

Rosborough's Reverte.

BY DARBY DOOFlickER.

Yes, I'm defeated—shamefully treated,  
Left in the lurch by the temperance  
crowd;  
Orangemen too, though I'm True Blue,  
Railed against me with a voice very  
loud.

I thought the A. P. A.  
Would not give me away  
When I stormed the forts of Popery upon  
a recent day,  
And started in with Rush  
The "serpent's head to crush;"  
But my followers forsook me all and now  
have run away.

I thought the rubber coats  
Would bring me many votes,  
But the "bobbies" when they saw me  
they winked the other eye,  
Though them I roundly chided  
They said:—"We're well provided."  
And can stand a "rainy season" now, for  
long we've been too dry.

Whene'er we made a raid  
We always were afraid  
To appropriate the whiskey to our own  
especial use  
As in the days of old,  
For fear it might be told  
By the new "Scott Act Inspector" and  
that you might hear the news.

I know the women prayed  
And the clergy lent their aid,  
But it all proved unavailing and I'm at a  
loss to know  
Why Ingersoll's man John  
A majority of one  
Received, and such a godlike man as me  
was forced to go.

I do not think the Kirk  
For me did rightly work,  
Or I might have been elected if they'd  
spoken long and loud:  
And the "deeper water saints,"  
Their voice was low and faint,  
Except the trumpet-thunders of the  
Reverend Jo McLeod.

I said I'd have no Roman,  
Nor a negre nor a woman  
To throw a ballot for me, let the case be  
what it might;  
If I'd not antagonized,  
And flouted and despised  
This class, I own my chance would be  
much better in the fight.

Though the Templars and the Church  
Have left me in the lurch  
I've still a private "Chappell" where I  
can kneel and pray,  
And if my friend Duncan Thomas  
Will only keep his promise  
I've a home secured to welcome me  
when comes a rainy day.

Though the Herald showed me up  
And the little Irish pup  
Who blackguarded the ladies within the  
City Hall,  
The little BUTLER'S JOURNAL  
With its doctrines so infernal  
Administered unto me the severest cut  
of all.

The "machine" turned inside out—  
Rack, ruin, reel and rout,  
Is what has overtaken me and I must  
bear the smart;  
But to see my friends desert me  
Is that that most does hurt me,  
Their ingratitude and cruelty does wound  
me to the heart,

The Remedial Bill  
Has been a bitter pill,  
And the Government's great victory  
achieved by General Blair—

Besides the Bathurst Schools  
And the catechism rules,  
But none of these so far have served to  
turn a single hair.

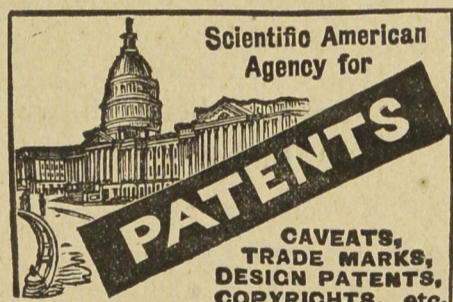
But to know that I, myself,  
Am shorn of power and pelf  
'Tis enough to make me wonder what the  
world is drifting to,  
When men like Moore and Pat  
Take places where I sat  
It makes me feel in every sense a genu-  
ine True Blue.

It makes me awful sad,  
I think I shall go mad,  
But the worst of all my brethren have  
lost their faith in me;  
They're not prepared for war,  
Don't want it—and therefore  
They've taken me by the breeches' back  
and flung me in the sea.

They want peace and good will  
And don't wish the Romans ill,  
And are willing to allow them a seat upon  
the Board,  
'Twould scare me into fits  
If I didn't still have Pitts  
To launch his manifestoes out against the  
Popish horde.

Like my own Standard Time  
I know I'm left behind,  
And for the future still must be a laggard  
in the race—  
If 'twere not for the "riff raff"  
Of which there's fully half  
Of the independent voters I would still  
have held my place.

But I must close my gash,  
Or I will get the lash  
If I keep up the ill feeling and the ran-  
cor in my breast,  
So, I'll go and eat my mush  
Along with Brother Rush  
And Anderson and Hewitson and give  
my tongue a rest.



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