

The Exile's Lament, or the Roar of Rossa.

(Sung by him with great applause from a select audience of O'Bralligans, Finucanes, and other rightful heirs to the Irish monarchy, in his back parlour).

Och, the devil a fut will I ever be settin'
Agin on the Quane's oogly Canady shore.
Wha' relafe did I fale whin away from it gettin'
I was safely inthrenched in my bar-room wance more.

Sure the thratment I met wid is past all repatin'
And has blotched ivermore the Canajian shield,
For they frickend the people from takin' a sate in
The hall, an' ixpintis my spache didn't yield.

Yis, an' then, the bist hall, which my agint was kapin'
For mysilf, an' had ped for av coorse, as I bid,
They reshumed, for the purposhe fresh insults av hapin'
On mysilf—Rory Oge's discindint—they did!

Thin the country is all populated wid vilyans.
Whin my hearers I jist had comminced to enthrance,
There pours in a vile mob of some thousands av millions,
Full intindin' to tear us to paces at wance.

An' the panes they destroyed, an' the sashes they bate in,
('Twas VICTORIA's orthers, who sint thim the plan),
An' ixcept that in quick time I made a retrate in,
They'd have indid the chafe av the Donovan clan.

Yis, thim!—the rapsallions—the tyrants—the minions,
Base recayvers of gold wid enormity foul—
That they'd dare to touch Arin's bould aigle's bright pinions!
It's their impudence shockin' that burthins my sowl.

It's ingratitude, too, that the deepest I'm falin',
Whin I wint to enlighten the hirelings av Gullph—
Whin the grate truths av fraydom I plain was revaylin,
An' was tachin them how to resimble mysilf.

But it wasn't my thrayson that raised such a storum.
Sure Lord DUFFERIN's a thraytor for dayper than me.
Av I had him in Dublin mysilf wuld inforrum
Av well ped, an' delight his suspinsoin to see.

No, it wasn't for that; but their invy was waxin'
Ixtrame, for I med the shuperior plan
From the face av the worruld to root out the Saxin,
Wid the power contained in a dynamite can.

But it's little they know what the omin predicted
Whin on landin', like CAYSAR, I fell on their strand.
To my mind the occurance immayjit depicted,
Like himself, I'm intindid to conquer the land.

But let no wan suppose that I've any intintion
Of inroachin' on Canady's soil any more,
Till the time I've completed a noble invintion
To destroy thim while floatin' tin miles from their shore.

Oh, thiu with what joy shall each soldier of Arin,
On their frontier debonchin like haroes sublime,
From the disimbered corpses, wid heroic darin',
Take the watches and purses in double quick time.

Ah, it's thus a magnifiscent fund we'll be raisin'
For ould Oireland's brave sons, av all nations the crame,
Thin go back to New Yorruk, an' spind it in plaisin',
Divartin, and likewise enrichin' the same.

The Voices.

A voice was heard through the fields of Canada; it rung through Quebec; it resounded over Ontario, it reverberated across the Manitoban plains. It said in thunder tones "Give us protection to our Industries!"

And another Voice was heard—rather cracked—squeaking from the Mail office, and it shrieked, quivered, tininnabulated, and clattered from every Conservative printing shanty, "Give us Protection to our—" but no one knew whether the last word was Industries or Politicians.

And another sounded in a worn out sort of bass from the Globe, and choked, gurgled, growled, wheezed, and grumbled from every Reform paper-spoiler, "Give Protection to our"—here it hesitated, and a broad Scotch voice added "Pairty," and all the followers repeated the burden.

And still another voice roared from every importing interest in the land, and was caught up, and clamoured, bellowed, argued, pleaded, prayed for, and threatened for, by every member of parliament, railway man, drummer, retailer, middleman, cornerer, monopolist, and newspaper which could be influenced, "Give us Protection to our great Importing Interest, by which our foreign friends who pay us make money out of you!"

And they all screamed together; but among them the first Great Voice was loudest and would not be silenced, and it swelled louder and clearer, while the others dwindled into little tin-trumpet sounds. And the Great Voice would be heard, and was.

Soliloquy of One Obligated by Necessity to go in the Toronto Street Cars.

Oh, dear; Oh, dear; we're off the track!
This whole thing rattles—I must go—
My feet are thrilled—I'm on the rack—
I cannot stay it shakes me so.

Why do I ever set my foot
Within the things, I dread them so.
From feet to head I throb with pain,
This is a thing I should not do.

I start up. Why? Because—Oh dear,
I pull the bell. The noisy rout
Goes on so loud they do not hear—
I cannot stay—I must get out.

A kindly man says—"Never mind,
There is no danger. Do not fear;
'Twill soon be on again you'll find—
You must not go—indeed—stay here."

"Indeed I can't," I say in pain,
"Indeed I can't. Pray ring again."
I inly feel my ears will crack.
That's not the worst; my back, my back.

CONCLUSION.—The recollection of these daily, or rather ten-times-a-daily occurrences, so discomposed me that I could not go on rhyming any longer. In spite of several ringings of the bell the driver lashed on his horses till we were all rattled on to the track again; but even the placid people whose nerves were well packed in solid flesh had got more shaken than they liked.

END.—Can any one discover the reason of such a state of things? Is it owing to the age of the Cars—as some people think? That cannot be: because the new light ones go off as often as the older, heavy ones—nay, rather oftener. It seems to the writer, to be in the power of the drivers either to cause or to prevent this happening; having observed that those who do not use the whip to their horses don't run the car off.

TERMINATION.—Will the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals take us, the passengers in the Street Railway under their protection, as the proprietors expect too much from our Guardian Angels.

Croaks and Pecks.

BLAINE is an ass braying at a lion.

TO SITTING BULL.—Please remain sitting.

A FARE TRADE.—The cheap fare to spring traders.

MALT-TREATMENT of the public—removing the duty.

ADVICE TO THE MUD AND BOOK PEDDLERS.—Dry up.

ARE those who support Mr. TARTE in Bonaventure Tarters?

HAIR-RAISING STORIES.—Those from the London hair factory.

INSTEAD of "hire a hall" it will be "Oh, rent a phonograph."

"DOWN THE R(H)INE."—Most of the papers are down on him.

MOST RINE Clubs are like old maids—they want to change their names.

TORONTO is like the prodigal son, it spends its substance in riotous living.

THE Irish Canadian forgets that Lord DUFFERIN is an Irish Canadian too.

THE deserted village—St. Thomas, when the R. R. offices are removed.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A RIOT.—Knock its "i" out and it becomes rot at once.

A SEASONABLE SIGN.—"Green Bushes" at Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House.

JONATHAN dined on the European plan: He took fish for his dinner and now he hates to pay his bill.

THEY like to egg on a Minister at Ottawa, but the Rev. Mr. SVVRET wishes they would not use such ripe eggs.

IF half the accusations against that London torturer HAR-GRAVE, they lift his first syllable and send him to his second.

MR. RINE wants a suspension of judgment. All right—but if the charges are proven the public will want a suspension of RINE.

THEY say O'DONOVAN ROSSA is entitled to the benefit of Canadian law as much as any other man. Certainly he is. Many Canadians would be extremely pleased to see him get the benefit of the extreme penalty of the law.