

THE RUSSIAN CZAR.

Thou Nero, with a guilty hand
Deep dyed in servile blood;
That rules with iron sway the land
That crouches 'neath thy rod;
Dost thou unfair on foreign shores
Thy flag in mis-called Freedom's cause,
In thine own land down-trod?
First teach its meaning to thy slaves
Doomed, living, to Siberian graves.

And thou hast thought to snatch a gem,
That shines in England's crown,
To deck thy blood-stained diadem,
Recall its lost renown;
The torch defiant thou hast hurled
Has lit a blaze that girds the world.
And called the thunder down
That outraged Justice sends to show
Ambition may no further go.

Like Canute, who would rule the sea
And stay the ocean's wave,
The glare of triumph has made thee
As blind and rashly brave;
'Til thou hast found the seething tide,
In which thy sons have plunged and died,
Offers thy power a grave;
The bandage from thine eyes is torn
And shows thee but a thing for scorn.

And thou hast sneered at England's might
Because she loved not war,
And vowed that India's sun should light
The passage of thy car;
But, sword in hand, her sons arose
To fight for England, 'gainst her foes;
Old wrongs forgotten are,
And, in the hour of England's need,
Sink difference of race and creed.

And Canada thy challenge herd
Across the ocean's sweep,
And through her loyal pines there stirred
A rising murmur deep;
The drum-beat echoed through the land,
Bright with the flash of half-drawn brand
Impatient forth to leap:
Fair Canada! The world has seen
Thy love for England's Empress Queen.

Proud, self-styled Champion of the Cross,
That thou has dragged through mire,
Learn from thy shattered glory's loss
To raise that symbol higher;
And let it be throughout thy land
A light where Freedom takes her stand;
Where Tyranny expires;
Then shall thy fame be brighter far
Than gained by millions slain in war.

W. H. EDWARDS.

New York, June, 1878.

PRINDLE'S PUNGENCIES.

(From Bridgeport Standard.)

--Lightning might do more sometimes if it wasn't in such an awful hurry.

--There are those who can't see any fun in a clunch picnic, but it isn't the boy who has charge of the ice-cream tub.

--The same backache which makes a boy howl when he's digging potatoes wreathes his face in smiles when he slips off the back way to a picnic. Boys are curious insects.

--The comments of a couple of exchanges upon our recent remarks about paragraphing are a capital illustration of our claim that the dullest writers always display the most jealousy.

--Jenny June rises to inquire "how many young ladies, or middle-aged ladies for that matter, are blessed with any sort of figure?" Well, Jen, we supposed they all were, but then we never noticed as closely as we shall after this appalling suggestion.

--Louis C. Prindle, city editor of the Standard, will take a vacation for the next few weeks, and during his absence local matters will be attended to by Mr. F. C. Smith, of the Bridgeport Library. All favors extended to him in the matter of "items" will be kindly welcomed.

BROWN BREAD CRUMBS.

(From Cincinnati Breakfast Table)

Some of the papers say that "trade is looking up." Flat on its back, eh?

Staves show which way the wind moves, and when the wind is quiet they show which way the mint-juleps move.

The chief of the Breakfast Table has never yet written any spring poetry, though he is always a Rymon. Yum!

The boy who goes a-fishing on Sunday, when he has been sent to Sunday-school, generally goes a-whaling when he gets home.

Having read an able and convincing argument that there is a land far better than this, we have squared the back rent for our pew.

A tack points heavenward when it makes the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

GILLESPIE'S GLIMMERS.

(From Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.)

If a business man when in trouble, would only "brace up," it might save him from becoming a suspender.

A check for his baggage--his marriage certificate.

A careless compositor who lost his "copy" called it a miss'd take.

Light conversation--Rocket signal, between two vessels at sea.

The philosophic Lukens after returning from a trip to Connecticut, remarks, "How singular it is that so many vulgar people should have such elegant manners."

Girls find it hard to learn to swim. They're not naturally boy-ant. Stamford Advocate. They learn to pad the easy enough. St. John Torch. They ought to be able to breast the waves in that way.

An enthusiastic patriot says he wants to have a gala day next month, but doesn't he think a gal-a-day would prove rather too much of a good thing? Stamford Advocate. How could one a day be two much? St. John Torch. Because money is scarce, and ice cream is twenty cents a plate.

A fox-hound is not worth much when he has a scent.

The St. John Torch has a column headed "Stage Sparks." No allusion to the nice young men who hang about the rear entrance for a chance to go home with members of the ballet.

SANTT-MONIOUS LEVITIES.

BY WILKINS OF THE WHITEHALL TIMES.

It is not the *limb* of the law that *foots* the bill. A man of learning, E. J. U. Cation.

The funniest punctuation mark is the hy-fun of course. Xc't.

The journalists' motto--Stick to the write--St. Louis Journal. Or write by the "stick."

Many men find plenty of time to do a mean act, who are unable to spare a moment to perform an act of charity.

The Rochester Express speaks of the seaspray. When the seas pray of course, it must be in elegant words--kind of beach-her like probably.

Chicago promises a precocious female lecturer, gifted with remarkable powers of oratory, in the person of Miss Fannie Rowe, thirteen years of age. We would like to hear the great Sissy-Rowe orate.

"Ophelia" writes to ask if sacred history mentions card playing. Certainly my dear girl, Moses "led" for the children of Israel, and when the latter got to Jordan they "passed." Solomon ordered up the temple, Baalam "held a jack" and the seven Priests before Jericho took the city by 'playing their seven trumps."

FAT CONTRIBUTIONS.

BY GREGS-WOLD.

(Cincinnati Saturday Night.)

It was a crow who requested to be heard for his caws.

This is the kind of weather that makes a man welcome the approach of his bier.

To remove mildew--pay off what is due on the mill, of course.

Advice to a bar-tender--never put off until to-morrow what should be done toddy.

Motto for a total abstinence society--Pro no-beerly fratrum.

The world is full of devices to gain an advantage over the unwary; there are men who would even "beat" a poor old carpet.

What is the use of hunting up Spotted Tail's camp to witness a sun-dance, when sun'd-ants may be seen on any ant hill on a summer's day?

A discomfited soldier, who found that he had shot an Indian already defunct, was overheard to murmur, "I didn't know it was Lo dead."

"Peck's Sun" says Wilber F. Story has been stricken with paralysis "in the lower part of Switzerland." A very bad location for it; nearly always fatal.

When a little girl, on being asked her name, said it was Ann, sir, she gave a good answer back.

GREENSLITT'S GINGER-SNAPS.

(From Danversville Sentinel.)

An energetic young fellow is Percy Verance. --Sentinel.

An annoying fellow is Percy Cute.

We never thought that names had any feeling till we heard some one telling of their name's ache. --Sentinel.

Was his name Payne?

It does not necessarily follow that Fairbanks is the name of a fish because there are Fairbanks scales. --Sentinel.

Howe is that?

In these thirsty times even the banks take drafts. --Sentinel.

At the face?

"The day we silly-brate" is seen no more in the newspapers. --Sentinel.
That must be "all fols" day.

When you read about the successful lighting of whole streets by a single electric light, do you ever think of the anguish the statement carries to the heavy stockholder in a gas company? --Toronto National.

It's a mean man who would set a hen on hard boiled eggs. --Hackensack Republican. It would be apt to eggs-asperate the hen. --Saint John Torch. Eggs-extraordinary eggs-pertness eggs-hibited. --Greenwich Observer.

As the night air is so unwholesome, do not sit on the front stoop without putting something around your girl. --Hackensack Republican. That's so; we always go armed for an emergency of that kind. But let's leave the painful subject. --St. John Torch. It would take more than a pane-fall to see it in that light. --N. Y. News. You mean the Torch-light? --Greenwich Observer.

Statistics prove that editors are the most moral men in the community; they always do write. --Er. Not so correct as they should be, however, for they do not always render unto scissors the things that are scissors. --Cin. Breakfast Table.

A nice girl for summer--Fan. She can always raise a breeze. Al-ice is also a cool girl. --Norristown Herald.