

Romain's Lament.

AIR—"OH BOYS CARRY ME 'LONG."

Oh b'hoys carry me long,
There's nothing but trouble for me,
I've lost the day, and I have to pay
For many a jolly good spree.

Oh b'hoys carry me 'long,
Carry me right to my door,
Leave me there in deep despair,
And don't come back any more,

Farewell to the b'hoys,
With hearts so merry and light,
Especially when I gave them a ten,
And asked them to help in a fight.
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to the grog
I gave to the fellows all round ;
They swilled and they swilled—their glasses were
filled,

For by Charley the needful was found.
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to the Cash,
I gave to the coons in the street ;
I bought up their votes with piles of bank notes,
And this is the thanks that I meet.
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to George Brown,
I wish I had ne'er seen his face ;
He promised his aid but the chap got afraid,
And so I am left in disgrace.
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

To Samuel Allchaff farewell ;
I thank him for all that he's done,
He is grit to the bone as his conduct has shown,
He's a "trump" if there ever was one.
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

To civic distinctions farewell,
Nice pickings I now must forego ;
Alas for the times when I used to get dimes
By the thousand from Gzowski & Co.
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long, &c.

Farewell to the hopes that were mine,
Of obtaining a senator's place ;
My chances alas, were nothing but gas,
The "Romain horse" is licked in the race.
Oh b'hoys carry me 'long,
Carry me down to my door,
Leave me there in deep despair,
And don't come back any more.

Latest Sporting Intelligence.

The Romain horse was on the course of the York Division distanced by several lengths.

The Bug(y) belonging to the Romain horse was smashed into smithereens.

The Brown horse is spavined.

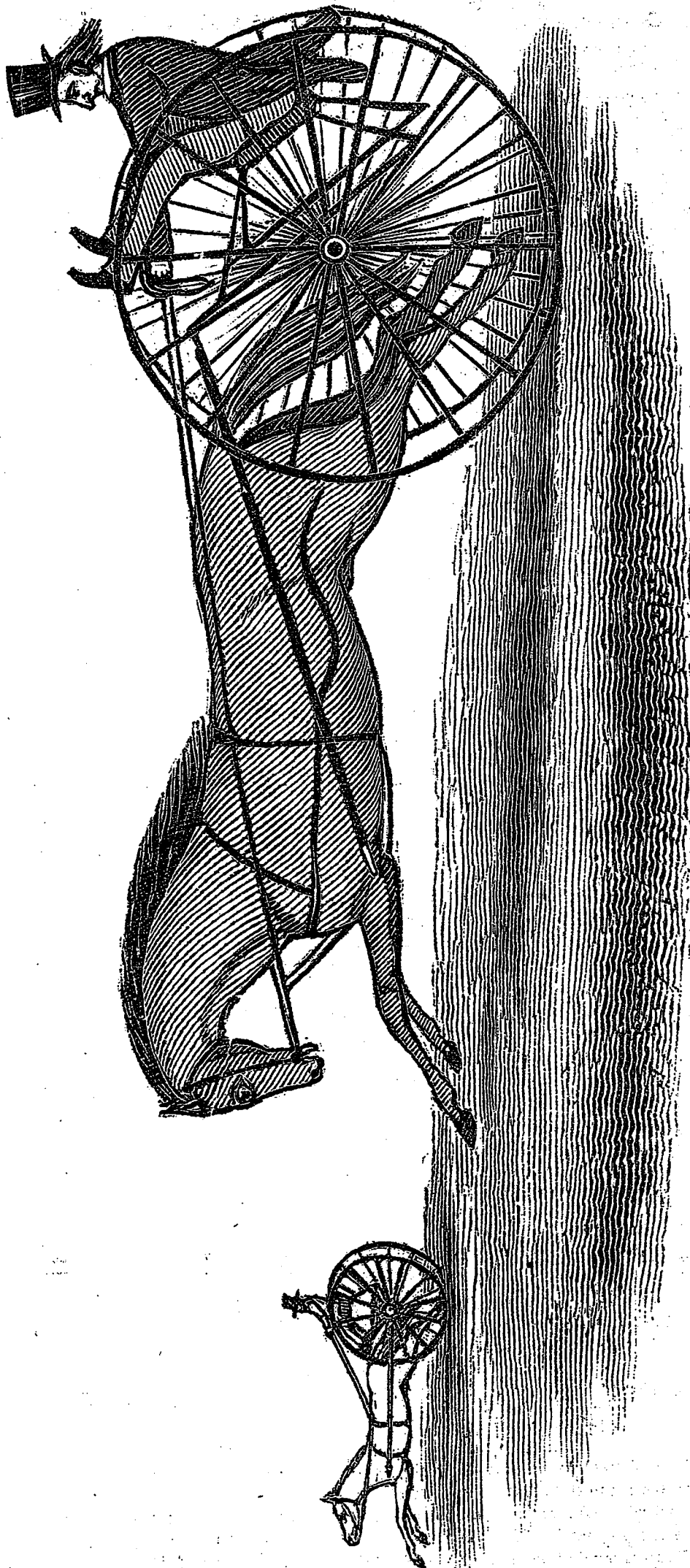
The celebrated jockey, Bob Moody was on Tuesday last thrown by the Romain horse, and immediately took the cars to the west, to hide his disgrace.

It is said that both the Brown horse and the Romain horse are about to be sent to grass by the electors of Toronto.

Charlie Romain the well-known card player tried at the polls to make clubs trumps, but did not succeed.

Sir Gordon Goosey Gander.

Her Majesty, the people, has been pleased to confer the honor of Knight-hood upon a certain "gawkey, ill-favoured lad" who made an ass of himself by hissing on a recent public occasion, and has graciously permitted him to drop the patronymic of Brown and assume that of Goosey Gander. Hurrah! for the sovereign people.



THE ROMAIN HORSE AFFAIR.

AS IT APPEARED ON FIRST ELECTION DAY AT TEN O'CLOCK.

CHARLEY.—Well, it was a beastly trick of that fellow, Buggy, to put me in such a rotten buggy concern. I have now a kinder sort of suspicion that I am a somewhat damaged community.
GEORGE ALLAN.—Very sorry for you, Mr. Romain, (aside) served you right.