

Verses written on the blank leaf of "The Epistles o' Airlie."

WELCOME aye is Hughie Airlie,
Ay, as e'er was Royal Charlie,
For he has entranced us fairly.

Hugh's a type o' the kind o' Scot
Wha kens the value o' a groat,
And hco tae keep a guid grip o't.

Of course, the dear land o' his birth,
For wit, for wisdom, and for worth
Hasna its equal on the earth.

Hugh's a compound o' common sense,
Simplicity and arrogance,
Of modesty and impudence.

He's void o' either fear or doot,
Lays doon the law beyond dispute
On things that he kens nocht aboot.

And yet at times, without pretence,
He stammers into wit and sense,
And maks for Right a brave defence.

Nor does he lack capacity,
Plenty o' Scotch sagacity,
But spoils a' by rapacity.

And rather sorry we're to say,
There's plenty o' folk in that way,
Can equal Hughie ony day.

A politician! woe betide
A' them wha are na on his side;
The wrang of course he canna bide.

But then he's very often right,
And speaks his mind wi' a' his might,
And few can match him in a fyte.

Nor is the fallow void o' wit,
For he has mony a happy hit
At some who in high places sit.

But, puir man! he's like mony anither
Meek, modest, unassuming brither,
Cursed wi' a horrible gudemither.

So mothers-in-law he despises,
And to his full height he arises
When their misdeeds he satirises.

In short, through the delineation,
The author shows discrimination;
Tho' humble Hugh's a real creation.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

WHAT ABOUT HIM?

A SOUTHERN mother has just sent her son to college to get the blessings of a higher education, and says that in order to get this advantage for him, she—a lady brought up in luxury and refinement, has earned the money picking cotton in the fields. Now that's just like some mothers; it was a great thing, and ne illustration of maternal self denial—but what GRIP wants to know is—where was the young man and what was he doing while his mother was picking all that cotton—eh?

ANXIOUS ENQUIRIES

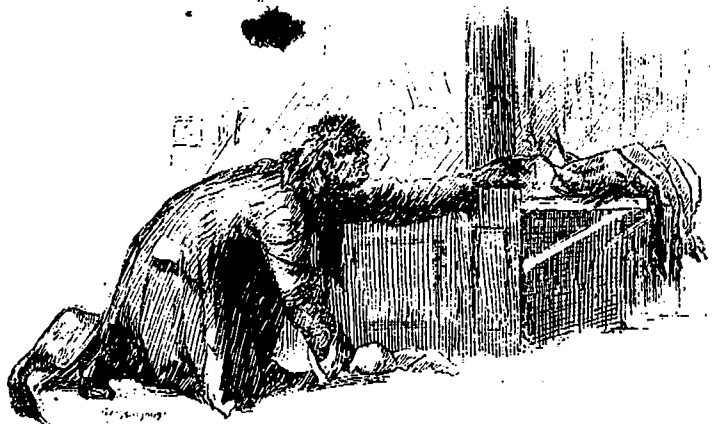
Rev. P. McF. McLeod delivered an address on "Our inheritance in the Northwest."

As Mr. McLeod professes to have some knowledge about it, will he be good enough to tell us who is collecting the rents of *our* inheritance? Also, if we wanted to go and live upon *our* inheritance, could we do so without having to pay the guardians of it, for permission to occupy our own?

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

NEXT week at the Toronto Opera House the charming young actress and vocalist, Miss Bella Moore. An exchange says:—That the audience present at the California Theatre last night appreciated the excellent performance presented, was evidenced by the liberal applause bestowed upon the leading artists taking part therein. Miss Bella Moore, as the heroine, was all that the part required of her, acting with that easy and refined abandon which has made Lottie famous. The story of "A Mountain Pink," depicts life among the mountains, and is full of telling situations. Coupled with her excellent qualities as an actress, Miss Moore is possessed of rare beauty. Of Mr. Varney as "Jack Weeks," we can only say that he played the part assigned him to perfection. Mr. Frank Hennig as "Harry Wilmot" also deserves special mention, as does also Maud Midgley as "Nondas." Taken altogether, the company is what they are represented to be, first-class artists in their business, and should meet with the hearty endorsement of the San Jose theatre-going public.—*San Jose (Cal.) Mercury*.

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.—The grand battle painting of the Battle of Sedan, at York and Front streets, shows the action just previous to the surrender of the French, when, with his troops flying in all directions, the Emperor Napoleon realized that the star of the French Empire had set. The white flag was hoisted on the citadel, the cannonading having ceased suddenly about half-past four o'clock p.m. Eager as the people were to know the cause, they could not leave the houses, as the streets were impassable, and they had to be content with learning the mere facts of the surrender. As night came on the crowds diminished some, and by a little effort one could make some headway. The spectacle offered was more horrible than war. Dead were lying everywhere, civilians and soldiers mingled in the slaughter. In one suburb alone could be counted fifty peasants and bourgeoisie, many women and children among them, dead. The ground was filled with splinters and fragments of shells which had performed their deadly mission. Starving soldiers cut up the dead horses to cook and eat, for provisions had given out and Sedan abandoned to wreck and ruin. An opera or field glass can distinguish these fearful scenes plainly.



LEA-VING GOODS EXPOSED.

Gem'men from de Ward—Guess dis grocer don't want dem turkeys d'ay've bin layin' roun' careless like all winter!