

## TO CORNWALL, ONT.

"Rectangle, triangle the figure we'll choose,  
The upright is Chance, and Old Time is the base,  
But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse,  
Then ergo she'll match them and match them always."

## TO TORONTO, ONT.

"Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?"

## TO ALEXANDRIA, ONT.

"The Anglican lion, the terror of France,  
Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood;  
But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,  
He learnt to fear in his own native wood."

## TO MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"Bring a Scotchman frae the hill,  
Say such is Queen Victoria's will,  
An' there's the foe,—  
He has nae thocht but hoo tae kill,  
Twa at a blow."

## TO OTTAWA, ONT.

"Here's tae yer Jubilee  
Preserve the dignity of man,  
With soul erect;  
And trust the universal plan  
Will all protect."

## TO FREDERICTON, N. B.

"Is there that bears the name of Scot  
But feels his heart's blood rising hot,  
To trust oor guid auld mither."

## TO BOSTON, MASS.

"Auld Scotia has a raucle tongue,  
She's just a deevil wi' a rung.  
An' if she promise auld or young,  
To tak there pairt,  
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,  
She'll no desert."

## TO TRENTON, ONT.

"Be Britons still, tae Britain true,  
Amang oorsels united;  
For never but by British hands,  
Shall British wrongs be righted."