

Original Poetry.

AT THE SPORTS, ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

PADDY SLATTERY, *loquitur*.

"*Cead mille faltha* to ye all, I'm morthual proud to see.
Ye all assimbled here to-day *flaheolic*, gay an' free.
I've left me horses on the grass to spell a little now,
With the Pollynashun jintleman that clanes me dirty plough;
The boss he gives a holiday, and so I've come away
To celebrate in rale ould style this blessed Pathrick's day."

"An' shure me poor ould heart-rejoiced to listen to the band,
An' whin they played 'St. Pathrick's Day'—ah! boys, but that was grand.
Now *bannacht luth* McKenny, your always to the fore
For the honor of green Erin an' the dear ould shambrague shore.
And Summister the music led—Och! no one could gainsay,
'Twas a credit to ould Ireland this great St. Pathrick's Day."

"Shure min of every country to-day with us combine;
There's Loge, he's as staunch a Celt as ever crossed the Rhine;
There's Christian, Pete and Ludwig—our Danish mates so thrue,
Who'd ever think their ancestors were licked be Brian Boru?
But hould yer whistb, me hearties, the band is goin' to play—
Success attind ould Ireland on this St. Pathrick's Day."

"There's stockmin from the stations, an' tradesmin from the town;
An' the bright eyes of the *colleens* from the stand-house lookin' down.
There's sturdy R. H. Talbot, ye can see his duster wave
Where William Bell is sarvin drinks, an' tollin' like a slave;
An' Barney, Mart. and Roger seem happy, blythe and gay—
I'm shure they wet their shamrocks on this St. Pathrick's Day."

"Now there's a *bodagh* over there, a-spoutin' pollytics;
But Paddy knows thim *schamers* well, and all their little thricks.
If Josuf was a plauther, he'd do a stroke, we know;
But till the copper goes ahead his only pint is—blew.
Nabocklish all his *ramaurh*, no matter what he'll say,
We'll never heed a *balawarun* upon St. Pathrick's Day."

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Now, *muska*, boys, be quiet—don't get yer timpera up;
Shure if you touched the *Crathur*, 'twas but a little sup;
Be aisy there, long Harry—his Riverence 'll see
You've drowned all your shamrock, an' got upon the spree.
I see the Sargeant's helmet is bobbin' round this way.
God save ye kindly, Sargeant, on this St. Pathrick's Day."

"An' boys, upon to-morrow we'll turn a decent sod—
We'll show there's ploughmen from the land St. Pathrick's footstaps trod.
The plantin' saison's gettin' late, an' so we'll wire in—
(But harkye! Johnny Porter, just fill thim up agin)—
We'll take a *doch un dhurris* before we go away—
Here's *slantha* to Ould Ireland, Young Queens-land, an' Mackay."

O'HEYNE.