

acted,
Nought this narrative reveals,
But their entertainers found them
Always regular at meals.

III.

Soon that erstwhile fruitful garden
Lay a waste and sad to see;
Gone were inguns, beans and 'taters,
Every cowcumber and pea,
All the apples, all the cherries,
All the berries, all the plums.
Gone, as eatables all must go, —
When the Coxey Army comes.

IV.

When the bugle called to breakfast
Each one came in eating trim,
And an imperial quart of porridge
Quickly placed inside of him.
Then the ham, in copious platefuls,
Bread, and hash, and tea, and beef,
Gave them strength to wait with
patience
Till the lunch call brought relief.

V.

Then the ale and biscuits vanished,
Then the bread and butter fled,
Little was there left to gaze on
When the Coxey-ites had fed.
So at dinner, though the tables
Groaned with victuals temptingly,
Ere the Coxey-ites had finished
There was left "not one split pea."

VI.

For dessert a pie with plums in
Filled a pan of vast extent,
But the Coxeyes put their thumbs in
And right speedily it went.
So at supper, whiskey, lime-juice,
Biscuits, crackers, hard-tack bread,
Were not,—for the Coxeyes took
them,
Ere they took themselves to bed.

VII.

Five were they, the great pie-biters,
From Lake Moira's distant shore,
Smiler "thought they must be fol-
low
All the way down to the floor."
And the other guests all gazed with

Awe and admiration meet,
Muttering lowly to each other,
"Lor! How those Madockerseat!"

VIII.

Once the song of "Peace and
Plenty,"
Echoed round that lovely shore,
But the Coxeyes now have camped
there,
Dare they sing it any more?
Now the Chieftain of that Island,
This is what, perchance, he does,—
Toasts his slippers, smiles a smile,
and
The Coming of the Coxey grues.

XMAS AT ROCKWOOD.

Xmas comes but once a year, and truly the Staff of Rockwood Hospital should be grateful that such is the case, for their labors at that time are prodigious. If a single patient was unhappy on Xmas night, it was not the fault of any official of the Hospital, as everyone did all that was possible to make the day a red letter one. For weeks preparations had been going on, for the different events, and as our readers may not know how such a day is passed, it may be interesting to give an account of Xmas at Rockwood. It is true that the customs of the old English Xmas, as described by Washington Irving, are not indulged in, but many others quite as attractive to the modern are substituted. The breakfast we did not see, for the excitement of going through the contents of one's stocking, is more than enough to make even a reporter forget all about such a trivial thing as breakfast. When we entered the Main Entrance, we found the hall beautifully decorated with evergreens, and the absence of mottoes put us in mind of the fact, that these have gone out of date since a good old Steward, (now gathered to his fathers), made preparations for a reception to the Marquis of Lorne and his royal