

YES !—an eventful year has been the past :—  
The sky of Italy, long overcast  
With clouds portentous, saw at last descend  
The storm, and lo, the Frank and Hun contend,—  
The Hun to hold Italia as his prey,  
The Frank to free her from his clutch : Well may  
All genuine friends of freedom, looking on,  
Wish her quick riddance of both Frank and Hun.

Victor Immanuel—Garibaldi, hail !  
By heaven's good help soon may your cause prevail ;  
The very Bruce and Wallace of our time—  
Fain would I with your deeds adorn my rhyme ;  
But space forbids,—so let the curtain drop ;  
The end not yet is ;—let us wait and hope.

Hark ! 'tis the British lion's angry roar,  
 As, watchful, looks he towards Gallia's shore,  
 Whence, sudden sallying across the main.  
 He fears his "uncle's nephew," upstart vain,  
 Means some dark midnight o'er the waves to creep  
 And stab to death Britannia in her sleep !\*  
 To plain John Bull the thought might well seem odd  
 To have for king Gaul's mushroom demigod,  
 And thus he standeth ready for the strife  
 Which yet may cost the Corsican his life !

Need I relate how, on far India's strand,  
 Treason lies throttled,—thanks to that brave band  
 Led by far-famed Sir Colin, sword in hand !  
 Need I describe how China—treacherous still—  
 For that heroic blood she late did spill,  
 Is just about to "catch it" with a will !  
 Since nothing else to common sense may win her,  
 What better *can* befall that hoary sinner ?

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FROM ADDRESS FOR 1863.

OLD SIXTY-TWO, now folded in thy shroud,  
 Thine was to leave us much of which we're proud ;  
 And yet what saddening memories !—Albert gone—  
 Albert the Good, whom millions mourn as one !  
 Thine was to bring us o'er th' Atlantic's roar  
 The wail of want from England's distant shore ;  
 Fit punishment for industry misled ;—  
 Her rural hamlets changed to factories dread—

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\* A threatened French invasion was one of the "sensations" of 1859.

Heaven haste the issue—let the Right prevail !

See where, in contrast bright to scenes like these,  
Beauty brings Albert Edward to his knees,  
And Denmark's daughter, good as she is fair,  
Is wooed and won !—may heaven bless the pair !  
Lo, Russia's serfs, long centuries enthrall'd,  
Up from the dust to freedom's banquet called !  
A monarch speaks, and the ignoble yoke  
Of ages is, as if by magic, broke.  
Mean were *thy* triumphs, Macedonia's lord,  
Matched with such deed. Nor thine, nor Cæsar's sword  
E'er won a claim to greatness such as he  
Attains by this magnanimous decree,  
Which will throughout all time keep green his memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

So far so well : yet ere I say good-bye,  
Here goes a song—more truth than poetry :

## THE CARRIER BOY.

Of all the rat-tats folks are happy to hear—  
A knock ever welcome through all the long year—  
I trow there is none that occasions such joy  
As that of the newspaper Carrier Boy.

The knock of her lover, expected, may be  
To Maud, fondly waiting, sweet music—yet she  
Takes very good care not so swiftly to fly  
To the door as when knocks there the Carrier Boy.

Well may he oft laugh at the jealous ado  
Begot of his presence—each one trying to  
Be first at the paper to cast a glad eye—  
All blessing, meanwhile, the smart Carrier Boy.

O, who would not gladly, this first of the year,  
Do all they can well do, his young heart to cheer ?  
No one can well value his merits too high,  
Or welcome too kindly the Carrier Boy.

Methinks I hear thousands glad-shouting, Amen !  
That's right ! You shall see him right shortly, and then  
You shall all have a chance, while you praise him skyhigh,  
To put gold in the fist of the Carrier Boy !

I see our yeomen rising in their might,  
And send the howling miscreants quick to flight ;  
Knaves more akin to Mercury than Mars,  
Wondrously valiant over whiskey jars ;  
The worst Canadians fear from such blacklegs  
Are hen-roosts harried, and a dearth of eggs !

Invaders worthier far now greet my view ;  
Two mighty ships their way o'er ocean plough ;  
For far Columbia westward straight they sweep,  
Giving in keeping to the stormy deep  
That cord by which two worlds in one are bound,  
And Science wins a triumph most profound ;  
Well may she pride herself that thus they're brought  
To greet each other with the speed of thought !

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\* The Fenian invasion of 1866.

The scene is changed. Lo ! to my joyful sight  
 The ship CONFEDERATION,\* strong and tight,  
 Looms through the fog that late her path obscured ;—  
 Her quick arrival is a fact assured :  
 Let us but have her safely once in port,  
 Of Fenians and their friends we can make sport.  
 What though cute Jonathan looks rather glum  
 To think of missing a long-envied plum,  
 Let him take heart,—we have no wish to vex him,  
 And promise in due season to “annex” him !

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FROM ADDRESS FOR 1869.

AGAIN comes round to you the happy day  
 I so much dread :—My tributary lay  
 May fail to please :—If so, I cannot help it :  
 Rhymes you must have, and while my best I skelp out,  
 You must not yawn, should they seem somewhat tame,—  
 'Tis oft the same with bards of deathless fame.  
 O for a B——e or S——n's ready style !  
 Then might this screed be measured by the mile ;  
 Then might I proudly on my forehead label,  
 “A rhyme for sixpence,—length, Atlantic cable !”  
 But being not thus gifted, well I wot  
 You must forgive me if my muse should not  
 Show better paces than the old jog-trot.

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\* In allusion to the Canadian Federal Union, then very nigh to being consummated.

And nightly finds how, spite the softest down,  
“ Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”  
Well may the knave be troubled with the thought  
That far too dearly *his* with blood was bought —  
A heartless deed for which he may, anon,  
Be made with his own base blood to atone.  
But hush, my muse,—he’s Britain’s ally tried,  
Nor found much wanting: Let the fellow slide!

Lo, on the Adriatic, Greek and Turk,  
Their sabres whetting, threaten bloody work!  
Shall Moslem hordes ne’er from their grasp release  
The land of Homer and of Pericles?  
Shall o’er the Cross again the Crescent wave,  
And Freedom find in Greece once more a grave?  
Forbid it, Heaven!—to Grecia’s hands restore  
The sword that won Thermopylæ of yore,

And let the Moslem know, to his dismay,  
How sharp it strikes—how vainly would he stay  
The hour foretold that shall his sceptre see  
Forever broken. Quickly may it be !

Joy to thee, Erin ! Land of love and song,  
Thy night departs—a weary night and long !  
O'er thy green hills a day-dawn glad I mark,—  
That day long promised ! Quickly may thou hark  
The shouts that shall reveal the robber sway  
By thee so long endured, forever swept away.  
Would that thy son, whose loss we all deplore,  
Had lived to see the land he loved once more  
Rejoicing in the reign of Peace and Right !  
How would his spirit gladden at the sight !  
But he is not,—O, misery to think  
His star so bright should all so sudden sink !  
Woe to the hand accursed which sped the ball  
That left him lifeless ! Long yon Senate Hall  
Shall miss the voice that charmed all list'ners there  
With wisdom, wit and eloquence so rare :  
Well may his country's *caoine* bitter be—  
She lost her noblest son when fell beloved McGee !\*

Highlanders, up ! determined not to pause  
Till ye have made your own the same good laws  
Now promised Erin : 'Tis high time that ye  
Ceased asking for your rights on bended knee.

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\*Thomas D'Arcy McGee, poet, orator and historian, assassinated while on his way from the House of Commons, Ottawa, on the night of April 7th, 1868.



What need they care, where flesh is cheap as dirt,  
How many sing the sad "Song of the Shirt!"

Let well alone, quoth suppie Disraeli ;  
Let Right prevail, shouts Gladstone, in reply,  
Indignant at the brazen pow'r of nerve  
That calls that land well ruled where thousands starve !

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FROM ADDRESS EOR 1878.

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CAST we a glance where Russian legions are  
'Gainst Moslem hosts barbaric waging war,  
And Osman,\* with a pluck that wins applause  
E'en from his foes, his sword undaunted draws,

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\*The Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Army.

Till, overpowered, he yields in such a way  
 As makes us almost grieve his star's decay.  
 For such sad work the Russ may blameful be,  
 Yet may we hope, withal, in him to see  
 The heaven-appointed sword ordained ere long  
 To chase the Moslem back to whence he sprung,—  
 A sword beneath whose strong, protecting sheen  
 May happen that in Patmos long foreseen—  
 A dried Euphrates, o'er which Israel may  
 Turn Zion-ward once more her joyful way!  
 But, leaving wiser heads to solve that quest,  
 Let's turn to France, where patriot and priest  
 Seem fierce-contending who that land shall rule,  
 And would-be-wise MacMahon acts the fool.  
 'Tis no slight joy for Freedom's friends to know  
 His plans all baffled, and his pride laid low,  
 While France to her Gambetta proudly brings  
 A loving homage seldom earned by kings.

What of Britannia? Has she really sold  
 Her proud place 'mong earth's powers through greed of gold?  
 I fear it much—and yet there is some hope  
 While she has men like Bright 'gainst knaves to cope;  
 And thou too, Gladstone, bravely girding on  
 Thine armour where fresh laurels may be won;  
 A war 'gainst Wrong, long sheltered 'neath the shield  
 Of "vested rights," thou'rt just the man to wield.  
 Let magnates, on "class privileges" who stand  
 Beware the thunderbolts in thy right hand,  
 And cease of their just rights to baulk or foil  
 Their betters far—the "pedigree of toil."

I here should dwell, the WHIG alone exempting—  
Our own brave WHIG ! who, witty as he's wise,  
Ne'er fails " to shoot at folly as it flies."  
Armed with the Truth—that true Ithuriel spear—  
He crowds within the space of one brief year  
Such triumphs as may make us fondly deem  
His well-earned fame, like to some noble stream  
Ever increasing in its seaward flow,  
Shall, year by year, from great to greater grow.

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FROM ADDRESS FOR 1882.

HARK ! 'tis the tolling of the midnight bell :  
 Old Year of scenes eventful, fare thee well !  
 Despite some ugly wrinkles on thy face,  
 To us, Canadians, great has been thy grace :—  
 Barns full to overflowing,—that's a fact,—  
 " Hums " in abundance by great Tilley\* tracked,  
 " Tall chimneys " gladdening the *Mail's* horizon,  
 The *Globe* vain-asking for a sight of one,—  
 Blake to applauding thousands by the sea  
 Airing his eloquence triumphantly,—  
 Lorne, in the land where bisons breed and browse,  
 With crowds of red men holding grand pow-wows,—  
 Wild 'mong the "lost tribes" finding himself lost,  
 Yet bound to play the fool at any cost,—  
 Vennor triumphant in his prophecies,—  
 Comets in couples racing through our skies,—  
 Sea serpents of our own, and no mistake,  
 Found quite convenient down in Rideau Lake,—  
 B——e and the bard of famed Niagara river  
 Food for our laughter quite as much as ever,—  
*Grip's* humour, too, as you right well may ween,  
 The *ne plus ultra* it has always been !

Alas to think that, with so much to please,  
 There should be found some saddening memories,—  
 Alas, that of those stains, thy skirts around,  
 The blood of martyred Garfield should be found !

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\* The then Canadian Minister of Finance.

Fast encumbering bigotry's domain,  
Italy, too, with no unworthy pride,  
Mediæval fetters throwing quite aside !  
Where'er we turn our gaze, the whole earth through,  
Dagons, long worshipped, prostrate meet our view.  
When such Truth's triumphs now, how grand the sight  
When the poor pagan feels its fuller might,  
And all the earth is filled with Gospel light !

Cast we a glance now on that honoured Isle  
Whose flag waves proudly o'er our own fair soil,  
And lo, great Gladstone leading still the van  
Of patriots toiling for the rights of man !  
Disraelian tactics, scornful, set aside—  
The law of righteousness alone his guide,—  
That spirit full of Demosthenic fire,  
That wondrous worker whom no task can tire,—

That scholar great as any on earth's ball,  
 That statesman in whose presence kings look small,—  
 That Christian God-fearing above all,—  
 Small wonder is it that he stands confessed  
 Of all Britannia's sons the noblest, best !  
 If all his toils for Erin's good had been  
 His only claim to honour, well I ween  
 It were enough to make his much-loved name  
 Be handed down to everlasting fame.

Here we might aptly throw a brief glance critical  
 At our own somewhat muddy state political,—  
 Viewing, much grieved, the mischief and the muss  
 Created by our "beasts at Ephesus,"—  
 The loaves and fishes of official life  
 Too oft the only cause of all their strife,—  
 But let them at each other tear away,  
 Kilkenny-cat-like, in the doubtful fray ;  
 To most of us, who are the " Outs " or " Ins "   
 Is a concern not worth a row of pins,  
 Believing it a truth as any sure,  
 That " few of all the ills that men endure  
 Are those which laws or kings can cause or cure."

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And now, gentle readers  
 Of every degree,  
 Who oft have glad-listened  
 Jack's roundelays free,  
 The least he can do  
 Ere he ends his rude rhyme  
 Is to wish you all joy  
 Of this glad Christmas-time.

To forget poorer folk  
At this blest Christmas-time.

Self-praise is no honour—  
Yet still you must own  
The boys of the WHIG  
Quite a pride to the town.  
No citizen good  
Can well grudge them big hauls  
Of dollars, while making  
Their New-Year's-Day calls.

BLACK JACK O' THE WHIG.