

And of the Kohosh member who elected was next June,
And of Freddie, otherwise called Prit, who caught a catch too soon,
And of Winkle—not old Pickwick's chum—whose side were never out,
And of disoriented Maxie, who was always in a pout.

And sometimes 'bout Phenomenon, who never got a score,
And Smaythe, of Canada, whose runs would hardly tote up more,
And of his English namesake, who bought Gramper in the pool,
And of bowl and counters Blackleg whom the M.P. couldn't fool.

'Twas on the date I said before we westward went our way,
To the "ambitious city" which is set on Burlington's fine bay,
And wrestled with these blowhards with all our might and main,
And there were only nine of us, and, Lord it would 'nt rain.

We did our best, but slowly runs kept falling to our lot,
For Cow Gillespie always bowled and always on the spot,
And though Phenom got fifty-two, Hope captured just eight more,
And Hamilton were winners on their first by eighty-four.

But this Hope, who captured sixty, hit many up on high,
And one into the M.P.'s hands refused, he up did sky,
Who thinking was of iron mines or gypsum beds he'd sold,
Or alluvial deposits huge of Omnecca gold.

At Toronto we made thirty-three, which score, I might remark,
Was kept within the thirties more to have a first-class lark,
Until the Veteran began to make the fielders hump,
The bowlers could 'nt bowl a ball that e'en could graze a stump.

And Maxie wasn't out for ten, and might have got his eighty—
Which score for his ability is not at all too weighty—
But lucky 'tis that anyone got a chance at all to play,
For our train was nearly telescoped by Burlington's fine bay.

The Lord's day intervening came and each one went to Kirk,
And prayed as hard as he could pray to be allowed to lurk,
Some little time at wicket, and not be bowled first ball,
In fact, "Oh, let me make some runs before my wickets fall."

Next morning found I Zingari all mustered in Port Hope,
The wicket that we played upon was built upon a slope,
And Captain Kirk deserted, and Phenom ruled instead,
And when the rain came tumbling down he on first innings led.

The thunder roared out louder, and the rain came pouring down,
And each one poured down lager beer his sulkiness to drown,
And when the pour was over—that's the rain of course, not beer—
We sallied out again to play beneath a sky quite clear.

And then the Vet, of Ottawa, and Smaythe, of England, started,
And when the rain came tumbling down this pair had not been parted,
And then we stopped for keeps, and heard the Port Hope captain tell,
How if it would clear up again I Zingari 'd catch Hades.

And later hailed the *Spartan*, and each one went aboard,
Hoping to find some dinner there that might away be stored,
But of grub on board that steamboat there was an awful dearth,
Nor was there left to rest us in one solitary berth.

And then we moaned our fate and felt a weakness in our legs,
Till the captain sent the cook below to get us ham and eggs,
And when we'd gobbled this we congregated in the bow,
And proceeded to annoy and make a most unholy row.

First, captain sang of Johnny dear whose wife did hardly know him,
And of the gunc and drums that most unmerciful did blow him;
And Freddie told some stories long of catches he had made,
The Scurrilous Sheet went better. He was fibbing, I'm afraid.

The member for the Kohosh sang of friends that all did die
Because to do more than they could these animals did try,
They tried to say um, um, um, um, when their speech it was we e, we e;
The Blackleg slipped a copper up and stuck the ex-M.P.

Oh! what a night was that we spent on board that awful steamer,
From sleeping in the rain Kirk got rheumatiz of the femur;
And when Kingston, with its forts and jail, we reached at 5 a.m.,
We hustled off to rest ourselves 'fore we began the game.

And as each oped his eye at eight and noted it did rain,
He kind of did 'nt much object and turned and slept again;
And as each successive half hour passed and the storm had not abated,
He snoozed again and then again, nor recked that breakfast waited.

Of all the meals I ever ate, ye gods! do I yet live?
That breakfast, oh, most adjective! enough to colic give,
It rained all day, and we loafed around the Burnett House; what fun!
For worst of rottenest hotels it surely takes the lun.

But the steamer *Passport* hove in sight, and we went aboard at five.
And after we'd grabbed chairs an hour the breakfast did arrive,
And then we got a pool up and auctioned off each sinner,
And Smaythe, of England, favorite sold as likely to be winner.

And here Phenomenon began to take some jottings down,
The same he'll publish as a guide to tourists from his town,
The size will be octavo and the binding likely paper;
We anticipate the items, as we cribbed them for a caper.

"Gallops rapids, 10 a.m., 'twill likely rain next week,
"The houses on the isles have roofs, and the natives look quite meek,
"The boat goes faster down the stream than when all's calm and still,
"Hence when the water runs so quick it must be down a hill.

"11.30, playing whist, the Blackleg horrid scores,
"The Sheet so Scurrilous revokes and gives the villain fours,
"Which multiplied by twenty-five explains just what it cost,
"And gives one some idea of what I and Scurry lost.

"I, Phenom, couldn't make a point, and Freddie took my tu,
"And Scurry put his quarters up and Blackleg roped them in,
"And Kohosh got so mad to see the luck fall to these whoppers,
"He formed an anti-Blackleg league to save their peace and coppers."

By twelve o'clock, or sooner perhaps, we all sat down to dine,
And Scurry matched with quarters and stuck Blackleg for the wine,
And then there was rejoicing in the anti-Blackleg camp,
And Kohosh jumped for joy and rar. his head against a lamp.

The Long Sault rapids hove in sight, and Phenom jotted down,
Some memoranda for that guide to people from his town;
"If Arabi Pasha dries up the Mamoudieh Canal—
"His likelihood to accomplish which I hold a mere cabal—

"The Long Sault water might be used to give the English drink,
"It's just as good as water from the Nile, I've cause to think;
"Upon the right a little boy is fishing for a whale,
"That fish that's not a fish at all with heterocercal tail.

"2.40, passed the Cedars; now these rapids are so called
"Because the islands in their course are rocky not nor bald,
"But covered o'er with conifers, most of the genus cedrus:
"This is no idle fable of the ancient Thracian Phaedrus.

"Lachine rapids, 5 p.m., the Indian came on board,
"That by his practised skill with wheel we safely here might ford,
"I've read a deal in Glasky town of Mr. J. F. Cooper,
"And of the noble redman whose name noted 'to up whoop her.'

"But this specimen of nature that I now do jot about
"Is an ordinary lazy-looking greasy sort of lout,
"Who don't look to have a hankering for scalps of white man's gore,
"But a quite contented pilot of the navigation corps.

"But the way he steered that steamboat: first it seemed upon a rock,
"And as if we ever struck it we would never feel the shock,
"Then we swooped around so near it every person held his breath,
"And the silence, but for squall of kids, was like the peace of death.

"Then when the current caught her she leaned over such a space,
"I thought her centre of gravity would fall without her base;
"And when she righted in a surge of water, like a waif,
"I congratulated with myself that jots and I were safe.

At last we reached the harbour of that city of the hill
And put up at the Windsor, where we later got a bill
That kind of took the bottom out of most our trouser pockets,
And forced the promising young Colt to pawn his watch and lockets.

Here Kohosh and the Veteran began the game for us—
Old Kirk was called away on biz, so Phenom "ran the Bus,"
When Saipa he bowled some shooter balls and Phenom and the Vet
Retired bowled out for one and two, but Smaythe he none did get.

'Then Kohosh slammed those shooter balls away up in the air,
And ran and got some runs for them, though there were fielders there,
Then after he got out there seemed to be one long procession,
I ask pardon of I Zingari for unreserved confession.

And then another man called Smith, though he spells it, with a "y,"
With Hamilton, of Montreal, began their luck to try,
And both did well, and Fraser too, and Browning for a while,
'Till he was caught by Blackleg on a good one, I should smile.

And Muir was caught by English Smaythe in his left hand on the run
Which catch, for first-class catches, most surely "yanks the lun,"
And Freddie's such a runner, he's just like the supple deer;
He ran so very fast and well, his catch fell in his rear.