Smart trick," you say, "and risky too;"
"What won't election agents do!"

But the day languishes at last,
Its final moments fleeting fast.
Few round the polling place remain,
Voters have come and gone again,
When, suddenly a ringing cheer
Announces new arrivals near.
"Six votes for Simplex!" some one cries,
And winks a signal with his eyes;
They rush into the polling room,—
Simplex is having quite "a boom."
Here Doughnut's agent makes a show
Of challenging, but lets them go.
Bad votes, but all for Doughnut cast,
Though talking "Simplex" to the last!

At length the task has been achieved,
 The tired officials are relieved ;
 O'er all the country far and wide,
 The die is cast, and must abide ;
 The ballot boxes hold the fate
 Of many an anxious candidate.

Not yet can the result be known,
 Until some tardy hours have flown.
 Meanwhile excited voters meet
 In noisy groups upon the street,
 Telling the day's experience o'er,
 And guessing what is yet in store.
 "What news! what news! Is Simplex in?"
 "Doughnut, they say, is sure to win!
 Bet two to one, we've won the day,
 Let's have a drink,—hurrah, hurrah!"
 Such are the phrases you may hear,
 Drowned in the crowd's excited cheer.

Now the committee rooms o'erflow,
 Excited faces come and go ;
 Around a table there they stand,
 A surging crowd on every hand,
 Eager, impatient, talking loud,
 Half hidden in a smoky cloud.
 At intervals reports come in ;
 A moment's quiet in the din,
 Then bursts another ponderous cheer,
 Caught up and echoed far and near,—
 More news! sent in from hand to hand—
 So close the men together stand—
 On to the central figures passed,
 And there received and read at last.

"Ah! we have lost in Piney Ridge,
 But hold our own in Spence's Bridge ;"

And then a murmur passes round,
 "Our side, I fear, is losing ground,"
 Till reaching a half maudlin ear,
 Re-echoes in a husky cheer,—
 "Well done! hurrah! who likes to bet,
 Here's five to one, we'll have 'em yet!"
 The challenge falls on heedless ears,
 So balanced are the hopes and fears.
 An hour or two of waiting, then
 More groups, and more excited men,
 More cheering, and a tavern brawl—
 (What fools men are to drink at all!)

Now the reports are coming fast,
 The figures seem complete at last,—
 "'Tis a close shave," you hear them say,
 "Not much to boast of either way."
 Simplex seems in beyond a doubt,
 Hark! how the friends of Simplex shout:
 "He's in! he's in! hurrah! hurrah!
 Simplex, our man has won the day!
 But the majority is small,
 Stay! Is it Simplex after all?"

"What's that?" A cheer from Doughnut's men,
 "Simplex behind by eight or ten?"
 "Impossible! it can't be true,
 Have they not played a trick on you?"
 "Here are the final figures, say,
 Who is the winner of the day?"

"Doughnut has won!" is heard aloud,
 "Hurrah for Doughnut!" shrieks the crowd;
 Doughnut is safe, the fact is clear,
 And now there follows cheer on cheer.

Ere long the bonfire's lurid glare
Lights up the leading thoroughfare;
The small boy dances in the light,
The drunken rowdy seeks a fight,
The crowd still surge around the fire,
And pile the dry material higher;
While Simplex men have slunk away,
To bide their time another day.

Now a long line of torches flare,
And music floats upon the air;
More volleys then of deaf'ning cheers,
And Doughnut on the scene appears;
Applauds his friends for what they've done,
And glories in the vict'ry won.
Doughnut is now a man of power,
The idol of the present hour.
Winning by half a dozen votes,
Hailed by a thousand husky throats,
Carried in triumph through the crowd,
Doughnut indeed may well be proud.





Canto v.

SUCCESS achieved and victory won,
Alas! may sometimes be undone :
Fate has reverses oft in store,
And frowns where she had smiled before.
Not long she smiled on Doughnut's cause,
For, thanks to our election laws,
The counting may be done again.
Simplex got a recount, and then,
Oh! potent power of numbers few!
Simplex has won by only two!

The number small, the victory great;
The friends of Simplex are elate.
"Simplex is in! hurrah!" they cry,
Again the bonfires blaze on high;
Again excited faces show
How warm the fires of passion glow.
Doughnut to hades is consigned,
Simplex is banqueted and wined.

A great assemblage fills the square,
And loud rejoicings rend the air;
'Tis the hour of Simplex men,
And victory is crowned again!

Then comes a lull,—to careless ears,
And quiet reigns, or so appears;
Yet soon the stagnant air is stirred,
'Tis whispered by "a little bird,"

That something wrong has come to light
And there will be a legal fight.
Perhaps another great surprise,
So Doughnut stock begins to rise!

The charges are of course denied,
And legal trial must decide;
Proceedings then at once begin,
Both parties confident to win.

And now for many weary days
The law's proverbial delays
Dragg'd slowly on, until at last,
A year was very nearly past,—
A year of torturing suspense,
Of seeking out new evidence,
Of secret visits here and there,
Of rumours flying in the air,
Of lessened business, broken ease,
And cash disbursed in heavy fees.

But "all things come to him who waits,"
And so, the slow avenging fates,
The crucial hour have bade appear,
And now the crucial hour is here!

Who does not feel a sense of awe
For the dread majesty of law!
Embodied here in stately grace,
As well becomes a solemn place,
Where Justice takes her God-like stand,
And holds the scales with even hand
His Lordship, as so well befits,
High in the seat of honor sits.
In front appear the men of law,
Well skill'd to find, or make, a flaw.

The sheriff fills his special chair,
And clerk and tip-staffs all are there.
The public, too, of course, have place,
And the contestants face to face.

Some legal skill was now displayed,
Sundry objections duly made,
Quibbles, perhaps, or legal dust,
But all with seeming care discuss'd.
Why not, if it the clients please,
And help to earn the Counsel's fees ?

At length the case is well in hand,
Each witness takes in turn the stand,
Kisses the book with careless ease,
And tells his story by degrees.
Hiding, so far as he can hide,
What's damaging to his own side.
Is cross-examined o'er and o'er,
And then admits a little more :
Until the truth is dragged to light
By legal skill and wordy fight.
Evasion goes the length it dare,
And perjury is in the air !
"Demoralizing," you may say,
Yet 'tis, I fear, the common way.

Succeeding days new facts disclose,
And higher the excitement grows
While eager crowds expectant stand,
And fill the court on every hand.

At last the case is fairly tried,
The final quibble set aside ;
The Judge is virtuously severe,
And finds corruption proven here.

Plain bribery in weak disguise,
And Simplex furnished the supplies;
In various ways he purchas'd votes,
Lending the cash and taking notes;
Buying through agents, various stuff,
Until the rascals cried enough!
Ah, Simplex! better lose the day
Than thus to "give yourself away."

Worse than a casual defeat,
Simplex not only yields the seat,
But bears henceforth a lasting stain,
Disqualified to stand again
Till years are past and penance done.
Alas! for victory so won!

Now here I end my rhyming task,
"But what of Doughnut?" you may ask.
Of Doughnut's *party*, this is true,
They did what other parties do;
There is no safety in a name,
And men are everywhere the same.
They boast, and bribe, and boldly sin,
To put their standard-bearer in.
Of both alike, 'tis safe to doubt,
But only one was here found out,
And we must hope that now and then
The candidates are honest men.

THE END.

