

out. When under its influence he would tell *some tough yarns*. One of them ran as follows: "Yes, Master Edward, I saw some hard fightin'. At the battle of Trafalgar, while we were hotly engaged, my comrade, Tom Brown, called out to me, 'Oh, Harry, I'm wounded.' 'What's the matter?' sez I. 'My ieg's shot off,' sez he. So I picks him up, and while I was carrying him down to the cockpit a cannonball came whizzing along and takes off his head and I didn't know it. '*Where are you going with the man an' his head off,*' sis the captain. 'I beg pardon, sir,' sis I, 'but there must be some mistake, for he tould me it was his leg.'"

While we smiled and doubted this ridiculous yarn, Harry would take another sip, and with a manly voice sing a verse of

#### A PATRIOTIC BATTLE SONG.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay  
We saw the Frenchmen lay;  
Each heart was bounding there;  
We scorned the foreign yoke!  
Our ships were British oak,  
And hearts of oak our men!  
Our Nelson met them on the wave,  
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave—  
Nor thought of home and beauty;  
Along the line the signal ran—  
"England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty."

The open-hearted Jack Tars are generally favorites, but, alas, their drinking propensity often leads them among sharks who fleece them of their money and leave them to the tender mercies of the police. Of late years temperance societies and sailors' homes have done much to counteract this evil.

#### JACK McKENNA, THE OLD SOLDIER CRANK,

is our next *crank*. He had served in the Peninsular War under Wellington and was now a pensioner, working at his trade of shoemaking, singing songs, drinking whiskey and telling sensational stories of the war, one of which we give but don't vouch for its veracity.

"Yes, boys, while on the march in Spain the hot sun and drifting sand was terrible! We had several cases of sunstroke; my comrade, Joe Moore, was struck stone blind and I had to lead him to the next town where he was sent to hospital. One day our captain was walking out and he espied *a big Spanish cat* with a splendid pair of eyes. Sis the captain to himself, 'I never saw such a pair of eyes since I saw Nellie Blake's in the Phoenix Park,' sis he, 'if Joe Moore had them in his head, who knows but he might be able to see again?' So with that he shot