



A REMINISCENCE.

“ Drive over the river? O yes, with delight,
It looks such a dazzling, beautiful white!
But they tell me the road is so awfully rough
All ruts, cracks, and *cahots*.” “ Why Mary, what stuff!
It's all filled up and levelled. And, well, I declare
There's Tim the *journalier* himself, sitting there,
Blowing his cloud in his easy chair—
White headed, ruddy faced, rugged old Tim;
Whom has he to smooth his path for *him*?
Good day, my old friend! Do you never sigh
When the sleighs and cutters go dashing by?
“ Why must I labor to smooth the way,
Why must I toil that others may play,
Others more able to work than I,
Who am growing old and must very soon die,
And have none to make easy my road for me?”
“ Ah, no! Why, that wouldn't be true you see
I have a good wife and children three
Who help to make pleasant my path for me.
Were it not for the care of my faithful Jeanne
I might have been buried again and again.
Jacques and Felix are working in Morial
And earning good wages since the fall,
And Marie! She was a tender plant
And the times were hard and we were in want,
And medicine was dear and she suffered long,
And we thought she would die, but now she is strong,
Strong and healthy. I'd say, did I dare,
As healthy and blooming as Madame there,
But in beauty—Madame is beyond compare.
And now she is married and living nigh
And has two little children—about so high.
And often their gran' dad they come to see
And they patter around him and climb his knee,
And pull his beard in their childish play,
And their bright smiles help to make smooth his way.
So, should a man's life be ever so rough
If he be but content and can earn enough
For dinner and pipe and to cover the backs
Of his children in winter by mending the tracks,
And when times are bad and there's nought to do
Some good friend to bestow a *piastre* or two
(*Merci, M'sieu*, that's the first to-day)
Why then I am not the man to say
I have no one to smooth life's path for me.—
Salut, M'sieu, Soyez béni!”

The *Star* tells us of a poor fellow who while excavating in the Lachine Canal works, was by the earth falling upon him, thrown “ to the ground, breaking *two of his legs*, causing compound fracture.” Fancy only two of his legs! How many more did the *Star* think he had?

GENERAL SIR W. O'GRADY ITALY.—Died March 19th, 1878.

A gallant soldier passed away,
To swell the roll of Britain's dead;
'Grave on the head-stone o'er his clay
“ He trod the path where Duty led.”

OUR “MILITARY” COLUMN.

We are glad to hear that our City Corps are passing around the hat for the purpose of presenting Alderman Mercer and other civic friends with suitable testimonials in the shape of silver wheelbarrows and shovels for the great interest they have taken in the state of our *Sham-de-Mars* and Drill Shed. We shall be glad to contribute the price of a days rations.

The “Scarlet” Brigade on the Queen's Birthday will be commanded by General JESTER. Officers will supply themselves with eye-glasses in order to see through the movements of the enemy. Patent leather boots and high shirt collars will be among the standing orders of the day. Lemon-aid with sticks in it will comprise the regulation drinks for recruiting the thirst. The day will be a pretty warm affair and the enemy will get it hot.

THE NEGRO Point Battery, St. John, N. B., is to be hereafter known as Fort Dufferin. We hope the duffer in command at present will bring his guns to bear in the proper direction. PERLEY will engineer the operations.

It is NOT true that Sir SELBY SMYTHE has “sold out.” There is not the faintest indication of a “sell” about *him*.

THE 6th Fusiliers, although they have a Martin, yet he cannot be called a martinet.

LIEUT. CRUIKSHANKS has resigned to accept the position of Judge Advocate of the Circuit Court.

It is understood that Lieut.-Col. HANDYSIDE is to give a banquet to his corps at some future date not yet decided upon.

LIEUT.-COL. LABRANCHE is a twig of the right sort, and would present a stout obstacle to the foe.

CORRESPONDENT.—No. The bushes of the 65th are not of the regulation pattern worn by the *Bashi-Bazouks*.

LIEUT.-COL. A. A. SREVENSON is about to patent a new portable food to be known as the “Scotch Army-Bannock.” It will be one of the most solid forms of nourishment either for man or beast and will be made purely from “wild oats” sown by young officers.

“A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH.”

Our American cousins have many good points about them. But one of their principal features of Republican simplicity is their fondness for titles, degrees and other high sounding names. You are continually rushing up against their Generals on Broadway, and you have to elbow your way among hosts of Colonels, Captains, Judges and Doctors every day. We once knew a Lieutenant who made an admirable crossing sweeper, but he would insist on his title. And now they have started a Dental Society in Boston, which to say the least is not composed of “the most remarkable men in the country, Sir.” But that isn't their fault, and if they are not remarkable, they are at least worthy of remark. Not content with being simply “Members” they have dubbed themselves “Fellows” and “Associates”, just as if a fellow wasn't known by his associates. But these associates have dropped the prefix in case they might be taken for Ass. Fellows by which they could not fail to be identified. Now we would like to know if these members have yet cut their wisdom teeth, we should think not, so they had better lose no time in doing so. It is a high honor to be a plain man now-a-days—especially in Boston.

THE RUSSIAN BURGLARS.

“ I say Jimkoff, here's lots of swag lying round here : how much can we carry away with us ? ”

JIMKOFF : “ I don't know, Got-such-a-cough : but I mean to shovel off Forty Million Sterling into my bag ; and I should think you could manage to stow these Ironclads into your pockets and then we will each take hold of one end of the Provinces, and pop off.”

Got-such-a-cough : “ Hilt ! keep still : did you hear that growl ? The Bull-dog is woke up ! And look, there's the watchman's lantern. I must drop the ships, they're too heavy. Besides, the Horn bee is out and might sting us.”

JIMKOFF : And I've only got Twelve Millions packed up : “ it's too bad to be interrupted.” But we must clear out with what we've got.”

Got-such-a-cough : “ Never mind : when all is quiet, we will come this way again, and gobble up another lot of stuff. Hurry up.” (*Exeunt.*)

A policeman regards his baton as his staff of life.