

THE ALTAR AND THE THRONE.

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No. 5



THE POPE'S LAMENT.

I've had to skeddadle once in my time,
'Tis said I must go now too,
And there's not in this world a single clime,
Where to paddle my own canoe.
The heretics say I must away,
Or Scripture cannot be true;
They have certainly shown I must sink as a stone,
Or paddle my own canoe.

Chorus.—To love my neighbour as myself,
Is a thing that I never could do;
So now I may without delay
Go paddle my own canoe.

Napoleon has taken his men away,
A thing he ought not to do,
And has left me here in a stormy sea,
To paddle my own canoe.
The waves are high and I fear I shall die
Before I ever get through
This terrible gale without a sail
To waft my little canoe.

To love, &c.

They say I've deluged the world with blood,
Well that's all very true;
And that now I must sink in the crimson flood
Or paddle my own canoe.
'Tis also said I never have paid
To Peter his regular due,
So now I must pay without delay,
Or paddle my own canoe.

To love, &c.

The gates of heaven I've kept them long,
Not one I've ever let through,
And must I now give up the keys,
To paddle my own canoe!
I've laid my plaints before the saints,
What more could I possibly do,
Still I'm left in the lurch—the "Head of the Church,"
To paddle my own canoe!

To love, &c.

I've never had wife to bother my life,—
Of children I've had a few,
But they're all gone and left me alone,
To paddle my own canoe.
Oh! children dear, I greatly fear
You've done what you should not do,
In leaving your dad, although he was bad,
To paddle his own canoe.

To love, &c.

O! Mary dear, do pity me here,
For I've nobody now but you,
So lend me a hand or I never shall land,
By paddling my own canoe.
For the billows do roar and I'm far from the shore,
In the midst of a rebelly crew,
Who laugh and shout and order me out,
To paddle my own canoe.

To love, &c.

WHAT CANADA WANTS.

By G. W. Ross, Esq.

Canada wants MEN—not walking effigies,
Who smirk the smile with art polite and sport
The borrowed glitter of their richer friends—
But men of souls capacious, who can plant
The standard of their worth on noble deeds,
And dare respect their conscience and their God.

Canada wants HONEST MEN—men who shall lay
Her empire's corner stone secure upon
The sacred granite of eternal truth,
And build her towers, and all her columns hew
From the deep quarry of a nation's love.

Canada wants PROGRESSIVE MEN—men who
The stirrings of ambition feel, to join
The glorious ranks of those who lead the van
In Freedom's cause, and pour the wealth
Of heaven-born genius at their country's shrine.

Canada wants INDEPENDENT MEN—men who,
Regardless of applause, will speak the truth—
Men who would spurn a bribe and scorn to bend
In cringing self-abasement at the feet
Of titled villainy.—Men who have drunk
From Freedom's sacred fount, and who their necks
Would never bend to wear the bondsman's yoke—
Men from deceit who'd tear the mask, and shew
The knave in all his nakedness and guilt.

Canada wants VIRTUOUS MEN—men with their hearts
Attuned to holiness—men who will take
The Bible as the Charter of their faith—
Adore the God whom it reveals and learn
With gratitude sincere to sound his praise.

Canada wants HEROIC MEN—men who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clench the monster error by the throat:
Hurl base oppression from her seat, break down
Her walls and let the world with peans
Of universal rapture usher Freedom in.

Canada wants NOBLE MEN—not those who trace
Nobility through tortuous channels of
Hereditary blood and boasting of
Ancestral worth, swell with profound conceit,
At every mention of their little selves,
But men of noble souls—men tested well
In life's great struggle, tempered in the forge
Of hard experience, and fortified against
Temptation's wiles by purity of heart—
Men who would dare assert their rights, and do
What duty bids, though all the world should sneer.

Canada wants PATRIOTIC MEN—men who
Can feel their bosoms throb at mention of
Their Country's name—men whose allegiance is
Not based on selfishness, whose honesty of soul
Would scorn promotion's highest seat
If treason was the price—men who will guard
Her soil with sacred care and when she sounds
The trumpet of alarm, will grasp their swords,
Rush to the battle-field with martial tread,
And fearless hurl destruction on her foes.

These be the men, Oh Canada, to spring,
From out thy virgin soil.—These be the men
To wield the sceptre of thy power, extend
Dominion o'er thy vast estate and write
In history the glory of thy name.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE IN '98.

PART I.

Fifty-four years have now elapsed since the Irish rebellion in 1798, and though at that time I made no inquiry into the merits of the quarrel, and knew little of the actors in it, and cared nothing either for them or their motives, I have reason to remember the hot summer of that eventful year, as if it were but yesterday. I was residing in my father's house, Dame-street, Dublin, and was an undergraduate of Trinity College, which I had entered in '97. In the city we heard little of the rebellion and its concomitant miseries, and I seldom spent a thought upon it, except when reminded of its existence by the sight of the various corps of yeomanry, which had been formed by the lawyers and other public bodies. Prisoners were occasionally dragged in by the military, and handed over to the tender mercies of Major Sirr, in the Castle, who dealt with them as to him might seem fitting. "Poor devils!" was the only exclamation either in pity, sympathy, or antipathy which ever escaped me or my companions on meeting with them. Politics, I remember, I considered, "confounded humbug;" and "uniting" as forming a connexion with any of the secret associations of the day was called, the height of folly; but a good dance at an evening party I looked upon as a very serious business, which ought to be attended to in an earnest spirit. My sisters were fully imbued with half sentimental, half traitorous notions so ripe at the time, and watched every movement with painful anxiety, either from some vague feeling of romance, or the instinctive sympathy which most women feel for the weaker side in every quarrel. But I laughed at their notions, and lost no opportunity of heaping such ridicule as I had at command upon the "patriotic" party. Once only were my feelings fairly roused to such a pitch, that I cursed the rebels in my heart, and wished them every one hanged, drawn, and quartered, and that was on the memorable night in May, when the whole Protestant population of the city turned out in expectation of an attack from the south. I had been invited to a ball in Merrian-square, but in consequence of the alarm it was postponed, *sine nocte*. *Hinc illa lachryma.*

I had an uncle living at Wicklow, about nine miles from the town of Rathdrum, upon a small landed property, most of which he farmed himself. He was an old man, and a widower, and his family consisted of one son and two daughters, who had been at school in the neighbourhood of London for nearly three years; but after their mother's death, which had occurred but recently, they had remained at home. Floating rumours of the beauty and accomplishments of my fair cousins had occasionally reached me through my sisters, with whom they corresponded. I remember nothing of them myself, as I had not seen them for six years; but every one knows, and I knew too, what a difference six years make in a girl who has already reached fourteen. From listening to conversation about them, I at last began to join in it, and my interest was increasing day by day, when an invitation to spend the summer with them came from my uncle. Enamoured as I was of the joys of a city life, I felt strongly disposed to accept of it. Not so my father, who feared to allow me to travel in the disturbed state of the country; but his glowing representations of the dangers of the way only roused my ardour, and I was already, in imagination, a victor over hosts of "base lackey peasants," whom I fancied myself leading captive to Crana-Hall, and presenting to my cousins as the first fruits of my valour. My uncle