

How to Make a "National Song."

GIVEN, boy under twenty
With confidence plenty,
And a knack of believing
There's no sin in thieving
Ideas poetic.
Let him take an enetic;
And then a goose pinion,
And write down "Dominion,"
With "mountain" and "river,"
"Broad vales" and "Great Giver,"
And then, in a fever,
Allude to the "Beaver,"
"Great Pines," "Sturdy Maples,"
For these are the staples
That change the crolic
To strain patriotic.
Then let him write "faemen,"
With "liberty," "yeomen,"
"The Queen," "free" and "royal,"
And "traitors disloyal,"
Also "ploughshare" and "spade,"
And the poem is made,
Except for the adding
Of rhyming and padding.

Family Reading.

FELLING her to the ground—drown her—knocked her down—kicked her savagely—"Murder!"—"Pa was murdering Ma!"—He would murder her—"Pa is stabbing Ma!"

Dear reader, this is not the skeleton of a novel by Miss BRADDOCK; it is a collection of display lines interspersed through an account of a local occurrence printed in a quiet and respectable family newspaper published at Port Hope.

Anthropophagous.

"So you see, love, we stand a chance of soon being able to extend the hand to the Fiji Islands, and claim them as a Sister colony!" said ARTHUR during his honeymoon, as he laid down the paper.

"Yes, indeed, dearest," murmured ANGELINA, who had been reading the article over ARTHUR'S shoulder, "and I am so sorry that we got married last week!"

"ANGELINA! Sorry? Why?"

"Oh, ARTHUR, because perhaps if we had waited, it might have become by that time quite proper and fashionable to really, really eat each other up!"

Hard and Soft.

SOME of our contemporaries are publishing an excerpt headed, "Don't use a hard pencil." Judging from the quality of a good many editorials written in this city, there are some journalists using particularly *soft* ones.

Sour and Sweet.

GRIFF had a bottle of vinegar sent him the other day, in appreciation of his remarks on female fashions, by a couple of old maids. He begs to acknowledge the gift. It was a good deal sweeter than the givers.

Discovered!

PROF. WISE, who made a balloon ascension from Stratford a few days ago, reports that he found the eastern current we have heard so much about. A quantity of it, put up in air-tight jars, is, we understand, to be added to the other humbugs in BARNUM'S museum.

The Cause of it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Uxbridge Journal*, last week contributed to its columns a valuable piece of historical information. He says:—

"To the long and persistent neglect or refusal of the Church of England and the British Government to send bishops to America may distinctly be traced the loss of the colonies now composing the United States to Great Britain."

Grip desires to call the attention of all friends of British connection to this important fact. Let us have a few dozen of English Bishops at once.

Merely Suggested.

THEY have a new paper named the *Progress* in St. Andrews, P. Q. The first number contained an article on "Our Manufacturing Capabilities," some of which are thus enumerated:

"Prettier village scenery exists nowhere—for agricultural purposes the soil around us cannot be surpassed, and the excellence of our spring water for domestic purposes is too widely known to need further laudation."

We don't know exactly what they propose to manufacture in St. Andrews, but if the spring water is as good as represented, we should suppose they might make very fair cocktails by a judicious mixture of it with other ingredients; or perhaps they would like a pump factory started.

Ale, Porter, and Resignation.

A CHRISTIAN philosopher of a truth is the author of the following advertisement in the *Port Hope Times*:

CARD OF THANKS.—I hereby return my sincere thanks to all who aided in saving my property on Monday night and Tuesday morning; and God forgive the miscreant who fired the stables, causing the torture in a fiery furnace of poor dumb brutes of horses, and endangering the lives of a number of human beings, helpless children and others, sleeping on the premises, nearly adding murder to the crime of arson, and causing the wanton destruction of nearly two thousand dollars worth of uninsured property. I respectfully request those indebted to me to oblige with the amounts owing as soon as possible, as in consequence of this calamity I am unexpectedly called upon to provide for immediate expenditure I did not calculate upon. I further beg leave to announce that no interruption in my business will take place, but everything (D. V.) I trust, will go on as usual. I thank my customers and the public for past favors, and hope I will be able to supply and please them in the future as I have done in the past, with good, sound, pure, and unadulterated fine Ales and Porter.

Choler-ical.

THE malignant little giant from Welland threatens to collar Mc-KELLAR. We always knew CHARLEY was a great plague but we didn't take him for a *malignant choleric*.

High Soaring.

GRIFF desires to congratulate Brother B. T. of the *Leader* that he refrained from going up in a balloon, as he intended. It is a well-known fact that people may be the best friends in the world at starting to ascend in a balloon, but they rarely fail to have *high* words and come to *hard blows* during the trip, and a *fall out* under the circumstances is quite a serious matter.

The Skipper's Home.

THE Kingston *News* tells us that the largest shipment of cheese that ever reached there, arrived last week. Kingston being a harbor for vessels, GRIFF supposes they have to lay in a great deal of cheese for the *skippers* that come there.

A Gas-tly Joke.

AN enterprising city contemporary had two columns about Gas a few days ago. It might very appropriately put that heading at the top of every column.

Who'll Have Me.

"LET the Conservatives be united to a single man," says the *Sun*. Our neighbour takes the party for an old woman, and is advising her to get married. GRIFF is afraid the poor body cannot find any "single man" to take her, now that her good looks are gone, unless she can raise a dowry of "another ten thousand."

A Simple Shaker.

CHARLEY RYKENT says he "trembles for the fate of the country." Tremble as much as he pleases, he is certainly *no great shakes*.

Short Allowance.

THE last number of a leading organ in this city only contained three falsehoods. Until the appearance of the next number the subordinate organs must live upon short allowance. It is "fast day" with them.