

The Ambassadors and their Bills.

Perhaps the easiest way of all
To waste the public cash
Is sending out Ambassadors
In foreign parts to flash.

MACDOUGALL went to Europe first
(It cost an awful deal)
And no one knows what good he did
To help the commonweal.

Then J. D. EDGAR started out
(And spent as much as he)
But all the good his mission did
No mortal yet could see.

Great BROWN himself to Washington
Went to Reciprocate,
He didn't do't (but still he bled
The pocket of the state.)

DE COSMOS now proposes such
A mission to Hawaii, *
If he will pay the cost himself
We don't mind if they try he!

* Pronounced Owhyhee.

Reconciliation.

AIR:—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Our scufflins auld be noo forgot,
An niver brought to min';
The fights we fought, the muck we threw,
In days o' auld lang syne.
Na thought o' auld lang syne JOHN,
Shall noo be yours or mine.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness noo,
An' bury auld lang syne.

We twa hae rin about lik mad,
An poonched each ither fine;
But we've travell'd mony a weary fit,
Sin days o' auld lang syne.
Nae thought, etc.

We twa hae padlet in the mud,
From mornin' until dine;
But time its whirligigs has brought
Sin days o' auld lang syne.
Nae thought, etc.

So here's a haun my trusty fren,
And gie's a haun o' thine,
An we'll tak' a grip o' kindness noo,
Nor think o' auld lang syne.
Nae thought, etc.

An noo ye'll sure be my best man,
And surely I'll be thine,
And we'll go for BLAKE, and MILLS, and SMITH,
With the *vim* o' auld lang syne.
Nae thought o' auld lang syne, JOHN,
Shall noo be yours or mine,
We'll tak a cup of kindness noo,
An' bury auld lang syne.

G. B.

Ars Poetica.

A FEW days ago there appeared in the *Liberal* the following poem, which, for originality of conception, approaches in some degree the earlier works of TENNYSON, and is quite equal in simplicity to anything the poet laureate has produced. The gifted author rejoices in the illustrious name of BLAKE, although he is not the person of that name who "inspires" the *Liberal*. His poem is entitled:—

The Wild Flower's Song:

VERSE I.

As I wandered in the forest
The green leave among,
I heard a wild flower
Singing a song.

The poet does not enlighten us as to what the words of the song were, probably he was not versed in "The Language of Flowers." still it was

rather a strange circumstance that of hearing a flower sing a song—a wild flower too—had it been a geranium carefully cultivated in a young lady's boudoir within hearing of her piano the fact of its singing might be more readily explained.

VERSE II.

"I slept in the earth
In the silent night,
I murmured my thoughts
And I felt delight."

WILLIAM is evidently of a philosophical as well as of a poetical turn of mind. Some people under similar circumstances would express their thoughts in very emphatic language, but, W.B. simply murmured and felt delight.

VERSE III.

"I awoke in the morning
As rosy as morn,
I sought for new joys
But I met with scorn."

GRIP, while appreciating the poetic merits of the lines, and the beautiful sentiments therein shining forth, is obliged in his capacity as a stern tho' just critic, to take exception to the obscurity surrounding the meaning of the last verse. He fears that notwithstanding the unadubted ability of W.B. he like many another budding genius gets up too often "rosy," seeks for new joys (cocktail?) but "meets with scorn," (no trust). Take GRIP's advice young WILLIAM, don't seek for "new joys" too often or some night while you sleep in the earth instead of "a wild-flowers song" you will probably hear a sonata by a large sized "Serpent" with a full accompaniment of "invisible demons."

Poor Puss.

An infuriated cat in New York flew at a man and gave him a severe bite. The victim of the cat-astrophe made the cat "bite the dust" which so incensed Mr. BERGH that he had the un-feline man arrested and fined. Some of the papers are making a great rum-puss about it and threaten to have a *claws* inserted in the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which will protect human beings from puss-illaninuous cats who "get their bcks up" and attack peaceable citizens without just cause or provocation.

The Two Terrors—or the Fright of Smith and Brown.

I'VE no doubt, my gentle reader, you can instances recall
Of folks who lost their wits from fright, without a cause at all;
But the queres double instance I supply to you herewith
How GOLDWIN, terrified of GEORGE, and BROWN's afraid of SMITH.
For BROWN sees SMITH in evere bush; and SMITH can't come to town
For fear GEORGE might from corner pop, and quickly knock him down.
And not a bit of room is now left in each ancient pate
It's crammed so full of awful harm the other's done the State.
For SMITH declares its ruinous how Grits elections win,
And vows that BROWN, a great way off, does wire-pull them in
Anc says some time he'll sell us for a price exceeding small
For he goes as an ambassabor, without our leave at all,
And swears that he's a Tyrant;—and BROWN says it ain't no joke
For GOLDWIN may be dodging round with daggers and a cloak;
And thinks if GOLDWIN could be hanged it could'nt be for wrong
For he's a Rebel known; and goes for Insurrection strong;
And that these First Canadians all we any day may meet
With him, and pikes, and clubs, and knives, all tearing down the street;
And BLAKE will be their trumpeter (but he'll keep in the rear.)
Then GOLDWIN screams it is't so—there's not the slightest fear
Of anything but BROWN who's most combustible, no doubt,
And should be through an ice crack dropped, and never more let out.
But Grip would just remark, "Good friends, dont get in such a stew
Though each be bad as t'other says, the country may pull through."

Croaks and Decks.

Mrs. Grip's favourite game—Crow-quet.

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.—Saturday night.

Is Speaker Anglin (g) a good judge of de-bait?

FROM the way the "Gas Light Co." of Toronto slights its customers
should'nt it be called the "Gas Slight Co.?"

"Receiver-General COFFIN gave a dinner the other day to a large number of gentlemen."—*Telegram from Ottawa.*

BEING a Pall-itical dinner, the guests were probably all dead heads.
If Mr. Kill'em was there, will he please inform us how many *corsets* they had and how many kinds of *grave-y*?

WHILE GRIP quite agrees with the writer in the *Globe* on the useless cruelty of the snow bird shooting matches which have lately been so prevalent, he cannot understand how birds which were "slain" when a few feet from the trap "were in no instance dead" when brought back and put into a bag. Were they only "kilt entirely"?