

Ho Will not Do.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graceful with polished manners, yet fine sense
Wanting, and sensibility, the man
Who needlessly would some two dollars hoard,
Nor turn aside, and pay it down for GRIP,
Delivered for a year. A list of friends!
He is no friend; he never had a friend;
He never could be friend to aught on earth,
Save his two dollars' chink; he is some knave
Who paltrily doth sneak along the streets,
And spy the noble illustrates of GRIP,
In bookshop window hang, and gaineth thence
Amusement more than filleteth his small soul
Up to the bursting point, yet buyeth not,
But crawleth off, and rubs his dollars two
Within his waistcoat pouch, and chuckleth then
Deep in the place where others have their souls:
"Am I not clever?—I have thus much got
Free gratis out of GRIP." Poor miserling—
Pumpkin of heart, and pipkinized of head,
I waste no thought on him.

But you who would
Were we but once acquainted, soon be placed
On friendship's dearest scroll, who haply know
Nothing of this the chief Canadian sheet,
Oh, stay not longer thus. Bethink you, this
Is now the Nineteenth Century, and that
Men of your most undoubted calibre
Should not remain in ignorance, nor should
Forfeit the only literary joy
That this young country yields. How soothing, when
You have the public movements striv'n to scan,
By aid of dim and particoloured lights,—
Those lanterns dark by which the *Globe* and *Mail*,
Et genus omne hoc discover part,
Part hide in deepest shade—to turn to GRIP,
And view his iridescent picturing
Reveal at once the whole. And there are those
Who have not yet subscribed!!

Canadian Nights Entertainment.

WHEN the night was come, the Sultan SANDIMAKENZI repaired again to the *cauchon* and begged him to relate the rest of the story of Wandering Willie and the Cute Vizier. At which the *cauchon*, making a low bow, resumed as follows:

When the Grand Vizier SIRJONNAY announced to WANDERING WILLIE that he had appointed him Pasha of the North West land, WILLIE was greatly delighted, and, having kissed the hand of the generous Vizier, he retired to make the necessary preparations for his journey. As soon as he had withdrawn, the Grand Vizier fell into a great fit of laughter, and appeared to be highly pleased. So much noise did he make in thus giving vent to his joy, that one of his attendants entered his presence and requested to know if anything had struck him, or if he was often taken in that way. To this the Grand Vizier replied that the occasion of his laughter was the clever trick he was about to play upon WANDERING WILLIE. The attendant replied that a demonstration of joy on that account appeared to him to be somewhat premature, "for," said he, "even as I came in to your chamber, I observed this very person, WANDERING WILLIE, already far advanced on his journey towards the North West country, of which he is to be Pasha. Whatever therefore, may be the merit of the trick thou would'st have played upon him, (and I do not doubt it would have been most amusing) he is now beyond thy power, and thy laughter hath been spent in vain." Thereupon the Grand Vizier burst into still louder mirth, at which the attendant greatly marvelled.

Observing the expression of wonder on the attendant's face, the Vizier said, "I perceive thy stupidity, and I will not bring thee relief by relating plainly the nature of this jest I am about to play; but considering that thou hast always served me faithfully, and that thy dulness of mind is probably not thy own fault, I will give thee some light on the matter by relating a little story."

"I thank thee, great Vizier," replied the attendant. "There is nothing I delight in more than the relation of strange adventures, and mayhap I may be able from thy story to guess what is the trick thou wouldst play on WANDERING WILLIE."

"Listen then" said the Grand Vizier, "to the story of

THE PRINCE AND THE WILD GOOSE CHASE.

The King of a certain country had a son, who was very fond of the chase, and kept a large pack of hounds for that purpose. The Prince was greatly attached to these animals, for, besides being well trained, they were all pure white. As may be supposed, he took great pride in caring for them, and even washed them with his own hands thrice every

year. At length there appeared amongst them a dog which had a small brown spot upon it. The Prince could not tolerate about him any dog that was not pure white, but he found that this particular animal was fully as good and clever a hunter as any of the pack, and he persuaded himself that the brown spot was but a stain accidentally got in the chase. He therefore tried to wash it out, but in doing so he discovered that it was no mere stain but a natural color. Then he began to hate that hound, and determined to separate it from his pack. He had not the heart to kill him outright, and he found it impossible to get rid of him by whipping, slighting or other manifestations of unkindness. At length he hit upon a plan which affected his purpose. He sent the hound off on a wild goose chase. Having first given him a false scent, he started the poor dog off with his nose to the ground in search of an imaginary wild goose, and so disgusted did the dog become when he found at the end of a journey of many tedious miles, that it had all been for nothing, that he conceived a great hatred of his late master the Prince, and never returned. And so the Prince got rid of the hound with the brown spot, and was happy. When the Grand Vizier had finished his story of the Prince and the Wild Goose Chase," continued the *cauchon*, still addressing the Sultan SANDIMAKENZI, "he observed that the expression of stupidity was still upon the face of the attendant, so he dismissed him from his presence, forbidding him again to appear before him until he had guessed from this story the nature of the trick intended to be played on WANDERING WILLIE. Meantime WANDERING WILLIE, with all his camels and retinue, was approaching the gates of the country of which he had been appointed Pasha. The sun was just sinking in the West, and everything looked glorious. Little did he think of the horrible fate that awaited him, when—

"But, Great Sultan," the *cauchon* suddenly said, interrupting himself, "I perceive that it is day: I must leave the Cabinet and start for the North West." "No!" ejaculated SANDIMAKENZI, "I am burning to hear the sequel of thy wonderful story. I go to attend a picnic and transact other state business now, but will hear the end of the story to-night."

So the *cauchon* stayed another day at the Cabinet.

(To be continued.)

Is There no Change?

Must it be ever thus—shalt we aspire
Never to more than this diminished span,
To eat and sleep at ease our chief desire,
As if the selfsame aim had beast and man,
Food, drink, and shade provided—no more they will or can.

It is for these alone—what other end
Employs Canadian hand—Canadian brain?
The house once built,—the gold once saved—they spend
For these alone, and to no more attain,
This—this asylums fill, and fill them yet again.

Man must have more than this—his soul consents
Not to be levelled with the lower kind,
Their satiation never him contents,
Dwarfed, shrivelled, crushed perforce, the human mind
Consumes itself, and sinks in idiocy blind.

For this we build, and yet must build once more
The mighty piles which cage our mindless ones,
For this we see in emigration pour
To other climes, our country's noblest sons,
The first's sad fate is known—that fate the second shuns.

There is no room for aspiration here,
Nor will be while we prostitute the land
To be the feeder base whence others rear
Their fabric—the support on which they stand,
The growers but of grain reared never nation grand.

Think what we are, and think what we might be,
Four millions on a territory's marge
Fit to sustain four hundred, while we see
Where day by day grows larger and more large
Our neighbor, till he shall relieve us of our charge.

Oh, spring from those whose sturdy hand and will
Have won for them on earth the foremost place,
Why occupy this false position still,
Base, grovelling, far unworthy of your race,
The means of strength are known—why not those means embrace?

Assist the farmer's art—it is but one
Ingredient in the compound of success.
Add manufacture, and of countries none
Shall ours exceed in power and nobleness,
Thought scarce can show the change; words scarce can it express.