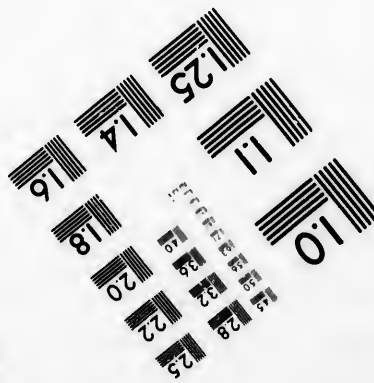


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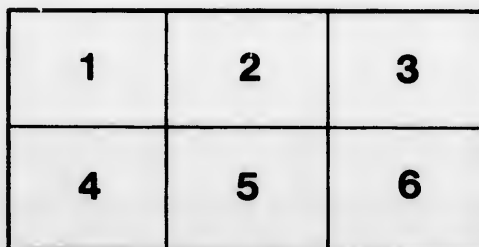
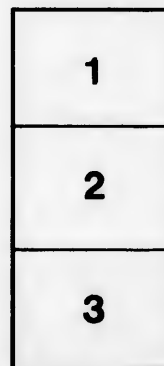
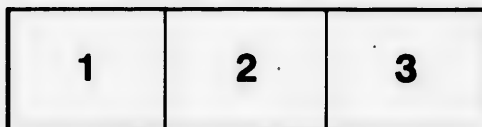
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HON. WILFRID LAURIER.

1884

# Laurier <sup>and</sup> Victory !

A SOUVENIR  
OF THE  
CAMPAIGN OF 1896.

BY  
WALT. A. RATCLIFFE,  
LISTOWEL, ONT.

Reprinted from The Globe, Toronto.

TORONTO, CANADA :  
Printed by C. M. ELLIS, 67 Adelaide Street West

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1896.



## PREFATORY NOTE.



CANADA'S greatest fight has been fought and won for Freedom, and it is with feelings of the keenest satisfaction that the author of this little memento of it can now recall the fact that, as a contributor to the *Toronto Globe*, he was permitted, from his enforced seclusion, to aid in the battle.

As above intimated, the verses have already appeared in the *Globe*, but, acting on the advice of friends, the author has decided to place them collectively in the hands of the Canadian people as a Souvenir of the Campaign of 1896.

W. A. R.

Listowel, Ont., July, 1896.



## Laurier and Victory !

---

### LAURIER.

Stout heart and free, more glorious in defeat  
Than they who triumph o'er eternal right,  
Upon the scroll of Fame, where patriots meet,  
Thy name is writ, a deathless name of light.  
As giant maple on some crested height,  
Thou standest proof 'gainst tempest's thund'ring  
    shock,  
Firm as the base of Hochelaga's rock,  
Pledge of our glorious country's honest might.  
Fair Canada shall ever more delight,  
To name the fairest of her sons true-born,  
Her star of Hope, her radiant star of morn,  
Triumphant o'er corruption's shame and blight.  
When thou hast gone thy way beyond our ken,  
Thy noblest shrine, the hearts of honest men.

"I."

I, TUPPER the old, have come, I'm here ;  
Sons of this land, I speak ; hearken and hear :  
I rolled yon sun upon his gilded way ;  
I spoke, and lo ! he gives you light by day ;  
I made and hung on high the silver moon,  
I cause her face to shine in night's dark noon ;  
I made the sea, I made it roar and laugh ;  
I sowed the freckles on the tall giraffe ;  
I make the buds and leaves, the streams to flow,  
I make the dew, the rain, the ice, the snow.  
Sir Mac must go, and I your boss will be.  
They told me, too, down by the sounding sea,  
That Murray rues he e'er against me ran,  
Or tried to lick the Bishops' hired man.  
Again I say, I've come, now hear :  
Your debt shall grow and grow from year to year,  
For I will bridge the broad Atlantic's tide,  
And tuncel calm Pacific, rolling wide ;  
I'll melt the Arctic ice from round the pole,  
I'll dig or bore a million-fathom hole,  
That I the axle of the earth may grease.  
Hurrah for "I !" you idiotic geese.  
I'll grind the Rockies into powder small ;  
I'll make St. Lawrence climb Niagara Fall ;  
I'll ditches dig and worthless bridges make.  
If that won't do, I'll pump out every lake.  
This land I'll boom, I will, *I will*, by gob !  
Come, heelers, one and all, who want a job.

## THE HOUSE OF HENS.

*(With compliments to the Senate.)*

THERE'S a sound of agriculture on our hills and in our  
glens,  
So 'tis only meet and proper we should have a House of  
Hens;  
We've a grand old nag to whinney, we have seven cats  
to mew,  
Then the farm-yard were not decent with no cock-a-  
doodle-doo.

Through the snowy months of winter all the hens do sit  
and sit,  
With an air of grave importance, but they never hatch  
a bit;  
And they scratch and cluck and grumble if one only  
murmurs "Shoo!"  
For they keep the yard a ringing with their cock-a-  
doodle-doo.

They are pecking, ever pecking, at the nation's crib of  
corn,  
And of all the hens that cackle they're the fattest ever  
born;  
They are costly, but they're funny, so we'll see them  
safely through,  
For, like children, we are tickled with their cock-a-  
doodle-doo.

People say a day is coming when the hens will cease  
to be,  
When the farm-yard will be silent, and the corn—ah,  
me! ah, me!  
When the nag has ceased to whinney, and the cats no  
longer mew,  
Will this nation be a nation with no cock-a-doodle-do?



### THE BOSS'S SOLILOQUY.

I MET in the House most obtrusive resistance,  
And now I am forced to seek needed assistance ;  
My foes o'er the land like a cyclone are swelling,  
The truth and not lies to electors are telling.  
Sir Mac should support me, but now, I'll be jiggered,  
I'm left in the lurch by that stubborn old niggard ;  
And Chapleau, and Osler, and Meredith know it.  
Say, how would it do to ask Cartwright and Mowat ?  
Pshaw ! They are too open and square. Botheration !  
With leaders like them, what would come of the nation ?  
To ask Laurier were a double-decked blunder ;  
He says, if he could, he would never take plunder.  
No ; the man I must have must support me right hearty.  
He nothing must know but the good of the party,  
(That's " I," kindly note it, dear Dalton McCarthy),  
Must be void of a conscience, as sleek as a poodle,  
In no wise averse to a share of the boodle ;  
He must vote, if I bid, fifty ways in an hour ;  
He must barter his country to keep Me in power ;  
He must swallow himself if the party require.  
In brief, he must do just the thing I desire.  
The work is but light and the salary certain,  
With sundry small subsidies back of the curtain.  
That confounded *Globe* would set up such a jingle,  
Or I really believe I would hang out a shingle.

## PROTECTION.

PROTECTED ? Of course, we're protected  
From surfeits of puddin' an' pie ;  
We never have no indigestion,  
Nor colics, nor cramps, an' for why ?  
Why, simply because we're protected  
From all but the plainest of grub,  
An' of that, twice as much would be scanty  
At times ! Stranger, thar is the rub !

We're protected from railroadin' smashups,  
An' steamboat explosions an' sich ;  
These air extravagant notions  
That only belong to the rich.  
We might as well live in a thicket,  
Whar monkeys is freer than men ;  
I couldn't buy Sally a ticket  
If she never seed mother again.

We're protected from buggies an' organs,  
The frogs give us music at nights ;  
We walk, so air always protected  
From runaway accident frights ;  
The plugs we hev saved from the mortgage,  
Don't walk on their hunkers in pride.  
They ain't fed like the Cumberland war-hoss,  
So couldn't kick high if they tried.

We're protected ! Oh, yes, we're protected  
From all that a mortal can need ;  
An' if Foster would veto our stomachs,  
We'd bless him an' praise him indeed.  
Then a diet of talk of a Tupper  
Might satisfy critters like we,  
For breakfast, an' dinner, an' supper  
Would come to us reg'lar an' free.

Could breeches be made of a promise,  
An' coats of a prophecy fair,  
With Tupper for loom an' for spindle,  
Our garments were many and rare ;  
But the cold somehow pierces his fabrics,  
Our stomachs say something is wrong ;  
Our rheumatiz argys conclusive—  
We've had this protection too long.

NOTE.—A friend writes from Bruce Peninsula : " The people here are very hard up. Many of them have lived all winter on bread and tea." Glory be to protection ! but it must go.

## I AND YET I.

I've done a mighty lot, you bet !  
I made Cartier a baronet,  
I'm Dalton's grand-dad too.  
Though once I said I had, indeed,  
No confidence in—er—the breed,  
I always was the friend in need  
Of Catholics staunch and true.

I'll nourish Manitoba's crops,  
I'll give her showers in golden drops,  
And spotless skies of blue.  
I'll dig each rapid from the Red,  
Her lakes I'll to Superior wed,  
I'll push the railway right ahead,—  
That's what I mean to do.

I'll do a lot for old Quebec,  
If she obeys the Bishops' beck,  
And votes as she should do.  
I'll build her bridge where it should be,  
I'll fish her land-slide from the sea,  
I'll learn to speak her language free,—  
That's what I mean to do.

I'll give to dear Ontario  
An ocean line to Jericho,  
A tunnel to Peru.  
For picnic grounds I'll give Cathay,  
For winter park fair Paraguay,  
A conduit from the Milky Way,  
Toronto, I'll give you.

Each Province has it's little need,  
But I, your gracious I, indeed,  
Will ev'ry want supply.  
I'm sailing in a leaky boat,  
But I will buy each tardy vote.  
Dear Bishops, bid electors note,  
I, even I, am I.

## JAW V. JUDGMENT.

They tell us that Samson, in serving the Lord,  
    Wielded the jaw of an ass;  
That he strode right and left thro' the Philistine horde,  
    And smote with the jaw of an ass.  
Fierce as a whirlwind he swept o'er the plain;  
His blows fell like leaves in the drear autumn rain.  
Fell till the valley was filled with the slain—  
    Dead by the jaw of an ass.

Down through the ages, in story, has sped  
    The fame of the jaw of the ass;  
The last of the race of that hero is dead,  
    But still lives the jaw of the ass.  
While dotards and traitors are chief in the State,  
One fain must believe 'tis the mandate of fate:  
He only can hope to be honored and great  
    Who fights with the jaw of an ass.

Go up to the halls where our law-makers meet,  
    And list to the jaw of the ass;  
If a wise man is there he must suffer defeat—  
    Go down by the jaw of the ass;  
He may argue for justice and plead for the right,  
He is badgered by day and defrauded by night,  
And he who will stand at the close of the fight  
    Is he with the jaw of an ass.

Is truth only falsehood, and reason but fraud?  
    Hurrah for the jaw of the ass!  
Is office your temple, position your god?  
    Three cheers for the jaw of an ass!  
Corruption your mantle? Then cherish your stains;  
Ye bondslaves of boodlers, sit hugging your chains;  
Proclaim to the world ye have bartered your brains  
    To drink from the jaw of an ass.

Ye will not? Then rouse ye, Canadians strong,  
    And shatter the jaw of the ass.  
The plungers and bunglers have burdened you long,  
    Away with the jaw of the ass.  
Bid liberty, honesty, equity stand;  
Woo Canada's sons from the alien's strand;  
With ballots for bullets, come, rescue our land,  
    And bury the jaw of the ass.

### VICTORY.

SING, ye mighty hills, in chorus !  
Sing, ye torrents free and strong ;  
Gleeful rills, in silv'ry trebles,  
Swell the universal song,  
Not of triumph over party,  
But of triumph over wrong !

Sing, ye sons of this our country !  
Shout aloud from wave to wave !  
Tyranny and foul corruption  
Now are sleeping in their grave.  
Canada hath loudly spoken :  
Truth and justice she will have

Wake to greet the golden dawning  
That shall follow twilight gray :  
Rustles now the breeze of morning,—  
Lo ! our night has rolled away !  
Worthy sons of worthy sires,  
Welcome in the fuller day.

When no mandate of the many  
Shall oppress the feebler few :  
When the worthy shall be honored,  
And the weak receive his due ;  
And the bosom of the nation  
Harbor only what is true.





SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

