

TO SIR ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU ⁽¹⁾

Your health again old friend before we part.
Alas ! no tie so fond hut time must ever,
Still would we linger here and joy forever
In that free converse warming heart to heart ;
While you with skilful, ever ready art,
Yet holding always firmly to the lever,
Lend thought to pretty wit, hut malice never.
Thus speed you on the hours like howman's dart.
And we must say good-by ? Oh ! hateful thought !
Would that it only were plain good-morrow
To make a drear farewell hut half a sorrow
Like as a cloud which hath a rainbow caught.
Adieu, dear friend ! our grieving goes for naught,
Fate wills the hour, from hope we may not borrow.



CORPORAL TACKLE, LAT^H Y FROM KINGSTON MILI-
TARY COLLEGE, TO TOMMY ATKINS

You makes me tired you Tommys wots always on the grumble
About your work, about your drill, you 'ate them, and you mum-
hle,
The captain'e's too fussy and the serjeant 'e's too 'ard,
The leftenant's sometimes nasty, and 'e's not much of a card,
You damn's your luck, you curses tate, you dislikes the sitiva-
tion,
You don't see wot's the use of drills or pipe clay regulation.
You ain't 'alf fed, you ain't 'alf clothed, the canteen is a fraud,
The pay is poor for hlody work, there's nothing you can laud.
And it only goes to show you 'ave'nt any pride.
Your only Tommy Atkins, 'e never puts on side.

1.—Read at Dinner given hy the *Cercle des Dix* to Sir Adolphe Chapleau on the eve of his departure from Quebec.