



THE OUTLINES
OF
A SPEECH
TO BE DELIVERED ON
THE HUSTINGS,
AT THE NEXT
GENERAL ELECTION
FOR THE
Province of Nova-Scotia.

BY CHRISTOPHER GAUSTICK, ESQ.

PRINTED BY G. W. DAY,
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TO THE FREEHOLDERS

OF THE

COUNTY OF BLUNDERONMEN.

GENTLEMEN,

Induced by the voice of persuasion alone,
And not from a secret desire of my own,
I intend, as affairs wear a gloomy complexion,
To offer myself at the General Election,
As a person in whom all the requisites meet
For making a member and gracing a seat,—
For securing your liberties, honor and pelf,
And for taking a praiseworthy care of himself;
Should the choice of the County devolve
upon me,

My magical prowess you shortly shall see,
And feel, in your pockets, the fullest effect
Of all I can promise or you can expect.

CHRISTOPHER CAUSTICK.

SPEECH.

MR. SHERIFF, first to you
I pay the humble deference due ;
Next, GENTLEMEN ELECTORS all,
On you my salutations fall.

The being put in nomination,
Gives me right on this occasion
To speak somewhat at length, by way
Of telling why I'm here to-day,
A little raised above the throng,
My brother candidates among,
Who, clothed in smiles and Sunday coats,
Are meekly asking for your votes
And interest, to obtain a seat
Among the "learned and discreet ;"
Who, each and every year, convene
To see the fashions and be seen,
The simplest matters to perplex
And mangle as the law directs—
From week to week to legislate
By seven-leagued speeches in debate,
Whose perspicuity and strength
Are inverse ratios to their length.
Then, graced with delegated power,
Each member "struts his little hour,"
In honest zeal or party rage,
Upon the democratic stage,

Where Nova-Scotia's patriots meet
To boast of loyalty, and—eat.

Now I, your neighbor and your friend,
Whose ardent wishes thither tend,
Stand here with rising hopes elate,
An unpretending candidate ;
An humble man, unknown to fame,
Yet venture to put in my claim,
The which I hope you will admit,
And help me up the POLL abit.

It is my privilege to try,
And yours to grant or to deny—
To raise me to the envied seat,
Or trample underneath your feet,—
To crown my brows with blushing honours,
I the receiver, you the donors,—
To make a MAN of me, in short,
By your unanimous support.

'Tis usual for a candidate,
With well-feigned modesty, to state
His anxious fears lest he should be
Deficient in ability—
His hopes, that honesty will balance
The want of oratorical talents ;—
His mighty projects, wild and crude,
All aiming at the public good ;—
His independency of mind,
To every party purpose blind.
He has no great desire to go,
And covets not the honor, no,
But, summoned by the public voice,
He yields to it his right of choice,

And comes upon the hustings, merely
 T' oblige the friends he loves sincerely ;—
 He has no selfish views to speed,
 No hungry partizans to feed
 With "loaves and fishes" from the *chest* ;
 And—flattery makes up the rest.

But here I pause, (though not from doubt
 That facts would fully bear me out,
 Were I to "load and fire away"
 Till darkness closes in the day,
 Thence till the promised morning's light
 Dispels the shadows of the night)
 For I'm unwilling to be thought,
 In mind and manners, like the pot,
 That smoked and blackened in the flames,
 Called Mistress Kettle naughty names ;
 And why ? because, ere we conclude,
 I'll take the self-same latitude ;
 I'll imitate the wise example,
 Of which you've had full many a sample,
 And shall begin, with modest guise,
 To lower myself, that I may rise,—
 Shall "fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,"
 And praise your worships to the sky,
 As free and independent yeomen,
 Who care, a pinch of snuff, for no man,
 But think and act, and have your "notions,"
 "Like Boston folks," or Nova Scotians—
 Outdo my rivals here in twattle,
 And arguments drawn from the bottle,
 Whose force no mortal can withstand,
 If once he deigns to lift his hand,
 And cock to little finger high,

In deep devotion, *at* the sky.
 Thus falcons stoep to make a spring,
 Before they mount upon the wing,—
 So tigers crouch along the ground,
 Or ere they make the fatal bound—
 And serpents lubricate their prey
 Before they gulp it—travellers say !

Shade of Demosthenes ! descend,
 And promptly thy assistance lend,
 My genius elevate and warm
 'To *raise*, and then to *rule* the storm ;
 As erst thou did'st in ancient Greece,
 When to disturb the calm of peace,
 Thou trumped'st an outrageous bill up
 Against the fighting fellow, Philip.

E'en now I feel the quick'ning glow
 Of inspiration, and a flow
 Of eloquence hangs on my tongue,
 That works, like porter through the bung,
 And must have vent in froth or wit,
 Or, by the pipers ! I shall split !
 Stand ye appalled ! ye faithless few,
 The torrent shall descend on *you*,
 And, tho' not "learned in the law,"
 I'll thunder forth such Attic "jaw,"
 As, rolling on from rough to rougher,
 Shall make the guilty conscience suffer—
 I'll blaze away like some fierce beldam,
 Who speaks, in gentle whispers, seldom,
 And let him give the ghastliest grin,
 That feels the lancet deepest in.

Where are our fathers now, whose toil
 Subdued and fertilized the soil,
 Dislodged the forest-trees, and spread
 The earth with waving corn instead;—
 Made herds of horned cattle graze,
 Where howled the beasts of prey, in days
 Long since gone by, when roamed the woods,
 In all their awful solitudes,
 The savage race—of iron mould,
 Lords of the soil which now we hold ;
 Raised high a lengthened line of mounds,
 And, by curtailing ocean's bounds,
 Snatched from the overwhelming tide
 What constitutes our wealth and pride.

Where are they ? I again would ask,
 To answer is a painful task.
 Most of those sturdy pioneers,
 Bow'd down by labour, as by years,
 Are number'd with the nameless dead.
 And we have risen in their stead,
 And might, if righteously inclined,
 Enjoy the good they left behind ;—

While others, lingering on the brink
 Of dissolution, ere they sink
 Reluctantly, beneath the sod,
 Cast one desponding look abroad,
 To view the scene, with grief profound,
 Of desolation all around
 Far as the line that bounds the view ;
 Brought on, ye simple ones ! by you ,
 Who, to exalt to party idol,
 Have yielded to the " bit and bridle,"

And bartered, in your zeal and dotage,
Your birthright for a mess of pottage.

And now, when nothing's left to squander,
We scratch our heavy heads and wonder
By what iniquitous devices
Affairs have come to such a crises.

When agriculture thus declines,
Our commerce, sympathetic, pines,—
It feels, alike, the deadly blow,
That lays the fishing interest low;
When these, with manufactures, fail,
Our merchants burst, like bottled ale ;
All enterprise is lost, and then,
We scratch our heavy heads again,
And stare about, like folks astonished,
When by discourteous kicks admonished.

'Tis strange that, careless of our weal.
We never see before we feel ;
Nor hear the headlong torrents roar,
'Till we are swept from off the shore ;
Nor dread the gathering storm on high,
'Till thunders roll along the sky ;
Nor heed the earthquake's rumbling sound,
'Till opening chasms gape around.
'Till mountains " totter to their fall,"
And wide-spread ruin swallows all !

But now, since light begins to dawn,
Your long-benighted souls upon,
And now, though late, you do begin
To think *indifference* is a sin.
And entertain the bold idea

Of seeking out a panacea,
 Whose potent efficacy may
 Arrest the progress of decay,
 Restore all things to order, and
 Diffuse abundance through the land,
 Rise in your might ! shake off your slumbers
 And, gathering confidence from numbers.
 Act with an energy divine,
 Like giants, well-refreshed with wine.

The germ of future good may still
 Put forth its tendrils, if you will,
 The teeming earth again may groan
 Beneath a burden, all its own,
 And stores of "corn, and wine, and oil"
 May lighten and reward our toil.

As for myself, you know right well
 Where I was born and where I dwell,
 My parentage and humble station,
 My "pious walk and conversation;"
 How I was taught to read and write,
 And every other requisite,
 To help me through this chequered life ;
 And how I took myself a wife;
 And how the children came, God bless 'em !
 As far as we could feed and dress 'em,
 And sometimes e'en a little faster ;
 But for this sore we found a plaster,—
 We cleared a field, by sweat of brow,
 For every child, and raised a cow;
 So, with a blessing on our labors,
 We fell not far behind our neighbors,
 And, but for certain things, which I

Intend to mention, by-and-bye,
Should be content to jog along,
Unheeded by the shuffling throng.

And now, good people, if you please,
I'll talk of my abilities,
Which, heaven knows, are mean enough,
And, like my manners, something rough ;
Yet I *can* speak upon occasion,
As you shall see by this oration.

But as for honesty ! good friends,
I've scarce enough to serve my ends—
Have not a particle to spare
Of a commodity so rare,
Nor do I know—I speak in sorrow—
From whom to buy, or beg, or borrow,
As all men seem to keep it close
Locked up, for safety I suppose,
With other rare and valued things,
Lest, peradventure, it take wings,
And fly away, the Lord knows where,
As smoke evaporates in air.

Yet sometimes one, a little daring,
Will give his honesty an airing
By way of show, as people do
Their equipages “splinter new.”

But, should you happen to perceive it,
You scarcely know what name to give it,—
So battered and so broken down,
So like a woman *on* the town,
That one would hardly be security,
For much of its *original* purity.

There is, indeed, a spurious kind,
 Which is not difficult to find,
 Because it grows on every hedge,
 And answers as a sort of pledge—
 Of spacious form, but doubtful promise,
 Like paper money used in commerce.

But here, methinks, I hear you ask,
 Why wish to undertake the task?
 Why trouble us with your intrigues?
 Go home, good man, and feed the pigs,
 A business which you understand!
 My answer, gentlemen, 's at hand;

I come, obedient to the call
 Of friends and neighbors, one and all,
 Who think me duly qualified
 To check corruption's swelling tide,
 Which long has overflown the land,
 And ruin spread on either hand.

In yielding to their wishes, I
 My own as fully gratify,
 For I have long ambitious been,
 (I hope ambition's not a sin,) . . .
 My native place to represent
 In the Provincial Parliament,
 Where many a booby has been sent,
 All ignorant of men and letters—
 Like me—to represent his betters!

Besides, I feel within my breast
 One passion ruling all the rest,
 Which nothing seems to satisfy,
 Howe'er abundant the supply.

This ruling passion, to be plain,
 Is nothing but the love of gain,
 Which all men feel, but they the most,
 Who much of public spirit boast,—
 Desire enlarges with the getting,
 For “appetite will come by eating!”

As the lean kine which Pharoah saw
 Rise from the Nile, with hungry maw,
 And, standing on the sedgy shore,
 Devour the *fat* that came before,
 Without much benefit of plight,
 Or much decrease of appetite ;
 So they who, in a happy hour,
 Rise, from the people’s dregs, to power,
 To every nobler feeling lost,
 Must revel at the public cost—
 Possessing part, would grasp the whole,
 And take the *grist* by way of *toll* ;
 Yet still they find, with all they’ve got,
 “Abundance satisfieth not !”
 For, while their cup is running o’er,
 The constant cry is more—more!!!!

When, from this height, I look around,
 Awed by a silence *so* profound !
 I feel, somehow, a little droll,
 I do, indeed, upon my soul !
 Just as I felt, when desperate grown,
 I “popped the question” to my Joan !

As courage gained the victory then,
 The *like* must do the *like* again,
 For, since my friends have placed me here,
 I am resolved to persevere,

'Till o'er my prostrate foes I straddle,
 And "lose the horse, or win the saddle ;"
 I'll shear the shearer, or be shorn,
 And "make a spoon, or spoil a horn."

I'll know no middle course, not I,
 But raise my *virgin* standard high,
 High as St. Peter's far-famed steeple,
 A rallying point to all the people ;
 Around whose base, beneath whose shade,
 In conscious dignity arrayed,
 They shall convene, and with *one* voice
 Proclaim the idol of their choice ;
 From dread of *law* and *ledger* free,
 Give all their suffrages to *ME*—
 To me, who never will forget,
 Of boundless gratitude, the debt.
 Nor yet the favor, nor the frown,
 That "buildeth up" or "pulleth down."

I cannot boast of "doings" done,
 Of boisterous battles fought and won ;—
 Of wholesome regulations made,
 T' encourage fisheries and trade ;—
 Of wise enactments, that the toil
 Of him who cultivates the soil,
 Shall meet its merited reward,
 Which nought should lessen or retard ;—
 Of vallies raised and mountains levelled,
 Where highways have been made and grav-
 Of bridges thrown across the rivers, [elled ;
 And vast obstructions "blown to shivers,"
 That you may travel, when you will ;
 To town, to meeting, or to mill ;

And, throwing cumbrous clogs aside,
 Draw on your polished boots, and ride,
 Unlike your fathers who, with no-shoes,*
 Were wont to trudge about on snow-shoes;—
 Of native genius, long neglected,
 Warmed into action, and protected;—
 Of common schools endowed, and colleges,
 That have so useful been in all ages,
 Like my opponents here before you,
 Who each, if you believe his story,
 Has, his constituents to please,
 Achieved more benefits than these—
 More than the geese, we may presume,
 Whose midnight clamors rescued Rome.

But what I have not done as yet,
 We will consider as a debt,
 To be, when fit occasion offers,
 Discharged from the provincial coffers.

Now since they each have had a lick
 Of what we call the "sugar stick,"
 They feel a natural wish, 'tis plain,
 To taste the grateful sweets again.

But lest they should be gratified,
 I beg to draw the veil aside,
 That hides, from less observing eyes,
 Their long concealed enormities ;
 And then you clearly shall behold
 The fleecé-clad wolves, within the fold
 Stripped wholly of their borrowed dress,
 And standing in their *nakedness*.

* Moccasins.

What have they done to earn their "wages,"
 Or to redeem their solemn pledges ?
 What, to promote the public weal;
 Or ease the burdens that we feel ?
 Why wonders ! if we may believe
 The varnished statements that they give.

They've cut a grand Canal—alackaday !
 From Halifax to Shubenacadie,
 In which the little sportive trout,
 Delighted, swim and play about ;—
On which a cord of wood or two,
 Some years ago, were carried through,
 And landed, 'midst the loud huzzas
 Of blackguard boys—so story says !
 As for their other *cuts*, the papers
 Will show they've *cut* a world of capers,—
 Evinced their manners and their morals,
 By pretty, gentlemanly quarrels;
 But not a soul of them dare trust
 His carcase, to a "*cut* and thrust !"

Most happily their bickerings end,
 Before the fatal note is penned,—
 Before their worships come to harm
 By hostile meetings at **THE FARM**.

What have they made ? considerate souls !
 They've made a *Master of the Rolls*—
 Besides they made, some years ago,
 A batch of *Judges*, as you know,
 Four comfortable berths, I ween,
 And thrust four "learned" members in ;—
 For these, a better thing by far,
 Than starve by sticking to the bar ;

For you, ye simple ones, a favour,
 You shall be grateful for forever ;
 Ye all for law—fat, lean and gristle.—
 Is paying dearly for the whistle ! ! ! !

'Tis said by certain politicians—
 Our would-be national physicians—
 That debt enormous, ever pressing
 Upon the public, is a blessing—
 Just like a weight upon the keystone,
 Of arch elliptic, built of freestone,
 The heavier that it bears, and longer,
 The masonry becomes the stronger.
 Admit the fact at once, nor cavil
 At mysteries, which you can't unravel;
 No more your idle fancies mutter,
 Or quarrel with your bread and butter ;
 Nor yet your stupid noddles puzzle,
 Or look a gift-horse in the muzzle ;
 But take the good the gods provide,
 Nor grumble, though dissatisfied,
 For grievances, so say the wise,
 Are often " blessings in disguise."

A ponderous debt has fallen on us,
 (A splendid legislative *bonus*,)
 Which, like an heir-loom, will descend
 From sire to son, till time shall end.

As for their other mighty doings,
 Their cuttings, carvings, bakings, brewings—
 Are they not all recorded found,
 Where vast nonentities abound ;
 E'en in a curious book, which they
 Get from the printer, day by day—

A registry of things internal—
 And call'd, par excellence, a JOURNAL ;
 In which are noted their proceedings,
 But more especially the bleedings
 They give the body politick,
 Lest from repletion it grow sick ;
 Or having too much health, might feel
 Inclined at times to use the heel,
 And kick their worships out of place,
 As faithful stewards all, and base.

Get you the book—'tis written there
 How " Mr. Speaker took the chair,"
 His mind with vast conception big,
 And crown'd with the provincial wig,
 Whose wide circumference contains
 New Scotland's concentrated brains.
 Some pious moments being given,
 By way of compliment, to heaven,
 And pardon craved for past offences
 'The business of the day commences.

'Twere difficult for *me* to say
 How they beguile the hours away ;
 But, to the book—you'll read it there,
 How " Mr. Speaker leaves the chair,"
 When " Mr. 'Thingum fills his place,"
 With native modesty and grace—
 Goes through some certain forms, and then
 The " Speaker takes the chair again,"
 And gravely sings the stanzas o'er,
 Which they (the House) had sung before,
 Concerning things—so says the ditty—
 That they had ordered in Committee.

How "the Committee rose"—the elves !
 "Reported progress" to themselves,
 "And asked"—ridiculous and vain !—
 "Leave" of themselves "to sit again !"

Thus with their daily ins and outs,
 Their ups and downs and roundabouts,
 Both time and money are expended,
 And then, good folks, the Session's ended.

Oft have I seen them from the lobby,
 (Each member mounted on his hobby,)
 Go through their various exercises,
 'Till things were drawing to a crises,—
 'Till cards of invitation, thronging,
 The House (not Isarel's) felt a longing,
 As for the flesh-pots left with Pharoah,
 And eke, perchance, for choice Madeira ;
 When, with a grave and rueful face,
 Some member "rising in his place,"
 His *maiden* resolution moves,
 'Tis seconded—the House approves—
 And lo ! the clang of plates and platters
 Succeeds to less important matters ! !

When, as I sweetly said before,
 The business of the Session's o'er,
 Each member pockets then his pay,
 Expands his wings and soars away,
 'T' astonish his constituents
 With lengthened legends of events,
 That had occurred within the House,
 Or in some comical carouse
 Among the people of the town,
 Not on the hill ! but lower down ;—

Of many a motion made and lost,
 And many a noble purpose crossed ;
 And how he bothered Mister Bee
 By letting out a repartee !!
 In such a tale who could deny
 Himself, that little pronoun *I*,—
 'Twas *I* said this, and *I* said that,
 'Twas *I* that dared to "bell the cat,"
 For, on some critical occasions,
I put the Council "through their facings,"
 'Twas *I* that cowed the lofty ones,
 And brought them to their "marrow bones."
 And as the gourmand loves to dwell
 On former pleasures—he must tell,
 How oft he cut Sir Mungo's mutton,
 And held the General by the button,
 Sat "toe to toe" with Colonel Feather,
 A funny man, for hours together ;
 And, growing bold as growing heady,
 E'en cracked a joke upon his lady—
 With other matters, which, I think,
 The more you stir, the more they'll stink !

By this, you'll see how they befool us,
 Our servants first and then our rulers,
 Puff'd up with pride, and power, and fat,
 They ask the rev'rence of the hat,—
 The bended knee—the abject tone—
 The whole demeanor ever prone,—
 The right of MAJESTY alone.

'Tis true, that, in a week of years,
 A momentary change appears
 In their deportment—by the way—
 You've seen enough of *that to-day* ;

So courteous they and condescending,
 Down to the very shoe-tie bending,
 'That one can hardly feel inclined
 To be censorious, or unkind.

Their memory, which so long had lain
 Inert and blank, revives again,
 The scales fall, loosened, from their eyes,
 When suddenly they recognise
 Their humbler friends—as much forgotten
 As if they had been dead, and rotten.

“Ha! Mr. Spriggins, is that you,
 I'm glad to see you—'adda doo'?”
 Then comes the gracious smile, so calm,
 Th' extended arm—the open palm—
 The hearty shake—the friendly nod—
 (Where is thy glory, Ichabod?)
 The fulsome fawning, and the whole
 Prostration of the manly soul!

“O, Spriggins, now I recollect,
 I gave you reason to expect
 Some little office in the state,
 A sewer, eh! or magistrate,
 Or some such thing,—I can't tell how
 It slipped my memory,—but now
 I shall not easily forget,
 I feel so deeply in your debt
 For former favours,—need I say,
 I reckon on your vote to day;
 A plumper? yes, you understand—
 And then my services command.”

“Ah, Mrs. Slipslop,—hope you're hearty?
 You know my toast—“Fat, fair, and forty”—

You've some cosmetick, I presume,
 To keep alive your youthful bloom—
 How are the children ? let me know,
 And how my little *favourite*, Joe ?
 A fine girl, that ! your blooming Betty.
 Just like her mother, plump and pretty !
 Your husband too, where *is* he, pray,
 Not " o'er the hills and far away,"
 As says the song—that charming thing,
 You, with such spirit, used to sing.
 He's got some crochet in his *pate*,
 And fought a little shy of late ;
 But you can manage him, I know,
 A little cudling-up, or so,
 Will do the thing, you need not doubt it,
 I pray you, therefore, get about it,
 If women once be wide awake,
 All will go well, and " no mistake."

" Dear Doctor Bolus—how goes physie ?
 My wife is dying with the phthisic,
 My oldest son has got, I find,
 A little " what-d'-you-call" behind,
 A sort of " retrospective view"
 You understand me ? nothing new
 In such a family as ours,
 That deals so much in sweets and sour ;
 My daughter too's a little weakly,
 So come to us, dear Bolus, quickly,
 Spare not the powder, nor the pill,
 And, Doctor, don't forget the bill."

" O, neighbour Clover, you have got
 Into " a hobble," have you not ?
 We must contrive some way, I'm thinking,

To save your family from sinking ;
 Old friends, you know, should stick together.
 In stormy as in pleasant weather,—
 So come, when this election's over,
 And bring along dear Mrs. Clover,
 Then we will see what can be done
 To brighten up your setting sun,
 And banish sorrow from the soul,—
 But, Clover, don't forget the poll !

“ Othello, here ! my ancient crony—
 How are you—how is Desdemonia ?
 How are the little wooly-headed
 Chaps, that do you so much credit ;
 To your protracted vigour born,
 With legs much like a powder-horn !
 How are the poultry and the pigs,
 And how affairs with Mrs. Biggs ?
 You, blackies, are such rakish fellows,
 That half the country will be jealous.”
 “ O, massa ! ki ! your most obsekus,—
 You speak so funny to the niggus,
 Dat da do lub you in dare troat
 And swear you shall hab ebbry vote.
 Come to de 'lection—massa say,
 Othello gentleman to-day,
 Big as a buckra man, or bigger !
 To morrow—not'n but a nigger.”
 “ Othello, to yourself be just,
 All men you know, spring from the dust,
 And must return it follows thence,
 That *colour* makes no difference ;
 And, should I this election carry,
 The blacks and whites shall intermarry,

And raise up swarms of stout mulattos—
 A crop, more certain than potatoes.
 Keep on your hat—the air is cold,
 And you and I are growing old ;
 We're not so tough as when we stole
 The parson's apples. Bless my soul !
 Here's Desdemona, in the gown
 That Mrs. Humbug sent her down ;
 She comes with such a languid leer,
 Her teeth display'd from ear to ear,
 I must—now don't be jealous, pray,—
 Brush from those lips the dew away.”
 Then mutters to himself, methinks,
 'The dingy devil,—how she stinks !'

These are the arts, or such as these,
 By which they gain the power to please ;
 Such the professions—O, how hollow !
 And such the baited hooks you swallow.

Thus, gentlemen, I've placed before you
 A faithful, tho' appalling story—
 Have pointed out the dire disease,
 And glanced at certain remedies ;
 But lest you should be quite oppressed,
 Bowed down, disheartened and distressed,
 I'll change my course, and lead you up
 'The rugged path, to Pisgah's top,—
 Thence, all around—nor distant from us—
 Spreads, far and wide, the land of promise,
 Into the which, like Joshua, I
 Intend to lead you, by-and-bye,
 Provided you, with hearts of steel,
 Will put your shoulders to the wheel,
 Be true to your own interest, and

Support my cause with heart and hand.
 Then will I realize your wishes
 For certain tempting loaves and fishes;
 So, open wide your patriot throats,
 And boldly give to me your votes,—
 To me, who, as I said before,
 Will realize your hopes, and more ;
 Gird on your swords and fight like men,
 Make me your member, friends, and then
 The crooked paths shall straight become,
 And the complaining mouth be dumb ;
 The earth shall yield her stores in plenty,
 And corn and cabbage shall content you ;—
 The yearning mothers of the fold,
 Shall, like Rebecca be, of old ;—
 The stall-fed beeves command a price,
 And children follow good advice ;
 The greedy swine that range the streets
 Shall yearly have “ more pigs than teats ;”
 The miller’s wheel shall water find,
 Whene’er he has a grist to grind ;
 The bread shall rise—the soap shall come,
 And house-flies suffer martyrdom ;—
 The bees shall throng and store the hive,
 And every flea be flayed alive ;
 The maple trees shall pour their sap
 Like whisky flowing from the tap ;
 Potato plants shall yield their crops
 As certain, and “ as thick as hops ”—
 Improve the breed of colts and kittens,
 And raise the price of socks and mittens.
 Your ships no more shall throng the docks,
 Or, rotting, lie upon the stocks,
 But spread their canvass to the breeze,

And waft your commerce o'er the seas ;
 The finny tribes that gaily wriggle
 Their forked tails in Neptune's pickle,
 Shall shun the tempting bait no more,
 But rise, and whiten all the shore,
 And every stream and creek shall flow
 With salmon, shad, and gaspereau.

The plaster rocks, blown high in air,
 Shall, by a chymic process there,
 Become, like water, clear and thin,
 And fall in showers of Yankee gin,
 Which every earthly good enhances,
 And drowns our troubles with our senses.

I'll patronize a grand machine,
 The like of which was never seen,
 That takes from nature, coarse or fine stone,
 And, in a twinkling, makes a grindstone,
 True as the frame work of a riddle,
 With hole for axle, in the middle,
 Round which 'twill turn by magic power,
 And—changed to leather, or to flour,
 To Indian meal, or Cavendish,
 Or wholesome Congo, as you wish—
 Will prove a beneficial thing
 Both to the people and the king—
 By giving, of good things, a few,
 To them—to him a *revenue* !!!

The lofty pines shall learn to bend,
 And from the mountain tops descend;
 And changed to articles of fancy,
 Without the aid of necromancy,
 Shall gratify the love of show,

In gentle belle, and stately beau.
 Silks shall usurp the place of cotton, [ten?]"
 And homespun coats give place to "bough-
 Your lads shall labour 'mong the stumps
 In ruffled shirts, and dancing pumps ;
 With rakish beavers on their " knobs,"
 And watch-chains dangling from their fobs ;
 Nor shall they know—such is my will—
 A meal-tub from a coffee mill,
 A worthy justice from an ass,
 Without the aid of quizzing-glass
 Shall sink the broomstick—mount a garran,
 Before their chins can boast a hair on,
 For every farm shall have its stud,
 And every buck, his " bit of blood."
 One heel shall sport a spur, the head
 Shall sport another, better sped,—
 For that above is, as you know,
 Worth twice as much as th' one below.

Your girls no more shall ride astraddle,
 But sideways sit upon a saddle,
 With habits closely buttoned round,
 Whose ample skirts shall sweep the ground.

The cards with which their mothers wrought
 Be thrown aside as things of nought,
 While *other* cards, with painted faces,
 Shall enter in and fill their places.

The useless wheel, whose doleful sound,
 Distressed and deafened all around,
 Shall cease its revolutions, and
 Amidst old lumber take its stand :
 'To it, succeed the " pipe and labour,"

The sprightly dance, to manual labour,
 And every little Miss shall larn,
 To twist her curls, instead of yarn.

The cow shall pour her streams of milk
 Through taper fingers, clad in silk,
 And strauge contrivances shall vary,
 And ease the labors of the dairy ;
 For I will introduce a churn,
 Requiring some peculiar turn,
 To change the mantling cream to butter,
 Without the usual time and splutter,
 And then convert the same to cheese,
 Or custard puddings, as you please.

Your faithful wives no more shall work
 Their way, through mighty mounds of pork.
 But, grown fastidious in their taste,
 Shall cook a pigeon's wing in paste ;
 From simple nature's relish free,
 Make sundry nibblings at a pea,
 Eat pies and puddings with a pin,
 And strip a cherry of its skin :—
 Grown " despart," delicate and spleeny,
 Exchange the homely delf for cheena,
 From which th' Imperial leaf shall stream,
 'Midst sugar puffs, dissolved in cream.
 And, as old customs are most shocking,
 None shall presume to darn a stocking,
 But coax it down, to hide the fractures,
 And thus encourage manufactures ;
 Soon shall they change, with languid air,
 The dye-tub for an easy-chair,
 Where indolence supinely lingers ;

Nor snuff the candle with their fingers,
 As did their grand dames—good old souls !
 Who sipped their milk from wooden boulds,
 And seldom knew the luxury
 Of Muscovado with their tea :
 But laboured, both with heart and hand,
 'To fill the house, and till the land.
 Peace to their ashes !—let them rest,
 Comparisons are bad at best.

Nor shall the hopeless maiden more,
 Her "single blessedness" deplore,
 But, "nothing loth," shall soon be led,
 Exulting, to the marriage-bed.
 She, like a fruitful vine, shall bloom,
 Her children throng around the room.
 In youthful innocence and beauty,
 For "every man shall do his duty."

The widow then shall throw aside.
 Her weeds, and wanton as a bride ;
 Yes, she again, well pleased, shall hear
 Love's gentle breathings in her ear—
 Again shall grace the nuptial bower
 Tho' somewhat faded be the flower.

I'll have a rallying point, somewhere
 Above the atmospheric air, [ther,
 Round which the labouring clouds shall ga-
 When we are wanting pleasant weather, —
 Where, held in durance and unseen,
 They shall perform a quarantine,
 Or, scattered in some needful hour,
 Descend in many a fruitful shower.

I'll bottle up, for dismal days,
 A *quantum suf.* of solar rays,—
 Imported from the torrid zone,—
 To cheer the chillness of our own,
 When winter, as the poets say,
 Would "linger on the lap of May"—
 Provided *they* in Halifax
 Don't threaten to impose a tax.

I'll purchase from our "Sailor King,"
 A patent right, or some such thing,
 To open up dame Nature's womb,
 Where, hid in subterranean gloom,
 Lie, undisturbed, exhaustless stores
 Of mineral coal, and massive ores.
 O, how I'm itching to be at her,
 And penetrate the lowest strata,
 Where, looking round with searching eye,
 Shall find the wealth of Potosi—
 Bright consummation of my schemes!
 The Eldorado of my dreams!

I'll fabricate an air baloon—
 Transport your worships to the moon,
 From this terrestrial globe away:
 Whence you may take a wide survey
 Of wonders, far above the ken
 Of modern scientific men;—
 A better way, by much than shape,
 Your course to burning Afric's cape,
 Where good Sir John* now strains his eyes
 Through telescopes, to view the skies—
 Whilst you, you favoured niddy-noddies,

* Sir John Herschel.

Are carried thither, souls and bodies,
 And want no telescopes, I ween,
 To see what is not to be seen !!!

Rail roads shall run from east to west,
 From north to south as you think best ;
 Around the base, or through the hill,
 Whichever nearer is, to mill :
 Then you may send your produce down
 And bring the fashions up from town—
 Take prints of butter from the churn,
 And get hot muffins in return.

'The steam boats too "with splash and
 Shall float in every paltry gutter, [splutter"
 Where railroads cannot well be made,
 To give an impetus to trade.

'Tis common, now-a-days, to mix
 Religion up with politics,
 As though the former could not stand,
 Unless the latter lent a hand ;
 As though the latter, vice versa
 Depended on the other's mercy !

Now, since I'm bound to imitate
 My rivals here in *all* they state,
 I beg to take a slight survey
 Of the religion of the day,
 That you may learn how necessary
 It is, that sacred things should vary,
 To suit themselves to circumstances
 As rage for novelty advances ;
 But not of *it* for whose dear sake
 'The martyr suffers at the stake—

Ah! no—that High and Holy Flame,
 Bright as the fountain whence it came,
 Saw all its fervency expire
 With Smithfield's persecuting fire!!
 Now, pillow'd on the lap of ease,
 It seeks not to reform, but please;
 By "doctrines fashioned to the hour,"
 It courts the smile of wealth and power.

So great the change we may expect
 From the bold "march of intellect,"
 That you shall not be much astonished
 To find yourselves, some day, admonished
 By an unceremonious loon,
 Some half-cracked gazer at the moon,—
 Who, by fanaticism bitten,
 Will wiser be than what is written;
 Who'll spurn at human learning, and
 With *but* the Bible in his hand—
 Which, by the way, he scarce can read—
 Presume, though blind, the blind to lead!
 Most piously leave all behind
 In hopes an easier life to find,—
 Range the benighted country over,
 To preach the word, and—live in clover.

Resolved am I to make clean work,
 With England's Church, and Scotland's Kirk;
 Divorce the Bible from the Crown,
 And put the plump prelatists down;
 Trip up the heels of "Covenanters,"
 Make elbow-room for roving ranters,
 That *free enquiry and new-lights*
 May pave the way for MORMONITES,

To whose presumption it is given
 To hold communion high with heaven ;—
 Who, blasphemous, debased and blind,
 Their bible either *make* or *find*.

The time shall come when some rude croaker,
 Grave as a ghost—stiff as a poker—
 Shall mount the pulpit stairs, and thundering,
 Set all the gaping crowd a wondering
 What miracle will happen next !
 When he, who scarce can spell his text,
 Pretends those mysteries to explain,
 Which angels search, but search in vain :
 And think our reasoning powers exist
 Not in the head, but in the fist.

In short, good folks, if we had time
 To dwell on matters *so* sublime,
 You might forget yourselves and me,
 What *was* and *is*, and *is to be*,

Scuh are the mighty schemes, by which
 My native place I will enrich,
 And such the changes—nothing less—
 That shall promote your happiness.
 And peace shall hover o'er the earth
 Or sit beside the cheerful hearth—
 For plenty, with her smiling face,
 Shall banish discord from the place.

And here, my highly valued friends,
 My harangue—never equalled—ends ;
 And while its influence fires the soul,
 Go, speak in thunder through the POLL.

