

Only five cents for the *Growler* and the *Grumbler* !
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(CHORUS :—DANCE)

Then come out to the door, every pretty servant maid,
 For here is one of "Terry Finnegan's Letters,"
 And buy the funny things in the *Growler* that are said,
 And *Growler*, *Leader*, *Globe* and *Grumbler* carry
 to your betters.

COACHMAN'S DITTY.

AIR :—GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

My master bought a "shanderadan"
 At auction, after marriage,
 And hired n e, a servant man,
 To drive "the horse and carriage."

But I had something more to brook—
 'Aye, more than I was able—
 For I was scullion, housemaid, cook,
 And waited on the table.

The family, though starved and thin,
 Seemed always in high feather ;
 And made me drive them out and in,
 In every sort of weather.

They stuck a cockade in my hat,
 Until I looked "what not," boy ;
 And then their "Coachman" called me, flat,
 Although I was their pot boy.

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