

A WARNING.

A LITTLE wit is as dangerous as a little learning. just see what humiliation the editor of the *Guelph Herald* has brought upon himself by over-indulgence. It appears his contemporary is a man of few words, and the *Herald* satirizes this misfortune (?) by affecting to give a report of his remarks at a certain meeting "in full," in this way:

Mr. INNES, having taken a seat on the platform, said:—(Here follows a blank space; this is where the laugh comes in.)

Now, whatever the procedure at public meetings in Guelph may be, it is certainly not expected elsewhere that a gentleman who takes a seat on a public platform will say any more than that—at least till his turn comes.

NEW PARLIAMENT.—THE SILENT MEMBER'S SOLILOQUY.

To speak, or not to speak, that is the question:
Whether 'tis better I should daily suffer
The stings and promptings of unspoken purpose,
Or should take arms against a sea of scruples,
And, by uprising, end them?—To rise,—to speak,—
And, by a speech, to say at once I end
The heartache, and the thousand other shocks
Which doubt is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To rise;—to speak;—
Ha! ha!—perchance break down;—aye, there's the rub;
For when upon my legs what qualms may come
When I am shuffling off some mortal trash
Must give me pause. There's the respect
Which makes sad hesitance of so long life;
For who would bear the quips and scorns of fools,
Constituents' disappointment, neighbours' jeer,
Opponents' scoffing, proud wife's contumely,
The fading hopes of office, and the spurns
Which silent merit of glib prater takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare harangue? Who would fardels bear
To groan and sweat under a load of wit,
But that the dread of something terrible
Before I've finished doth perplex my will
And makes me rather bear the ills I have
Than fly to others which I know not of?
Reporters thus make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And fancied speeches of great pitch and moment
With this regard unuttered fade away
And lose the name of eloquence.

GRIP TO CANADA.

Arise, fair land! My countrymen arise!
Be strong in sense as bold in enterprise.
Lay by small feuds; crush down mistaken spleen;
And let the Orange mingle with the Green.
Let Celt and Saxon know each draws his fires
From far off Aryan dames and Aryan sires,
And stand up worthy of the future nigh;
For eastward look! Lo, streaming up the sky,
The purple heralds of a brighter day;
Worthily greet it if you haply may,
For in its light the strong alone shall stand—
The wise and patriot walk hand in hand.
Each paltry passion and each hollow cry,
Like bats and owls, to hide themselves shall fly;
And all things small and mean, yet would-be great,
Shall totter in their lawdriness of state,
Shocked by the fierce breath of that lustier morn,
Glad in its strength, consuming in its scorn!
Hush'd is the voice of twenty prigs we know,
The ass's bray, and the dull bullock's low;
While round we see great piles of paper soiled,
Lakes of ink wasted, heaps of good pens spoiled.
Knowledge and genius now alone bear rule;
Pretentious clowns have been sent back to school.

POLITICAL DISTINCTION AND PARTY DIFFERENCE.—In the game lately played in North York, a DYNAMO turned up trump. The Grits call this "big card" "right bower," but the Tories, true to their instincts, stick to the term "knave."

THE man who beat the horse in a 200 yards' race at Brantford the other day, thinks of running against the present Mayor of the town next January.

Our Peripatetic Philosopher.

No. 1.

"THE best legacy one can leave to his heirs is a good education." So runneth the words of a wise man; and another saith that the mind, well regulated in educational pursuits, is the best guide to a good moral life. There is a good deal of truth in these sage remarks, dear GARR, and as I was in a mood for the practical consideration of these subjects, I paid a visit to the Public School Board presiding over the educational interests of the citizens of your city, in search of information. I found gathered together a large body of gentlemen, intellectual looking and the reverse, lawyers, merchants, doctors, editors, sitting round the Board with a gravity becoming the occasion. The Chairman having taken the chair, and the minutes being read, enquiries were the order of the day. Fancy, dear GARR, my astonishment to hear, on the first enquiry, the following murdering of the Queen's English, and all the rules of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody:

Trustee F.—y.—"Mr Chairman, I want to know why the tenders is not issued for the new schools. I thought they was, until I found out different last evening."

Chairman having replied—

Trustee F.—r gives notice of motion that he will move to-morrow for a comparative statement of the repairs for the past year, to whom paid and howsoever.

Trustee McG.—n then presents a petition, the only thing that brings him out of his seat, except to vote.

The Board then proceeds to consider reports read.

Trustee E.—s.—"Mr. Chairman, I move the adoption of these reports, so ably and technically drawn up *ab initio, ad finis*; or, as Coler hath it—a multitude of facts in a small compass."

Trustee McJ.—h.—"Legally speaking, correct, sir; but I differ with my learned friend as to the facts."

Trustee B.—n (wildly gesticulating)—"Order, sir! I am the Chairman of the Committee. The facts is true!"

Trustee Dr. O.—n.—"Not so fast, sir; I have a word to say about this matter."

Confusion, amidst which Trustee G.—x is seen to rise one inch from his chair, but, as usual, his speech is not reportable, the flesh being willing but the tongue weak.

Now, dear GARR, can you explain to us the fascination which induces people who have not the qualification to seek for places on such a Board?—one far more important than the City Council, for it requires and demands an educated gentleman, while any one of any grade can be an Alderman, as witness the present occupants for the year of grace 1874. We trust some of the members will see the very anomalous position they occupy, and resign their positions for a seat in one of the schools, where they will receive more good to themselves than any good they at any present doing for others. Cannot the Government, while they are gathered like a parcel of old wives around the baby bantling of a School Bill, get their noisy followers in the County Council room of the Province to enact that no one shall be eligible as a member of any City School Board unless he is a dubbed B. A., M. A. or M. D. Should they do so, a great favour will be conferred on the public at large.

A STANZA OMITTED BY POE.

Hear the Alleghanians' bells—silver bells—
What a curious crowd'd hall their coming e'er foretells!
How they ring, ring, ring,
On their crooked handled bells,
And they sing, sing, sing,
While the heart of music swells,
And the morning paper shouts aloud their praise.

PEN vs. SWORD.

Mightier than the sword the pen is,
When it in hands of clever men is;
But sharpest blade is not so boring
As dullard's prose, which sets one snoring.

Why should a Scotch girl come over to India in the month of May? Because she is sure to meet the mon soon! (Monsoon.)

CONJUGIAL.

Here is a flower culled from the advertising columns of the *Montreal Witness*. It is at once a warning to recreant spouses and a model for students of logic.

SPECIAL NOTICE—I beg to contradict and call attention to the advertisement wherein JAMES STEWART states that I, his wife, left his bed and board, which is false, for I left his board for the very hard language he made use of towards myself and son; and what he calls bed, was nothing else than a litter of straw, I having taken away my blankets left him.

SARAH STEWART.