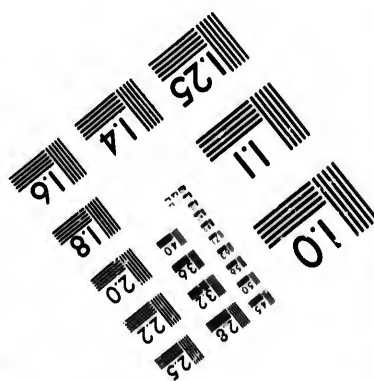
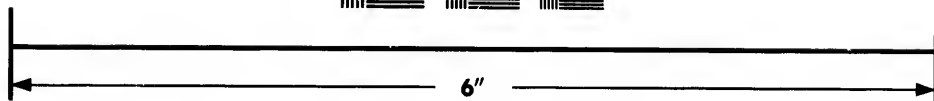
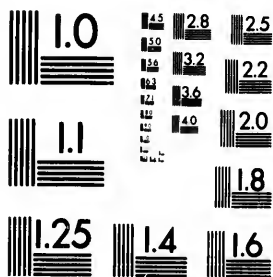


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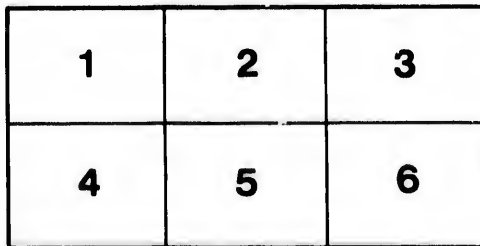
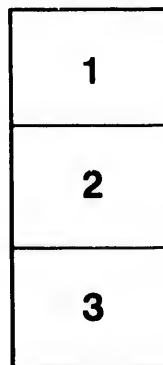
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THE
GREAT N.P.

OR,

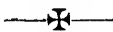
Rhymes for the Times.



TORONTO:
PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER

1889.

DEDICATION.



DEAR EVERYBODY :

These humble rhymes are by "kind permission" respectfully dedicated to you, with some small hope that you will read them. Should you consider them beneath your notice, they may perhaps attract the attention of your relative—"somebody." If you both scorn them, I most respectfully invite the attention of another relative—"anybody." He may read them. If they do not benefit, they will not hurt him. Should the perusal induce him to give one hour's honest thought to the question, he will see perhaps more clearly how very easy it is to make a whole people rich by increased taxation. "Pshaw!" says a friend who has been looking over my shoulder, "there is but one person in the world who believes in that—and, by the way, he also is a relative of yours—"nobody."

Yours, Sir, is a very influential family, and to you as its most important member and acknowledged head, I have dared to inscribe this trifle, hoping that you will not frown but smile upon

TORONTO, 1st March, 1889.

THE GREAT N. P.

OR,

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

O HEAR my prayer, I beg, ye sacred nine,
 Regard with favor this request of mine :
 Bring from your mountain home the sacred fire,
 Warm my chill'd blood, my feeblè soul inspire,
Fill me with ardor, strength and courage bring,
And make me equal to the theme I sing.
Vain is my prayer, for this could never be
Did Hood and Homer both unite in me,
Not Vanity itself could ever dream,
My song would then be equal to my theme.
Even though Niagara's Bard assisted me
I should but feebly sing the great N. P.

“ Protection ” or “ Free Trade,” discover which
Will make a nation prosperous and rich ?
To common minds 't would seem as clear as day,
Increased taxation means the more to pay ;
That every tax on every import laid,
Is by ourselves or by the alien paid ;
If by the alien, who would dare gainsay
They should be doubled ? Let the alien pay !
If by ourselves, who is there can deny
That all these taxes are by far too high ?
If neither pay them, shall I ask in vain,
Whence do they come ? Will some one please explain ?
If paid by us, what happens then to trade ?
Protection injures what it seeks to aid.

Nor for the masses doth Protection care,
 It taxes all they eat, or drink, or wear.
 The very taxes now collected so,
 Buy foreign labor to keep wages low.

Of older countries this may be quite true,
 But perfect nonsense written of a new.
 The theory sounds quite plausible enough,
 But practice is ahead of all such stuff.

Why should we argue? Ten years have we tried,
 And now, if ever, surely can decide.
 But yesterday discussed on every hearth,
 And hailed with joy was this prodigious birth.
 Its happy parents of their offspring proud,
 Its praises chanted eloquent and loud ;
 A thousand tongues its many merits voiced,
 And the glad people cheered as they rejoiced ;
 Filled with delight, the happy father smiled,
 And in his country's interest named the child.
 Then each admirer nurse-like sought to trace
 The father's image in the baby's face.
 Then for the nursing each prophetic seer
 In the dim future saw a grand career,
 Caressing fondly, gladly, in his glee,
 The nation's darling, named the great N. P.

Now leaps this child of promise so renowned,
 From infancy to manhood at a bound ;
 Narrated marvels of his childish days,
 Seem tame to those who hear his manhood's praise.
 Born in a land on ruin's ragged edge,
 His prime redeems his doting parents' pledge ;
 With but a stroke of his magician's wand,
 He scares affrighted dullness from the land.
 He beckons, now a happy people cheers,
 Lo ! wreathed in smiles, Prosperity appears

She scatters plenty from her generous hands ;
 Encouraged Commerce rapidly expands ;
 Her lazy languor off dull Business throws,
 And fostered Trade to vast proportions grows ;
 She seeks new fields, as somewhat cramped for room,
 And everywhere exists one mighty "boom."
 Now busy Labor finds no time for rest,
 Throughout the land his mighty power 's confessed.
 Avaunt, ye sceptics ! Can ye fail to see
 The mighty influence of the great N.P.

What raptures swell its great promoter's breast,
 To hear its power on every hand confessed !
 What plaudits greet Sir Charles' exultant boast,
 Of railroads built without a cent of cost ?
 How Europe's millions, now so much oppressed,
 Would settle quickly in the great Northwest,
 In peace and plenty soon forget their woes,
 And make the desert blossom as the rose ;
 How Western wants by numbers thus increased,
 Would make a Massachusetts of the East,
 Whose well-paid toilers very soon would buy
 More food than the Northwest could well supply.
 This mutual trading soon it would be found,
 Would make the people prosperous all round,
 Make the whole land to flow with milk and honey,
 And in the country keep the people's money ;
 And children yet unborn would surely be
 Profoundly grateful to the great N. P.

Even Captain Tilley, be it not forgot,
 With smile exultant, stepped aboard his yacht ;
 He spread his sails, and loud declared that he
 Would cruise ten years in Commerce' prosperous sea.
 But lo ! a cloud portends a storm to come,
 His course is changed, he quickly steers for home,
 In Governor's harbor lets his anchor fall,
 And leaves the crew to face the coming squall.

Next he, by followers fond, the Chieftain hight,
Of highland lineage, heir to second sight,
Proudly erect, the prophet's role assumed,
His frenzied eye his smiling face illumed.
The coming glories better to display,
The veil which hid the future torn away,
Into its depths he gazed with stony stare,
Then told his breathless audience what was there.
" I see the public confidence restored ;
The miser now unearths his hidden hoard ;
Now timid Capital unlocks his chest,
And seeks a chance with profit to invest ;
Bank stocks go up, and railroad shares advance ;
Commerce revives—trade wakes as from a trance.
(But this prediction proved more than true,
Bank shares went up—the banks went with them too).
All men alike are blessed by fortune's gale,
For peace and plenty everywhere prevail.
A ceaseless tide of immigration pours
Its countless thousands on our happy shores,
Swelling our numbers and our wealth till we
Become as powerful as we now are free.
As for myself, I shall not then be here,
But hope to look down from a higher sphere,
On this my country, then thrice blessed by fate—
The freest, happiest, and most prosperous state,
Whose poorest son, in comfort proudly stands,
The envy of the rich of other lands.
With vigorous health his ruddy cheeks aglow,
Contentment, peace, prosperity avow ;
Inquire the cause—and promptly, proudly, he
Ascribes his blessings to the great N. P."

Lounge the retailers now at open doors ?
No ! Willing patrons fill their crowded stores.
Each presses to the counter for supplies .
And buying freely, pays for what he buys ;

The sweating clerks the many orders fill,
 And cash like rain keeps dropping in the till ;
 And when the hurry of the day is o'er,
 The shutters up, and locked and barred the door,
 Then full of gratitude he seeks his bed,
 To rest his weary limbs and aching head ;
 Prayerless retires ; misguided, cheated, he
 Robs God of thanks to praise the great N. P.

See yon black cloud ascending to the skies,
 From the tall " stacks " of busy factories rise ;
 There through the day from morn till evening's gloom,
 Is heard the ceaseless clatter of the loom.
 The furnace roars in yonder mountain gorge,
 The valley echoes with the sounding forge ;
 There, grimy forms now cast the ponderous wheel,
 Here, with the hammer shape the glowing steel.
 Nor day alone these sounds of labor brings,
 For midnight listens as the anvil rings.
 These various sounds in one harmonious whole,
 Like blended waves of distant music roll
 One grateful song o'er land and lake and sea,
 How great and glorious is our own N. P.

Long ere the heralds of the day-god's rise,
 With golden glory gild the eastern skies,
 Repair to yonder wharf, which even then,
 Echoes the tread of busy hurrying men,
 Who, piled in rich confusion round you lay,
 From distant India and from far Cathay,
 From sunny islands in the tropic seas,
 Their silks and spices, coffees, fruits and teas.
 See countless craft reposing on the wave,
 Whose sides the tranquil waters gently lave.
 These all are laden and from distant shores,
 And many lands have brought their varied stores.
 Think, while this busy scene we still survey,

Free Trade would drive these vessels all away.
 Therefore a heavy duty has been laid
 On everything from distant lands conveyed,
 Because it fosters and builds up a trade.
 I meant not all, for, under our N. P.,
 Leeches and precious stones are duty free.
 Perhaps the diamonds which the rich display,
 May charm the poor man's discontent away!
 But as for leeches, be it understood,
 Our native leeches starve for want of food.
 How can they live? The poor man's veins are dry,
 Imported leeches can't be taxed too high,
 Protected must our native leeches be,
 See to 't ye framers of the great N. P.

Look see yon vessel reach the wharf at last!
 The perils of the sea are safely past.
 Her decks are crowded with a sturdy band,
 Who view with earnest gaze the promised land,
 Step lightly to the shore and look about,
 Grateful to those who paid their passage out.
 For this, indeed, each workingman should be
 A staunch supporter of the great N. P.
All living labor is admitted free!
 Now here is wisdom! this is no mistake,
 Men are less dangerous than the goods they make.
 Protected must our manufactures be,
 But labor is far cheaper duty free.
 Yes! bring in English, Irish, French and Dutch,
 Bring in Italians, Russians, Swedes and Poles,
 Bring the infirm and pauper, do not such
 Swell up the total census of our souls,
 Our land is free. Come, ye Mongolians, come!
 Bring vice and leprosy and opium.
 Here dwell in hope, your perils safely past,
 The natives here are always thought of last.
 This is but courtesy, as known to most,

The guest is always served before the host.
 Why should the poor man grumble? I can't see ;
 The rich are satisfied, and why not he ?
 What though Protection swell the rich man's store ?
 Free labor and low wages swell it more ;
 And 'tis reflected back upon the poor ;
 And for the shadow grateful should they be,
 And sing thy praises, bountiful N. P.

Shall trade and commerce all thy bounties claim ?
 A nation's interests were thy generous aim.
 The soil is more productive than before,
 And drooping agriculture droops no more.
 Do farmers now to sell their farms desire ?
 They want more land, and more they would acquire.
 Starvation prices ! No that day 's gone by ;
 Our own home-market keeps the prices high.
 The farmer now forgets his grumbling mood,
 His smiling features beam with gratitude.
 He knows the Yankees all our duties pay,
 Whilst he gets more for barley, beef and hay.
 Sixty for barley ! Spread the glorious news ;
 Eighty for wheat ! O hear him now enthuse !
 With grateful heart he sings both loud and free
 A song of gladness for the great N. P.

Oh, Cartwright ! Cartwright ! this must be confessed,
 This country but for you were sooner blessed.
 A heavy tax to sugar sweetness lends,
 And through the tea a fine aroma sends ;
 It acts on coffee just like any charm,
 And makes the blankets keep us twice as warm ;
 A tax on lemons, oranges and such,
 Encourages our home production much ;
 Taxed rice will go much further than before,
 And taxing bibles makes us read them more ;
 Taxed rifles send a more unerring ball,
 And untaxed nuts could not be cracked at all ;

Taxed shoes will give us everlasting wear,
 And hair-oil taxed promotes the growth of hair ;
 A tax on spectacles assists the sight,
 And yeast well taxed will make a brown loaf white ;
 A tax on pork will make our young pigs grow,
 And coal when taxed emits a fiercer glow ;
 Well taxed thermometers 'tis just as clear,
 Will make our winters less and less severe.
 Now, dear Sir Richard, keep these facts in view,
 When fickle fortune next shall smile on you.
 Would you a happy, prosperous people see,
 Tax all things more, and let in nothing free.
 No doubt the Chief, to whom the truth is dear,
 Will tell us at the next election here,
 That water taxed would drink like lager beer.
 Ah, who can doubt, such things could never be
 Without thy aid, O glorious N. P.

How far this humbug is destined to go
 The framers of this tariff only know.
 Who can conceive what evils are in store
 If, growing bold, Protection asks for more?
 Men, who for power have such insatiate lust,
 Would grant demands no matter how unjust.
 Ye Tories, are ye still prepared to say
 That, come what will, Sir John must have his way?
 Has blind attachment to the party chief
 Made you indifferent to your country's grief?
 Oh hear her cry, and heed her suffering moan !
 Nor make her interest second to your own.
 Are there no men within the party ranks
 Aspire to win a grateful nation's thanks?
 Then slay this hydra and his folds unlace,
 Ere Commerce perish in his fell embrace.
 Invent some substitute, some new device,
 If party still demands a sacrifice,
 Bring forth some scheme no matter what it be,
 It must excel this fraudulent N. P.

In vain, in vain, to Tory ranks appeal !
 What care these gentry for the masses' weal ?
 What are the masses but a rabble crew,
 Sent here to labor for the wealthy few ?
 This is the doctrine of the Tory school ;
 Those were to labor born, and these to rule.
 When to the rulers' seats the tribe advance,
 Then reigns corruption and extravagance.
 The favored few may open luxury's door,
 Whilst gross injustice makes the many poor.
 Then is Eternal Justice made appear,
 As the auxiliary of injustice here.
 What those blasphemers charge to Providence,
 Springs from contempt of human rights and sense.
 Condemn corruption ? No, 'tis what they need ;
 Like vultures they upon corruption feed.
 Help from the Tories ? Yea, as soon may hope
 An Orange lodge a blessing from the Pope !
 Unless His Holiness, in humor grim,
 Should bless and wish them where they oft wish him.
 Vain are appeals, all vain, save one alone,
 They're to one interest true and that their own.
 In feeblest terms the sweets of place portray,
 They with distended nostrils scent the prey,
 And following swift the leaders of the pack,
 These human sleuth-hounds never leave the track,
 Though varying oft with savage snarl and growl.
 The pack's long drawn, lugubrious, loyal howl ;
 They heedless, reckless, furious, trample down,
 All human rights to make the prey their own.
 Vainglorious boastings celebrate the chase,
 When feasting snugly on the sweets of place ;
 To help the rich their ill-got wealth to save,
 They tax the poor from cradle to the grave,
 Treat with contempt whom duty bids them serve,
 And smile serenely though the people starve.
 Oh, God methinks the angels weep when we
 Such reckless doings call a great N. P.

And now to Tories paid the tribute due,
 Ye timid Grits what shall I say to you ?
 Are ye Reformers in aught else but name ?
 Arise like men and justify your claim.
 For you no more shall office ere be won
 Through the prestige of deeds by others done,
 Nor hope again the party may go in
 Through Tory blunder, crime, corruption, sin ;
 The cheated people's sharpened common sense
 Asks merit now for that proud eminence.
 Rekindle in your breasts the smothered fires,
 Think of the glorious past, think of your sires !
 'Twas not such ardor as you now display,
 That won the freedom you enjoy to-day.
 Seek ye your own or country's interest ?
 Are there no wrongs ye would should be redressed ?
 Of no great evil know ye now the cause ?
 Is no injustice fostered by our laws ?
 Know ye no cause your flagging zeal to warm ?
 Say is there nothing ye would now reform ?
 Still zealous, causeless, live ye but to vote ?
 Then doff the Liberal's, don the Tory's coat.

"What doth it matter," saith the careless Cit.,
 "If boodling Tory or if bungling Grit ?
 Both are self seekers, and contend for place ;
 We have, I think, small interest in the race.
 What helps the Tories to the winning post ?
 The selfish weakness of the Grittish host.
 How can we tell which have the sounder wits,
 The reckless Tories, or the timid Grits ;
 Look to the past, what is there to commend ?
 What have the Tories done, save tax and spend ?
 And what the Grits ? Their record is begun
 With 'legislative cobbling' poorly done,
 And there it ends. Old laws have they repaired,
 No great 'new work' the party ever dared.

As for the country, doth she suffer most
 Through timid Grit, or reckless Tory host ?
 If through the latter her condition 's grave ;
 Why are the Grits so ' impotent to save ' ?
 We cannot tell which most doth mar her lot—
 What Tories *do*, or what the Grits *do not* ;
 If both sides told us what they meant to do,
 Then could we judge and choose between the two.
 ' God help poor Canada,' was said of late,
 God help her now, her need is just as great.
 Hard is thy fate, O Canada, to-day
 Of two such hordes the helpless, hopeless prey,
 Fiercely they fight and know, which ever wins,
 Thou art the sacrifice for either's sins.
 With Grit or Tory——on either side
 Between the twain thou'rt daily crucified,
 Even Independents watch the cruel lunge
 And mock thy thirst with acid-laden sponge.
 Hear'st thou their jibes, who revel in thy pelf,
 ' Thou hast the power come-down and save thy self.' ”

Speak gently friend, ye must not all condemn,
 Some few are honest, be ye just to them.
 Though even the few I have no space to name
 Who make their country's good their constant aim,
 And satire given to more censorious lays
 Devotes small space to even the good man's praise.
 Yet 't were unjust, unheeding duty's call,
 To pass the noblest Roman of them all ;
 To justice bowing, therefore, satire must
 For one brief moment laud the good and just.
 'Tis pleasant sure in these immoral days
 To find a subject so deserving praise
 As honest Aleck, whose unstained career
 Has made his name to every patriot dear,
 Whose greatest fault was in an evil hour
 To shew more love for country than for power ;

Now candid justice with approving voice
 Appiauds the patriot, and defends his choice,
 And even his foes, defamers of the past,
 Remorseful now admit the truth at last ;
 Admit what they no longer can deny,
 The cruel slander and the envenomed lie,
 And in the eve of his declining days,
 Gild their past slanders with reluctant praise.
 Grant, O kind Heaven, a simple rhymers prayer,
 Make his old age thy most especial care,
 And on his head, to cheer his later hours,
 Rain choicest blessings in continuous showers,
 His years prolong, his health and strength increase,
 And let the end be one of painless peace.
 And few there be among Canadian men
 Who read my prayer will not respond, Amen.

Yet one more name I mention in my lay,
 The ablest Son of Canada to-day ;
 His constant aim his country's good alone,
 And for that end he sacrificed his own.
 A kindly fate so many gifts bestowed
 On him at birth, that all before him bowed ;
 Unrivalled orator and advocate,
 In Council wise, o'erwhelming in debate,
 His gifts are many, his attainments great ;
 None seems so fit to guide the helm of state,
 None can the pros and cons so nicely weigh,
 The facts arranged in lucid order lay,
 Make plain each point to the obtusest sense,
 By reasoning clear and matchless eloquence.
 With all these gifts, he took no public part
 That fired the blood, or stirred the nation's heart ;
 His finest efforts to the mass addressed,
 Awoke no echo in a living breast ;
 Th' enthusiasm which his young admirers filled,
 In frigid tones he coldly, calmly killed ;

He'd no grëat scheme to win unto his side
 The friends of freedom dwelling far and wide ;
 Fearing to soar lest he perchance should fall,
 He strove to please, and disappointed, all.
 A single spark of what Prometheus stole,
 And he, like Gladstone, might have won the whole.
 See how the mother land reveres to-day
 That "Grand Old Man," so soon to pass away,
 His name the theme of many deathless songs,
 He loved the people and redressed their wrongs.
 Had Blake, like Gladstone, when engaged in fight,
 Fought for the *whole*, and not for *half* of RIGHT,
 And heeded not the office-seeking herd,
 His name to-day had been a "household word."
 So rare is genius 'mongst the sons of men,
 That all must hope he will return again,
 Made wiser by the lessons of the past,
 To lead his party into power at last ;
 Forsaking law courts and the musty laws,
 To shake the Senate mid the world's applause.

The patriot Tory's numbered with the past,
 Of patriot Grits we soon may see the last ;
 Yet love of country sure will never die,
 For what the fathers lack the sons supply ;
 Youth, ever zealous for the truth and right,
 Must always bear the burden of the fight.
 Welcome to patriots th' auspicious day,
 Which sees our young men busy in the fray,
 Their ranks supporting the determined few,
 Who passed corruption's fire triumphant through,
 The cause of justice ever made their own,
 And bowed to truth more gladly than a throne.
 Triumphant be your arm, ye gallant band,
 Who fight for freedom and your native land !
 Truth may be foiled, right for a time withstood,
 But never were, nor e'er shall be, subdued.

Choose ye a leader, one whom ye can trust.
 Let him be wary, skilful, brave and just,
 Firm in the right, let him be slow to yield,
 In council cool, courageous in the field.
 What gallant soldier greets with lusty cheer
 The halting chief who lingers in the rear ?
 Or e'er rebels against that chief's command
 Who leads the charge his skilful brain has planned ?

“ Come forth Sir Richard, give thy talent scope ”
 Thou art the Liberals' last and only hope.
 All look to thee, all know thou hast indeed
 Experience, knowledge, courage, skill to lead.
 Corruption trembles when thou hast the floor,
 The boodlers hate thee, but they fear thee more ;
 Survey thy country, and in sorrow see
 How large the debt she owes the great N. P.
 From where Atlantic storms with sullen roar
 Lash the wild coast of frozen Labrador,
 To where soft breezes in the Orient born
 Make sweet the air of the Pacific morn,
 Fan with their fragrant breath the mighty deep,
 And wake old Ocean from his tranquil sleep,
 In idle dalliance lingering awhile
 To greet with gentle kiss Vancouver's Isle,
 What seest thou, sir, o'er all the continent ?
 A grave unrest—a serious discontent,
 While thoughtful men in solemn tones avow
 We cannot long remain as we are now,
 And fiercest partizans, or foes, or friends,
 Agree in this, important change impends,
 And thousands more, by debt and tax dismayed,
 Inquire our gains, they know what we have paid.
 The land is gone, stol'n from its rightful heirs,
 And there's the railroad—aliens own the shares !
 Monopolies *here* the people's rights invade
 Rings and combines *there* dominate our trade,

Offended commerce from our ports retires,
And suffering trade in tortures slow expires.

Why are men silent? Why don't they complain?
They know too well their efforts would be vain.
The numerous clerks have all sufficient wits
To vote for men who gave them easy "sits;"
The customs' army like to feel secure,
And vote and pray that tariffs may endure;
The kicking lawyers gain enormous fees
By pleading useless suits beyond the seas;
Enfranchised red men by their votes sustain
Their chief, To-Morrow, and prolong his reign,
And countless boodlers who on plunder live,
Will vote for him who hath the power to give.
Complain indeed! how can you feel surprised?
The "Voter's Lists" by barristers revised,
The "brawling brood" send out their whole brigade,
The gerrymander lends its potent aid;
Where all these fail, await with deep concern
For the "Returning Officers' Return."

Say its supporters now that we have gained?
What was their object, has it been attained?
Are all the states in this our wide domain,
Now bound together by a stronger chain?
Are all the people under the N. P.,
Contented, happy, prosperous and free?
Are there no Tories now among the "traitors?"
Are the Blue-noses changed to Yankee-haters?
Have French Canadians left the Yankee woods?
Ontario merchants ceased to buy their goods?
Has Manitoba to the frontier laid
Her rails because she *does not want to trade*?
Or has Commercial Union hid her head?
Or is all talk of Annexation dead?
Why even the manufacturer declares

He needs a wider market for his wares.
 Just ask the trader, and he answers still,
 Improve our trade and call it what you will,
 Commercial Union, Reciprocity,
 No matter which, nor what its name may be.
 Deny him this—soon worry and vexation ;
 Will change his cry to one for Annexation.
 Decide, Sir Richard, do not hesitate,
 Just make a choice, 'twi'll benefit the State.
 Though all your timid followers turn back,
 Brave, staunch supporters you will never lack ;
 Though Jonathan awakened from his dreams,
 Joins in the Eagle's loud defiant screams ;
 And though the Lion's voice rise on the gale,
 And angry roars resent his twisted tail ;
 Though cries of " traitor," " rebel " everywhere.
 With threats of war and bloodshed fill the air ;
 Though irate Colonels don their war array,
 And draw their swords, their scabbards fling away ;
 Though it arouse a feeling most intense,
 'Tis safe to trust the people's common sense ;
 This with their interests will their actions guide,
 And "*ballots*," and not "*bullets*" will decide.
 Free Trade, at least o'er all this continent,
 With less we cannot, will not be content ;
 We would not snap the old world chain in two,
 But burst the barriers which divide the new.
 Bound to my mother by the tenderest ties,
 A thousand sweet and cherished memories,
 Can I not yield that mother all her due,
 And woo—*aye wed*—my wealthy cousin too ?
 Nor long she'll frown, I venture to declare,
 Nor long withhold her blessing from the pair.
 Commercial Union ! Reciprocity !
 " Speak now," Sir Richard, say, which shall it be ?
 Look round in pity, see what they endure ;
 See how this tariff presses on the poor ;

See how the rich grow richer by its aid,
 Whilst day by day the poor are poorer made.
 Destroy the monster so designed and framed
 That rich men may be helped and poor men maimed.
 Onwards! Stili-onwards! Mark your country's needs,
 Fear not to follow whither justice leads;
 Be bold and fearless, lead us to the fight,
 Thrice is he armed who battles for the right.
 Knock off her shackles, all her fetters break,
 Enfranchise Commerce on land, sea, and lake;
 Let not the people's voice be rendered vain
 By gerrymanders made for party gain;
 By strictest laws keep our elections pure,
 Make equal doom for bribed and briber sure;
 Make every change that's requisite to give
 The poor as well as rich a chance to live.
 Onwards, Sir Richard, never be dismayed!
 As for your tariff—here's one ready made:
 The wisest, noblest, simplest, ever planned,
 One only tax—the single tax—on land.
 Unfurl your flag, close up your ranks and then
 Your battle cry—Free Trade, Free Land, Free Men!
 Onwards! Excelsior! Linger not I pray,
 High be your aim, for Justice points the way;
 Onwards! Assist her in progression's path,
 Heed not the bigot's unavailing wrath;
 Of ignorance dense, "purge, purge the visual ray,"
 On blind intolerance "pour the light of day;"
 Freedom and Truth hold up as beacon lights,
 And to defrauded manhood give his rights.
 This is true wisdom's course, and this shall be
 The only noble, true, and great N. P.

