

SONGS OF THE BY-TOWN COONS.

The Jig-antic Accomplishments of the Minister of the Interior.

(Reproduced from The Montreal Daily Star.)



To the west! to the west! to the land of the
Brave,

Where I helped dig Joe Martin's political grave,
Though he's now in Vancouver, still living, I see,
Far away o'er the Rockies, oh! worse luck for me;
Where fragrant Golicians are tilling the soil,
And my Donkshobors going in thousands to toil;
Where the Tribune and rascals who claim to be
Grits

Are raising - well, trouble - and giving me fits;
Where sometimes for me it's confoundedly cold
And as chilly as Dawson in new lands of gold;
But where, when it comes to a critical test,
I'm still young Napoleon, the Pride of the West.

To the west! to the west! to the land of the Good,
Where Tom Greenway says nothing, but keeps
sawing wood;

Where all prospects are pleasing, and Tories are
vile,

And alleged Liberal doctrines are having sore
trial;

Where we promised the farmer that things would
be cheaper,

Tho' he still pays as much for his coal oil and
reaper,

Where, farther away, in the golden Klondike,
I've enabled some good friends to make a rich
strike;

Where in all this broad land I'm the boss of the
show,

And will be so long as there's plenty of "dough,"
And though hated opponents may think it a jest,
I'm still young Napoleon, the Pride of the West.

