

EVICTION.

O'BRINEY tears were falling fast
As through Canadian towns there passed
A man who groaned at Ireland's woe,
And yelled wherever he did go—
Eviction !

His brow was sad, his eyes were wild,
He was Old Ireland's venetian child,
And like the roar of lion rung
The accents of that Irish tongue—
Eviction !

When the Queen City he did reach,
And to the mob essayed to preach,
He was evicted by the crowd,
While still his voice cried, long and loud,
Eviction !

"Try not to pass !" the Mayor said,
"Or thy own blood be on thy head."
But still he came, 'mid cries and groans,
While round him fell protesting stones—
Eviction !

O'Briney tears still fill our eyes,
Deep sorrows in our hearts arise ;
'Twere better had the hoodlums tried,
'Stead of O'Brien, to Killbride—
Eviction !

W. H. T.

THE JUBILEE ORATION.

SUDDENLY the door of the *Week* sanctum was burst open, and a wild looking individual with a fiery eye and a green umbrella strode in. Before the astonished editor could collect his senses, the visitor had sprung upon a chair, and in a voice of thunder and with violent gesticulations, proceeded as follows :—

"On the 20th June, 1837, when the girl-Queen, Victoria, ascended the throne of England, the steps trembled with joy, and the ermine of the imperial robe blushed with the scientilla of glory from the reflected promise of her reign. The larks winged their ambitious flight to the loftiest peak of Snowdon and the sparrows twittered anthems, cantatas, operas and oratorios, while the zephyrs played nocturnes and fugues about the stately elms of Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, St. James' Palace and Pall Mall. It was a glorious day for the little island that sits in the ocean blue, like a 'twinkle twinkle little star.'

"Neither time nor the one hundred dollars worth of oration with which this speech is to be compared, will permit me to descant on all the glories of this jubiliferous reign. Sufficient to say that the most brilliant achievements are the mental somersaults of the Grand Old Man on one side of the Atlantic, and Mr. Goldwin Smith on the other. When the sweet-tongued Nester of the Commons, with his Diomedean craft and Ulysean wiles beguiled, with his siren voices, the august representatives of a free people, all England quivered, like the string of an Æolian harp when it is struck by a cyclone, William summersaulted. He went up a tory, he came down a liberal. He went up the defender of the faith, he came down the despoiler of the Irish Church. Then Goldwin from the classic shades of Isis twined wreaths of ivy, oak, holly, laurel, chestnut and juniper, elm, and broom, and gorse, and every other pretty thing, for the hero, who, like another Achilles, had left the silken meshes of a luxurious court, to wield the sword and hurl the spear in the sacred cause of Greece. But William hurled a javelin or two and then acrobated again. He went up an Imperialist, he came down a Home-ruler. At once the wreaths

withered, and Goldwin hurled stones and arrows of cutting scorn.

"But among all the wonders of this thaumazonian close of miraculous volts, this electro magnetic dynamo hyperbolical trending of palaeozoic mastodons, nothing more thaumastical has arisen than the wisdom begirded stratagem of the plan of the Campaign. From the lowly hut of the Irish peasant, where the true principles of democracy are carried out, in loving community with the pig and cow, to the stately mansion of the gentleman tenant, where lordly acres and stately parks, where tennis lawns and conservatories stocked with choice exotics, tell of oppression and pain, of sorrow and of woe, one blighting hand of landlord misrule rests, and crushes out the life of all. The plan of the campaign, the peculiar glory of the Victorian reign, is to hamstring cattle, to shoot men in the dark night, on the lonely road ; to boycott women and children, and to steal the rent from the trembling and tyrannical landlord.

"These gentle deeds, with pyrotechnic displays of dynamite and other fireworks glorify the Jubilee of a gracious Queen, while the lion rampant tears his hair, and lifts his mighty voice in accents of despair, which hover round the chalk cliffs of Albion, and catching on to the electric cable are wafted over the vast empire, where the sun never sets, and the moon in bright effulgence never veils her silvery ray !"

"And now, sir, what do you mean by this outrage?" demanded the editor.

"Outrage, sir?" replied the orator, "on the contrary I want that hundred dollars. This is the Prize Oration, and your conditions were that it should be *delivered* at your office, weren't they?"

ON CERTAIN LATIN PHRASES.

THE simplicity with which some well-known classical phrases can be translated into our language and adapted to certain modern persons and circumstances struck the illustrious author of "The Jubilee History of Canada" the other day, as he was revising his immortal work, and consequently he proceeds to illustrate the obscurity of many current remarks of the ancient authors by applying them to the exigencies of modern life. First let us take a few suitable mottoes :—

Vota vita mea has been translated "My life is devoted." The phrase originally applied to a patriot. As applied to the political patriots of Canada, we must translate "My vote is my life."

Ne cede malis "Don't yield to misfortune," is still good advice to any *seedy* swell.

Pax vobiscum was the salutation of the early card-sharpers to a greenhorn.

Post mortem was the name applied to Rome's dead letter office.

Bella, horrida bella, was probably suggested to Virgil by a noisy cow in the vicinity of his study.

Cetera desunt "The rest is wanting," doubtlessly originated with some poor victim of insomnia.

Caput mortuum was the term applied to the Roman "dead-head" by the saloon keepers, whose motto was *In hoc signo mea spes*, "My hope is in this sign." When the old Latin Scott Act was in force this was changed to *Finem respice*, "Look out for the fine."

Ad quod dannum was the phrase used by a judge in sending down a thief.

Such are a few singular examples from the work being pursued by the renowned historian in his classical re-