

**The Two Sons.**

AN exchange has the following interesting item:—

"The remains of Mr. CHAS. R. ROBINSON, who died at Waddington N. Y., recently, were brought to Kingston for interment. He was a remarkably eccentric man. Several years ago he was in Gibraltar, serving in the British army, and, because a lady he fell in love with refused to come to Canada with him, he made a solemn vow never to shave or have his hair trimmed, and this vow he kept till the day of his death.

Two sons, with hair of like luxurious length,  
Denoting, in them both, unusual strength,  
At different eras born, the world amazed  
And filled with admiration all that gazed.  
For strength of muscle Sam's son bore the bell,  
He whipped all foemen, and he whipped them well;  
But ('twas too bad!) to woman's wiles a prey,  
He lost his locks before one hair was grey:  
But Robin's son, for love of lady fair,  
Made up his mind to cultivate his hair;  
And thus it came that not one lock he lost  
Although the wide Atlantic he had crossed,  
And reached the land where, in the frontier war,  
The Injun's liable to "raise your hair."  
Sacred from scissors he preserved each tress:  
Had Sam's son only shown such cautiousness  
He had not ground the buckwheat for his foes,  
Nor "made them fun"—at least so I suppose.  
He lost his eyesight when he lost his hair,  
His strength went too,—a very sad affair;  
And, just because of one unlucky shave,  
He fell from freedom and became a slave,  
But Robin's son resolved to stick to his  
Because his "eyes" delight "he chanced to miss.  
She jilted him,—but still he did not swear  
She broke his heart and he—retained his hair.

**Our Adam Interviewed.**

He was roughhanded, honest looking farmer. He said he was an old acquaintance of the Minister's—he knew ADAM when a boy. "I tell you how it is, my friend," said he, "he was a rusty, crusty kind of a critter, that went off half-cocked. I seed a heap of talk in the papers about fetchin' fellers from England to run the machinery of our University. Well, I didn't object to that. I know that all sorts of live stock of any account are imported, and perhaps the University fellers are a bad lot and want regeneratin'. I didn't know much about it. I don't know what the Dean does; but I suppose the Mr. VINES, they sent for, is to teach Latin an' sich, an' Mr. HUTTON is to look on an see as he does it right. Them things ain't in my line, but friendship is. I thought I would go up to town and see ef it was our ADAM they was a pitchin' in to. I know he used to be chock full of Crooks and kind of cantankerous at times, and ef he'd got into any difficulty, why that's the time a friend's advice might do him some good. Ef it was our ADAM, I knew he was a pootty good feller at bottom. He'd always mean well, ef he was doin' a mean thing. I thought most likely 'twas our ADAM, 'cause he'd been ground through our University Mill; and though he isn't much to look at or listen to, they do say he turned out a finished article, takin' first prizes and sich on exhibition. He was dreadful glad to see me, 'n enquired after the health of the old woman and all the family, 'specially ZACK, that's my second boy. He said I oughter enter ZACK in the University, and hev him ground. I see my openin', and I sees, "What about this University business, a fetchin' teachers from England?"

"Oh, that's nothin'," sed he, "when we want the best article we go to the best manufactory."  
"ADAM," sed I, "ef I was making axes, and couldn't make one good enough to to cut my own wood, by thunder! I'd give up making axes. See here now, what's the use of a man standin' out agin public opinion, like an old ram a butten agin a hornet's nest—he's sure to get the worst of it. Perhaps he's right, you know, and all creation wrong, but the chances are agin him. When a man's a servant of the people, it aint jist right, ADAM, to set up for boss."

I give it to him hard. You see I knew he'd stand more from me than most folks. But he jist laughed and come back agin to ZACK. Sed he:

"ZACK's been to high school, hesn't he,—he's begun classics?"

"Unfortunately he hea," sed I.  
"Unfortunately!" sed ADAM openin' his eyes wide, "Why, the classics will develop him—make a man of him—make him old in understandin'." "Yes, I know they will. He's only been at the high school six months, and he's older'n his dad already."

"They will stimulate his mental growth, expand his brains," sed he. "Don't I know they will? He's got the big head already, and growin' wus every day," sed I.

"They will fill him with lofty aspirations," sed he.

"Of course," sed I, "He's past wearin' plain clo'es, and won't sit in the same pew with us in Sunday. Oh, he's got lofty feelin's."

"They will refine his sentiments, strengthen his judgment, and some day in the futur," sed he, growin' more eloquent, "as an orator, ZACK may be famous for his style, grandly eloquent. He may be a great man."

"Oh, he's great already—he's too big for his boots. He wants to change his name to DEMOSTHENY or somethin'. So I've jist put a stop to all that humbug—I've took him out'n that mill. Oh, I know what you think about Latin and Greek, and sech. You think a man ain't no chance of gettin' into a respectable Heaven without 'em. But, see here, ADAM has done considerable readin', and, on top o' that, I've done a heap o' thinkin', an' I've come to the conclusion that all them old fellers ever knew has been put down in good English, and ef ZACK makes himself right familiar with SHAKESPEARE, and BURKE, and MACAULAY, and WEBSTER, and D'ARCY MCGEE, and about a hundred sech, he'll git style and eloquence enough, ef it's in him, without botherin' CICERO an' CÆSAR, an' DEMOSTHENY, an' them fellers personally. Why can't you give them old fossils a rest." Oh, I give it to him when I got a-go'in'. "Besides," sed I, takin' a practical view of the business, "them classics is turnin' out a poor lot, and our preachers, most of 'em ain't adornin' the pulpits, the pulpits is adornin' them, and there ain't any of the lawyers settin' the world on fire, and it appears like ye haven't ground out one yit, as is jist the thing for a Professor. Ef you're satisfied with yourself, ADAM, you appear to be the only one ground out as fills the bill, and you've got classics on the brain. They've been a heap of harm to you, ADAM." Then I left him to consider on it.

**Pleasing Event.**

It may not be generally known that, a few evenings ago, Captain PRINCE, the genial Warden of the Central Prison, was waited upon in his private office by a deputation of prisoners, and presented with the following appreciative address and testimonial:—

To CAPT. PRINCE:

Most Genial Sir:—It is with no common sensations that we hear of your contemplated resignation. We will miss you very much, but we will try and get along without you. Though you will be absent in body, be assured that the memory of your happy, cheerful countenance will always be with us, and your habitual oaths and imprecations will gently linger in these corridors. Please accept the accompanying *cat-o-nine-tails* as a slight *souvenir* of our pleasant relations now about to be severed. It is of little value in itself, but such as it is we feel that you richly deserve it.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,  
DICK TURPIN.

The Captain seemed almost overcome at the unexpected kindness of the prisoners, and in a voice husky with emotion made the following

REPLY.

Gentlemen,

Your kindness is really too great, you know. Positively, I didn't expect to be presented with a *cat in this way*, I assure you. Well, gentlemen, I have done my duty here faithfully and ably. If you don't believe me, look at Wednesday's *Globe*, which says so. Farewell, gentlemen; I shall never forget the good spirit which prevailed in the Central Prison during my Wardenship. Good-bye, gentlemen, good-bye.

**Canadian Men of Letters.**

M. FRÉCHETTE, BY MR. GRIP.

In addition to "the maple leaf," Canada now wears a "bay." A French-Canadian poet has been crowned by the Parisians. GRIP heartily congratulates M. FRÉCHETTE, and expresses the hope that the culmination of his fame has not yet been reached. GRIP delights to see "native talent" fitly recognized, and his only regret is that a similar token of recognition of Colonial genius is lacking on "the Old Sod." No one who has read M. FRÉCHETTE'S poems will hesitate for a moment to admit that he is eminently deserving of the honor accorded to him. GRIP has great pleasure in giving a place in his "gallery" to a man who is so indisputably a "Canadian Man of Letters." The leading incidents of his career—including the Montreal Banquet—we reserve for a future issue.

**The Latest Thing in Bonnets.**

Upon the Spa of Scarborough,  
The minstrel was a panter—  
He asked a willful maiden  
Why she wore a Tam o' Shanter?  
She gazed upon his furrowed face,  
Half doubting if he chafed her,  
Then, noting well his solemn mien,  
She answered thus, with laughter:—

"Let others wear upon the Spa  
The "Rubens" hat or bonnet;  
The "Gainsborough," the Tuscan straw,  
With marguerites upon it—  
The "Pamela," of quaint design,  
The "Zulu" or the "Planter"—  
But, as for me, I much incline  
To wear my Tam o' Shanter.

Let others sport the fluffy hat,  
The "Fairol Boy" or "Granny";  
The "Bargee" or some other that  
Is anything but canny.  
If petticoats be short or long,  
Or fuller be or scander,  
Or if you think it right or wrong—  
I'll wear my Tam o' Shanter.

I'll wear it if it's hot or cold,  
Let weather what it may be,  
Will this child do "what she is told?"  
Or is she quite a baby?  
I do not care for my mamma,  
Or even *Fruch's* shanter:  
Despite the chaff of dear papa,  
I'll wear my Tam o' Shanter.

You ask me if I'll tell you why  
I cannot do without it?  
Because it keeps me cool and dry—  
You seem inclined to doubt it?  
The reason why? There pray don't tease!  
I'll tell you that instance:  
The reason is—because I please  
To wear my Tam o' Shanter.

—[Punch.

**The Song of Science.**

Trilobite, Graptolite  
Nautilus pie,  
Seas were calcareous,  
Oceans were dry.

Eocene, Miocene.  
Pliocene, tuff,  
Lias and trias,  
And that is enough.

Oh sing a song of phosphates,  
Fibrine in a line,  
Four and twenty follicles  
In the van of time.

When the phosphorescence  
Evolved brain,  
Superstition ended,  
Man began to reign.

—Rev. Joseph Cook.

We have, on other occasions, complimented our contemporary the Baltimore *Every Saturday* on the cleverness of its dramatic correspondent "Walshingham." This gentleman is at present in London, and his letters on the theatrical affairs of that metropolis are exceedingly interesting. "Walshingham" is not only a good writer, but a fair-minded critic. His account of IRVING'S first night in the CORSICAN BROTHERS was exceedingly interesting.

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