

DE RAGANBOTTLES' REVENGE.
A LEGEND OF PORT STANLEY.

'Twas in the afternoon; the sun
His downward course had just begun.
The place—Port Stanley. Henry John
De Raganbottles stood alone,
Save that behind a beechen tree
A scrap of muslin he could see;
And from the color did surmise
The wearer was the fair Elize
Magoogal.

Up from the centre of his chest
A sigh went sailing to the west.
He smote his thunder-mantled brow,
And hoarsely muttered: I will now
At once—explore—discover—see,
And ascertain what she can be
A-doin'.



As Onondaga on the trail,
So thin, so slim, so short, so pale;
On through the glade and thro' the gloom,
Resistless as the wild simoon,
Reckless of briar, brake and fen,
Obstinate as a setting hen,
He drew nigh.

De Raganbottles sought his prey,
And gurgled glumly: By my fay
She hath her dry goods on to-day,
In great style.

He halts, he grabs himself, he gasps!
For in her hand a knife she clasps.
Can it be suicide? he thought,
While every hair stood stiff and taut,
And like twin billiard balls, his eyes
Be-gazed upon the fair Elize,
Together.

But no! As fair and innocent
As liberty upon a cent,
Elize did clumsily endeavor
(I blush to state she wasn't clever),
To carve some letters on the bark.
All this did Henry John remark:
Ha! ha! quoth Henry John, 'tis well—
I see the knife, I feel the spell;
Immortal doughnuts! can it be
That thou for such a wretch as me
Gan'st cut on bark of beechen tree
The initials with a capital D,
Of De Raganbottles?

He shrank, or shrunk, he scarcely breathed,
His brain with balmy visions wreathed;
Callow was he, and dumb and blind
To pincies going on behind,
And elsewhere.

At last she rose up like the moon,
Or like a hydrogen balloon;
That is, (excuse the metaphor),
I mean the fair young creature wore
A crinoline.

Hast seen the tiger seize his prey?
Well, in a sort of similar way
De Raganbottles reached the tree,
And gazed upon it fixedly.

But why this roar of bitter woe?
Oh! why this hopping to and fro?
Oh! Saturn, Juniper and March!
Eliza Jane hath ta'en the starch
Out of De Raganbottles.

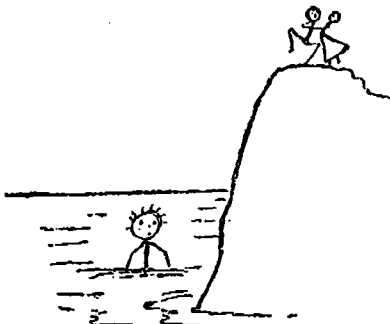
Ah me! the cruel fact! he saw
In carved letters new and raw,
P. C.—

His hated rival—fearful smash,
Castle come down with cruel crash!
How can the sun keep shining on
Above the head of Henry John?
Now, by my halldome! quoth he,
I will revenge me after tea
On Peter Coggins!

YE REVENGE.

He did! When Peter went to swim,
De Raganbottles followed him,
And hid his shirt, and pants and all,
And left him not a rag at all,
Good, bad or indifferent.
So Peter had to swim (though pale),

Till shades of evening did prevail;
While on a high and lofty bank,
(Gazing like froglet from a tank)
He saw De Raganbottles prance,
And with the fair Magoogle dance
A polka.



When fiery sol had quit these scenes,
To a farmer of the name of Beans
He sneaked him.

But Beans' Towzer made him run,
While Beans with lantern and a gun
Pursued him.



Not finding his mistake at last,
Quickly in charity he cast
His duster on the form of Cog,
Laid down his arms, called off his dog,
And apologized.

And here I might lay down my pen,
But will not do it, for that then
I could not very well narrate
De Raganbottles' final fate.
Coggins explained; Elize believed,
And o'er his hard experience grieved;
And Wednesday evening Skyoglo
Announced the wedding, E. Magoogal
To Peter Coggins.

Then up arose the maddened Itag,
Took up his walking stick and bag,
Became a furious woman later,
Ran for the New York Legislature,
And is a Fenian agitator,
At present.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN

IS SADLY DISAPPOINTED IN THIS CANADA OF OURS.

MISTER GRIP, DEAR SIR,—

I must pawsitively give igspresshn to my folinks of disgust by riting to your reely had-mirabile peerodikle to tell you what i have aufered since comming to this country—this "Canady of hours," as the beknighted pop-lashn declairs. Nedlees to say i have bin disapinted hin the hentire boutfit of this continent. As a gentleman's gentleman, in which capassity i caim here with a prominent member of the british asotiation, whose name shall be naimbles for hobvious reasons, i ave bin brort up in a suttin speare of luxry, hand the ardaships i ave bin conpeld to hundergo in Canady surpases boleaf. Wy, i read at scool that this country wes a land of perpetual snow like the halps, a land of hicc and glasheers, and i cum prepared actordin as, *onter noo*, did some of the hexlent gentlemen of the b. hassotiasion. Wot ave i found hin place of hicc, of snow and haretic frosts? Wot, hindeed! Why eat. Eat as as maid me drop igsastid beneath my flannins and firs with wich i was perwid. I adnt nothink in the shaip of summer close, not hexpectin to find such intolerable eat as i ave egspeareced. O ow i long for one moor look at a dear hold henglish fogg. none of your heternal bloo

skys for me. i have been forced to hexpend several lb. in the purchas of sootable cloas or perrish with oarwhielmin prospirashin. i must say i am greevsly disapointed with Canady, no bares, no wolfs, hand but few injuna, an thom few of whom the least said the soonest mended. the peple, suttinly, is tollby hinteligen, and as for your heditors they seem farely well hinformed fellers, but cors in their igspresshns, and not much stile except the heditor of the *Male*, some of whose perduk-shuns i ave red in the *Times* before now. I will say, however, that Canady has a fine rivver, the st. laurents bein i am perswaided fully ekal in bredth to the tems in sum parts. yure whisky i cannot apreshiate, hand yure bere his hojious. you ave no haristockasy and your knites is omcmaid, and has a rool the himmates of the survants all, ware there is a servvants all, is low, disgustin, overbarin, hindependent broots. ow you cum to perjuce a man like Anlan i cant see, probly he is wun of them frekes of maycher wich crops up hevverywair, an hexception to proov the rool. wen i return ome and relait that i hackshly see no snoe hout here, my words will not be beaved, for my frends was fully convinced that i shood come back with the hend of my nose minus, hand severar frost bites about my pusson genrly. but wot av i to shoas; paw-sitively nothink but a moast alarmin loss of flesh and a fearful decreas in waste meashurement. you are not haltogether to blame for your climit, for doutless you do your best, but i ashure you i wasn't the honly member of the hasotiasion has was sapparized, for we was moastly hall prepared for several feat of depe snoe. your shops or stoars as you call them is tolle fare, but the shopmen hinslent and paternizin with the hordasity to hackehly talk to thare customers has hif they was thar ekwals, i never see the like. your sassiety wants reformin and them fellers kep in thare plices. thare far two hindependent, for a shopman is a shopman whether he calls iself a clark or a cashere. i should like to give you my further vues in another episle, hand will do so with your kind permishn.

yures fathefly,
SAMUEL PUMPS, M.B.A.

TOPICAL TALK

ABOUT THINGS HERE, THERE AND EVERY-WHERE.

During the Czar's Warsaw visit hundreds of policemen were detailed for special work. You would actually think the Czar was afraid of something!

American papers assert that, in the campaign over the way, "C. Roscoe Conkling will not stump." As he does not appear to have a leg left to stand on, it would seem as though that was just what he would do.

"Perhaps the driver of the locomotive is a 'civil engineer,'" remarked one traveller to another; "but that young man talking to the candy-butcher at the other end of the car is no civil brakesman, as I am ready to testify after getting his answer to my question."

There are two reasons, says a writer, why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind. Very good. But there is a third reason—they don't want to appear singular.

It is rumored that a new branch of education is to be instituted in American colleges, and a coachman's duties will be thoroughly taught the students. A list of millionaires with handsome daughters will be kept at every college, and the student graduating with the highest honors will be allowed the first choice of a position. The number of young men already enrolled in the Jehu class is reported as something extraordinary.