

The Emigrant to His Mother.

I'm sitting in a style, mother
Which doesn't coincide
With what the agent promised me
I'd find upon this side.
He said that all was green out here
The corn was twelve feet high,
But the corn is on my foot, mother
And the green is in my eye.

I'm very hard up now, mother,
For the poor make no new friends,
And, oh, the people here detest
The folk the agent sends.
He says there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always here,
But I fear he doesn't speak the truth
For I can't find them, dear.

This morn I bid a long farewell
To my Sunday coat of blue
I pawned it, just to buy the stamps
To send these lines to you.
If I could once get back again
That agent I'd destroy
I'd stop his lying that I would,
As sure as I'm

YOUR BOY.

To the Senate of Toronto University.

AT a recent meeting of the Senate of Toronto University, that venerable body was surprised and terrified to see GRIP perched on the bust of Pallas, above their chamber door. Eyeing the trembling senators sternly, he addressed them in the following terms:

Gentlemen,
Do you mean to tell me, after all the time you have been running that expensive institution in the Queen's Park, you haven't knocked enough mathematics into any student's head to fit him for the position of Professor? Haven't we any one in Canada fit to fill the chair of mathematics? Will you tell me what will be the use of teaching lads more than any of them have ever been able to learn? And why send to Edinburgh for a new Professor? Haven't we enough Scotchmen here already? If you really wanted a first class mathematician you wouldn't send there. How many of you have got an axe to grind? Don't all speak at once, you deafen me. Gentlemen, if your University hasn't turned out any one fit for the place, you had better shut it up, and cease to impose on the public and collect rent for the Queen's Park. I have heard a great deal about the Model Farm and I am far from certain it is not a preferable institution to yours. They had some experience there of running round to get Professors and I don't think it was altogether a success. Now I know the sort of man you want. He has got to be well up in Lunatic Theory and thoroughly posted in Regular Stolidities. He must be up to the accurate rectification of a circular arc, and able to get through with the equation to the lunar caustic. As to the helix, he must always have one in his pocket, and wear a conchoid in his hat on state occasions. He must illustrate his lectures with a pencil of refracted rays, and the Asses' Bridge must be as familiar to him as the Rule of Three. In fact he must be up to the whole bag of tricks. Start not, gentlemen, you will find plenty about these terms in works on Algebra under the head of Probabilities. Now if you haven't succeeded in training any Canadian up to this pitch of erudition, don't suppose that you can get any man from Auld Reekie, I beg its pardon "The Modern Athens," who will be able to teach these branches of study, and if you do, there will evidently be nobody who will profit by his instructions.—Once for all, gentlemen, if I hear any more of this nonsense I will take that University away from you and run the show myself. (*Exit.* The august body look at each other in dismay and a soft murmur is heard: "We're done for, he's found us out.")

Music hath charms. Variety is charming. Cannot the various bands which infest this city learn a few new tunes? For instance the Orange musicians might get a new party air or two, and the band of the Tenth Royals might add to their repertoire with considerable effect. GRIP is rapidly beginning to sympathize with his Catholic friends whenever he hears the strains of "Protestant Boys" and the like. *Shylock* distinctly warns *Jessica* against these bands.

"Lock up my doors and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber you not up to the casements then,"

Now that the Imperial Parliament has ceased to sit, Mr. FLIMSOLL is earnestly requested to visit Canada. A very leaky vessel entitled the "Ontario Government" is about to enter into a race with another equally ill-provided craft, named "Opposition," and owned by the firm of CAMERON & McDOUGALL, Toronto. Both these wretched tubs will probably carry on a dangerous press of sail and the consequences in the treacherous bay of Toronto may be very serious.

Draft of a Montreal Anti Small Pox By-Law.

Which would probably meet the views of the sovereign people who mobbed the City Council.

WHEREAS in the opinion of an influential body of the citizens of Montreal, it is against the spirit of the British Constitution to infringe on the liberty of the subject, and

Whereas the people of Montreal have long enjoyed the beneficent presence of small pox and other infectious diseases,

Be it enacted,

1. That, any citizen of Montreal submitting himself to the operation known as vaccination, shall be deemed unfit to retain the rights of citizenship and shall be forthwith disfranchised.

2. That any City Council, Board of Health, newspaper editor, or medical man, found advising, aiding or abetting the practice of vaccination, or practicing or attempting to practice the same, upon any citizen aforesaid, shall be subject to be mobbed, stoned, or murdered, and his property confiscated and destroyed by the sovereign people.

3. Any person or persons guilty of saying, intimating, asserting, declaring, hinting, or suggesting, that the august and well-beloved guest of this city, King SMALL POX, is not entitled to protection and encouragement of the people, let him be anathema and let his wife's relations be drowned in the St. Lawrence.

4. Any person or persons found reading the *Montreal Witness*, in which vaccination is advocated, shall be liable to a threatening letter, and should he still persist, and peradventure give ear to its vile suggestions and submit to vaccination as a preventative of Small Pox, he shall be held and treated as one who has betrayed the long established reputation of Montreal as the scene of Parliament House burning, newspaper interdiction, murderous assaults and ignorant riotings.

Bravo, Montreal.

Ignorant mob of Montreal
Destroy, if you like, your City Hall:
Pelt your aldermen and police
Yield to any fool's caprice;
Superior far to education
Put a stop to vaccination.

But too many a pock-marked face
Will monument prove of your disgrace;
Many an innocent life will pay
The debt you choose on yourselves to lay,
Fight for liberty, law defy,
You've a perfect right to be sick and die.

The Impersonality of Journalism.

A pleasant and gentlemanly custom having been instituted in Canada of identifying newspaper articles with various public characters, GRIP, anxious to save his printers and office boy from the demoralization attaching to bribery and corruption, herewith takes the novel step of announcing the names of the principal members of his staff. The elegant diction of Hon ALEXANDER MACKENZIE and the uncouth native eloquence of Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD have long ere this been recognized in their respective contributions, and the writings of Professor GOLDWIN SMITH and Hon W. MACDOUGALL are so frequently and easily identified that attempts at concealment are as useless as if they signed their articles. We not long ago gave a biographical sketch of our valued friend Mr. BEATY, but we fancy some of our readers in the remote districts will be slightly surprised when we tell them that, on occasions when the *Globe* or *Mail* need castigation, the work is invariably given out to Messrs. PATTESON and BROWN. It has been rumoured that Mr. RYMAL is a contributor to our columns. This we contradict entirely, as we do the equally damaging assertion that we have allowed Mr. J. D. EDGAR to use them as a medium for inflicting his poetry on the public. We have lately missed the services of our genial old friend Mr. MCKELLAR, and are sorry to have to thus publicly remind Mr. PARDEE that we want a little more work from him. On the contrary we would remind ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, BISHOP FULLER, the Rev. JOHN POTTS and our other valued clerical contributors, (who are so numerous they must excuse us naming them all) that we cannot insert the whole of the brilliant effusions we weekly receive from them without doing injustice to the political members of our staff. Last but not least, we are sure our readers miss the admirable contributions of the GOVERNOR GENERAL as much as we do ourselves.

HERE they come back, bag and baggage, hook and ladder, Fire and Water Committee and all. The wanderers in foreign climes are dropping in one by one, weary and dusty, the straps of their sandals worn nearly through, their pilgrim's staves reduced to stumps, and clam-shells in their hats. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE has sailed for Canada alone and unguarded. GEORGE is after him though. Soon Toronto will welcome back her good old Mayor, none the worse, let us hope, for the good cheer of the old country. And during the long nights of the coming winter they will sit by the cheery stove and travel their voyages over again, after the manner of the monkey who had seen the world. Let us hope none of them will publish their travels.