

"but I will whale the heverlasting invisibles, out of yonder varlet, mushroom knight as he is, for the honner of hold Hengland if nothink helse, 'tarnation 'cute as he calls isself." The speaker was wrath, moreover boozy, and heeded not the niceties of his mother-tongue.

Sir Egnog was the scion of a noble race; he could trace his lineage away back beyond his grandfather, whilst the Yankee churl alluded to was but a varlet of low degree who entertained doubts as to the identity of his own father; he had, however, received knighthood at Athelstane's hands as a reward for the introduction amongst the peasantry of some marvellous bass-wood hams, which the king compelled them to eat or die, and derived an immense revenue from the exportation of the real porkers to Chicago. It was moreover rumored that he had hit upon a plan by which the vessels of the U. S. navy could be made to float, and Athelstane was doubly anxious to conciliate him or exterminate him; he was not particular which. Thus much in explanation.

#### CHAP. II.

"And as she satte  
In her Geynesburrow hutte,  
She was faire and comely withalle."

The above is a quotation from one of the bards of that time, one Can-Can, an humble journalist yet a mighty minstrel, who received an annual stipend from the royal exchequer for his services as an emetic, it being the practice of physicians of that date when mustard, ipacacuanha, tartar emetic and so forth were scarce, to take Can-Can round with them on their visits to their patients, and when an emetic was considered desirable to order him to recite specimens of his own poetry to the sufferer, the result being as satisfactory as it invariably was instantaneous.

The verses at the head of the chapter refer to Rowena, a young woman on whom Athelstane was dead gone, who in her turn was mashed on Sir Egnog. She was very beautiful, and had a good healthy appetite: a professional beauty, in fact, with strong predilections for the stage. So much for her.

#### CHAP. III.

"England expects that hev-ery man  
This da-hay will doo-hoo 'is doo-hooty."  
—Chaucer.

'Twas the morning of the combat, for Sir Egnog and Sir Ichabod Doolittle meant business and were about to engage in a deathly struggle. Athelstane and Rowena occupied parquette chairs at the northern end of the lists, whilst around them were grouped numbers of the nobility, blockheads of the witenagemote from whom the aldermen of the present day are descended, newspaper reporters, and deadbeats generally. Clad in a mantle and armor of purest white, Sir Egnog rode into the lists on a pale milk-colored steed, a delicate cerulean-tinted beast of lengthy tail and pedigree. Sir Ichabod appeared at the same moment at the other end of the lists, gallantly bestriding a mule of haughty demeanor, who pranced and caracoled as though conscious that the humorous reporters were even then scribbling down some choice jests and bon-mots concerning him and his race, as they actually were, and which jokes have descended to us in a long, unbroken line, even to the present day.

Would space permit, a lengthy and detailed account might be given concerning the conflict which took place, but it will not. a quotation from the noon edition of the *Mistletoe Bough*, the society organ of that day, must suffice. "Round 1. Roth combatants rushed upon one another and met with a dull thud." (Observe how history repeats itself in these two last words.) "Sir Ichabod's mule was nearly

placed *hors de combat* by a kick from the horse de combat of Sir Egnog, but quickly recovered himself and smiled peacefully. Sir Ichabod got in a rattler upon the dice box of his opponent with his spear, who counterexed neatly and landed a ceaser on the former's potato trap; ding-dong returns all over the ring: anybody's battle so far.

Round 2. Both came up smiling. Sir Egnog, discarding his spear, drew his trusty sword, and each knight rushed upon the other and met in mid career with a dull sickening thud. In a few minutes the Yankee's head was seen whirling away some yards from its owner's body. Blood spouted from the headless corse, and deluged the snowy mantle of the English champion, from whose nose the vital fluid was flowing copiously and mingling with that of his opponent. It was a gay sight. Four physicians were immediately in attendance on the fallen warrior, and after probing for the bullet for some hours declared that life was extinct. Sir Egnog was proclaimed the victor, and rode up to the throne whereon the monarch was seated, to do his devoirs, whatever that is. But behold! his once snowy mantle now presented the appearance of a tricolor banner; the white ground, streaked with the plebeian red gore of Sir Ichabod and crossed by the deep blue patrician life-blood of Sir Egnog looked, as Rowena observed, too sweet for anything, and she immediately demanded from Athelstane a dress of that pattern or at least a polka dot resembling it. "Bosh!" roared the king, swigging off a gallon or so of nut brown ale, "Bosh! The president of the United States has a flag and England has not. Them there shall be her colors: ooray! for the red, white and blue," and all present gave tongue to the words and air which are now so familiar to all. And thus were those colors first adopted as the ensign of old England. In conclusion it may be stated that Rowena, justly incensed at Athelstane's refusal to grant her simple request for a polka dot, and judging that, if he could deny her anything before matrimony he would make no bones about refusing her every thing after, immediately went back on him, sprang on the back of Sir Egnog's steed, and the lovers sped away to a distant city where they established a flourishing business by manufacturing that beverage which has ever since borne the gentleman's name. Such is the plain, unvarnished story of the origin of the much loved and glorious flag of Old England. Long may it wave!

#### HERE AND THERE.

A SIMPLE DRAMA IN FOUR SCENES.

##### SCENE I.

*Luxuriant "boudoir" in the "palatial residence" of James Snooks, Esq., dry goods merchant. Persons—Miss Mollie Snooks and her bosom friend and companion, Miss Julia Bangles, daughter of Alderman Bangles, soap grease collector.*

JULIA BANGLES—Here's that nasty thing, Katie Brown, got her name in the "Society Column." Nice society her people belonged to at home.

MOLLIE SNOOKS—That's so. I wouldn't have my name put in that way for anything. It's disgusting; so vulgar too! My word, wouldn't my grandma in her castle at home be angry if she saw it?

##### SCENE II.

*Same persons; time, a week later.*

JULIA—Oh my. Look here, Mollie, (reads from *Evening Bosh*)—"Miss Julia Bangles entertained her friend, Miss Mollie Snooks, to a select haul-over of her wardrobe on Wednesday last. The costumes are said to be particularly *recherche*." There now. Oh! my,

isn't it nice? Do look—Miss Julia Bangles; it's too sweet.

MOLLIE—Let's buy a dozen copies and send 'em home to England.

JULIA—All right; let's. [Exeunt.

##### SCENE III.

*Three weeks later. A humble dwelling in Hold Hengland, (the "castle" referred to by Miss Snooks in a former scene).*

OLD MRS. SNOOKS—(Laboriously turning mangle. To her enters letter carrier.) Lawks, mussy sakes alive wot's this? Toronto *Evening Bosh*: wy, it must be from my granddarter Mollie. Ay, ay, 'eres a bit marked wi' red pencil. (Spells out item in Society Column before referred to.) My! So my gals is society people in Canada! Well, I never! and to think as I ave to wash and mangle for a livin'. It's too bad. Sukey, run over and get us a quartern of gin; my narves is diswolloped.

##### SCENE IV.

*Back slum in St. Giles, London. E. C. Three costermongers boozing with several pots o' four arf. To them enters Postman.*

POSTMAN—John Bangles, Esquire, 'ere? (To which a gentleman decidedly the worse for sundry pots, and attired in a greasy moleskin and a fur cap responds by stating that "'e's the bloke and wot's vornted?") Receives copy of *Evening Bosh* which he hands to one of his companions, as his own education has been neglected and he is unable to read, even if he were sober enough to do so. Companion opens it and reads.) "Well, h'ime blowed, 'ere's a rummy start." (Reads item mentioned in Scene 2.) "Vy thatt must be young John's gal, eh, hold man?"

JOHN BANGLES, ESQUIRE—In course. That there's my grandgal, and er's me a bloomin' corster; go and get another pot o' bloomin' four arf, Bill; I must dround my feelin's.

[CURTAIN.]

#### A WELCOME TO THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Come, brothers, come, to the land of the setting sun,  
Why do you linger in want and despair;  
A welcome we gladly extend unto every one  
Having the courage our fortunes to share.  
The land where at present the bison is roaming—  
The prairies and wilds of our boundless domain—  
Invite you with smiles, while you are benoaning  
Because a fair living you cannot obtain.

Then come, brothers, come, when for you there's rest  
To be won by just means in the beautiful west!

Come, brothers, come, for the wildland and valley  
Await but your onslaught to yield due reward  
To those who will freely their energies rally,  
In clearing the bushland and turning the sward.  
Where once frowned the forest now orchards are blooming,  
The old beaver meadows are marshes no more,  
Whilst the freeholder sits here contentedly crooning  
The songs of his youth at his own cottage door.

Then come, brothers, come, if you choose to invest  
Your labor in making a home in the west,

Be not afraid, we have plenty of land yet,  
Millions of acres are lying in waste;  
If willing to labor, you all can command yet  
A home of your own and its sweet comforts taste.

If you are poor, we will lend you assistance,  
Till from the soil a return you receive,  
All that is needed is steady persistence  
In well-doing, brothers, then why do ye grieve?

Then come, brothers, come, our country's the best,  
And carve out a home in our beautiful west.

Then crouch not beneath the frown of the master,  
Who oft treats your just claims with hauteur and scorn,  
Who think that the demon of hunger will faster  
Teach you to know that his yoke must be borne.  
Sons of the Emerald Isle, be not down-hearted,  
Though heavy's the cross you unwillingly bear,  
And grievous the wrongs beneath which you've smarted,  
Till the soul is nigh crushed by the dark fiend, Despair,  
But come, brothers, come, a ye who're oppressed,  
And hew out a home in our beautiful west,

Here there's no law of injustice to hamper  
The man who will honestly strive to do right;  
No petty, tyrannical agents to tramp o'er  
The rights for which free men will ne'er cease to fight.  
Then come whilst the door of our mansion is open,  
Your souls of all bitter reflections divest;  
Come with clean hearts to the land we have hope in,  
And success is assured to the poor and distressed.  
Then come, kinsmen, come, where no man is oppressed,  
And a new Erin found in our beautiful west.