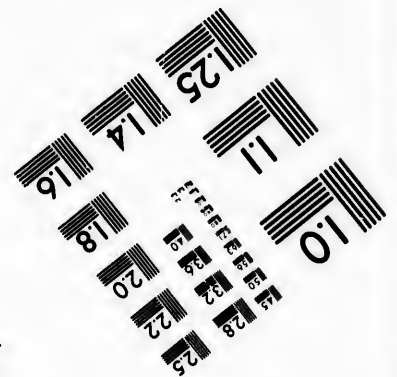
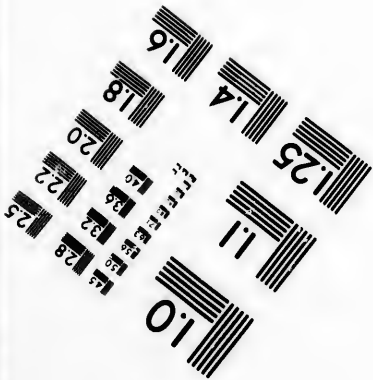
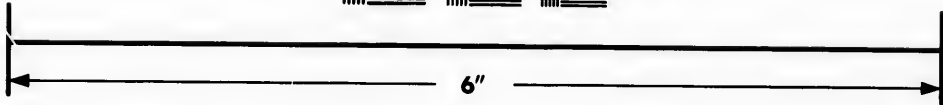
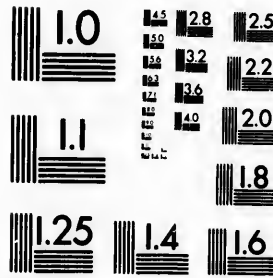


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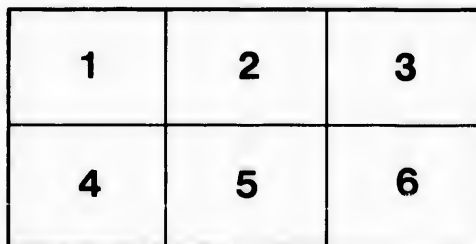
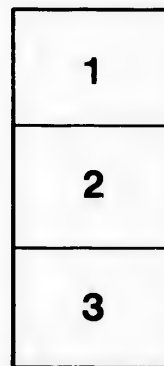
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MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS,

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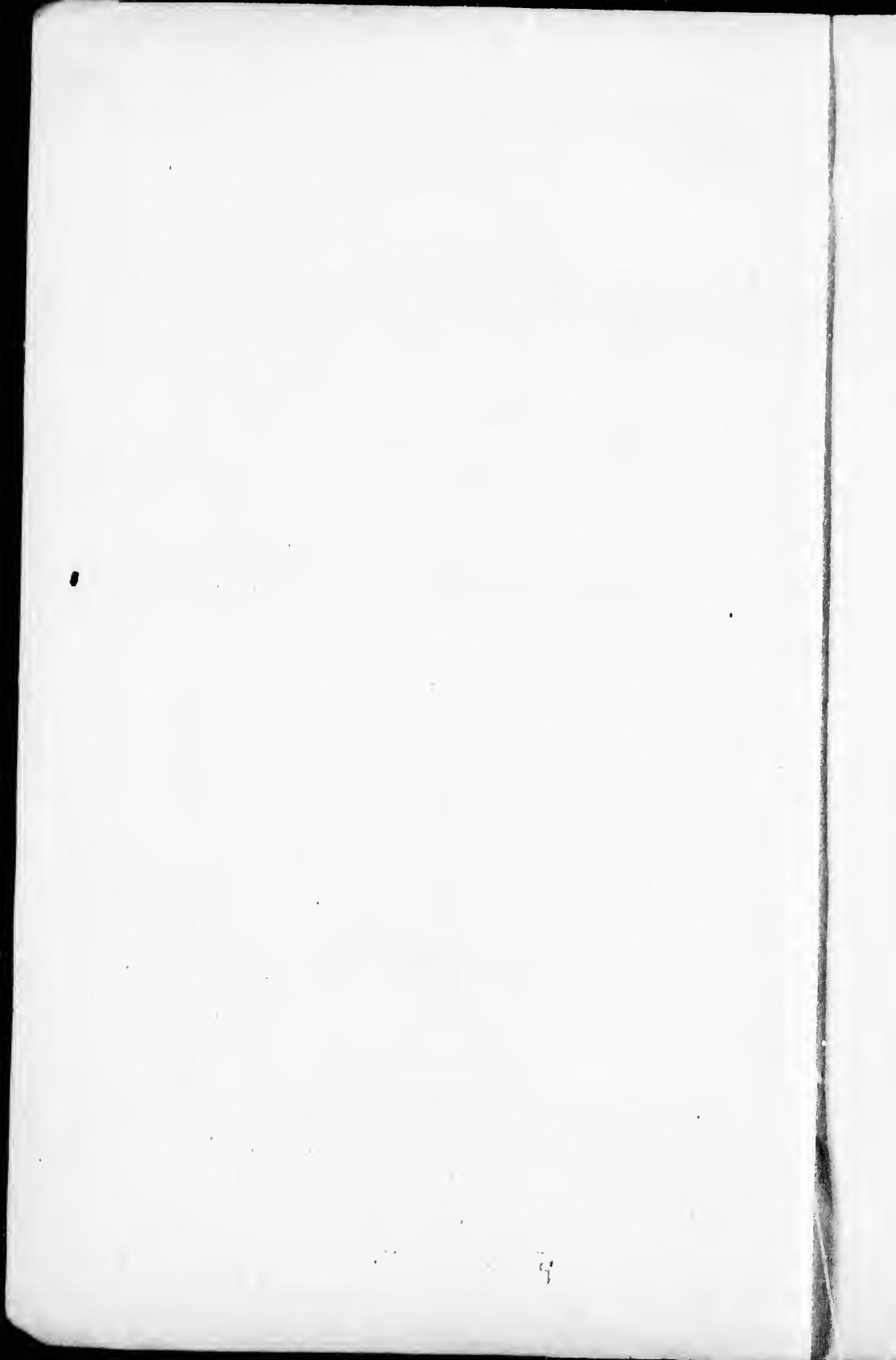
JOHN LEPAGE.



CHARLOTTETOWN :

PRINTED BY J. W. MITCHELL, EXAMINER OFFICE.

1885.



INTRODUCTION.

THese unsophisticated rhymes—
The reflex of the author's times—
Appear without pretentious claim
To meed of everlasting fame,
To wonderful poetic force,
To perfect measure, faultless verse—
'Those attributes which but belong
To super-excellence of song !
But which, howe'er by critics prized,
We see are seldom realized.
Should any of the snarling breed
To look for faults my verses read,
Then turn capriciously around,
With less of reason than of sound,
And try by his dogmatic rule
To turn my page to ridicule :
I pledge my rhyming honor, then,
To fight the Battle of the Pen,
To meet the monster like a man,
And drub him soundly, if I can ;
And if I can't, 'tis likely he
May stand some chance of drubbing me !

*—Reprinted from *Island Minstrel*, Volume I.*

A6506
Sept. 23, 1930.

AT the request of several friends and patrons,
the author has here collected a few miscel-
laneous writings, long out of print, copies of
which many have expressed a desire to have.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

INTERCOLONIAL PLOVER SHOOTING,

AT STANHOPE, P. E. ISLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

“The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.”—BYRON.

’Tis said—I believe there is truth in the say—
When the grand delegation was here, that one day
Some sharp-sighted members belonging thereto,
Took a drive out of town, the *interior* to view.
’Twas a beautiful country! a charming display,
On the right and the left, which they saw on the way.
The hay-ricks appear’d where the meadows were shorn,
The harvest-fields wav’d with redundancy of corn,
Potatoes and turnips look’d thriving and green,
In short, such a promising crop had not been
On the Island before—or the *Muse* has forgot—
Since the wheat took the *weevil*, and “murphies” the *rot*.
All this, and I pen down the fact *con amore*,
Surpass’d anything they had look’d at before!
NOVA SCOTIA might here, with unwonted delight,
See the sun *unbefogged* shining peerlessly bright;

And NEW BRUNSWICK acknowledge, enrapt with surprise,
 Such a picture, till now, never ravish'd *her* eyes !
 And CANADA own, that a "garden" so green
 As *this*, in *her travels*, she never had seen ! !
 Then the day was delightful—the weather *so fine*,
 So pleasant the party, *so cheering the wine*,
 That they never once thought of returning to town
 Till they came to a place of some note and renown,
 Where the BAYFIELDS retreat, from the dust to be free,
 Where STANHOPE, like "*Marathon*, looks on the sea ;"
 While only this odds in the picture we find,
 No "mountains" on *Stanhope* look down from behind.

Here, tying their horses not far from the shore,
 Our party *pedestrian* proceeded once more,
 Till they came to a *beach*, very like to the place
 Where CANUTE his *courtiers* rebuk'd to their face.
 Here the good Colonel G—y, with knowledge profound,
 Remark'd on the prospect above and around.
 "See there," quoth the Colonel—the Colonel shoots high—
 "See," pointing above, "what a heavenly sky !
 Did you ever behold, till you witness'd it here,
 Overarching your heads a *cerulean* so clear ?
 Look ! westward the village of RUSTICO shows ;
Monsieur CARTIER should visit that place ere he goes—
Cicerone I'll be, if the time we can spare,—
 And rub up his *French* with the *habitans* there !
 Still westward, another fine place may be seen,
 Once fam'd as the sylvan abode of the Queen,
 Which a curve in the coast from our vision conceals,
 That is TRACADIE, still very famous for eels ! "

Thus the Colonel, quite proud of his own native Isle,
 Discours'd on its points in most eloquent style ;

While his auditors listen'd, with perfect delight,
 And declared " 'pon their honors " the Colonel was right.
 Then turning round eastward, he pointed again
 To the beautiful landscape of Stanhope campaign ?
 Directing their careful attention anew,
 Not to beauties alone, but advantages too !
 " Here," continued the Colonel, " in autumn, resort
 Our keen-sighted sportsmen, and game for the sport ;
 The large golden plover, and *pigeons* most rare.
 The yellow-leg, bag-tail, and—gentlemen ! there,
 See a flock has lit down, a most capital lot
 Of *curlew*, awaiting a chance to be shot ! "

"Twas a RARE LOOKING chance for a shot at the birds,
 " Keep *silence*," the Delegates *shouted* ! " no words !
 Or the plover may rise, ere our *pieces* we find,"
 Then off to the wagons they ran like the wind !
 Each wholly intent on securing a gun,
 For a shot out at STANHOPE—a share in the fun.
 But the *nine* eager sportsmen, if rumor says true,
 Of *shooting utensils*, could muster but *two*.

Two only could shoot then, and who should they be ?
 " Let yez toss for yer chances," said D'Arcy McGee.
 " Agreed," said they all, seven lost and two won,
 And the plover sat there till the tossing was done !
 Then the winners agreed, both together to aim,
 Pull trigger, and go equal shares in the game ;
 When one of the seven, the rest being mute,
 Was to call *one, two, THREE* as the token to shoot.

Matters being arranged, and *the plover still there* !
 They both took their aim with deliberate care,
 Both pull'd at the *token*, both pieces went *bang*,
 Then up on their feet both the sharp-shooters sprang !

Each eager to see the result of *his score*,
But there stood the birds *imperturbed* as before !

“*Egad*, Colonel G—y,” said D’Arcy, “’tis strange !
Let us measure and see if the game’s within range.
This is capital sport though, the birds I admire,
Like an *Irish Brigade*, sure your curlew stand fire !”
While Tupper of fine *analytical* mind,
Revolv’d all his thoughts, a solution to find
Of this puzzle profound, concluding at last,
That the season for shooting at plover was past !
Or that he who had loaded the pieces, forgot,
When charging with powder, to supplement shot !
But they all were agreed to *re-load*, and again
Have one volley more at the plover—just then
NED BAYFIELD came running down breathless with haste,
Crying, “gentlemen, hold, or your powder you’ll waste,
From your HONORS no longer the truth I’ll disguise,
You can’t *hurt* the birds, but may spoil MY DECOYS !”

Now it happened a lawyer was one of the party,
Looking out for a fee, “Well done, my young hearty,”
Said Henry, “stand up for your rights my good boy,
Just give me a brief, and the case we will try,
State your damage in full, never mind *what they say*,
The *beggars* are all of them able to pay !”
“No, no, my good sir,” Eddy Bayfield replied,
“I’ve examined them *now*, back, belly and side,
And not the least trace of the shot can be seen,
Your delegate sportsmen are certainly green !
But no lawsuits for me, if I rightly surmise,
You lawyers for *damage* are worse than DECOYS.”

CHRISTMAS, 1866.

A NEW CHANGE RUNG UPON OLD BELLS!

The morning stars together sang,
 "Loud as the sound of seas,"
 And Heaven's blue-vaulted concave rang
 With choral symphonies ;
 Shouted the sons of God for joy,
 To hail Creation's birth,
 And praise the power that fram'd the sky,
 And fixed the bounds of earth.

Th' Almighty architect surveyed
 This globe of land and flood;
 And, pleas'd with what His WORD had made,
 Pronounced it "very good ;"
 Primæval beauty from His face,—
 Ere sin or curse was known,—
 Through Eden's bowers, with beaming grace,
 On every object shone.

But man—created last, and best
 Of all His works below,
 With Heaven's own *signet seal* impress'd,
 God's image here to show,—
 In rectitude abode not long,
 Seduc'd by glozing lies,
 Proceeding from the serpent's tognue,
 He listens ! eats ! and *dies* !

Then Heaven benign, with pity great,
 And wisdom most profound,
 Look'd on him in his lost estate,
 And LOVE a *ransom* found ;
 Almighty Love did then reveal
 The Oracle which said :
 " The woman's seed, though bruise'd in heel,
 Shall *bruise the serpent's head.*"

That precious word of sovereign grace,
 In Eden understood,
 Was to the Patriarchal race
 From time to time renew'd ;
 While Canaan's altars reeked with blood
 Of victims, day by day,
 All pointing to the " Lamb of God,
 That takes our sin away."

Then from the Mount that quak'd with fear,—
 Mount Sinai wreathed with flame,
 Thundering its sanctions on the ear,—
 The Law by Moses came !
 Exceeding broad in its demand,
 Requiring *eye for eye* ;
 " Do this and live," the stern command,
 " The soul that sins shall die."

Ah ! who shall live, and not transgress ?
 What man—where men abound—
 Who trusts in his own righteousness,
 Shall with clean hands be found ?
 But Heaven, with *mercy*, temper'd *doom*,—
 The Law * was pointing still
 To HIM who in the *flesh* should come,
 And all its claims fulfil.

* " The Law was our Schoolmaster to bring us to Christ."—ST. PAUL.

Descending with the stream of time,
 The holy prophets sage
 Uttered new *oracles* sublime,
 As age succeeded age ;—
 Foretold the *child* of wondrous birth,
 His life and death of pain,
 MESSIAH'S kingdom on the earth,
 And everlasting reign.

At length, when full the time came round,
 A simple shepherd train,
 That watch'd, " while seated on the ground,"
 Their flocks on Bethlehem's plain ;
 Above the *gleam* of Nature's laws,
 Beheld the arch of night,
 Near to " the town where David was,"
 Illum'd with Heavenly light !

Beheld a harbinger of love ;
 Who told, approaching nigh,
 With accents, gentle as a dove,
 His errand from the sky.
 And thus the message ran divine :
 " Fear not, this happy morn,
 In David's town, of David's line,
 The Saviour—CHRIST—is born ! !

" And this the sign : In sweet repose,"
 The radiant angel said,
 " You'll find the BABE in swaddling clothes,
 And in a manger laid."
 Then, to the wond'ring shepherds' sight,
 Appear'd, on pinions strong,
 A heavenly host, that charm'd the night
 With this melodious song :—

"Glory and praise, in highest strain,
 To God most high be given !
Peace upon earth, *good-will* to man,
 The 'much belov'd' of Heaven !"
 If such the song that angels sung,
 From *sinless* ranks above,
 Shall *guilty* man refuse his tongue
 To praise Redeeming Love ?

No ! though our gratitude be low,
 Such base return it scorns ;
 With praises now we'll wreath the brow
 That once was crowned with thorns.
 His advent celebrate, who came,
 Our guilty world to save ;
 Who died, but rose the conquering Lamb,
 Triumphant o'er the grave !

For everlasting praise is due,
 And be it duly paid,
 Unto the KING OF GLORY, who
 Hath our atonement made ;
 Purchas'd from Heaven our pardon, by
 His blood so *freely* shed,
 Spoil'd death and hell ascending high,
 And BRUISED THE SERPENT'S HEAD !

MONODY ON THE LATE HONORABLE EDWARD WHELAN.

Spoken before the Charlottetown Debating Club, at the
"Literary and Musical Entertainment" in aid of the
Whelan-Memorial Fund, March 22, 1869.

Requested by your President to take
A part, to-night, in the proceedings here,
I have no long apology to make,
Explaining why before you I appear,—
To most of men old memories are dear.
The cause you advocate to-night, I too
May wish to help along, although, I fear,
There's very little that the Muse can do,
Except an old acquaintance briefly to review.

Well! in the sacred name of Charity
We meet this night, remembrance to renew
Of an old friend, whose memory should be
Fresh as a Shamrock wet with Erin's dew!
One whom for five-and-twenty years we knew,
Connected with our Island Press,—whose fame,
Based on his merits as a writer, grew
With each succeeding year, until his name
Familiar in our ears as "household word" became.

How swift the flight of time ! it seems, in truth,
 On looking back, almost like yesterday
 Since first he came amongst us, then a youth,
 Upon our Island stage his part to play.
 In looks not formidable any way,
 Of stature low, but with a manly brow
 That said, as plainly as a brow could say,
 "Just let me pass !" — my fancy sees him now,
 New from the school-political of Joseph Howe.

Then, starting on an Editorial course,
 He published the PALLADIUM in this town,
 And labored hard with all his mental force
 To write the old administration down.
 Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
 Much ammunition every week he spent,
 But yet success did not his efforts crown ;
 Though many a bombshell in their camp was sent,
 'Twas the PALLADIUM* fell before the GOVERNMENT !

Surrounded then by fortune's murky gloom,
 He edited the little "Morning News,"
 And figuring above a NOM DE PLUME,
 PETER PALAVER did the folk amuse.
 Against the OLD REGIME, who feared to lose
 The power they held, he worked this tiny gun,
 And did as much, perhaps, to spread HIS VIEWS
 Of liberal politics — by poking fun —
 As with the big PALLADIUM he had ever done.

'Twas then I knew him best, — he was not yet
 Elected for St Peter's, M. P. P., —

*Some of our old friends may remember, that with the fall of the Palladium, the writings of one of the sub-Editors had a LITTLE to do.

In friendship's circle oftentimes we met,
And many an hour we passed in company.
Of nimble wit, a boon companion he,
Fond of a quip, a puzzle or a pun,
That loved a hearty laugh, when jokes went free,
Which he could give or take with anyone,—
Not wicked with his wit, though vastly fond of fun.

But here our paths diverged, for yet again
The troublous way of politics he chose,
And aided by his nicely pointed pen,
The Liberal party in this Island rose
To place and power,—as everybody knows,
He wrote them IN, and wrote to keep them THERE,
Which—as the lawyers say—the record shows ;
Read the EXAMINER, and then compare
That with the ISLANDER, if you have time to spare.

Read and digest ! you need not then be told
How EDWARD WHELAN and great D. MCLEAN,
Aroused ! like “ Philip's warlike son ” of old,
Fought all their battles o'er and o'er again.
Opposed in many a long and hard campaign,
The rival camps with counteraction rife.
Both Representatives of Party men,
Both trained to vigorous intellectual strife,
They WROTE—as Roman Gladiators FOUGHT—for life !

And let me add, 'twas not with PEN alone
To aid his friends was Edward Whelan strong ;
In keen debate his talents brightly shone,
As with his TONGUE he helped the cause along.
How many times he thrilled the listening throng !

Who would, in spite of "Order," called in vain,
 Applaud the speaker, whether RIGHT OR WRONG,
 And in defiance boldly cheer again,—
 Yes, there he more than matched his rival D. McLean.

Then as a member of the "Fourth Estate,"
 His place responsible he understood ;
 The influence he wielded there was great,
 But mostly always for the Public good.
 Grave, doubtful questions cautiously he viewed,
 And sought to place them in their proper light ;
 Thus when the rampant "Tenant League" pursued
 Their headlong course towards a faction fight,
 He warned them they were WRONG—time proved that
 he was RIGHT.

I would not pen a fulsome eulogy,—
 With many virtues,—he had failings too,—
 Erred—on Confederation (?) it may be !
 And made mistakes as other MORTALS do.
 But to his old CONSTITUENCY true,
 He reckoned on their suffrages again ;
 They gave them to another !—then he knew,
 And knowing, felt with mortifying pain
 How well a man may serve forgetful friends in vain.

But that is over now,—and all is past,
 And death's cold hand has dealt a heavier blow,
 Stopped life's VELOCIPEDA, that RAN TOO FAST,
 And laid him in the grave, as Duncan, low.
 Our early friends, alas, how fast they go,
 Like falling leaves that one another chase,
 How painful is the thought and sad to know—
 Although the chisel MAY their records trace—
 Old friends, by death removed, new friends can ne'er
 replace.

But now 'tis time to close this monody ;
 The evening hour advances and I trust
 That those who in their order follow me
 Will to the name and memory be just
 Of him who now reposes, "dust to dust,"
 And friends and countrymen will not deny
 "Some storied urn or animated bust,"
 To tell the thoughtless mortal passing by,—
 Here EDWARD WHELAN lies—you too must shortly die.

I shall

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,
 The bosom of his Father and his God."

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS SETTLED IN FULL

BY PADDY THE PIPER, DECEMBER 2, 1870.

I'll sing an Irish melody, good people come along,
 While PADDY'S in the humor now, and listen to the song ;
 An' 'tis all about the *fishers* that from Gloucester bear away,
 To kill their summer voyages o' mackerel in our Bay,
 In spite o' stipulations in a Trayty that was made
 More than fifty years ago, for protection to our trade,
 Like the ROOSHAN BEAR, whose ancestors set Moscow in a
 blaze,
 That'd gobble *Turkey* down to-day his appetite to please.

But *Trayties* will be *Trayties*, and if ratified will hould
 Like the *Madian* laws o' Persia, which in history we're
 tould,
 In the ancient Irish Provinces o' Babylon prevailed,
 That'd stand for everlastin' once the documents were *sayled*,
 But our neighbors o' the "Stars and Stripes," forgettin'
 every rule
 Of the *aitequette* o' nations, which they ought to learn at
 school,
 Come every Summer with their Fleet, as if to show how
 brave
 They can lape their limitations, never axin' "By yer lave."

So then Her Gracious Majesty—God bless Her every day—
 As all true-hearted Irishmen will not forget to pray—
 Being anxious for the welfare o' this celebrated Isle,
 That bears Her Royal Father's name, sint word to Gin'ral
 Doyle,
 The Admiral of Halifax, to send out *min o' war*
 Around our say-board here, and this is what she sint them
 for,—
 Lest other ALABAMA CLAIMS, cute Jonathan might find,
 Or break the solemn *Trayty* strong her Grandfather had
 signed!

So the *Valorous*, an' the *Plover*, an' the *Minstrel*, an' the *Dart*,
 From the Admiral on duty had instructions to depart,
 Under secret sailing orders every *man o' war* was sint,
 To watch the Yankees here and there whichever way they
 wint;
 An' if they *would the Trayty break*, to run 'em into port,
 An' bequathe 'em to the mercy o' the Admiralty Coort,—
 And once they get 'em there, my boys, bedad! they make
 'em spin,—
 'Tis but little they'll bring out of it, whatever they fetch in!

Then ULYSSES GRANT, to be upsides with Britain every way,
 Sint out his slashin' min o' war as if to show fair play ;
 The *Frolic*, *Nipsic*, an' the *Guard*, fine vessels, good an'
 strong,
 To dodge about the Hillsboro' the blessed summer long.
 Nice civil min the crews ! but thin *not heavy min* if weighed,
 But very well adapted to the Egg an' Butter Trade ;
 They might be lively boys enough, an' useful in the wars,
 But they didn't look, to tell the truth, like English Jacky
 Tars !

Well, sure enough, it wasn't long before one summer day,
 The *Valorous* saw a schooner, an' she fishing in the say ;
 So she roared out, "Schooner Hoy ! what countryman are
 you ?

Run up a signal on yer mast, an' show yer *colors* true,
 An' never be ashamed o' them !" but Marshall didn't care,
 He tould them that his little boy was sailin' master there !
 Thin they axed him for his *papers*, for they thought he tould
 them lies,
 An' before ye'd say "Jack Robinson," they nabbed him for
 a prize.

An' whipped him off to Charlottetown, the mackerel an' all,
 An'clapped him in the Coort at once,—the worst that could
 befall.

Thin whin all the shooting everywhere of brant and ducks
 was done,

An' Justice P——rs on the Bench was ready for the fun,
 The Officers were present there to *persecute* the case,—
 Ye should see them in the Buildin' trimmed with orange
 goulden lace,—

An' ALBERT waitin' on 'em ail, at twenty-one a day,
 'Till they canted Marshall in the Coort, and sould him out
 for pay.

An' thin the hubbub wild began in earnest, by my song,
 An' some would say the thing was right, an' some would say
 'twas wrong,
 An' some were very sorry, while, betokens, more were glad,
 While D——d of the P——t wint almost rampant mad,
 In the fervor an' the fury of his editorial *heat*,
 Making flourishes on foolscap Mister Staples couldn't beat ;
 But I'm glad to tell my friends, in the country and the town,
 The last I heard of D——d was that he is coolin' down.

But the sayson now was gettin' late, for autumn winds had
 come,
 And the bulk o' Yankee fishermen had steered away for
 home ;
 Both the *Valorous* and the *Dart* had for Europe steamed
 away,
 To be ready for the ROOSHAN BEAR, who threatens, so they
 say,
 To raise a shindy in the *Aist* or on TURKEY make a raid,
 By smashing in the *Trayty* that in " Fifty-six " was made,
 So the *Plover* now was left alone, our waters to defend,
 And she comes across a schooner that was christened *Clary*
 Friend,

Fishin' inside of her limits,—CAPT. POLAND didn't care
 To be bothered with the *Coort* an' tould GRADY very fair,
 As he'd have to do his duty, not to kick against the prick,
 But skeedaddle with his booty to the tune of "double-
 quick ;"

Captain GRADY didn't think Mr. POLAND meant it true,
 An' fished away in spite of all the man o' war could do ;
 So he fired a rousin' pistol shot, an' saized him for a prize,
 An' tugg'd him into Charlottetown, himself an' all the boys,

An' put the prize in ALBERT's hands, tho' it was costly sport,
 To hould him as a hostage for the Admiralty Coort ;
 So ALBERT put a guard aboard—that's as the story runs—
 With muskets armed at any rate, if not with *needle guns* ;
 But 'twould take too long to render, when the *Plover* wint
 away,
 How the Yankees came at *dead o' night*, an' cut her out *one*
 day,
 An' in a jiffy bent the sails and gave the *Plover* chase,
 To turn the tables downside up if they could win the race.

An' man alive! the Yankees here were splitting at the fun,
 Bekase—no word o' lie in it— the thing was nately done ;
 But ALBERT telegraphed the Gut, with little time to spare,
 An' as it happened, just by chance, the *Plover* still was there,
 Waitin' ready for her truant ; so to finish off my rhyme,
 He constituted *Clary Friend* a prize the second time,
 An' ran her back to Charlottetown—it wasn't very far,—
 With five unfortunates aboard as prisoners of war !

An' whin we saw these handcuffed min brought in the
 POLIS door,
 We thought of CHARLEY HALL, an' said—"Twice 'Taken,"
 to be sure !



Mary Mellish
 Archibald
 Memorial

LOSS OF H. M. IRONCLAD TURRET-SHIP "CAPTAIN,"

OFF CAPE FINISTERRE, ON SEPTEMBER 6, 1870.

Twice forty years have passed away,
 Since one of England's line
 Of battle ships at anchor lay,
 Her "bulwarks on the brine,"
 The gallant "Flag Ship" of the fleet,
 Old England's boast and pride,
 By Summer's breeze was overset,
 And sunk beneath the tide.

Sad lines were traced by Cowper's pen,
 When KEMPENFELT the brave,
 With twice four hundred fighting men,
 Went down beneath the wave.
 "Toll for the brave"—England anew
 May sound that knell to-day;
 BURGOYNE and his intrepid crew
 Are sunk in Biscay Bay.

"Toll for the brave," toll for the good!
 Five hundred fighting men
 O'erwhelmed *at once* beneath the flood,
 Shall never fight again.
 Ye English maids and matrons, mourn
 Till sorrow's cup runs o'er,
 For those who left you to return
 To your embrace no more.

IP
Ah ! little thought these gallant men,
A few short days before,
That they should never look again
On "Merry England's" shore ;
Or that their ship, designed for war
By "Cowper Coles," should be
A costly naval sepulchre,
Superfluous at sea.

"Toll for the brave," who far away,
A hundred fathoms deep,
Beneath the waves of Biscay Bay,
Encased in *iron*, sleep !
Death-drugged they sleep as sleep the slain,--
No hurricane that blows,
Nor cannon thundering o'er the main
Shall break their long repose.

"Toll for the brave," while England sad
And sorrowful may wail
The loss of her great *Ironclad*,
That foundered in the gale,
Off *Finisterre*, where British braves,
In olden times would steer,
To sing "Britannia rules the waves,"
That *France* and *Spain* might hear.

Yes, long has Britain on the seas
Maintained supreme command,
And quelled her numerous enemies
With Fleets and Squadrons grand !
But now and then, alas ! we see,
Upon the swelling tide,
The waves assert their dignity,
And *rule* Britannia's pride.

“Toll for the brave who are no more,”
 Who hapless lost their life,
 Amid the overwhelming roar,
 And elemental strife
 Of wind and wave—no time to think—
 Steaming, with canvas spread,
 Top-heavy, they capsize and sink
 Among the millions dead.

Oft-times in days and years to come,
 The hardy mariner,
 Who sails his vessel through the foam
 Around Cape Finisterre,
 At midnight dark upon the brine,
 Pensive and thoughtful then,
 Will drop a tear for brave BURGoyNE
 And his five hundred men.

The Muse in sympathy shall too,
 Her tearful tribute shed,
 And sing in solemn “dirges due,”
 A *Requiem* for the dead.
 GOD save the QUEEN—her sailors save,
 That plough the raging seas,
 And keep them safely as they brave
 “The battle and the breeze !”



