

For sharp, as no doubt you may claim to be,  
 You are too late this time, the more's the pity,  
 You cannot match the Water Committee,  
 Who "think" and "act" by proxy for the city;  
 And go the length of Mannofield to forage  
 (Long ere we know it) extra water storage.

Our museum, when we get it, may contain  
 Some curiosities of nature rare,  
 A local Bradlaugh and a Thomas Paine,  
 And some large elephants, all white and fair;  
 A good-going business, forty thou. in debt,  
 Which they are going to saddle on us yet.

And many more abortions I might name,  
 But what avails it now? they're of the past;  
 And who but us electors are to blame,  
 If we elect men of a certain caste,  
 Who all remonstrance calmly, coolly, shelve,  
 And do their best to represent—themselves?

And so, sir, better luck, I wish to you,  
 And treatment, than your predecessor got;  
 And may you have supporters firm and true,  
 And may success in plenty be your lot;  
 Making our burdens and our taxes lighter!  
 That is the wish of

Your true Friend,

THE WRITER.