

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage is enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the EDITOR; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by WM. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## Currency Poetry.

The Rag Baby advocates are felicitating themselves on having secured ALEXANDER McLACHLAN as the poet Laureate of their cause. The venerable versifier has contributed a piece entitled "The Song of the Baby" to a late number of the St. Catharines Journal, whereof the following is a specimen verse:—

O come and listen to my song,  
Ye tillers of the soil;  
Ye've labored on, but where has gone  
The fruits of all your toil?

CHORUS—A foe has got among you worse  
Than either grub or weevil;  
A most unconscionable curse,  
The very soul of evil.

There is more "caunyness" than poetry about this. Mr. McLACHLAN's muse has evidently not made up her mind on the currency question, and it will be observed that she takes care not to commit herself here. The chorus is delightfully vague. The "foe" alias the "inconscionable curse" referred to may be the present hard money system, or it may be ISAAC BUCHANAN. SHAKESPEARE wrote not for his own age, but for all time; ALEXANDER emulates this illustrious example by writing not for the Rag Baby but for all parties.

## National Sentiment!

He sat on the topmost cross-bar of the barnyard gate, having just escorted the cattle to their nightly haven of repose. His eyes were turned towards the slowly sinking sun, whose roseate rays tinged the tops of the melancholy pines with brilliant hues. The whip-poor-will, in its eccentric flight, uttered its plaintive cry, while the bull-frog's clear baritone, wafted on the gentle evening breeze from the adjacent moorlands, ('twas early spring), lulled his soul to calm repose—or would have done so had GUSTAVUS SLASHBUSH not been possessed of a spirit far too proud and ambitious for his tame surroundings. No, his soul was not lulled to any great extent.—"Yes, yes," he soliloquized, "it cannot, must not, always remain thus. Oh, Canada! when I reflect on thy vast domain, stretching as thou dost from the broad Atlantic to the still broader Pacific, when I think of thy stupendous canals, bridges, and Parliament Houses, thy

colossal (projected and otherwise) Railways, thy magnificent water stretches, and illimitable wildernesses, I shudder at the thought of the possibility of thy children, the most hardy, the most brave and intelligent (probably) on this earth, through the machinations of false traitors, turned into basswood nutmeg-making Yankees! Perish the thought! And shall we be independent? Alas, our independence would be but a purgatorial stage preparing us for the grasp of the obscene and bald-headed U. S. Eagle! Mr. BLAKE is right, we must have confederation of the Empire. We must have our representatives in the British House of Commons, in the House of Lords. We must have a voice—"Get off'n that gate, you blamed lurkhead!" shouted SLASHBUSH pere, who had just debouched from under cover of the barn; "what in thunder are you ravin' about now? Get inter the woodshed and split that kindlin', or I'll fan you with this ox-gad!" GUSTAVUS sighed, slid down, and sallied slowly woodshedswards.

## Something Like a National Song.

NOT BY A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

Oh, "poet" well-intentioned,  
Thy verses we've perused,  
And now it may be mentioned,  
We're deucedly amused.  
"Dominion" rhymed with "union,"  
"Terrors" with "mirrors" matched—  
Euphonious communion  
As scribbler ever scratched!  
Oh! bless our wide Dominion,  
True freedom's fairest land,  
Where "union," "onion," "minion"  
Rhymed may hereafter stand.

"Nurture" with "hurt her" rhyming,  
"Forest" with "sorest" found,  
"Glory" with "o'er ye" chiming,  
"Order" with "border" bound;  
When we have known death's slumbers  
Our poets shall prolong  
Such "ground and lofty" numbers  
As fill the "nation's song."  
O, bless our wide Dominion,  
And give us common sense  
To squelch with one opinion  
Flapdoodle and pretence.

## De Tale of De Spanish City.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK II. CHAPTER I.

THE ARENA.

Bully pour vous! mi Lord!

Moliere.

A sea of heads;—an arena;—sawdust;—glitter, spangles.—The aristocracy of birth and beauty are assembled to witness "Muerto del Taurus." The Rival rides out into the arena, mounted on a cavalcado or Spanish jennet of great strength and beauty, whose sweeping mane and tail attest to the purity of his breed. In his right hand he bears a glittering *matador*, while from his shoulder a bright colored *chuto* hangs. On his head he wears a broad-brimmed *picador*, ornamented profusely with *bandilleros* of different hues. A huge bull, bred expressly for the arena among the marshes and wild mountains of Ireland, rushes out at the Rival, who dexterously avoids the shock; throwing a sharp-pointed *guerilla* or dart deep into his massive shoulder as he careers past. To the horror of the spectators the huge brute turns suddenly, and without apparent effort seizes the Rival and—swallows him! Nothing is seen of him save the *spagnolettos* or spurs on his boot heels.

A chill tremor prevades the crowd as MANUERO leaps lightly into the arena, and seizing the Rival's spurs, disentombs him with one gigantic effort.

The air is dark with caragas, caramdas, vivas and plaudits, and bouquets of every description, as MANUERO sinks gracefully on one knee and returns thanks. "He is happy," he murmurs in a voice broken with emotion, "to have been enabled to save the Rival from digestion, though the primary process of mastication (mastication) and deglutition (deglutition) had proved too much for his (the Rival's) vital spark." (Loud and continued applause, which only dies away as the HIDALGO COSTELLO STRILLETTO beckons with his right eye for him to approach.) Turning a few well executed demivoltes, MANNERO complies.

"Young man," quoth the haughty Don, "were it my heart's last blood thou should'st have it at the asking. Ask what thou wilt! never have eyes of mine beheld a more gallant *escapado* than this last of thine. Ask! my friend, and spare not in thine asking!"

"Your highness will confer a lasting favor on the subscriber by bequeathing him your daughter, free of legacy duty," said MANUERO, in accents of the profoundest respect and gratitude. "Young man," observed the nobleman, searching in his pockets for his note book, "your name in full, occupation, age, and present place of residence?" "My name, Sir, is MANUERO DE WHEELBARO' only son of GUANO MANUERO, the city scavenger, I am apprentice to him, and I live in the Plaza de Offalo." With a loud shriek the HIDALGO falls back senseless—dead. "These are hard times," said ISADORA, after a pitiless ransack of her parent's pockets for loose coin.

CHAP. II.

FINIS.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—golden bells.  
Solomon.

Morning: roseat, balmy. The golden light steals o'er the tower and belfry of the Cathedral of Alcantara Valdepenas. As the day grows older, the haze of dawn is gently dissipated by the gentle rays of the sun. (A good many mornings are like this, it is not remarkable.) As the morn advances, crowds gather round the ancient Moorish doorway of the Church and block up the interior of the solemn aisles and chancels.

ISADORA appears upon the scene, and the bells ring out a joyous peal. Happiness pours from every pore as she leads the blushing bridegroom to the altar rails, where one of the minor canons stands pointed and primed. Supporting his trembling knees with one hand, she utters the responses in a loud and happy voice. His answers to the momentous questions are inaudible from extreme nervousness—how sweet to see a child-like bridegroom thus moved. MOODY and SANKEY couldn't have married them tighter. "Carissima," he murmured as they left the sacred edifice. "No cards," said she to the verger who ushered them out.

A. D. S.

## Flattered Canada.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Boston Post says:—"Representatives from all parts of the Dominion are to be met here during the session, and among them may be found as intelligent men as one will meet anywhere in the States."

This flattery will soothe Canadians in general. But it would never have been uttered had not the correspondent heard Mr. WALLACE on the Rag Baby, CHARLEY RYKERT on the N. P., DELIGHTFUL MILLS on anything and B. J. PLUMB on everything.