

ror to his Lilliputian friends, lest by accident he should crush some score of them in his stride, or destroy their card castles with a puff of his breath, and willingly would he do so, if in so doing he could advance his foot one rung on that political ladder he has hitherto climbed so easily, and slipped down again with so great a facility. Trained in the school of adversity, he has learned how little to depend upon political friendships, how hollow is the mask of party principle. Yet like the reckless navigator, he still seeks the stormy sea of politics, trusting to his own seamanship to guide him to the desired haven. But his compass is self interest, his sails are puffed out by personal ambition, and his rudder is unprincipled egotism. Had he gained friends in his prosperity, would he now stand alone? would not the burning wrongs heaped upon him by both parties have made the very stones cry out, had he achieved victories of the heart instead of the head. With the cruel creed of *vae victis* he followed up his conquests, sparing none whose downfall would contribute to his elevation, friend or foe alike, he trampled upon with ruthless vindictiveness, that they might contribute to his foothold, or strengthen his position. What wonder then, that so dangerous a colleague should be viewed alike with suspicion and distrust by both parties? What wonder that they should anticipate that he may again change sides, and land where he now lances, that he should use the knowledge of his position to betray the interests of his present associates. He has had power, place, and honor in his grasp. Had he had principle, patriotism, or honesty he would have retained them. His high talents may obtain him a position, but he will never attain to confidence or trust. In speech he is vigorous, logical and generally correct. In manners he is the reflex of his life. In person he is powerful and ungainly. His clothes hang on him like a peg.

Mr. Blake and Tennyson.

Mr. BLAKE reads Tennyson, as his Aurora speech made manifest. We commend to his serious consideration that poem of the Laureate's where the following stanza is found.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
Which any sophister can lime.

The Prize Poem.

We beg to state that our prize for the best verse on Coboconk has been awarded. The author, with the modesty of true genius, entreats us to disclose neither his name nor his poem. He has also relieved us from a difficulty by declining, in advance, the \$50. He says the poet must not bind his soul with letters of gold. The sentiment commends itself to our views. We like to meet with poets of this stamp.

We have been much gratified with one result of our offer of prizes. We have received several original compositions from poets of good standing, many of which are certainly worthy of a prize, but the authors seem to have been under a misconception as to the character of the subject, as well as the nature of the verses required. For instance in the lines we print below the poet evidently imagines Coboconk to be the name of an Arthurian Knight, and he quietly overlooks the difficulty of finding a rhyme for this word. Now this we feel sure is the fault of those Atlantic telegraph people. We cannot get our things telegraphed across the ocean with any sort of accuracy. It has become so annoying to us that we have made up our minds to patronize the Direct Cable Company entirely. We think our readers will thank us however for publishing this poem. We may say that it is eminently characteristic of the sweet singer who sent it in. As it did not take a prize however, from motives of delicacy we withhold the author's name.

Coboconk.

AN IDYLIC FRAGMENT. BY A-FR-D T-NY-N.

The blameless king had gone; departed too
The elder men: but still the younger knights
Clashed cup, smashed glass, and told the racy tale.
And there, apart, the gray Sir Coboconk,
Gray as the badger, with an eye as dim,
Sat lingering, as sometimes in a cleft
Between the rocks we see the winter stay
While laughs the spring around: whom all at once
They eyeing, there arose a sudden cry,
"A song, a song! Sir Coboconk, a song!"
Whereat the ancient man faltered, and red
As the red East that speaks a rainy day,
"Song me no songs," he said, "I do not sing,"
But they by firmness made more firm, still urged,
With mimic threat, and tongues to flattery tuned.
Whereby at last the other overcome,
Beguiled, and with the troublous pitiful look
That the sheep, straying from the parent fold
Casts on the dog that slopes athwart the way,
"Myself once made," he said "a small sweet song,
And sweetly sang in days that are no more."

With that, while all the striplings gulped a laugh,
And winked behind the hollow of a hand,
He, in a voice that crackled like the thorns
To which the good wife sets the hissing match.
Till the flame leaps and licks the smoky pot,
And all the housewife stirs within her breast,
And her heart laughs, she shrilling "Lo it boils!"—
He in a voice that, singing, cracked, sang.

It chanced the song of Coboconk was of
One Thompkins and his wheel, and thus he sang:

"Turn, Thompkins, turn thy wheel, nor vainly turn:
Turn thy wild wheel and several pennies earn:
Thy wheel is all thou hast, for wheel or woe.

Turn, Thompkins, turn thy wheel, thy only care
With thy round wheel to make thy fortunes square:
Round is thy wheel, although thy means are strait.

Turn, Thompkins, turn thy wheel, nor weep to find
That life is nothing but an endless grind.
Though slow thy life, thy wheel is far from slow.

Keen is the cutting edge of sore distress:
Turn, turn thy wheel: thy knives are scarcely less.
Sharpen thy knives and dull the edge of Fate.

The President's Message.

There are some interesting facts mentioned in the Presidential Message. We learn that Chili has made reparation in the case of the whale ship *Good Return*, seized without sufficient cause upwards of forty years ago. We may hope that with this example before them, the United States may see their way to doing something in the matter of our Fenian Claims some two or three hundred years hence. It is gratifying to find that a Reciprocity Treaty with the king of the Hawaiian Islands has been concluded. We don't see a word however about the great Self Constituted, the Highly Magnificent and Utterly Ineffective Plenipotentiary of Canada.

Croaks and Pecks.

THERE is something to be said in favour of the Dominion government. They have lately taken *caution* into their counsels.

MRS. MARROWFAT congratulates Mr. WELLS on being anonymously erected Speaker. She says judging by the name, WELLS, he should be a very fluid one.

A HOPEFUL member of the U. E. Club wouldn't go to the theatre to hear the "School for Scandal." He says it's all rot to keep on harping on that Pacific business.

THE question now is which is the nicer person, the red or white man? A brave called OLDIRONTEAKETTLE writes to the *Mail* alleging that the pale faces are not all that they are cracked up to be.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.—We see by the *Globe* that the Servian Skuptschina has commenced operations. We are glad of this. We want to see China scooped, and a Servian may as well try his hand at it as any other man.

ACCORDING to a city journal there was a musical row the other night after a concert. The conductor went up to A in *alt*, and the party rowed went down to B flat. *Irritable genus!* A policeman's baton should have been called into requisition.

THERE appears to be a famine in Central Africa. King MESA of Uganda is quite frantic in his appeal for more Missionaries. He feels bad. In his own language, "Me M-te sa." And does the sable monarch really hope to take in the Missionaries? Oh, U-ganda!

"JUST LIKE ROGER!"—*Apropos* of the recent order from the P. O. Department to examine, and if need be, detain the correspondence of the Civil Service at Ottawa, MUGGINS of the Vegetation Bureau, says that he wonders not, for ever since Postmaster General HOWINGTON'S association with McMULLEN and NORRIS, he has had a constant *penchant* for examining other people's letters!

COMFORT FOR THE EX-PROFESSOR.—Certain Young Irishmen of this city have become impressed with the evils of party-politics. They have met and held high conference on the question whether the abolition of partyism would be beneficial to society. They are compelled to come to the conclusion that it would not—the history of their own green Isle doubtless forcing them to this decision. The antagonists of party politics may take comfort from the fact that any persons, even young Irishmen, have thought it worth while seriously to consider the question at all.