

An Act to immortalize certain Members of Her Majesty's Most Ephemeral Government.

FYTTE FIRST.

1. A pleasant game of Fox and Geese
Was played by certain famous men,
'Twas not in Egypt, Rome or Greece,
We wont say where it was, or when.
2. Baited with place and power and cash
Sly Renard set a cunning gin,
The leading Gander's soul was rash,
And twelve great geese at once rushed in.
3. He might have caught at least a score,
For all were eager to be taken,
Only the trap would hold no more,
And so the small ones saved their bacon.
4. One curly gosling seemed to pout,
And others' eyes the tears ran o'er in,
That bigger geese should crowd them out,
And that the trap would take no Mor'in.
5. Those in the trap grew mighty proud,
And little dreaming of disasters,
Strutted about and gabbled loud
And thought they were the Fox's Masters.
6. Not so the Fox—in merry mood
He laughed to see the waddling rout ;—
He broke no bones, he drank no blood,
But pulled their prettiest feathers out ;
7. He clipped their wings in Vulpine play,
He spoilt their dream so fair and bright,
Then turned them out to find their way
Back to their pen as best they might.
8. Sweet pen ! where they with brazen throats
In oratory used to dabble,
And daily gain their ninety groats
By legislative noise and gabble.

9. Alas! the way is hard to find
 And very rough and rude the track,
 And many may be left behind
 And never, never more get back!

F Y T T E — S E C O N D .

10. Who played the Fox and who the Goose—
 In that eventful time?—
 Attend the answer of the muse
 In true and deathless rhyme.
11. The Fox a mystery remains,
 NOMINIS UMBRA STAT,
 And people puzzle hard their brains
 In guessing this and that.
12. Some think what seems the Fox's Head
 Vice-regal honours wears;—
 While others hold that in their stead
 A lawyer's coif appears.
13. Some think him wrong, some think him right,
 (Those Quidnuncs of the Town)
 Some call him black—some call him white,
 But no one thinks him *Brown*.
14. The name of every goose he caught
 In print recorded was,
 In that great work which may be bought,
 Of Mister Desbarats.
15. And not among them all is seen
 A goose of orange hue,
 But some were rouge—tho' all were green,
 And now look very blue.
16. And one you'd think could never be
 Entrapped,—he looks so sage,
 And so deep read,—no doubt but he
 Enjoys a *green* old age.
17. The geese uncaught were of all hues,
 Including White, they say,
 (Between the reader and the muse)
 The curly goose was Grey.
18. But there are men of other creed
 Who hold the fox a myth,
 Like Fellowes' voters,—or a *feed*
 By Mr. Speaker Smith.

19. These think the Fox was love of power,
 And love of profit too,—
 And Dorion's maxim for the hour,
 Was—*tout est pour Lemieux*.
20. In short that in ambition wrapped,
 Nought heeding wisdom's frown,
 Foley by folly was entrapped,
 And Brown by Brown done brown.

CONCLUSION.

21. Thus was the game of Fox and Geese
 Played by those famous men,—
 They were in luck who saw the piece,
 It can't be played again.
22. Great geese, ere Agamemnon reigned,
 No doubt the ancients saw ;—
 No tuneful Poet they obtained,
 And died by Nature's law.—
23. Our greater geese through every age,
 Like cocks of Gallia *may* crow,
 Their names are writ on Clio's page,
 NON CARENT VATE SACRO.

No. 1000.

1st Session, 6th Parliament, 21-2 Victoria, 1858.

BILL.

An Act to immortalize certain Members
of Her Majesty's Most Ephemeral Govern-
ment.

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Second and Third Reading instant.

Mr. V. GREEN.

Nena Sahib, Printer to the King of Delhi.