

Young Kanuck to Brother Jonathan.

4TH JULY.



EAR JONATHAN, from
where I sit,
I hear your nasal cheers,
Break out in answer to the
gun
That numbers off your
years;
While, free above, your
waving flag
Displays its stripes and
stars,
And "YANKEE DOODLE"
proudly played,—
Forgets the stars and bars.

Well, JONATHAN, as nations
live,
You're yet the merest youth,
A knowing young one, I'll
allow,
And quite well grown, in
truth;
But yet a dissipated life
And your almighty greed,
Have left a look upon your
face
Of running into seed.

Dear JONATHAN, I've lived so long
In hearing of your voice,
That I've half learned to sympathize
When yearly you rejoice;
Though over me the ensign waves
That's braved a thousand years,
Which I salute with filial pride,
And you with scornful jeers.

Dear JONATHAN, at bay I stood
Beneath that Union Jack,
When you to tear it from me strove,
And stoutly beat you back.
At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane
And Cryslers' Farm, you found
A grave was all a foeman earned
Of this Canadian ground.

And JONATHAN, when I resign
The flag I loved of yore—
As must be soon—'twill be because
I see a hand before
That beckons me to take my place
Beside my Saxon peers,
And enter boldly in the race
Of glory, through the years.

Then, JONATHAN, I hope that peace
May watch our harvests grow,
And that the strife she stirs will be
The only strife we know;
But should your Eagle scream for fight,
My Beaver to his wars
Will muster hosts of better men
Than ever bore your stars.

'Cute JONATHAN, in times gone by,
When mother held my strings,
You chiselled her completely out
Of many of my things;
But now, I rather guess, that when
We make another trade,
You'll find such bargains can't be got,
As those that mother made.

Dear JONATHAN, I heard you brag,
And thought 'twas no disgrace,
For never did performance fail
The promise of our race.
If you can brag, why shouldn't I?
For I can point with pride
Not only to my mother's deeds,
But brother, yours beside.

Among our Exchanges.

Believing as GRIP does that you have to go from home to hear the news, our readers can understand how earnestly we rake over our exchanges from the back woods for items in regard to the Government plans. In this connection it is refreshing to hear from the *Twerton Watchman* that

"It is now hinted that Sir John Macdonald is to be appointed by the Municipal Government to the governorship of the West India Islands."

We are too modest to pry into the why and wherefore of this remark, but we would like to know how the *Watchman*—so far from the centre of civilization—came by the information. But perhaps the above is a local item, and the "Municipal Government" is a polite term for "Village Council". GRIP anxiously awaits explanation.

From the Lucknow *Sentinel* we clip this complimentary puff:—

"RHUBARB.—We return our thanks to Mr. John Hill, 10th con. Grey, for a bag full of tender rhubarb. Some people seem to know that editors are very fond of new fruit and young vegetables."

WILL CARLETON, in speaking of the representative editor, says:

"On vinegar, kind hearted people were feeding him every hour, Who saw not the work they were doing, but wondered that printers are sour."

The people around Lucknow are not satisfied with vinegar, but go to the extent of rhubarb—tender and by the bag full. Yet the editor seems to relish it.

Overheard on a Steamboat.

TABLEAU.

(YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with Byron in one pocket, and "New York Ledger" in the other, passing forward deck in an abstracted manner and meditating lofty verse. YOUNG AMERICAN LADIES, on stools, admiring young American gentleman, and believing him a poet. Moon behind a cloud. Scene only illuminated by lamps. Moon suddenly appears, lights up black clouds, lights up black river.)

YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with outstretched arm, suddenly: See! the moon!

(Young ladies see it.)

YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with strong action of the arm, rapturously: Heow grand! heow beautiful!! heow elegant!!!

YOUNG LADIES: Heow poetical!

COCKNEY GENTLEMAN, just out, staring: Heligant! How Hawful!!

Montreal Munificence.

HERE'S a very religious notice from the *Witness*:

IF the Lady who took my Black Silk Umbrella out of Miss Clendinning's store, Radegonde st., will call at 47 Metcalfe, she can have my Parasol also.

We consider that this indicates in the advertiser a too generous disposition. Benevolence should be very cautiously exercised, and we are not inclined to believe that the lady referred to can be a deserving object for charity. Scripture requires no more than the bestowal of our other coat, and we conceive that a person, after the loss of a black silk umbrella, would be perfectly justified in retaining a parasol.

A Startling Charge.

We clip the following from the city items of the *Montreal Witness*:

"EFFECTS OF THE HEAT.—Henry Thompson, 17, and Robert Wiggins, 17, were found sleeping in a hayloft. When asked by the Recorder why they chose such a sleeping place, they answered, 'Because the weather was so warm.' His Honor said, 'I'll send you to a cool place to sleep in,' and fined them \$5 each, with the alternative of getting cool lodgings at Hochelaga."

GRIP croaks his indignation against the miscreants, THOMPSON and WIGGINS. The frightful crime of sleeping in a hayloft should have been visited with more severe punishment. The infliction of HIS HONOR'S exquisite irony, would have driven to the verge of madness anyone of sensibility, but persons sinful and degraded enough to sleep in a hayloft probably would not wince under it. We call the attention of those who are partial to naps in haylofts, to their liability to a fine, or "cool lodgings in Hochelaga," which alternative, we fear, may, in this hot weather, possess a fascination for many people, which will lead them to commit the dangerous offence of WIGGINS and THOMPSON.

Astronomical.

THE star humourist of our staff worried his brain for a long time to evolve a brilliant witticism on "our heavenly visitor," with which to fill this corner. He was forced to confess that he couldn't comit.