

as citizens, must bear a part of the expense of these Schools; and yet the scholars are taught to hold their rulers in disrespect! Was it fair that these people should receive such enlarged charity at our hands, that they should dare to train children to laud and magnify such a disloyal and peace-disturbing mission as that of this man O'Brien. What would these children be as men and women if faithful to their teachers—God only knows—the children are to be pitied. It must not be forgotten that what O'Brien complained of and denounced as infamous in Ireland, is counted mere justice and a business necessity in this free Ontario. In the statutes of Ontario of 1886, chapter 29, there is a clause providing that unless otherwise agreed upon, there shall be taken to be included in leases the right for the landlord to evict a tenant if the rent or a part of the rent be unpaid, for fifteen days after the time such becomes due. Yet the men who passed that statute had the stultifying folly and presumption to vote for resolutions sympathizing with the Irish in their pretended hardships—which resolutions were sent to England. The Rev'd Doctor concluded his Address by a reference to the significant utterances of the Irish College on Parnellism and the Land League, remarking that if the Pope now saw that if the Irish agitators got their way there would be an end in Ireland not only to Imperial connection but also to the Romish Church."

So much for the Rev. Dr. Wild, Pastor of Bond street, Toronto, Congregational Church, and who is undoubtedly one of the closest reasoners and best read theologians on this continent. If the Orangemen in Ontario are the kind of savages O'Brien has represented them, how is it that he or one of his party is alive to day?—The simple tossing of a "*two-year-old paver*" is but boy's play. It has been suggested that from the deceitful character of the man, he, O'Brien, in the City of Hamilton, pretended to be badly hurt, playing possum, as they say in the South, to gain the sympathy of Americans. Oh, Mr. O'Brien, *the descendant of Irish Kings*, and all such big greatness, you cannot blind the

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by throwing dust in his eyes. Oh, what claws he has! Has he not, Mr. O'Brien? It must be a hard struggle to keep your royal blood down to the level of the "common herd of humanity," and for you to submit to the dictation of the hated Saxon in a penitentiary or outside its walls. How hard it must have been for your royal uncle, the "great Smith O'Brien," to be compelled to hide his royal head from a sargeant's guard of police in a cabbage garden. Then again, your cousin, "the brave, the doughty General O'Neil," the commander of *two thousand invincible fenians*—near Montreal, in Canada, you know—to be compelled to turn his war horse's tail to less than *one hundred* red-coated Canadian Volun-