

"TO BE, or NOT TO BE?"

Who are the *Clique*? I do not know,
"And yet I surely do,"
The *Herald* says—for long ago
Their horn I loudly blew.

Who are the *Clique*? some gentry who
The city would *improve*;
But *Brucklay* saw their scheming through,
And soon upset their move.

The *Clique* then vowed with rampant rage,
That dearly pay should he—
And off set *Elmhill* to engage
A cut and dry M.P.

The Colonel came, the *Clique* were proud—
The *Herald* raised the cry—
"On, Stanley, on"—the din was loud
Among the selfish fry.

The Colonel did not know that then
He fought but for *the Few*—
Electors! he is come again,
Not for the Clique, but you.

Return the Colonel, for behold
His friends, A., B., and Co.,
Have left him, and now badly bold
The *Herald* jumps "JIM CROW."

The *Herald* says that Leith is bland,
And that the Colonel's bluff,
And bids you then, with hat in hand,
Accept of Leith—a Muff.

The *Herald* says, Leith will repeal
The ticklish Maynooth grant—
Laugh at the *Herald's* "pious" zeal,
It is but Queen Street cant.

Electors! *Clique* and *Herald* spurn,
Assert your liberty—
Now nobly Colonel Sykes return,
And shew that you are "Free."

A TOWNSMAN.