

A gang of hummers stood around,
A thirskier crowd could not be found.
"Come up, me boys, take what ye like:
Drinks for the house," he said to Mike.

He threw Mike down a ten-dollar bill,
And told him again the howls to fill.
Again the gang oped wide their jaws
And drank success to the patriot cause.

He filled them up to their hearts' content
Till he'd about five dollars spent.
"Now, give me my change," said bold McCann,
"I like to deal with an honest man."

"I call again before I go
To join the boys in Buffalo."
McGuff then handed him a "v"
And Phelim skipped off cheerfully.

"A fine man that," exclaimed McGuff,
And the hummers murmured "Ho's the stuff."
That night McGuff took from his till
The "Ten" to pay his grocery bill.

But the grocer grinned and said, "Mike, bedad,
This ten-dollar bill of yours is bad!"
Then up arose a wild McGuff,
And he cursed and swore in language tough.

"I'll have his life!" he loud did cry,
"Ho's a murderin', thraitorous, British spy!"
That night in Buffalo might be seen
The bold McCann in a coat of green.

And he told the boys how many tens
He'd palmed off in the Toronto dens.
And they laughed and roared when Phelim said:
"Just leave me alone for a Fenian raid!"

"And I tell ye, boys, that sort of man
Is Captain Phelim Q. McCann." —B.

OLLA PODRIDA.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S CONVERSATION.

O'Hourigan, good dacent man, sat out on his
door's tip and fanned himself wid one of his
brogues. Along came neighbor Casey and gave
his friend good avenin'.

"Mighty hot days these, Pat," sez Casey.
"And it's that they are, Mike," replies Pat,
cpially at night, be the same token"

"Thru for ye, Pat," sez Mike, "an' it's the
sensible man ye're to sit on yer dure-stip and
take in a gollyogue o' fresh air."

"Sure the coolest place in the house these
nights is outside, Mike," says Pat.

"Thru as ye're born," replies Mike, "an'
how's the slip av a pig ye bought last week?"
"He doesn't improve, Mike, an' he's too
little. I never seen a littler baste in my life,"
sez Pat

"Little!" sez Mike, "why Danny Sheehan
has one twicet as little. Yes, be the powers,
he's as little as two av him."

An' wid that he lit his dhudeen and biddin'
his friend good night, wint away.

BATOCHÉ.

Some citizens were standing on the street
discussing the recent rebellion.

"Fine affair that at Batoak, wasn't it?"
says No. 1.

"You mean the charge at Batoatch, I
suppose; oh yes, gallant piece of work," re-
plied No. 2.

"Ah! I see you fellows are talking about
recent scrimmage in the Nor'-West," broke in
No. 3, coming up at this moment. "well, I must
say the Batoshay charge ought to be handed
down to posterity with that of Balaclawva."

"Tisn't Batoshay," says No. 1.

"What is it, then?" asks No. 3.

"Batoak, of course. Here, ask Jimpson.
How do you pronounce it, Jim?"

"I call it Batoak, and I guess I'm right. I
was in Manitobaw myself once," replied Jimp-
son, "but ask this GRIP man; say, GRIP, what
is it?"

"Batoashe, of course, you duffers," answered
the omniscient one, "r-o-c-h-e, roashe; ergo,
t-o-c-h-o, toashe.—Batoashe; now, go home
and study your French Grammars."

THE RETURN OF THE B'YS.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE GLORIOUS DEMONSTRATION.

Och, shure, it done me powers av good to see the grand
demonstration.
Was made last week in Tronty whin the b'ys kom
marching back;
Bedad! I think I niver seen so grand a demonstration
Since the time av Paddy O'Finnigan's wako in the
parish of Ballywhack.

No; I'll say I niver seen
Such goin's on before
Since I kem away from Dublin Bay
An' left ould Ireland's shore.

There was arches ericted on all the sthreeets, an' banners
everywhere,
An' sthreamers wid advertis'ments, an' flags from ivry
steeples;
An' thin the hate was awful, an' divil a breath av air,
An' I think there must have bin a crowd of mor'n a
million people.

But, oh! the sight was grand
Whin the B'ys kom marchin' by
Wid their glorious band an' their faces tanned,
An' the wimmen begun to cry.

There was Tronty's gallant Grenadiers who took Batoche
by storm,
An' wasn't we glad to see 'em back? The Q.O.R. as
well,
They wasn't the lasfe bit backward wherever the fire
was warm
Up there where they was fightin', but they laughed at
shot and shell.

But, my! they did look brown,
As bat'rally they would,
Whin they'd not touched wather for four month's an' a
quarter,
It's reasonable they should.

There was Ghiral Howard av the Gatlin' gun; us him's
the broth of a b'y;
An' didn't he pepper thim half breeds, and didn't he
do it well?
"Take that, an' that, an' that," he'd say, as he'd let a
volley fly,
An' ivry time he'd done it some Injun or half-breed
fell.

(There was pickpockets until the crowd
As busy as ants in a row,
An' one made a snatch and wint off wid my watch,
But waches was made to go.)

Shure such a crowd I niver seen; there was Germans,
Frinch, and Russians,
There was ripresentatives, I think, from ivry blessed
nation:
There was Chinamin an' Poles an' Turks an' Irishmin
an' Prussians,
All come to honor the gallant b'ys at this glorious
demonstration.

An' such a row as they made!
'Twas worse nor Babel, by Jingo!
For aich haythionish baste would cheer till his taste,
An' all in a different lingo.

An' there amongst the other throops was the Governor-
Ghiral's Gyards;
Bedad! thim chaps looked butifal, aich man with his
great, long sword,
Av course they looked all baththered up, but that was
upon the cyards,
But aiven as it was I think they'd a' dbrawn some
praise from Luard!

They was led by Dinison,
Him as won the prize av the Czar;
An' by th' infernal ho looked like a colonel,
An' just the b'y for a war.

There was all the civic aldermin, but divil a bit I cared,
To see thim chaps; shure, any day at Mike McCon-
nell's place
Ye can see a City Father, an' ye noodn't look very hard;
Ye'll see them dhrinkin' ivrywhere and sometimes
runnin' their face!

They needn't 've shown thimselves,
No ornaments was they;
As I said before, through McConnell's dure,
Ye can see thim anny day.

In all my days I niver seen a puresession so big and long,
It took eight hours to pass one point; at laste that's
what I guess;
Perhaps ye think I'm puttin' it a weeny bit too sthronge,
But a thafe had larry'd my watch, as I said, but it
couldn't 've bin much less.

Bedad! I niver seen
Such a sthronge of men before;
An' there in the crowd, all snivellin' loud,
Was swootharts an' wives galore.

An thin the bands I there must have bin a hundhred at
the lasfe.
With threupets, dhruuns, an' bagpipes an' clarencets
an' ffoots;

Discorsin' sweetest music wid the most bewildorin'
taste;
There was min wid fifes whose music mod my teeth
ache till the roots.

An' mid all th' exorciscatin din
The b'ys wint marchin' along;
While the peulers bawled, sang out, and howled,
To keep order in the throng.

An' now I've tould ye all I know of this shplindid cel-
bration;
It bates the Dutch to think thim b'ys is all safe home
once more;
But shure they must feel gratified wid Tronty's dem-
onstration;
They've felt some of the hardships, now they feel the
sthreeets of war.

So now I've said my say,
An' a pretty long one it is;
Now, Mither Gair, I'll give you a tip,
My name's

—CLONTARY O'SWIZ.



SEASONABLE—A TRIO.

TO BE SUNG BY A PEELER, A REPORTER, AND A
PARSON.

Air.—Obvious at a glance.

PEELER:
Old Phubus now is streamin on the sthreeets
—on the sthreeets,
With rays so very torrid that it seems
—that it seems

That the peelers who would stumber on their heates
—on their heates
Would be very hot and blazy in their dreams
—in their dreams,
Which makes that pithy saying quite a true one
—quite a true one,
(I mean what Mr. Gilbert's pen has done
—pen has done.)
That the man who wears a peeler's coat, a blue one
—coat, a blue one,
His lot is not indeed a happy one
—happy one.

REPORTER:
But surely 'tis no worse for Mr. Peeler
—Mr. Peeler
Than for us poor luckless wights, reporters named
—'porters named.
A reporter of hot weather is a feeler
—is a feeler
Just as much as are our tug-of-war men famed
—war men famed.
They are forced to knock about a lot at night-time
—lot at night-time,
Which really in this weather is not fun
—is not fun;
For the season of July's a mighty bright time
—mighty bright time.
A reporter's lot is not a happy one
—happy one.

[When the reverend gentleman was called upon for
his stanza he hummed and hawed considerably, and then
stated that truth and candor compelled him to confess
that his lot was a happy one; he had not much to do,
and when the weather was very hot he was not even
obliged to write or prepare a sermon for Sunday, as he
could make the excess of atmospherical caloric an excuse
for dismissing his congregation without the customary
discourse, and he was forced to admit that the members
of his church seemed to be devoutly thankful when
such was the case. As the other two did not appear
willing to contradict his reverence, the reporter obtained
an item from the peeler, and the peeler obtained a
quarter from the reporter, and the reporter, for
obvious reasons—but from the other gentleman, and
the trio parted.] —S.