

## A NATIONAL BOUQUET ;

OR,

## THE SAINTLY DIALOGUE.

(The following lines were respectfully addressed by Captain Andrews to the various national societies in Canada, with the hope that they cease their petty jealousies, and unite in building up our young nation.)

SAINT GEORGE.

'Tis the *Rose* of dear Old ENGLAND,  
Whose *lion*-hearted sons,  
By sea and land, on every hand,  
Stand firmly to their guns.

SAINT ANDREW.

'Tis bonnie SCOTLAND'S *Thistle* true,  
The emblem of the free,  
Her *silver cross*, on field of blue,  
Oft led to victory.

SAINT PATRICK.

Old IRELAND'S *Shamrock*, bright and green,  
To you I will not yield ;  
Her *golden harp* was foremost seen  
On CLONTARF'S glorious field.

SAINT DAVID.

And WELSHMEN, too, may honor claim,  
For their green *Leek* a place ;  
LLEWELLYN'S name is known to fame,  
The bravest of his race.