

the fresh, cool breeze, the Commodore and Vice-Commodore informed us that they had been poetically inspired the evening before, and produced the following lines as the effect:

"OUR GANG."

AIR—"Vive à la Compagnie."

A is for Aunty, the Boss of the crowd;

B is for Barker, our Admiral proud.

CHORUS—Vive à la compagnie

C is for Charlotte, our Dumpling Cook;

D is for Daisy, with a cross-eyed look.

CHORUS.

E is for Eddie, our Dear Little Soul;

F is for Fannie, who's not on the roll.

CHORUS.

G is for George, our Vice-Commodore;

H is our Honey—give us some more.

CHORUS.

I is for Indian, noble and brave;

J is for Jimmie, our President grave.

CHORUS.

K is our Kommodore, Andy by name;

L is our Lamb, who comes with the same.

CHORUS.

M is My Darling, graceful and tall;

N is for Number Two, good on the bawl.

CHORUS.

O wen Sound is the town that we didn't see;

P is our Party, all out on a spree.

CHORUS.

Q is the quickness with which we speed;

R is our Captain, whom we all need.

CHORUS.

S is our Ship, to make up the song;

T is the Hash for which we all long.

CHORUS.

U is for Unwin, who fathers the gang;

V is the Chorus which we all sang.

CHORUS.

W is the Water with which we begin it;

X is the X-tract which we put in it.

CHORUS.

Y is for you, and you, and you;

Z is for all of us, tra-la-la-lu.

CHORUS.

If you don't like the way in which we strike it,
Just try it yourself, and see how you like it.

CHORUS.