

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

A LEGEND OF TORONTO OF OLD.

Many years ago,
Before it was a city,
There lived in To-ron-to,
A lady fair and pretty.

She lived in the Old Fort,
Where her father was commanding,
He was a gay old sport,
And a colonel of long standing.

He had sentries all around,
At night time and in day time,
When the snow was on the ground,
Or the flowers bloomed in May time.

There were Indians great and small,
Close by the Colonel's trenches,
On the site of Osageo Hall,
Where the High Court of Queen's Bench is.

The Colonel thought it sport,
'Twas one of his favorite dodges,
For to skip the sally-port,
And call at the red men's lodges.

There were Chippeways and Crees,
Mohawks and the Six Nations,
And every one of these
Were served out with King's rations.

One evening at a dance,
Held in an old-time log house,
He met with Jib-be-nance,
Chief of the Miss-a-sau-gas.

Altho' he wore no pants,
And would burn and scalp and slaughter,
Yet the horrid Jib-be-nance
Had a lovely Indian daughter.

When the Colonel saw the maid,
He was very much enraptured,
And I really am afraid
That the Colonel's heart she captured.

Yes, I really think she had
The heart of the old stager;
'Twould not have looked so bad,
Had he been a junior major.

But when old Jib-be-nance
Found it out he said he'd knock him,
And he danced a gay war dance,
And swore he'd tomahawk him.

The poor Colonel said, "Consider,
And kindly list to reason,
You would make my wife a widder,
Besides it is high treason.

"There's a lady in the fort,
Which her name is Adelina,
Go up and pay her court,
You will never get a finer.

"She is just in her prime,
And many a lord has sought her—
She's a little girl of mine,
In fact she is my daughter."

"All right," said Jib-be-nance,
'I'll go at once and get her,
It may be my last chance.'
Said the Colonel, "Yes, you'd better."

When he reached the barrack yard
He told about the Colonel,
And the Sergeant of the Guard
Roared out "You old infernal

"Red-skin Injun thief,
So you want the Colonel's daughter?
You're a very short-lived chief!"
Then he did what he didn't order.

He merely said, "Bo Joo,
My noble Injun magnate,"
And then he ran him through
With a newly sharpened bagnet.

Then the Sergeant took some men,
And the old log house invaded,—
The aromatic pen
Where the pinioned Colonel lay hid.

When the Colonel was released,
And went back to his quarters,
Two curious tongues no'er ceased,
His dear wife's and his dorter's.

Yet still he pined for his squaw,
Though she was r' her dirty,
And he gave poor Johnny Raw,
The Sergeant, "six and thirty."

When the Sergeant was reduced,
He said unto the sentry,
"Ow a man can be abused
Hin this blasted wooden kentry."

As for the Colonel's "mash,"
The Indian maid engagin—
She went peddling succotash
In the clearing, now Bobcageon.

Said Adelina "Paw,"
"This disgrace, I can't surriove it,"
And she married Johnny Raw,
Who now is a full private.

She got married without leave,
And to see her was a caution,
Chewing regimental beef,
While she did the company's washing'.

And this is all we know
Of the lady fair and witty,
Who lived in To-ron-to
Before it was a city.

THE PASSING-KNELL.

"Poor beggar!" wearily sighed old Jumble-
rig, as he tossed uneasily in bed one night,
"poor beggar!"

"Who are you calling a poor beggar?" cried
Mrs. Jumble-
rig, with some asperity, and who
the words referred to had awakened; "I'm
no poor beggar."

"I referred, my dear, to the fellow-being
who has departed this life," was the reply, "I
did not apply the term to you."

"Is the man dreaming?" murmured Mrs. J.
"What d'ye mean, Jumble-
rig?"

"My dear," answered old J., "for the last
hour I have lain awake and have listened to
that doleful passing-knell. Every five minutes
has that bell tolled, and I cannot but feel
sorrow for the mortal who has shuffled off his
coil. Every—"

His speech was cut short by a deep bell-
boom which came reverberating through the
nocturnal air.

"There it is again: that is the death-knell;
poor beggar!" he went on as he heard the
sound.

"Poor Grandmothers!" ejaculated Mrs.
Jumble-
rig. "That's only St. James' Cathedral
clock striking twelve, and she flopped over,
disgusted, as well she might be, at having her
slumbers so rudely broken in upon as they had
been by the exclamation of her worse ♀."

"Well, that clock takes a mighty long time
to get in its work," said her w. ♀, as he
returned to his slumbers from which he did
not awaken till a passing fiend yelled "Fr-r-resh
feesh, all alive, alive," under his window; and
then he wished that the knell had been a real
one and that it had been the "fresh fish"
fiend that had gone before.—S.



RECEPTION OF THE ROYAL SOOTS

"Toronto was doing its best to make it pleasant
for them."—WORLD.

GAMIN.—Hi! Jimini! Get onto the legs,
will yer! [A fact.

A PASTORAL IDYL.

'Twas evening!
The sun, satisfied with having killed off
every blessed one of Old Farmer McGlue's
newly planted cauliflowers, had sunk with a
sob and a sigh into a billowy bed of downy
drifts covered with a crimson-colored counter-
pane and prize patchwork quilt.

The aged yeoman, who was one of Mr.
Mowat's duly authorized, as well as criticized,
Justices of the peace, sat in the shade of the
vine-clad porch waiting for the gloaming and
the return of his hired boy who had gone to
the Tory neighbor's down the line for the loan
of last week's *Mail*. The *Globe* had been con-
vincing the old farmer so strongly that times
under the N. P. were hard on the agriculturist
that he had concluded to stop his subscription
to that Great Dollar Paper and try borrowing
around the settlement.

The musical "tick! tick! tick!" of the
little clock, won at a raffle two nights before
by the hired boy, and formally impounded by
Farmer McGlue in his magisterial capacity
was the only sound that caught the ear of the
rugged old political economist—or rather
economizer. There was a subdued "burr!
biff! bang!" borne on the air from the milk-
house; but it was only the old woman churning,
and you could not expect him to notice
that. He thought of her, it is true—often
and often thoughts filled his mind of the true,
loving, patient partner who had borne with
him so long and so bravely the burdens of
Life, and saved a hired girl's wages right clean
through.

And so, while the sun was sinking slow and
sad and the boy was meandering home with
the paper at the measured gait of a chap working
by the day, the veteran husbandman removed his
specs, and decided that it would "be more
comfortable like to git Hannah do the readin'
this trip."

"Give us that Bunting Bribery case, first
go!" were the orders, and the old woman ac-
cordingly worried desperately at the follow-
ing under the head of "The Grit Conspir-
acy":—

"Mr BETHUNE spoke first, appearing to show cause to
the rule taken out by the defendants, calling upon the
Crown so show cause why the side-bar rule for the *con-
sultum* and all proceedings taken for the argument of
the demurrer should not be set aside, on the grounds
that the return to the *certiorari* was not made when
those proceedings were taken, that the defendants have
not yet appeared or been called upon to plead to the
indictment in the Superior Court, and that the Crown
had no right to take the conduct of the *certiorari*. In
short, the defendants complain—"

"Stop! stop!" yelled the old farmer,
jumping from his rocker and snatching the
paper, "I don't want another word; gol
hanged if I do. Horo, boy! Back you go
with this and tell 'em I'm through, and had
enough to last me a hull month! I knowed
it, oh! I knowed it! Soon's I heard they'd
let them bribers git the case h'isted till a
higher court I knowed it was all up and no
chance fur a conviction? And so they've got
off at last, hev they? Drat'em! Drat the
Guv'ment! Drat the courts! Drat the hull
dashed business! Wife, I'm agoin' to sell the
farm, throw up my commission an' go canvas-
sin' fur the *Weekly Mail*!"

The shadows of evening lengthened. The
good-night twitters of the song-bird ceased.
The local whip-poor-will, rubbing his eyes on
a cedar twig, was asking his mate if it wasn't
time to tunc up. Silence had fallen, for even
the mosquito, who had been singing hopefully
prior to discovering after boring through the
farmer's pants that he hadn't calculated on
the boot-tops, had retired for repairs.

The old man has fallen asleep!
Let us leave him.
For presently that mosquito will be back
with reinforcements and an improved plan of
operations.