

### The Song of the Island.

I am an island as I is, but once I joined the main land,  
But where that gap has busted me I wish I were again land,  
For year by year the waves wash in, still washing me the wider,  
Till by and by Toronto 'll find that I'm no more beside her.  
Who laughed?

There was a time when schooners safe inside me rode at anchor,  
And jolly sailors went ashore without a care or canker.  
But now I'm blest if many comes within my bay a ridin',  
And when they do they take good care to keep some folks inside in  
Their craft.

For any time may come a breeze from Scarboro' down a tearin',  
And sweep from east to westward gap, and set the waves a rarin',  
And though the barkies ride it out, it takes a deal o' strainin',  
And when there's quiet harbours lots, why what on earth's the gainin'.  
O' comin here.

Well year by year I'm washin off, and vanishin' to lake, folks,  
And you as wants a harbour here may well begin to quake, folks,  
For just let this a little more go on and never mind it  
I'm blest when you come lookin for your harbour if you find it  
Round here appear.

Then what becomes of all your plans, and all your wise caballing,  
Of deepening St. Lawrence big, and all your long canalling,  
Of bringing up the ocean ships to anchor in your bay, sir,  
If by the time you've brought 'em up your bay is gone away, sir,  
And isn't there?

But I'm an island very old, and nobody is carin'  
What comes o' me, so it's no use me rippin round an' tearin',  
But when I'm gone you folks will be yourselves all round upbraidin',  
When Hamilton and Kingston is a doin' of your tradin',  
And then won't you stare?

### Bridget O'Flannagan on Regattas.

"BIDDY, did yiz iver see a rig-at-her?" says PATRICK MORIARTY to me the other day in Mishtriss BROWN'S kitchen.

Well, what he mint, I couldn't tell for the loife o' me, for of all the quare, new fangled words, I've heerd since first I set foot in this country, six months agone, that was the quarest; but I wouldn't let on that I didn't know the manin for there was MARIA SIMMONS, the parlour maid, lookin at me with her hysterical expression and the broad grin that she has wore continual iver since she bought her new teeth.

"PATRICK MORIARTY," sez I, "I wonder at yer axin me sich a question, for sure yiz must know they're as common as potatoes in ould Ireland."

"But yiz niver saw a Canadian rig-at-her," sez he.

"Indade! didn't I?" sez I, tossin me head, "Shure Masther GEORGE HAMILTON brought one home to his father (afther he was travellin in this country) to put on the drawin room table, and sez his father whin he sets eyes on it, shure thim colonists puts stuff o' such poor quality into everything they make it's only fit for the kitchen; so BIDDY," sez he, "yiz may kape it for yersilf and I'll urther a handsome one from Dublin for Mishtr GEORGE."

Well wid that they all scramed wid laughin in me face. "The graneness o' thim Irish," sez MARIA SIMMONS, in her hysterical way.

"Grancness," sez I, "and they were not very grane whin they conquered the Engllsh in the toimes o' King DEKMOT, since whicht the two counthries have been under one governmint," and wid that I turned round and lift.

"And don't yez know, BIDDY," sez PAT to me in the avenin, "that a rig-at-her takes place on the wather." "Shure I always knowed it," sez I, "but I wouldn't give that MARIA SIMMONS the satisfaction o' thinkin it."

Well, that avenin at tay, they all begins talkin about a man they call HANLAN and sez PAT, "HANLAN is going out for a spin this avenin."

Now, I've heerd o' *spinnin* whales and *spinnin* tops but I niver heerd av a *spinnin* man afore.

"What does he spin on?" sez I.

"On the wather," sez PAT.

"Och, it's fuolin' me yiz are," sez I, "for how could he do that?"

"He revolves on his own axes," sez TIM LARKINS, winkin' at the others wid his usual impudence, for he had a great dale o' schoolin' and is fond o' showin' off.

"Well," sez I, "it's a mercy he doesn't ax anybody else to revolve on his axes, for though you think yirsilf so sharp TIM," sez I, "yiz would find that too much for yiz."

Wid that, they all scramed wid laughin' agin and thim they wint on wid their conversation.

"Shure, it's fine to see HANLAN han'lin the skulls," sez PAT.

"Whose skulls?" sez I.

"His own, o' coorse," sez PAT.

"And what does he do wid thim," sez I, "is he a medical student that's bought them for distraction?"

"Why, he's the celebrated sculler," sez TIM LARKINS, winkin' at the others, "and he has lots o' skulls, piles av thim over at the island."

"Och, the murthern' villain," sez I, "I don't think anythin' o' thim English and Canadians countenancin' sich practices, but PATRICK MORIARTY, I'm surprised at yiz, who ought to be a good Catholic, bein' so soon corrupted by yer residence among these haythenish people."

Thim, of course they laughed again, and thim they goes on to talk o' HANLAN atein', I'd be afeard to say how much raw mate ivery day--and thim they talks o' his gettin' a new shell which fits him beautiful.

"What kind o' a crayture can he be at all," thinks I, "I've heerd o' snails and sich like things gettin' new shells to live in, but I niver heerd on a man wearin' a shell afore, but whin they talks o' *steak* me blood riz, and sez I, "and does he ate thim *steak boys*? and is he a cannon ball, sich as ates the good missionaries, or a baste, or a fish, or what is he?"

"Come over to the island to-night and yiz can see him for yirsilf," sez PAT.

"No PAT," sez I, "The haythin crayture, I'd be afeard o' me loife to go within tin miles of him."

However the next day, PAT axed me if I'd loike to go to the Barrie rig-at-her, so me curiosity got the better o' me, and thinks I there'll be a big crowd so I'll be in no danger o' losin' me skull; so I wint and a nate little town it is, and a foime boat is the "Lady o' the Lakes," which we got on; an' whin we were waitin' out in the Bay, they all shouts out, "There's HANLAN!" Well, I looks and I sees a swate, innocent looking boy, wid a countenance that *plisint* he didn't look as if he'd harm a fly. "Shure, it's all lies they've towld me about him," thinks I. "That's his new shell," sez some one. "And where's his shell?" sez I. "Why he's sittin in it," sez they.

And what do you think they called his shell? It was jist a long streak o' wood, wid a hole in the middle av it for him to sit in. Thim a lot o' them starts off together and I finds out that shells manes boats, and oars is skulls.

But prisintly, out comes another quare word. "HANLAN will be puttin' on a spurt directly," sez one. Well, I looks, and I sees that he was dressed very becomin', wid a blue shirt and a red cap; and thinks I, "It would be more nadeful for some of his comrades to put on *spurts* whatever they may be," but, sez I, turnin to me nixt neighbor, "Where has he got his *spurt*?" "What do you mane?" sez he, starin' at me. "Has he got it in the boat wid him?" sez I, and thim they all roared wid laughin' and said I was chaffin', and a great crowd collected round me, but I held me tongue, and prisintly I found out that a spurt meant fast rowin'. And thim come the greatest shock of all, for sez some one, "We'll be at the turnin' boys directly." "And where are they?" sez I. "Over there in the wather," sez the man next me. "Afc they in boats?" sez I. "No," said he, "they're fixed in the wather." Wid that, me blood was just boilin' wid rage, but I only sez, "and how long have they been there?" "Several days," sez he, "iver since the coorse was laid out." "Och the poor childher," sez I, "and they'll be dead wid cramps by this time, or even if they could stand the cold their poor brains would be dizzy wid turnin' and turnin' all thim days," and I felt fit to cry and sez I, "I'll vote for Sir JOHN MACDONALD at the nixt election."

"Yiz haven't got a vote, BIDDY," sez PAT, "and what's Sir JOHN got to do wid the race?" "He's got a great dale to do wid it," sez I, "for didn't I hear yez say that there was no Protection under the prisint government, if he and his Protection were in parlymint there'd be no sich guin's on as fastenin' down poor innocent children in the wather, it's nothin' short o' murder, and I don't see how respectible people can stand by in cold blood and see it done." And wid that, they all scramed wid laughin'. "Look BIDDY," sez PAT, "there's the *turnin' boys*." And what do yiz think they were, but jist long sticks wid flags on thim.

Well it's a quare counthry intirely, and I'm just goin' over to the Island to see Mishtr HANLAN, and make bold to ax his pardon for all the things I've said against him, the dear innocent boy; but it's all the fault o' the barbarious language that people uses.

Whenever they sallied to church, her papa

Would permit her dear Fritz to escort her,

But when from the service she started for home

It was always her parent that brought her;

And thus it transpired that Fritz became

A forsook that was muchly forsoken,

And how could the youngster feel other than sad

When he found his back-beauin' was broken?

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

AMERICAN beef and American girls, both looking for a market, cross the ocean by every steamer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

And both, as a general thing, go into the nobility.