

MACAULAY *versus* SCOTLAND.

[“Such travesties of history cannot long survive the age in which they were written. No literary excellence; no airs of philosophic impartiality; no lofty pretensions to more than ordinary research, and much more than ordinary sagacity; no silver-toned press or golden exchequer, can long save them from the fate that awaits the ill-omened productions of learning without principle, of eloquence leaning on fables, and of talent in league with error. * * *

“We have heard, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that Thomas Carlyle, when exhorting a friend to amuse himself, after hard sabbath with light reading, and being asked what books he would recommend, replied, “Why, Thackeray’s last novel, or Macaulay’s last volume, or *any other* of the best works of fiction.”—*From a review of Macaulay’s History of England, by Hugh Miller.*”

MACAULAY! Macaulay!
 They surely miscall thee
 To Scotland thy lineage who trace;
 Thou a Scotchman! Good lack!
 Scot alone in the “Mac”
 One would think far more likely thy case.

The “Arabian Nights,”
 So renowned for its flights,
 We once deemed the sublime of romance;
 But the gift to outshine
 Its inventions is thine,
 As thy “History” proves at a glance.

A History, forsooth!
 What an outrage on truth
 Thus to title a tissue of lies!

That we read it, 'tis true,
 Though 'tis only to view
 Of thy figments the shape and the size.

* * * * *

Foul defamer of men
 Whose stout limbs did disdain
 To bow down at Proud Prelacy's nod—
 Ages after thy name
 Is forgot, their fair fame
 Shall be dear to their country and God.

The apologist now
 Of a massacre ! thou
 Might defy Nick himself to fib harder
 When, with sophistry vile,
 Thy pet prince to assoil,
 Thou contrivest to justify murder.

Oh, falsest of tongues !
 Oh, foulest of wrongs !
 Oh, prince that could sanction such deed !
 " Out, out, damnéd spot !"
 Though I fear thou wilt *not*,
 Spite of all this smart sophist can plead.

Mac ! Mac ! do give o'er
 This wild work ! Let's once more
 List the tones of thy classical lyre ;
 Stick, sir, stick to thy " Lays ;"
 There alone we can praise—
 There alone thy inventions admire.

GARIBALDI THE BRAVE.

(Written during the war of freedom in Italy.)

OF all heroes known to fame
There is no one men can name
Who, Caprera's chief, can claim
Rank before thee.
Ever battling for the right,
Ever victor in each fight,
Fillest thou the world's glad sight
With thy glory.
O, who would not join that band
Who, on fair Italia's strand,
To a royal hunting grand
Hasten on with gun and glaive !
O, who would not pant to be
In the vanguard of the free,
To the fight led on by thee,
Garibaldi the brave !

See him in the battle's van
His stern veterans leading on—
His own spirit burning keen
In each bosom !
Swift as lightning cleaves the air
On he dashes—Bruce-like, there
Dealing death to all who dare
To oppose him !
In the battle's wildest roar
Making havoc evermore,
Like Achilles famed of yore,
A charmed life he seems to have !

When his falchion flashes bright,
Never doubtful is the fight :
God defend thee and the Right,
Garibaldi the brave !

Ever honoured may they be
Who from lands already free
Haste to do or die where he
Moves victorious.
Vain may Austria brow-beat,
Vain may Pius execrate :
See where Tuscany's crowned cheat
Flies, inglorious !
See where Parma's prince abhorred
Cowers beneath fair Freedom's sword !
Lo, where Naples' heartless lord
On his knees doth mercy crave !
Such a blood-stained king and crown
In the dust to trample down
Well may climax thy renown,
Garibaldi the brave !

Matched with *thy* career, I ween
Cæsar's triumphs were but mean ;
In *thy* life no trace is seen
Of Ambition.
“ Noblest Roman of them all ”—
To lead lands 'neath despot thrall
Forth to freedom's festival
Is thy mission.

On, then, on! and never spare
 Till, triumphant, in the air
 Stout Immanuel's ensign dear
 O'er the Quirinal shall wave.
 May that happy day soon be
 When all Italy, made free,
 Shall triumphal wreaths decree
 Garibaldi the brave!

CURLING *versus* SHINTY.

(Verses suggested by a visit to the Strathadder Curling Rink.

SOME get crazed through drinking,
 Some through grief or fear;
 They're *born* fools, I'm thinking,
 Who come curling here.

CHORUS.—Hey for famed Strathadder
 And its curlers free!
 Long may they have weather
 20 below Z!

At some shot by Drummond,
 Laughing, all admit
 Were the "Tee" Ben Lomond
 Tom might make a hit!

Now 'tis Craig that's likened
 To a frozen snail;
 Now 'tis Todd that's reckoned
 Hardly worth his "Kail."

At the broom Bob Struthers
 Beateth all the squad;

Practice at his mother's
Bob must oft have had !

Though but sorry sport there
Kirk makes at the stone,
On all fours—his forte there—
He makes food for fun.

To see Kerr practising
Motion on his stern,
Shows how, sometimes, wise men
Laughing-stocks may turn.

Sweep away, MacMartin !
Wherefore shouldst thou mind
That half-yard of shirting
Swinging out behind !

Just to hear their rollos,
See them slide and sprawl,
One would think these fellows
Fit for Bedlam all.

Home themselves now dragging,
None without some maim,
Hark them still a-bragging
Of " the roaring game ! "

Game supreme ! The ninnies !—
All the boys know well
'Tis but playing " stonies "
On a larger scale.

Ho for shinties flashing
 On some chosen lea !
 Of all games surpassing
 That's the game for me.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

OF all glad sounds we mortals here
 May listen to with grateful ear,
 The sweetest surely is the chime
 That ushers in the Christmas-time.

It minds me of far Beth'lem's plain,—
 I seem to see that angel train
 Who chanted there the song sublime
 That told of Earth's first Christmas-time.

“ Glory to God in highest Heaven !
 Peace and good-will to man is given ”—
 Yon choir from a celestial clime
 Seem chanting still at Christmas-time.

To think of all that marked the morn
 On which the Prince of Peace was born,
 A mood unthankful were a crime :
 Let's all bless God for Christmas-time !

O, for that day when praise supreme
 Shall from all hearts flow forth to Him
 Who yet shall to her Eden prime
 Restore our Earth some Christmas-time !

REMEMBER THE POOR.

A WINTER-TIME APPEAL.

REMEMBER the Poor,—'tis a duty most holy ;
The terrors of winter are on them once more ;
The cold winds abroad teach, with moan melancholy,
That now is the time to remember the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—not with needless deriding ;
Enough, without this, are the griefs they endure :
No good ever comes of too niggardly guiding ;
The best way to wealth is rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—all experience teaches
Who does so is always most blessed in his store.
There's none half so wretched as he who has riches
Yet misses the joy of rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—nor delay till to-morrow
The hallowed delight which to-day may procure ;
'Tis godlike to lessen life's great sum of sorrow :
All good men rejoice in rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—there's no rank or condition
So high but misfortune upon it may low'r ;
What theirs is to-day may be yet our position :
He wrongs himself most who forgetteth the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—the great Lord of Creation
To him who gives freely will tenfold restore ;
True charity is of no creed, race or station :
God bless him and his who remembers the Poor !

A GOOD-BYE.

THOUGH a wide sea, loved one,
 Soon shall me sever
 From thee and Aray's glen,
 Haply forever,—
 Yet, wheresoe'er I go,
 Whether in weal or woe,
 Change shall I never know,
 Never, Oh never !

Light were life's hardest toils
 Wert thou but near me ;
 Vain all, without thy smiles,
 Fortune can spare me,—
 Vain were a kingly crown,
 Vain a world-wide renown ;
 Till thou art all my own
 Nothing can cheer me.

TO A FAIR FRIEND IN A FOREIGN LAND.

(Written in response to a Yule-time greeting received from her after a
 silence of many years.)

OF all good Yule-time glee,
 Mine ever most depends
 On the kind wishes wafted me
 From far-off, long-loved friends.

Think, then, with what a joy
 I read thy greeting rare,—
 A joy caused less by what my eye
 Than what my heart found there.

Once more I seem to be
Watching thy tell-tale sigh ;
Once more I mark with ecstasy
The iove-light in thine eye,—

Thy wealth of golden hair,
And O, thy witching face !—
To me time makes no change whate'er
In their exceeding grace.

I own it not o'erwise
To speak this way,—but then
I ne'er forget the gulf that lies
Myself and thee between,—

A gulf not yet o'erwide
To make it sinful be
To thus recall, with loving pride,
All thou wert once to me !

TO THE SAME FRIEND

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

A GREETING wafted o'er the sea
I always value dearly,
Though only when 'tis one from thee
The joy upsets me fairly.

The long ago revives again,—
I cannot help but feel
That, spite of fate, not all in vain
I loved thee—love thee still !

Again I seem to hear that voice
 Which once could so enthrall me ;
 Again a thousand graces choice
 To love and rapture call me.

Thus, basking in thy maiden charms,
 To crown my sum of blisses
 Fond fancy paints thee in my arms,
 Half-smothered by my kisses !

But I forget myself, I fear,
 Thus of past memories chiming ;
 So, lest my muse should further err,
 I now must end my rhyming.

THE WELLINGTON ST. PEACOCK.

A MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

If there's a torture one may deem
 Transcending Dante's wildest dream,
 It is to hear the horrid scream
 Of my next neighbour's Peacock.

I often wish that "goblin damned"
 With poison to the throat was crammed,
 Or in some fox's jaws well jammed :
 The deed—I take that Peacock !

Sure they who own this midnight grief
 Must be most hopelessly stone-deaf,
 Else, to their neighbour's great relief,
 They'd quickly cook that Peacock,

Talk not to me of shrieking ghoul,
Or howling wolf or hooting owl ;
Such noise were music to my soul
Matched with this fiendish Peacock.

Hark ! there he comes ! In vain I try
To shut my ears that villain nigh ;
As for the shutting of an eye
None thinks of near that Peacock.

From roof to roof, close o'er one's nose
" Making night hideous " he goes ;
Enough to break the dead's repose
Were that unhallowed Peacock !

Vain torturer ! he minds me well
Of many a would-be-vocal swell
Who thinks himself a nightingale
When only but a Peacock.

At dawning's hour 'tis no rare case
To see the " Chief " and Mac a space
Out in their night-gowns, in full chase,
And swearing at that Peacock.

For all the wealth of all the Jews
I would not stand in that man's shoes
O'er whose head hangs each curse they use,
Stone-pelting that dread Peacock.

O for one hour where Maxwell* rare
 Doth law's dread thunderbolts prepare,
 And Jove-like hurls!—then quick nowhere
 Would be that wretched Peacock!

May 6th, 1873.

THE TANDYS.

(The following poetical tribute to the Canadian vocalists popularly known as "The Tandy Brothers" was written for and read at a concert at which they were the leading singers.)

EARTH'S purest pleasure and, I trow, that of the worlds be-
 yond us

Is music in its sweetest flow—such music as the Tandys'.

To some, a joy—I know not why—the Babel of a band is,
 But give to me the ecstasy of listening to the Tandys.

I love right well the Pipe's grand swell, as each true-hearted
 man does,

Yet must I own, though "Mac" may frown, 'tis nothing to
 the Tandys.

What would our brightest concerts seem without the aid they
 lend us?

The play of Hamlet, wanting *him*, would be to miss the
 Tandys.

All will agree that Kennedy at Scotch songs extra grand is.
 But, for a feast of all things best, give me the matchless
 Tandys!

* Maxwell Strange—the then City Magistrate of Kingston.

With strains now like Apollo's lute, now sweet as when the
 swan dies,
 Our hearts, at will, they melt or thrill—such wizards are the
 Tandys !

Now, such the air, you'd think a-near Calypso's siren strand
 was,—
 Now, clear as bells, each proud note tells you're listening to
 the Tandys.

So much of *heart*, as well as art, is in each note they send us,
 One seems to hear the birds of Spring whenever sing the
 Tandys !

Small wonder that on "Nights" like this they in Elysium
 land us ;
 No thought unblest finds any rest in presence of the Tandys.

To cure the taste for things of paste and paint, with names
 outlandish,
 The surest plan for maid or man is once to hear the Tandys.

To feel due scorn for Nigger raps, snut jokes, and strum-
 ming banjos,
 One needs but hear with half an ear such singers as the
 Tandys.

From all such trash, ill worth our cash, may heaven in mercy
 fend us,
 And, when we would feel blest and good, give us to hear the
 Tandys !

The ever, ever charming, clever, all-delighting Tandys !
 Like ocean's roar be each *encore* this night we give the Tandys !

CAPTAIN CREIGHTON.

Let stout Chabot be Gallia's boast ;
 Let Yankees their Paul Jones delight in ;
 A nobler name be mine to toast—
 Our own far-famous Captain Creighton !
 Hip, hurrah for Captain Creighton !
 True-blue aye is Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—*
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

In vain 'mong Nelson's captains keen
 You'd look for one to match this bright one ;
 They could "blow up" a foe, but then,
 For *running down* commend me Creighton.
 Drouthy, dashing Captain Creighton !
 Stout, stramashing Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

The dread of wharves —'twould try your nerves
 To see him at them rush at night on ;
 The stoutest beam must yield to steam,—
 Good sport it seems to Captain Creighton !
 Ever-blazing Captain Creighton !
 All-amazing Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

*A once well-known steam ferry-boat plying between Kingston and Cape Vincent, and of which the hero of these verses was for a time chief officer.

If Ailsa Craig stood in his way,
Our captain still would paddle right on !
There's scarce a craft on lake or bay
But has some mark of meeting Creighton.
Spouting, yarning Captain Creighton !
Danger-scorning Captain Creighton !
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

Now comes he silent as a ghost,
Now like some fateful storm-cloud straight on ;
Leviathan upon our coast
Were a less dreaded sight than Creighton !
Nothing-sparing Captain Creighton !
Devil-daring Captain Creighton !
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

With Stanley on Nyanza's Lake
How would the *Star* its tenants frighten !
I think I see the hippos quake,
As well they might, if meeting Creighton.
Careless, fearless Captain Creighton !
Pushing, peerless Captain Creighton !
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

The Devil-fish makes quick small bones
Of all round whom its dread arms tighten ;
But for short shift to Davie Jones
Your surest way is crossing Creighton !

Moonlight-larking Captain Creighton !
 Mermaid-sparking Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

If e'er the cracken we would catch,
 Or the sea-serpent's backbone straighten,
 'Twill be when they their strengthen would match
 'Gainst the all-crushing *Star* and Creighton.
 Nothing-daunting Captain Creighton !
 Gay, gallanting Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

That North-west passage, still unfound,
 If ever we are doomed to light on,
 'Tis plain to all smart men around
 Our next explorer should be Creighton.
 Smashing, crashing Captain Creighton !
 Ram-stam-dashing Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

Let's hope that yet this soaring soul
 The frost-king's furthest haunts may sighten,
 Climb proudly up the great North Pole,
 And write thereon, "Eureka ! Creighton !"
 Then hip, hurrah for Captain Creighton !
 True blue aye is Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

ABRAM LINCOLN.

(Written immediately after the passage of the Act abolishing Slavery
in the United States of America.)

LET whoso will think Washington
Columbia's greatest patriot son,
I think him fairly matched by one,
 And that is Abram Lincoln.
A Yankee witty, cute and smart,
Yet tender, truthful, full of heart,—
No man e'er played the patriot's part
 More nobly than does Lincoln.

What though in Abram's form and face
You'd little of Apollo trace,
Good sense makes up for what of grace
 Is lacking in Abe Lincoln.
No Webster-flow of diction grand
Is honest Abram's to command ;
The simple, naked truth, off-hand,
 Suffices good old Lincoln.

The Chivalry of whips and chains
Would widen slavery's domains ;
"They'll soon sup sorrow for their pains,"
 Quoth brave, right-loving Lincoln.
And so they did : Lo, millions thrall'd
At once to Freedom's banquet call'd !
The whipper's back is now the galled :
 " That's tit for tat," quoth Lincoln !

Pray we that soon, his work to crown,
 The South may find her Dagon down
 A blessing in disguise, and own
 A God-sent Chief in Lincoln.
 And when — his foes all changed to friends—
 His upright rule auspicious ends,
 The joy that work well-done attends
 Be richly owned by Lincoln.

A HIGHLAND HERO'S "CORONACH."

(The following verses were occasioned by the death of Lieutenant Colonel Duncan McVicar, one of the many brave Scotsmen, bred to military life, who accepted commissions in the United States army at the commencement of the late civil war in that country. Returning from a reconnoitring ride into the country occupied by the Confederate army, on the day immediately preceding the battle of Chancellorville, Colonel McVicar found his passage suddenly intercepted by General Fitzhugh Lee, at the head of a large body of the enemy, previously concealed in an adjoining wood. Determining, however, to break through the snare thus prepared for him, onward at a gallop, straight at the foe before him, he led his devoted troop—the 6th New York Cavalry—and fell, mortally wounded by a rifle ball, while in the act of cutting his way through the enemy's ranks. Col. McVicar was a native of the Island of Islay.)

My friend so late my boast—
 My noble-hearted one !
 Alas, that he is lost
 To Freedom's battle-van !

Far from his native shore—
The bravest of the brave—
Mid battle's storm and stour
He found a soldier's grave.

The land that gave him birth
Taught him the hate of wrong :
To knaves o'er all the earth
That hate was fierce and strong.

He, round the Upas tree
Of slavery abhorred,
Saw warring hosts, and he
Instinctive grasped his sword.

What boots it now to sing
How he, without a pause,
Gave—welcome offering—
That sword to Freedom's cause,—

What boots it to declare
How danger's post he wooed,
Till, all too frequent there,
His star was quench'd in blood !

I think I see him where,
His path by foeman crossed,
He meets the shock of war,
A handful to a host.

One moment, and but one—
The lion in his mood—

He scanned the foe, then on
Dashed like a lava flood !

Well might Fitzhugh admire
That spirit unabashed,
As through a storm of fire
His gory falchion flashed.

If on stout hearts and steel
Alone the issue lay,
The sands of Stuartsville
Had never clasped his clay !

What though, in that foul fray,
Ordained his last to be,
His spirit passed away
Uncheered by victory, —

Let no dull mortal think
He perished all in vain ;
Each patriot's death's a link
Snapt off from Slavery's chain.

Well may to those whom he
Led, in his last dread ride,
McVicar's memory be
A glory and a pride.

Well may Columbia strew
Choice laurels o'er his grave, —
A homage justly due
The bravest of the brave !

MY WHERRY, "BRUNETTE."

CANADIAN FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Though my wherry, *Brunette*, and yon cot by the shore
Are all I can boast of estate,
Where others, with much, are aye craving for more,
I thankfully take what I get ;
And well may I ween that not many there be
Who pass through this life with a heart so care-free—
Getting all that I need from my good friend, the sea ;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

With my boys for a crew; off each evening I go
Where our train is soon cunningly set ;
If only good luck be the fruit of the throw,
What care we for wind or for wet !
Of some fish from our nets and a good oaten cake,
All cooked there and then, a prime supper we make—
Fond-hoping, meanwhile, for a bountiful take ;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

At morning returning, mayhap with a haul,
The joy of my heart is complete ;
My wife is all smiles, and there's nothing at all
Thought too good for her boys and her mate ;
The young ones contend who'll get first on my knee,
And who shall next night go a-fishing with me ;
Thus I'm proud of my lot, as I right well may be ;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

THE LAND OF THE LAKES.

(Written during the voyage of the Prince of Wales to British America, in 1860.)

AIR.—“ *When the kye come hame.*”

SAFE may thy passage, Albert,
 Across the ocean be !
 We all are almost dying
 A living prince to see.
 Ho, for arches, flags and torches !
 Hurry, hurry up the cakes !
 We will soon have famous feasting
 In the Land of the Lakes.
 In the Land of the Lakes,
 In the Land of the Lakes ;
 Hasten then, and make us happy in this Land of the Lakes !

Though we cannot match with England
 In the perfume of our flowers,
 And the music of our woodlands
 Be not quite as rich as yours,
 We have swamps alive with bullfrogs
 That can “ in a brace of shakes ”
 Get thee up a rousing concert
 In the Land of the Lakes.
 In the Land of the Lakes,
 In the Land of the Lakes,—
 Such the wonderful resources of this Land of the Lakes !

Though we leave to our smart neighbours
 Across the way to puff
 Of mile-long alligators,
 Young mermaids, and such stuff,

We have quite a handsome sample
 Of mosquitoes, skunks and snakes,
 As thou'lt find, to thy great comfort,
 In the Land of the Lakes.

 This nice Land of the Lakes,
 This choice Land of the Lakes !
 Quite a paradise to live in is this Land of the Lakes !

We of statesmen have a sample
 Quite expert in Walpole's ways ;
 We have corporation-suckers
 Right well worth a passing gaze ;
 We are anything but wanting
 In pimps, loafers, snobs and rakes,
 So we proudly bid thee welcome
 To the Land of the Lakes.

 This fast Land of the Lakes,
 This blest Land of the Lakes !
 Quite a promising young country is the Land of the Lakes !

Would'st thou see how " double-shuffle "
 May be practiced and extolled ?
 See the very seat of justice
 In the market bought and sold ?
 Would'st thou learn how humbug fattens,
 While his " pound " each Shylock takes,
 The right region for such studies
 Is the Land of the Lakes.

 This famed Land of the Lakes,
 This shamed Land of the Lakes !
 We are all smart people—very—in this Land of the Lakes.

Yet withal, there's much to charm thee
 In our scenes of beauty rare ;
 Our yeomen are leal-hearted,
 Our maidens kind and fair.
 Thou might do worse than with us
 Kindly choose to fix thy stakes,—
 Helping us to make earth's grandest
 Of this Land of the Lakes.
 This fair Land of the Lakes,
 This rare Land of the Lakes ;
 We would all be proud to keep thee in the Land of the Lakes.

HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG ?

(Suggested by witnessing a riot consequent on an Orange Procession through the streets of the so-called "Derry of Canada.")

How long shall, in Religion's name,
 Pretenders vain Religion shame
 With silly shows and shams supreme ?
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

How long shall blatant bigots be
 The gods of men's idolatry—
 For such, alas ! forgetting Thee ?
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

How long, their own base ends to gain,
 Shall knaves a zeal they feel not, feign—
 Fooling with shibboleths profane
 Their dupes ? O Lord, how long ?

How long till, wisely, men eschew
 Distinctions vain of race or hue,
 And all the weal of all pursue ?
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

How long till each partition-wall
 We in our blindless build, shall fall,
 And thy great love encompass all ?
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

ON A WOULD-BE CANADIAN POET.

IMMORTAL B — pours on the town, at will,
 A flood of rhymes enough to turn a mill,—
 Measure, not quality, the only rule
 E'er thought of by that metre-murdering fool,
 Who will, if but to shine in song you're willing,
 Spin you a yard-long lauding for a shilling !
 Critics may laugh—B—— pocketeth the dimes,
 And weaves away his mercenary rhymes :
 The best o't is, that, spite of scoff and scorn,
 He dubs himself a poet heaven-born !

'Tis wonderful how very little varies
 The graces of his chosen luminaries ;
 His muse no nice distinction incommodes ;
 He paints them all so many demigods.
 Give him the slightest hope of half-a-crown,
 And lo, a Solon where you thought a clown !

Now Reverend *this*, now Reverend *that* he praises ;
 Truth matters little if the wind he raises ;
 And thus sometimes the butter's laid so thick on,
 It were enough a very dog to sicken.
 A horse might laugh while he a D——n paints
 The very pink of sages and of saints ;
 Nor less the laugh, when in his venal page
 F——e looms, the Æsculapius of our age.
 So much of slaver has our bard to spare
 That even S——k secures an ample share :
 He caps the climax painting sans a flaw
 The sum of all perfection in John A. !

Alas, poor B—— ! I pity much thy pains ;
 Have mercy on thy little all of brains,
 Or soon, I guess - blest riddance to the town—
 Rockwood* will have a poet all its own !
 Rhyming at best is but a sorry trade ;
 A genuine bard requires both heart and head :
 The fact is, B——,—the truth I cannot smother—
 In thy sad case there's neither one nor t'other.
 Be counselled, man, nor waste thy time away,
 To vain illusive hopes a willing prey.
 I'll undertake thy cure : Come, let me see ?
 Thy Pegasus a good saw-horse shall be,—
 The only Pegasus becoming thee.
 A few good sweatings o'er a pile of wood
 Might chase this itch of scribbling from thy blood,
 And give thee strength to stand a man erect,
 Restored to reason and to self-respect.

*The Asylum for the Insane close by Kingston.

ENGLAND'S MIGHTY DEAD.

(Written on reading "a Monody on the death of Lord Macaulay," the burden of which was, "Macaulay now is registered 'mong England's mighty dead !")

HECH, sirs ! " Macaulay's registered
 'Mong England's mighty dead !"
 Let's hope that he lies buried near
 Her first mean-mighty Ned ;
 Scotland can never well forget
 The zeal of those two men,—
 The one, to stab her with the sword—
 The other, with the pen.

Of course " all England's bards are bound
 To praise with all their lyres "
 One who so oft maligned—disowned
 The country of his sires.
 The muse of history well may say
 She ne'er had such a son ;
 Such was his art that oft he made
 Herself and Fiction one !

" 'Mong England's mighty dead he lies,"
 " In Poet's Corner " too !
 Strange mate indeed for those true Scots
 Who rest there, not a few :—
 Men who within their native earth
 Might be more fitly laid,
 Since they would rather quit their graves
 Than rank as "*England's* dead."

But let that pass,—he's there,—John Bull
 Is not so much to blame ;
 He lived to magnify John's rule,—
 John magnifies *his* name.
 The wonder, after all, is how
 John could be fooled so far
 As a mere meteoric light
 To worship as a star.

OUR CANADA—AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

THOUGH scarce two centuries have rolled
 Since thou wert in the Red Man's hold,
 The best of Europe's nations old
 Might envy thee, fair Canada.

Lo, towns where, lately, forests grew,
 Church chimes where war-whoops once we knew !
 And see! the red man at the plough
 Where once he "scalped" in Canada !

For Corduroy roads, jolts and jars,
 We've railways now whose well-filled cars
 Glide o'er them quick as shooting stars
 Seen in the skies of Canada.

The Steamboat supersedes the Batteau ;
 Where stood the shanty, lo ! the Chateau,
 Whose owner, now a statesman haughty,
 Came plackless to this Canada.

To look at the St. Lawrence spanned
By its Victoria Bridge so grand,
You'd think that Titans owned this land
 We proudly call our Canada.

We tap it, and behold, the ground
Sends oil in flowing floods around ;
An isle of solid silver* found
 Is our last "strike" in Canada !

Down East, small odds what wind prevails,
The fisher's harvest never fails ;
From shoals of mackerel up to whales
 His luck's aye sure in Canada !

If you the buffalo would chase
Where earth seems trembling 'neath their pace,
You'll find for such rare sport no place
 To match with this our Canada.

But I must cease :—A country where
We glory in earth's fairest fair
May well command the homage rare
 Her sons glad yield to Canada.

* Silver Islet, Lake Superior.

MY MODEL HIGHLANDER.

(Inscribed to John Murdoch, Esq., Editor of the "Ard-albannach," Inverness, on his having been prosecuted for a so-called libel on Captain Fraser of Uig, one of the Isle of Skye evicting landlords.)

I SING not now of men who don
 The Highland garb their limbs upon,
 Forgetting that such garb alone
 Ne'er constitutes a Highlander.
 Though well I wot the man I mean
 Delighteth in the tartan sheen,
 If that were all, he ne'er had been
 My chosen model Highlander.

The Gael true alone is he
 Who what he thinks speaks frankly free,
 And to God only bends the knee,
 Like to my model Highlander,—
 One who in all things acts the man,
 No matter who his course would ban ;
 Step out, my Murdoch ! If there's one
 On earth, *thou* art that Highlander.

I think I see thy manly form,
 Firm and unyielding as Cairngorm,
 The poor man's cause maintaining warm,
 Just like a true-souled Highlander ;
 I see the scorn within thine eye
 As some evicting chief goes by—
 One whose forbears would sooner die
 Than dispossess a Highlander.

But shall those dastards have their way,
And we stand by, unheeding? Nay!
Thy cause is ours:—No true man may
Sole-fighting see my Highlander.
Up, clansmen! Why alone should he
Do battle with the enemy?
'Twere nothing less than infamy
To let them crush our Highlander.

Think of the heartless knaves who long
To rob you of your mother tongue,
And thankful be the craven throng
Well watched are by my Highlander.
When dies its speech a nation dies,
No more to a new life to rise:
Would you avert such fate, be wise
And rally round my Highlander.

Despoilers worse than Cumberland
Are busy at it,—law in hand,
Filling with forest beasts the grand
Old country of the Highlanders.
'Tis time we tried to stop their game,—
If need be, facing sword and flame,
And, as our proper birthright, claim
The Highlands for the Highlanders!

A WORD WITH THE FENIAN BROTHER- HOOD.

(Suggested by the assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in 1868.)

"The Fenian Brotherhood" !—the phrase sounds well,
 But what's *your* right to such a title, tell ?
 Strangers alike to honour, truth, and shame—
 You well might blush to think of such a name.
 If truly sang the bard of Selma old,
 The Fenian race were of no cut-throat mould :
 Though sometimes they in Erin loved to roam,
 A land more north was their heroic home ;
 The "Cothrom Féinne"* was their pride and boast ;
 Of all base things they scorned a braggart most ;
 Besides, 'twas not a custom in their day,
 Assassin-like, one's victim to way-lay
 And shoot, unseen—contented if, cash down,
 The price of blood were only half-a-crown !
 Fenians, indeed ! all true men of that race
 Fraternity with you would deem disgrace ;
 Fenians, forsooth ! renounce that honour'd name ;
 "Thugs" would more ntly suit your claim to fame !

Poor souls ! I pity your demented state ;
 You *will* be vicious if you can't be great ;
 Better for Erin any fate would be
 Than to be ruled by Bedlamites like ye :
 The war of the Kilkenny cats renewed
 She'd find, I think, a very doubtful good !

*The equal combat.

O wondrous-valiant, treason-hatching crew,
If words were deeds, what great things might ye do !
Ye, who have left your country for her good—
Ye talk of righting all her wrongs in blood !
'Tis laughable—the more so, that we feel
Your necks were made for hemp, and not for steel ;
At Britain's lion you may spare your howls,—
That noble beast is never scared by owls :
'Tis well for you, with all your vapouring frantic,
You have 'tween him and you the broad Atlantic.

Let no one think that he who now cries shame
On your misdeeds, your Celtic blood would blame ;
A Celt himself, his great grief is to see
The land that nursed you cursed by such as ye ;
So bright the record of her better days—
So much to love she still to us displays—
So rich her heritage of wit and song—
So warm her heart, so eloquent her tongue,—
He honours Erin ;—'tis to fools like you
Alone the tribute of his scorn is due.

Union is strength. Soon may the nations three
In heart as well as name united be—
A loving sisterhood as great as free,—
The first and foremost in fair freedom's van—
An empire built upon the Shamrock plan—
A seeming THREE and yet a perfect ONE !

 UP AND AT THEM! SPARE THEM NOT!

(Verses occasioned by the threatened invasion of Canada by the
"Fenians," in 1870.)

MUSTER! muster! On's the order!
On, then, Saxon, Celt, and Scot!
Fenian fiends are on our border;
Up and at them! spare them not!

Anarchists with hell in union
Merit well reception hot:
Cannucks all of this opinion,
Up and at them! spare them not!

On the soil they seek to plunder
Give we their vile bones to rot;
Sudden as the crash of thunder
Up and at them! spare them not!

At Fort Erie quite a tasting
Of their flesh the kites have got;
Cornwall's crows will soon have feasting:
Up and at them! spare them not!

Not alone the land that bore them,
Earth were well rid of the lot:
Haste we, then, the doom before them;
Up and at them! spare them not!

Onward! onward! never ceasing
Till their last you've hanged or shot,
Earning thus all good men's blessing:
Up and at them! spare them not!

THE CADI BEN-BRAMMACH TO HIS BEAKS.

A "JUSTICE SHOP" LYRIC.*

HURRAH for a dozen "drunks!"
 Hurrah for a regular haul
 Of suckers to skin, to-morrow, in
 The shop that maintains us all!
 Look sharp, than, my hearties, look sharp
 Through back street, and front street, and square
 Nothing charms me so much as a "cove" in your clutch,
 And the smell of fat fines on the air.

What would be the use of Jails,
 Of Magistrates or Police,
 Asylums or Orphans' Homes,
 Were the traffic in grog to cease?
 Cease! mercy forbend, or else
 To us 'twere a bad lookout—
 No fun and no fee—and for "horns" going free,
 Think of quenching one's thirst at the spout!

What matters to us with whom lie
 The fault that grog-shops so abound?
 What matter to us who supply
 The cup in which reason is drown'd?
 Cities cannot get on without cash:
 Nor can I much blame them who think
 'Twere no mighty evil to license the devil
 If he only came out with the "chink."

* At the time the above lines were penned, Police Magistrates in Canada were allowed to pocket all the fees imposed by them on all "the drunk and disorderly" brought before them.

'Tis well that our lawmakers wise
 Believe not in Gough or in Dow ;
 Else soon would no more greet my eyes
 Fresh " pigeons " to pluck in your tow ;
 My name to all top-heavy chaps
 A terror would quick cease to be :
 Hurrah then, say I, for more power to Old Rye !
 Our good friend never-failing is he !

TO JOHN CARRUTHERS, ESQ.,

ON HIS LEAVING KINGSTON FOR A YEAR'S SOJOURN IN HIS NATIVE
 SCOTLAND.

(Written as an accompaniment to a Farewell Address from the
 Kingston St. Andrew's Society, of which Mr. Carruthers was then
 President.)

AND shalt thou take thy purposed way,
 Carruthers, o'er the ocean tide,
 And friendship's voice be silent ? Nay !
 We *will* speak of thee—smile or chide.

If in this land there liveth one
 Than thou more worthy men's esteem,
 I own I'd like to see the man,
 And bring him blushing into fame.

The patriot spirit staunch as steel—
 The manners manly, truth severe,—
 The hand ne'er shut to want's appeal—
 'To give unseen its only care,—

The feelings warm, the judgment sound,—
The scorn of all that's mean or base,—
All, all combine to make thee owned
An honour to thy name and race.

Well may the country of thy birth
Rejoice to welcome back her son—
Not for the thousands he is worth,
But for the worth that stamps the man.

Farewell, our friend beloved, farewell !
Thyself and us though ocean parts,
Distance can never break the spell
That binds us to each other's hearts.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

(Addressed to a certain Common School teacher, famed for a cruel
use of the tawse.)

THE teacher of a Common School—
Thou'rt yet a most *un*-common fool,
Believing when a child goes wrong,
The sovereign remedy's a thong :
Could blows the least improve the dull,
Nought needs them more than thy own skull !
Jack, burn thy birch without delay ;
Try kindness, as the better way ;
Rude applications of brute force
No good does ever child or horse !
That teacher least commends his art
Who only makes the " bottom " *smart* :
The rascal who believes in " stripping "
Himself the most deserves a whipping.

LORD LORNE AND THE LADY LOUISE.

AIR—" *The Hills of Glenorchy.*"

HURRAH for the news o'er the wide world just gone out !
 The clans are all wild with delight to think on it :
 A son of the Mist (Up yet higher, my bonnet !)

Has won the fair hand of Balmoral's Louise.
 Glad tidings to all save the Southerners who wanted
 To see that rare gift to some Saxon lord granted ;—
 Well might they look glum when young Lorne, nothing
 daunted,

Stept in, and walked off with the Lady Louise !

Well, well may bright bonfires, its hill-tops all over,
 Turn night into day in the land of her lover,
 And "Islay" flow freely as Aray's own river

When home to its banks he brings Lady Louise.
 Though earth's greatest king might right glad be to wed her,
 She's far better matched—thanks to love 'mong the heather ;—
 A lad who can sport the MacCailean's proud feather
 Is just the right mate for the Lady Louise !

A gathering grand on my vision is looming ;
 The air is alive with "The Campbells are coming !"
 Dunquaich proudly echoes the "gunna cam"* booming

Its own hearty welcome to Lorne and Louise.
 Alas, that in fancy alone can I wend there,
 My welcome to give them, my homage to tender,
 And help happy thousands the welkin to rend there,
 Proud-toasting "Lord Lorne and the Lady Louise !"

*The cannon popularly known as the "gunna cam" is an old-fashioned piece of artillery which most visitors to the pleasure grounds around Inveraray Castle make a point of seeing. Although old as the time of the Spanish Armada—there being good ground for believing it to have formed a part of the armament of the ill-fated *Florida*, sunk in Tobermory Bay—it can still make itself be well heard on occasions of special rejoicings to the House of Argyll.

A PROLOGUE.

(Written for a concert given in honour of the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on the occasion of their visit to Kingston, in 1879.)

WHILE crowds, outside, their jubilations vent
'Mid arches, torches, rockets skyward sent,
Here are we met, on gentler pleasures bent.
Ears often charmed by England's nightingales,
Albion's sweet thrushes, and the larks of Wales,
May in *our* "woodnotes wild" find meikle cause
For kind forbearance rather than applause;
Yet here we are, resolved to do our best,—
Leaving to you—and you—and you—the rest.

With this bright audience fanning fond desire,
Well may the wish to please our hearts inspire.
Well may old Erin's, England's, Scotland's lays
Be sung as ne'er before, to win your praise,—
For, have we not in this bright companie
A guest illustrious who can claim to be
By right of blood linked to those nations three!
And thou, loved lady, whose fair presence shows
How sweetly blends the Thistle with the Rose,
Will not, however partial to Arg'ill,
List aught less pleased some lay of Erin's Isle.

Daughter of our good Queen! beloved by all,
Not only for *her* sake: Heaven, prodigal,
Has showered upon thyself such graces rare
As well may claim men's homage everywhere;
Stars like to thee need no reflected light
To magnify their native lustre bright.

If, therefore, here we, in our joy elate,
 The Princess in the woman may forget,
 It must be owned we have a reason good
 In thine own gentle, perfect womanhood—
 Thy winning ways—thy speech and look benign,
 Making all hearts in thy fair presence thine,—
 Just what we all were taught to hope for in
 The gifted daughter of our peerless Queen.

MAC-CAILEAN'S SON ! 'twere strange indeed if we
 A greeting aught less loyal gave to thee—
 Thou whose bright promise well should make us all to
 Be proud to give thee a "*Giad mile failte*"!—
 Long may this land, fair-spreading far away,
 Delight to boast of thy vice-regal sway.
 Too much inherits thou of patriot fire
 To make us doubt thy purpose to aspire
 Our welfare to advance—our love to win—
 No matter who the party, "out" or "in,"—
 Nor less to lead us all to keep in view
 That to be noble is to nobly do,—
 That truthful lives are more than rank or station,—
 That righteousness alone exalts a nation.
 Thus—thus alone—a people truly free
 We, in "this Canada of ours," may be ;
 Thus may we lifted be to virtues Spartan
 'Neath the congenial shadow of the Tartan !

So much by way of prologue : Ere away
 We bow ourselves, this further we would say,—
 If, after starting in a key so crouse,
 We may not just at once "bring down the house,"
 We trust it may be owned that, ne'ertheless,
 We are, upon the whole -- "a great success" !

THE WORLD AS IT GOES.

THIS life has mysteries we may not hope
To solve, or, trying, find we thrive but ill,—
Things which, in our imperfect summing up,
Seem scarce accordant with high Heaven's will.

Talents God-given in the devil's pay,—
Honesty crush'd where rascals make their "pile,"—
Knaves in high places wielding wicked sway,—
Shams palace-housed and patriots in exile ;—

The poor made by oppression still more poor,—
The crust that might have saved a life denied
Till, all too late, some rich man opes his door
And finds his neighbour perishing outside !—

Loved ones, whose presence made our homes a heaven,
Untimely carried to the silent tomb ;
Friends, whose dear sight we would forever live in,
Estranged, or doomed in foreign lands to roam ;—

Fond hearts ne'er mated, or but mated ill ;—
The good and true linked to the vile and base ;—
Creatures as angels pure and beautiful
Yielding to clowns what should be Love's embrace !

In vain we darkly grope, in vain surmise
How such things *can* be : Wise alone is he
Who is content to let such mysteries
Find a solution in the life to be.

CANADA'S RESOLVE.

(Written during the Annexation Movement in Nova Scotia, in 1863.)

SHALL the star that to empire ~~has~~ pointed our way
 Be quenched all so soon? Our proud answer be, Nay!
 Though dimmed for a moment, yet quickly shall shine
 More brightly than ever that herald benign;
 Let cowards cry halt, yet its course we'll pursue;
 Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Old Milton once sung of a spirit so fell,
 Than *second* in bliss, he'd the *first* be in—bale;
 I fear we have some such far down by the sea—
 Rank breeders of discord who crushed out must be:
 They will—if but we to our duty prove true—
 Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Let Jonathan banish his vain hopes forlorn;
 As friends, we can greet him—as foes, we can scorn;—
 Our good ship *Dominion* will ne'er woo the fray,
 Yet woe to the pirate that crosses her way!
 The flag at her masthead was always "true blue;"
 Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Would Canada prosper, a land without peer—
 The Atlantic her front, the Pacific her rear,—
 The watchword must now be of one and of all,
 Henceforward, together we flourish or fall!
 As brothers thus banded, to dare is to do:
 Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

ON RECEIVING AN ENGRAVING

REPRESENTING INVERARAY CASTLE AND THE SCENERY SURROUNDING IT.

ALL honored be the artist true
Who bringeth thus, so charmingly,
Thy woods and floods, and mountains blue,
My boyhood's home, to me.

Scenes which from childhood's days have been
Deep graven my heart's tablets on,
Seem here before me fair as in
Years now long, long ago.

There have I lived and loved and sung
My youthhood's happy time away ;
There first my rustic harp I strung,
No lark than I more gay.

There, too, it was that Beauty's smile
Taught me to feel love's pleasing pains, —
Some Meg or Mary all the while
The theme of all my strains.

Oh but once more to wander free
By Esachossain's "fairy ring!"
Nor less the Lady's Linn to see
Would cause my heart to sing.

And thou, Dunquaich, whose lofty brow
 Looms over all in pride serene,
 My walks around thee to renew
 I'd feel a boy again !

Oft have I thought, when face to face
 With all thy charms, here well outlined,
 One would need seeing Paradise
 A match for them to find !

SONNET.

(On visiting my native Highlands after long absence.)

My own dear, long-lost, lovely Earraghael,
 How gladly to thy presence I return !
 The tow'ring Ben, the far-retiring Vale,
 The deer-frequented corrie, torrent-worn,
 The wildwood green, the lone trout-teeming tarn,
 The gray crag mimicing the eagle's scream,
 The breezy braes dear to the broom and fern,
 And O, the lakes that all so witching seem !
 I love you all. Whatever else of strange
 Or new my eyes, unwilling, here may see,
 Here shew ye still, defiant of all change,
 The old soul-charming graces dear to me—
 Graces which all who see may well declare
 To be, of all 'neath Heaven, the most fair.

A GATHERING CALL.

(Written for the Kingston Caledonian Society's Games of 1863.)

On to our Gathering! Highlanders, on!
Sons of the Lowlands! come, every one;
Let all who love Scotland the blue bonnet don,
And joyfully come to our Gathering!

The games styled Olympic were grand in their day,
Yet nothing to match with *our* coming display:
In all manly pastimes the Scot leads the way;
Hurrah, then, hurrah for our Gathering!

Would you see kilted lads of the manliest frame,
Would you hear the *Piob-mhor* played in manner supreme,
Would you see feats performed that would Hercules shame,
Then take care that you miss not our Gathering!

Ye who deem the famed *Feinne* extinct as a race,
Believe me that this is by no means the case;—
'Neath the graceful "Glengarry" their features to trace
You have only to come to our Gathering.

Come Celt and come Saxon, come Teuton and Gaul;
A right Highland Welcome we offer you all:
Each true Caledonian, proud of our call,
Will exultantly join in our Gathering!

A ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT GREETING.

(Telegraphed in the name of St. Andrew's Society of Kingston to their brethren in Montreal, dining there on St. Andrew's Night, 1869, and having Prince Arthur as one of their guests.)

OUR brithers by Mount Royal braw,
 We gladly greet ye, ane an' a'—
 Wishing ye lochs o' uisgebaugh
 To wet your whistles,
 Made dry, nae doubt, by many a blaw
 'Bout Kilts and Thistles !

What tho' we canna boast, like ye,
 A plaided prince frae Hieland Dee,
 We're quite contented o'er our bree,
 And wad be happy
 To pledge ye now, wi' three times three,
 That royal chappie.

May he in due time be renown'd
 As Arthur of the Table Round,—
 In all that's noble, manly, found
 Without a flaw,—
 A prince 'mang princes peerless own'd :
 His health ! Hurrah !

TO MISS GOODALL,

OF THE SALVATION ARMY, ON HER REMOVAL FROM KINGSTON.

Thou of the fair Madonna face
In all its matchless, rare completeness,
Well may we grieve so soon to miss
A girl of such angelic sweetness.

Well may the friends who know thee best
Be proud to live in thy esteem,
And in their prayers to heaven addressed
Remember oft thy happy name.

Were Paul but here when "Abbie"* won
Warm praise from Pulpit and from Press,
He surely would not be the man
To order silence in her case.

Nor would he find in thee less zeal
Our thoughts and hopes to heavenward raise ;
He loved his Master's cause too well
To frown on thy soul-winning ways.

To think with what persuasive grace
The "old, old story," ever new,
Came from thy lips, may well increase
Our grief at bidding thee adieu.

To-day thou leavest us, yet though
Thy face no more we here may see,
With much of love and blessing, too,
Our thoughts shall often turn to thee.

* Miss Abbie Thompson, a very popular Salvation Army "captain."

A VOICE FROM THE DESK : OR, THE SOR-
ROWS OF MR. SNOOK.

A PARODY.

AN Ottawa employee who
Loathed work and believed in Sir John,
Thus mourned an experience new
In tones 'tween a growl and a groan :—
“ Toil—toil—toil,
Nothing but toil for me !
Compared with this fearful turmoil
'Twere bliss in a treadmill to be.
'Tis true that I wear no chains,
'Tis true I've no stripes on my back,
Yet, never did slave to untimely grave
Hurry down upon such a rack !

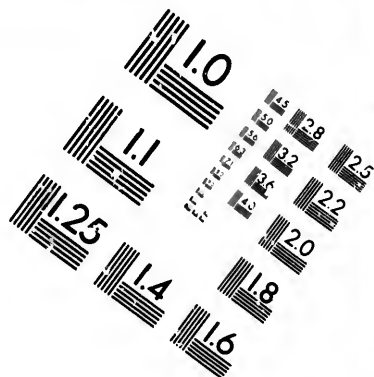
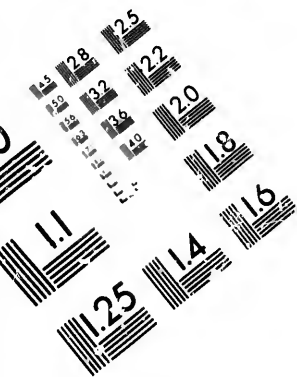
And it's work—work—work,
Till my body to dust is bent !
And it's work—work—work,
Like a felon to Sydney sent !
With this and that else to be done—
No time left for loafing or play—
No coming to duty at ten,
And leaving at noon for the day,—
I feel how much better must be
The life of a cabman's horse
Than thus to be driven like me
By men without ruth or remorse :
To end all my care in the friendly Chaudiero
Is plainly my last resource !

Well may our new masters' broad grins*
 Give proof of their wicked delight
 To see men at work like machines
 Where once killing time was all right.
 All round 'tis the same "hurry on"
 From morn till the daylight's close ;
 Nor yet when the day is done
 To us cometh rest or repose.
 Dread thoughts of arrears to pull up
 Haunt even our sleeping hours.
 O for the good ways of Sir John's golden days
 And the sincere seats that were ours !"

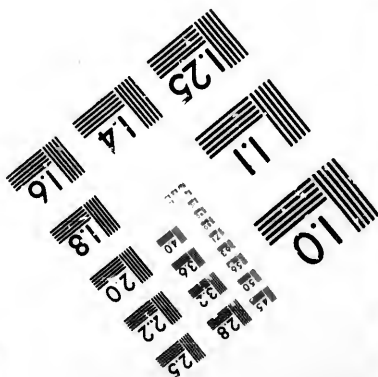
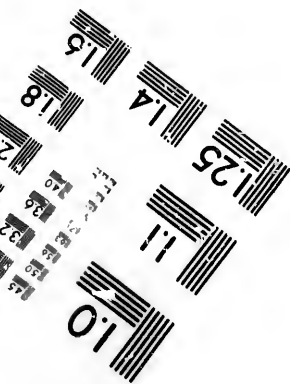
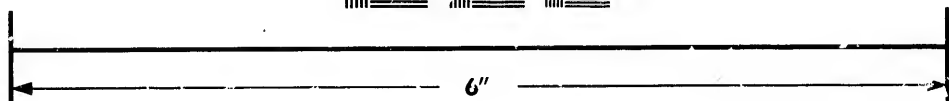
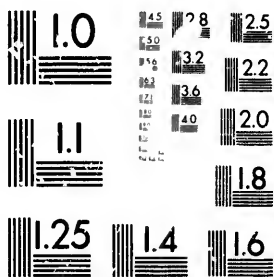
O'ercome with the thought of lost bliss,
 He choked, when a friend near him spoke,
 "'Tis shameful, egad, so it is,
 In this manner to murder poor Snook !
 Were it only *us* horrible Grits,
 'Twere nothing at all, I trow,
 But my bosom burns and bleeds by turns,
 My dear Snook, to think of you.
 That slaves cannot breathe 'neath the flag
 Of Britain, is all a farce !"
 Snook own'd with a sigh his case proved it a lie,
 Adding something less kind than coarse.
 "'Tis a shame," his friend resumed,
 "A shame most foul, I say,
 That good fellows like you, fond of nothing to do,
 Must work if they would get pay !"

*The Mackenzie Government, then newly established.





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Then again spoke Snook,—no swell
 Ever spoke in braver key :
 “ I swear by book and bell
 That no slave henceforth I be !
 Better than what I endure
 Were the service of some Turk :
 Better being dead than more
 Of this work—work—work ! ”
 So, scarce knowing where to jog,
 The wide world once more faced Snook :
 Good for him ! the plucky prog,
 He is now a—shanty-cook !

1879.

THE BOLD CHIEF OF THE BRAVE “BRITISH - WHIG.”

(Respectfully inscribed to E. J. Barker, Esq., the founder of the
British Whig, and for many years its editor also.)

Your Walters and Russells and Greeleys may be,
 As Knights of the Broadsheet, well worthy their fee ;
 But the man of all men for *my* homage is he,
 The bold chief of the brave *British Whig* !

The Nestor revered of fair Canada's Press,
 Fair play is his motto, and aye will, I guess ;
 A falsehood to nail, or a wrong to redress,
 Ready aye is the bold *British Whig*.

The foe unrelenting of buncome and bosh,
Few ever forget, who have once felt, his lash ;
All ritual nonsense his joy is to squash,
Like a sensible, wise *British Whig*.

Let blockheads beware how they tread on his corns,—
Such creatures soon find they've the bull by the horns !
Not one ever tried it but helplessly mourns
Ever rousing the stern *British Whig* !

And yet, for all this, never lamb on the lea
Has a nature more gentle, more loving than he ;
The pink of politeness, you all will agree,
Is at all time the stout *British Whig*.

With a record so bright in the times that are past,
I think all must own 'twere no compliment vast
If Vic. at his feet her next garter should cast,
And ennoble the brave *British Whig* !

