

CANADA TO THE BARON.



WHY! whatever is the matter, Baron,
favorite of the muse,
That you thus the age you live in do
so trenchantly abuse?
Is it that you've reached the age when
there is nothing like the past,
Which the haze of distance softens as you
watch it fading fast?
"Hope the best," of course we will;
but then the best we'll work for too.
"Hold the present," ah! but, Baron,
that is more than we can do;

For the present *will* keep moving—onward still, come weal, come woe,

And all depends on what we aim at, and upon which road we go.
All this dynamite-revolver, envy-wearing mask of love
Kind of talk is very grand; but, Baron, think, what does it prove?
Don't it prove there must be something very rotten in the State,
That breeds dynamite-revolverine-retaliatory hate?
If the lion be a lion, and not after all a cat,
Why don't he lift his paw and shew his magnanimity in that?
What is he scared of—to refuse poor Ireland's just request?
And don't you think it mean of you to sneer at the oppressed?
"Equal born," you laugh, oh, Baron! where's the "gardener and his wife"

You captured all our hearts with at a happier time of life?
Alfred the Poet then—no Baron—nor a truckler to the few
Who life's pressing, fretting questions study best how eschew;
Who think the poor man's duty is to suffer and endure,
That the homage of the rich is but the privilege of the poor.
Come! no shirking of the issue! Baron, say, what would *you* do?
Sit in silence—meekly bearing all the ills that fall to you?
Toiling, moiling, without ceasing, right up to the workhouse gate,
With a pauper's grave the passage to a doubtful future state?
Wouldn't you get restive, Baron, if you saw relief was nigh?
Would you choose the cloudy present—or the future's bluer sky?
No need to call back dark ages from the misty glooms of eld,
Dark enough the age of labor in grim want's stern bondage held.
What for it hath church or throne done—what but press still harder down?

Baron! hast thou in thine old age deaf and blind to justice grown?
Talk of wallowing in Zola! What of Colin-Campbellism?
What of Pall Mall revelations? Can you fancy an abyss
Blacker than the trough where wallow your aristocratic brood?
Is *this* the enchanting "present" you would bid us hold for good?
This the head, the brain you boast of, Baron—let us rather hope
Forward marching feet will shortly "roll their ruins down the slope."

GREAT HOME RULE DEBATE.

(Concluded.)

MR. MULDOON—Thank yez, sir. I was only provin me fitness for Parlymint be usin a little Parlymintary language. But, sir, I ax fhy don't they free Ireland? It wud be better iver y way, and if she was free she wud enjoy more liberty than she does now. O liberty, liberty, yez don't know fwhat a beautiful place ould Oireland is or yez would go there and take up yer residence! Well, now, fwhat is it we ax? Yis! fwat, is it? Well, just this. We want to do our own housekapin, that's all. Let me illustrate me manin. It's loike this—Pat and Biddy is thryin to kape house wid their childer in a dacent sort av a way, but fwhin Biddy goes into the kitchen to get the bit av dinner ready, there she finds a big English coleen slatherin the dishes around and kickin up didoes, and not so much as sayin by yer lave. "I'm sint over here," sez she, "to run things for ye." "Yer very kind, ma'm," sez Biddy, "but I wud prefer to manage me own kitchen—I want to do me work in the Oirish way, being that I'm not comfortable wid the English way av doing." "Av yez sez another word, I'll give yez some coercion," sez the intruder, and so poor Biddy has to play second fiddle, and that's what they call castle rule, d'ye moind! Now, the Saxon way av mashin paraties wid a club may be a better way nor aitin thim

jackets and all wid a pinch av salt, but its not Oirish, and that's enough for me. Fwhin we want to be Englishmin we'll mention the matter, but in the meantime I my gest obsarve in the words av the poet, "We're not built that way." Now, ladies and gentlemn that's fwat we mane be Home Rule,—we want to do our Oirish things in an Oirish way, and consequently we want Oirishmin and not Saxons to do thim for us. Bad luck to them—wan wud think we wor an orphan asylum inhabited be helpless idjits, the way they do be feedin us wid a shpoon. Did yez evir know anything loike it in yer loife? Wud yez stan it yerself, do yez think? Sorra a wan av yez would. And that's fwat Gladstone thinks—the grand ould man! And they call him a seperationist because he talks common sinse! Jist look at the matter! Fwhat is the union loike this blessed minit, but two Killkenny cats tied be the tails, and hung across a rope. Luck at the wool flyin and hear the scraches av thim! Now, be sinsible, wud it make them any worse do yez think av yez took away the rope thy're hangin on? Wud that be separation? No, sir, the fight wud sthop at wanse, and pace and harmony wud illuminate the countenances av thim cats and xtend its blessed influence to the extrame limit av their united tails. That's Gladstone's policy—and Parnell's, and av yez have got the sinse yez let on to have, yez'll vote for me in this debate.

THE CHAIRMAN—Mr. McKoy will now reply on behalf of the Loyalists.

MR. MCKOY—Mister Chairman, Gentlemin an' Ladies. I ston here thus avenin till ax yez to join wid me in savin the Bretish Impire from the hons av her inimies, Gladstone and Parnell. Sir, I belong to Eniskillen Lodge, No. 443, and it makes me blood boil, so it does, to hear such treason and rebellion as yez have listened to thus night. Sure, Ireland doesn't belong till the Luberals, and the loikes av Mither Muldoon. It belongs till us, an we want no Home Rule for that manes Separation and Destruction and Devastation av the Impire, moind yez thot now! We ston solid for civil an religeous liberty, yez, sir, civil and religeous liberty, and we'll have it, if we break every windy in Belfast wuth brickbats. What is windys compared wuth the inestimable boon av the Protestant religeon an the glorious, pious and immortal memory of King William the Third? What is the crackin av a few skulls, compared wud the preservation of Christianity? Ireland doesn't want any Home Rule, so she doesn't! Gladstone is a fanatical ould blatherskite whose head is turned be warin high collars! He's a sophistical retorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity. That'v what Lord Bacon'sfield said, an its thrue in a manner av spakin, and I can prove it be simply lettin yez know that Parnell himself evicts his poor tenants off his estate, and is won af the worst landlords that iver cursed any country. Ladies and gentlemn, don't be bamfoozled wid the parleflagations or the persficuriourness av Mither Muldoon and the likes av him. Ston up for civil and relegious liberty, and put down the Home Rulers with force if uts needed. There's no sinse in Mither Muldoon's spach whatever, so there isn't. He was hired be the Pope to come here an make yez belave he talks sinse, but don't let him decave yez. Avery mon has a right till howld his own opinions, av coorse, but av they don't agree wuth the correct and proper opinion that we howld, then our duty is to save the Union and to put down the Home Rulers! Yez must protect the minority, and uf wanst the Home Rulers had the chance, sure they wud make a law to hang ivery loyal mon. I'm sure