

**Compensation.**

There was a little colony,  
Treated badly as it could be,  
Robbed by neighbors of greater might,  
While the mother country cried "All right."  
Made a neutral fighting ground.  
Where Green and Orange could tear apart.  
Till Fortune said, from her golden car,  
"They're coming too hard on her by far."

The Fenians used her as a prey,  
The Yankees hooked her fish away.  
A slaughter house her ports they made,  
With foreign goods they crushed her trade;  
Bad Governments had worked their will,  
And scanty crops had wrought her ill,  
Till Fortune said, "It's getting too much,  
Of better times she *should* have a touch."

So she set the men of troops and fleet  
Busy raising the price of wheat,  
When they're breaking each other's bones,  
Up goes the staple Canada owns,  
Then she filled our harvest store.  
Crops whose like we'd never before,  
With sheaves the barns near burst in two,  
And Fortune said, "There's a lift for you."

**Correspondence from Turkey.**

BY OUR BASHI BAZOUK.

I was sitting by the camp-fire of my friend MAHMOUD to-day. He is a splendid fellow, with a perfect second-hand store of rusty pistols and cutting instruments strung around him. He was pensively boiling two skulls in his camp-kettle, to clean them of superfluous flesh. They had belonged to a couple of young and handsome Bulgarian ladies, who, after the storming of Kir-Istul, had succumbed to my friend's invincible scimitar. He intended to have them set as cups, in silver, in order to present them to the favourite of his harem. "FATIMA will like them," he said, "though it is too great an honor for the bones of the Christian animals."

"But I was about to ask you about Plevna, my friend," I said.

"Day ever to be praised," said MAHMOUD, elevating his hands and clapping them over his head three times, as is the religious custom of his tribe. "Surely Heaven is on our side! The infidels delivered themselves into our hands, and offered their throats to be cut. Just think of it, my friend! The Moscovite Christians marching up to be slain, and the English and Yankee Christians sending us just the right kind of guns to slay them with."

"Was there hard fighting?" I asked.

"Praise be to ALLAH," said MAHMOUD, "there was no fighting, but much killing. We were—us true believers—behind earthworks. We had the Martini-Henry rifle, which pours bullets in a stream of fifteen a minute, and shoots further and straighter than any the Muscovs have got; also we had ammunition as the sands of the sea in number. The Muscovs marched up in columns, but as soon as they were within range they were dead. They could see nothing of us but our heads, but we could see them. Truly we fired straight as possible, for we had reason for not letting them near us. Allah is good to us. I picked enough coins out of the dead fellows' pockets at night to ornament a complete girdle for DUBO. She shall sing to me on my return."

He stirred the whitening skulls in the pot, and lighted his long hookah; the fragrant smoke arose upon the darkening air, the bul-bul sung plaintively in the distance; the evening gun boomed sullenly from far distant Rustchuk, and we were happy.

**Correspondence from Russia.**

BY OUR IMPERIAL GUARDSMAN.

The Emperor reclined on his couch. I was on guard. A coach and four, with dragoon escort, had arrived opposite the tent. An officer in full uniform alighted, and approached me. It was KRUDENER. He was admitted. I could overhear. I heard the Emperor spring from his couch. "Wretch," he cried, "how have you destroyed my legions? What is this?"

"Sir," said KRUDENER, "I have been bred to war. I have fought for Russia. I know but of one course. Put your troops opposite your enemy; let them attack him. I did it."

"And you knew nothing," said the Emperor, "of the improved weapons with which that enemy was armed? You did not know your troops would die before they reached them?"

"I do not," said the General, "know anything about those things, your Majesty. My soldiers had as good weapons as their predecessors had, when I studied war. I put my troops opposite—"

"Get out of the tent! Go to Siberia at once!" shouted the Emperor "If you are here to-morrow I'll knout you to death."

The General left in a hurry. I should advise you Canadians, if you have any fighting to do, not to let respectable old fogeys lead your troops.

**King Dunkinite and the Drunken Knight.**

A CANADIAN LEGEND OF '77

The temperance movement moves on. Meetings are held nearly every night in the large tent at which there is always great enthusiasm. W. Hurd, of Dover, New Hampshire, in the course of his speech last night spoke thus encouragingly of the fate of whiskey drinkers:—"When the Dunkin Act is passed and the old toppers will buy their five gallons, let them do it, and take it home and drink it all. It will kill them, sure, and the devil will have them." It would be almost superfluous to say that after such an eloquent appeal as that a large number signed the pledge.—*Press Telegram.*

**CANTO THE FIRST.**

His hair was gray, but his heart was gay,  
And his wealth astonished all;  
And he spent it, aye, in a royal way,  
And to drink admonished all.  
"Drink," cried he, "oh, drink," cried he,  
"Drown your sorrows in a royal spree!"

His eyes shone bright, but his head was light,  
As he tript from bar to bar;  
And they whispered, "'Tis the Drunken Knight  
From the land of the *Phansegar*."  
"Drink," cried he, "oh drink," cried he,  
"Drown your terrors in a royal spree!"

His words took flight and a lurid light  
Flashed in the halls of revelry;  
And the Drunken Knight turned pale with fright,  
And groaned at the echoing deviltry:  
"Drink, oh drink! thy stranglers are  
Waiting, prey of the *Phansegar*."

**CANTO THE SECOND.**

There passed that way, on a summer day,  
A man of dry but honest name;  
'Twas WILLIAM DUNKIN—some would say  
'Twas DUNKIN BILL—of local fame.  
Oh DUNKIN BILL was a man of might,  
And the yeoman prince in the liquor fight.

He dealt dismay to the rumshops gay,  
Brought sorrow to the tipplerhood;  
For he said "Five gallons sell you may,  
But not a glass, to the drunkard brood."  
And the revellers turned pale with fright,  
And the sport died down like the hush of night.

"By yon black star of the *Phansegar*!  
You must not stop the sparkling glass—  
Five gallons speed my soul afar—  
Then rob me not the sparkling glass!  
By my fat pouch and knighthood rare,  
I'll slay thee dead if thou shalt dare!"

**CANTO THE THIRD.**

How desolate, but glittering late,  
The palaces of Bacchus are!  
For Dunkin Bill, with deadly hate,  
Destroyed their glorious glass and bar.  
But hold! what creature creepeth here,  
With such a look and such a leer?

"Bow low to the floor and the conqueror.  
Alas, poor humbled Knight?  
But give me but a drink once more  
And take my rags, my all, to-night.  
Drink I must, yes drink," cried he,  
"To drown my terror in a royal spree!"

They gave him there, in the night's dark glare,  
Five gallons for the fee of death;  
And shadows danced in the halls so bare,  
And joined him in his spree of death.  
And the Drunken Knight, at the dead of night,  
Was strangled by the whiskey sprite.

**The New Idea.**

Mr. JURY, who speaks in a Free Trade direction,  
Says he don't like at all this demand for Protection,  
Which would tend to make Canada too good a place  
To live in; to get here there'd be quite a race,  
And swamp us with immigrants. GRIP does agree,  
And tells JURY that's what we want this place to be.  
But let JURY straightway to some Island repair,  
So horrid that no one else wants to go there.  
Let him keep that same island as bad as he can,  
And live there himself like a primitive man.  
Have it all to himself, and run things his own way,  
And GRIP hopes he will like it, and hopes he will stay.