

'Tis here you learn true jollity,
And scorn the march of mind,
And live in fond equality
With beasts of every kind ;
The Indian with his scalping knife
Diversifies the same—
Oh ! 'tis a mighty pleasant place
At Penetanguishene.

You shake a wild-cat by the fist
When in your path he halts,
With beavers take a hand at whist,
And gallopade and waltz—
With shaggy bears, who, when you roam
Afair in forest green,
Remind you that your nearest home
Is Penetanguishene.

Upon the article of grub
You must lay little stress,
For here with grief the starving sub
Bemoans headquarters' mess.
His pound of junk and "Tommy"³ bare
But makes the diner lean ;
For surfeits they are very rare
At Penetanguishene.

And then for swipes, poor d—l, he
Must look and feel quite glum,
Since now a sober Treasury
Has docked the ration rum ;
Unless it be with maple juice,
A drink that's thin and mean,
He cannot shake a top-screw loose
At Penetanguishene.

NOTE 1.—Penetanguishene was a small military frontier post on the south shore of Georgian Bay in Canada, in a wild and almost uninhabited part of the country.

NOTE 2.—The name "Penetanguishene" in the Chippeway language signifies the falling or rolling of the sand, literally, "Behold how the sand rolls!"—an exclamation made, it is said, by a party of Indians on first beholding the extraordinary manner in which the loose sand was falling over the high bank that forms the entrance to the little bay.

NOTE 3.—The reference to "Tommy" is a use of the nickname for the pudding which was served for dessert—sometimes without sauce.