



GETTING DEMONSTRATIVE.

THE OPINIONS OF AN OWL.

When wisdom's lamp burnt rather low,  
And I was quite a baby,  
Some half a century ago,  
Or more than that it may be,  
So innocent was every son  
Of this most favoured nation,  
That many noble deeds were done  
With little demonstration.

If cause to fight was found, they rose  
And calmly went and fought;  
If cause to pray, they went to church  
And prayed as Christians ought;  
To work, except an idle few,  
They found their occupation,  
And coolly worked—and never knew  
The need for demonstration!

No longer one such pastoral dunce  
These happy realms contain;  
Now if a foe insults them once  
They dare him to again,  
And when that foe with jeer and flout  
Repeats the provocation—  
They send a fleet to cruise about  
And make a demonstration.

Or if the world is full of work,  
Yet none to them is sent;  
Or if they want to vote for men  
To talk in Parliament,  
Instead of seeking what they lack  
With calm determination,  
They walk about the streets with drums  
And make a demonstration.

And if they want to live a life  
Of goodly Christian manners,  
It seems that they must play the fife  
And march with drums and banners,  
Wear uniforms and shout. 'Tis faith,  
This wants consideration,  
They cannot go to heaven now  
Without a demonstration.

Perhaps I am a little blind,  
They say the age is wise;  
Were I of intellectual kind  
And saw with human eyes,  
Things might be clear that now are dark  
To me and my relations,  
For good, no doubt, is brought about  
By rampant demonstrations.

But being rather blind, I look  
At these immortal souls  
Parading yards of colored rag  
On varnished wooden poles,  
With childish beat of empty drums,  
And indistinct orations,  
And can't see much divinity  
In all their demonstrations.

It seems to me if there should be  
A something to be wrought,  
Or something that the wise agree  
The foolish should be taught;  
The thoughtful work of earnest years  
Must shape the reformation,  
But any Ass can lift his ears  
And make a demonstration.

Hampstead.

—A. St. J. A.

QUIZZICAL QUERIES.

BY OUR SPECIAL CHANK.

How is it that the eye which speaks volumes  
always drops the silent tear?  
Is not the man who has a screw loose, that  
is, in his nut, often nailing?  
What means should be employed to drag out  
a well that has fallen into disuse?

Can a person in the heat of passion safely  
follow culinary (cool an' airy) pursuits?

Is the editor who voices the sentiment of  
the people an organ tuner?

Has the basso who sings "A hundred  
fathoms deep" been known to leave his voice  
at the bottom of the C? If so, did he recover  
it by the aid of leger lines?

In musical circles is it the correct thing for  
the lyre to associate with the upright piano?

Should a susceptible young man when study-  
ing his music notes have anything to do with  
*billets doux* and *belles lettres*?

Would the girl who can rivet her gaze upon  
an object be of service in healing the sole of  
man?

Can the man who was ejected from a  
meeting by Oscar Wilde said to have been  
fired with aestheticism, and did he speak coolly  
when the fire went out?

To what better work could the person who  
dispersed a collection of coiners be put than  
to handle the offertory plates belonging to a  
rich congregation?

To musicians bibulously inclined: Why  
should you, when taking your rests, always do  
so before a bar? Is it because that is your  
drinking time, four measures to one dead-beat?



THE BATTLE OF BATOCHÉ.

(Concluded.)

COMMUNICATED BY CORPORAL GAS.

The morning of the battle of Batoche the sun rose amidst clouds. I arose in rather a cloudy condition myself, owing to the last night's vigils, but having immersed his head in a bucket of water, Corporal Gas "was himself again." Breakfasts having been cooked, we attacked the hard tack, and as hard beef, in a manner that only soldiers are capable of. Shortly after the men had finished their meal the bugles sounded for parade, and giving a last look to see that our rifles were in shooting trim, we fell in, and were soon on the line of march towards Batoche. I was nearly omitting to state that, with my usual dash, I had volunteered to form one of the rear guard, and the General, being aware of my intimate knowledge of that section of an advancing force, thanked me before the troops for my devotion. I will pass over the minor details of the march, to where the scouts first received notice of the presence of the enemy, by some shots being fired at them, at a long range. We now deployed and advanced in skirmishing order; by some oversight on my part, I found I had got in the first line of skirmishers, and I was soon exposed to a smart fire. I was now fully occupied in trying to make myself as small as possible; it is astonishing how large a man feels himself on such an occasion. The great wonder seems to be how the enemy can miss one! My comrades, around me, were begging me not to expose myself, and I didn't, any more than I could possibly help. I lay there thinking of the valuable advice contained in the lines—  
"He that fights and runs away, may live to

fight another day, but he that is in battle slain, shall never rise to fight again," but after the exchange of shots had gone on for some time, I began to feel that my position was getting monotonous, and peering carefully through some bushes that were in front of me, I could see the open oval space upon which Batoche's house stands. and I could perceive that the Indian Tepees (chiefs) were hurrying backwards and forwards, waving their gaily-colored shaganopies (war banners), and calling on the braves to stand their ground. My eagle eye took in the situation at a glance, and carefully making my way to where the staff were standing, I said, "General, they are wavering, give them the cold steel." He looked steadily in the direction of Batoche for the space of half a minute, and then closing his telescope exclaimed, "By the hokey, you're right!" and raising his voice, shouted, "The whole line will advance; up, Guards, and at 'em! Charge!" The gallant Midlanders jumped up with a cheer, and rushed forward, closely followed by the Grenadiers, and remaining troops, while, waving his hat, and standing up in his stirrups, "Charge, Williams, charge, O'Brien, on!" loud shouted General Middleton. In less time than it takes to tell it we were among the rifle pits, bayoneting and clubbing the foe by hundreds. While jumping over one pit, a ferocious squaw caught hold of my leg, throwing me down, and now commenced a life or death struggle, but the blood of a'l the Gases boiled in my veins, and I felt myself invincible, and, finally overpowering her, I tied her to a tree, by one of her hind legs, during which operation she howled horribly. "Squaw by name, and squawk by nature," observed a young officer who was passing. I now rushed on to the village. Our brave boys were dashing past the houses in pursuit of the rebels. I, however, entered several houses, in search of any of the foe who might still be concealed in them, but beyond a few plated forks and spoons, I found nothing worthy of my attention. Having put these in my pockets, I rejoined the troops, who were now resting after their late exertions. Ere long I heard my name being passed from mouth to mouth, and was soon informed that our gallant General was desirous of speaking to me. When we met he affectionately embraced me. "My brave Gas," said he, "it is to you this great victory belongs. You drew my attention to the difficulty the Tepees had in keeping their men to the rifle pits, which induced me to give the order to charge. Boys," continued he, "I call for three cheers for one of the foremost heroes of this campaign, Corporal Gas." All this time he kept wringing my hand, and the confounded spoons and forks rattled in my pockets like the very mischief, and I began to fear that they would spoil the harmony of the proceedings, as there had been a strict order issued against our looting from the rebel houses. However, fortunately, the ringing cheers of my comrades drowned the noise of the spoons and forks, and I was saved having to explain my reasons for annexing them. The General now insisted that I should accompany him to where his tent had been pitched, and opening a bottle of his very old particular, we drank a bumper to our noble selves, and future victory, and he confided to me that he would certainly send in my name, with a recommendation for the K.C.M.G. I have since been informed that my name was not submitted to Her Majesty, as an official of high standing was desirous of obtaining the honor for himself, and was fearful that if my name appeared his own might be passed over; so modest merit once more fades away before official pride, but the consolation is left me, that so long as the rebellion in the North-West is spoken of, in the British tongue, so long will be mentioned, with feelings of national pride, the name of Corporal Gas.

FINIS.