

Where the residents of Collingwood obtained those shamrocks may never be known, as there are none in Canada, but it was a graceful compliment to the Dominion Government to raise the native thistle aloft in all its pristine loveliness. Thistles look pretty on an arch; so much so that even the "proud engines" have to pause in their wild career and exhibit their delight by an expressive whistle. One could hardly imagine a word more fitted to rhyme with "whistle" than "thistle." This is good.

"The next arch came in their view  
Was built without a nail,  
He said it was more brilliant  
Than the Northern Comet's tail."

What a beautiful sentiment! We are dubious, though, if His Excellency ever said anything of the kind. The poet will please produce documentary evidence or a photograph of the occurrence, "not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith." One cannot be too careful in these days of exaggeration and libel suits.

"He did not proceed much further,  
Till another arch they soon  
He said they must be loyal  
To their beloved Queen."

Shades of LINDLEY MURRAY! And yet how could he help it? "Scen" is used as a pleasing rhyme with "Queen." Had the epigrammatist said "saw" he would also have had to say "Quaw." This would have been inpolite; indeed it would have been treasonable, and were not the Collingwoodheads warned that "they must be loyal?" But many poets would have never thought of that.

"Then, to view this Loyal Town,  
They drove around a square,  
Conducted by his Aidecamp  
In company with the Mayor."

The Aidecamp and the Mayor thus almost solved the mystery which has hovered about geometry for ages. If they did not actually "square the circle" they certainly "circled the square." Let us all rejoice. Life is brief. The hidden veil is removed and EUCLID stands unmasked!

"When they entered the westward  
The horses pulled hard upon the bits  
I'll wager my life the Governor Cries  
They feel the smell of Grits."

"Then he drove towards the dock,  
Along on the first street  
His eyes did sparkle in his head,  
When he saw the Collingwood fleet."

How modest, and yet how grand. The "Collingwood fleet"—several fishing smacks and a scow! No wonder HIS EXCELLENCY'S eyes "did sparkle," although how they could conveniently sparkle anywhere else than "in his head," as the man of verse beautifully expresses it, is not quite clear. On this point the poet is provokingly dumb.

"The proud Chicora flew her bunting,  
Being master of the bay;  
A token she was ready  
To carry those guests away."

The Chicora, it seems, was also "proud," and flew her bunting. "Mistress" of the bay might have been safely used, but great minds run in strange grooves. There is no accounting for tastes. To this day some people prefer apples to onions.

"The Collingwood fleet escorted them,  
Their hearts being loyal and true,  
They reminded me of Lord NELSON,  
Who was admiral of the blue."

The reference made to Lord NELSON as "Admiral of the Blue" is very touching, not to say flattering. How his noble soul would thrill with conscientious pride at being alluded to as full commander of a Collingwood fleet, could he but peruse this poem. But GRIP understands he is dead:

"They cruised around the Georgian Bay  
A few moments over an hour,  
They said they would never come back to Collingwood  
As long as the Grits would be in power."

What a glorious close. What a fitting finale to a charming epic poem! How the pure and adulterated sentimentality gushes forth free and unrestrained in all its wonted chasteness. Dear, dear! No pent up Utica confines his powers, so our poet generously measures one line with a fishing pole and the next with a six inch rule.

That one possessing the poetic genius of this author should have so long wasted his sweetness outside of the *Canadian Monthly* is a pity. But now that GRIP has brought him out, let the *litterati* of this country do something for him, for, with the humility inseparable from real greatness, he hesitates to ask any favours of the present Government. Our soul is troubled for the future welfare of this true son of song. Let him be encouraged. In the meantime let him be put in gaol.

#### A New Disease.

THE staid and respectable workman who made up the forms of *The Globe* for its issue of Saturday last, has puzzled the doctors with this announcement:

DIED.—At No.— Lally's Terrace, George-street, on the 18th inst., the wife of Mr. — of a son.

## Croaks.

A WICKED youth, reading "The wife of ALEX. BRIMSFIN of a son," suggested for the child the name HELEN.

The predictions of the Tory press are likely to be fulfilled, as Hon. GEORGE BROWN promises at last to become a *National* calamity.

GRIP proposes that the monotony be broken by making it "A dress to Lady DUFFERIN."

In comparing the numerous presentations to the Governor-General, Lambton county gains a mighty advantage, as each of the others is considered "not the cheese."

It is a matter of inquiry as to whether the Cons. of South Perth will again invite a Guest to try the occupation of the legislative seat. We Trow not.

HIS EXCELLENCY Lord DUFFERIN is said to have been much pleased by his hospitable reception at Goderich, where a flag bearing the word "welcome" was hung over the main entrance to the gaol. He was forced to smile.

A GENTLEMAN who undergoes the barbarous operation of clipping according to the latest style may well be proud of his hirsute up-endage.

ADVICE TO DRAUGHT PLAYERS.—Be Wylie.

THE PENALTY OF FAME.—To have one's name pass from a proper to a common noun.

Now that the Public Worship Bill has passed, and young ladies can no longer employ their time in embroidering vestments, popular young English curates will have a large supply of slippers and jam.

PALERFAMILIAS says it is as much as twenty-four hours peace of mind is worth, to forget to bring the paper home since this BEECHER-TILTON affair commenced.

FARMER CLOSEFIST, of Essex, is partial to woman suffrage. He says he sold his vote for \$10, and if the old woman could have done the same, they might have built a new hen-house with the proceeds.

A FRIEND, who has been hesitating whether to keep a matrimonial engagement, informs us that he has at last bespoken his wedding garments, as he prefers a suit for the fulfilment of his promise to a suit for breach of it.

#### A Happy Event.

MARRIED.—In Edna, by the Rev. ROBERT RENWICK, Mr. ROBERT JOLLY, merchant, West Moncton, to Miss ANNIE GOLIGHTLY, of the same place.—*Stratford Herald.*

(Epigram on the above by an eligible young woman.)

SOME spinsters of the "sour grapes" style  
Say matrimony's folly:—  
But where's the girl of sense who'd not  
Go LIGHTLY to be JOLLY?

#### Our Cousins German.

WHILE English, Scotch and Irish immigrants publicly cherish the memories of their native lands, especially as regards the animosities, how beautiful it is to behold our German fellow-citizens keeping up the institutions of theirs in so peaceful a fashion, and to see the distinguished Teutonic cognomen of MALONEY at the head of the great Singersfest at Waterloo. And yet we have heard GAMBALDI, GEORGE WASHINGTON, GEORGE BROWN, R. M. ALLEN, and other distinguished individuals, claimed as compatriots by Irish enthusiasts solely on the ground of their names.

#### The Right Way and the Wrong.

LORD DUFFERIN'S family legend, *Per Vias Rectas*, is a noble one, and his Lordship strives manfully to live up to it in all the relations of life. It is a great pity some of our well-meaning and truly loyal address-makers would not, in their patriotic affection, adopt the line, and give it some consideration, for they could not but see that over-reading and over-hand-shaking a gentleman—however kindly done—are not "right ways" of increasing the pleasures of his summer trip.

#### Classics for the City Council.

HORATIAN motto for Alderman BAXTER: "*Mox recitat rates.*" Froely translated to save trouble: "He soon puts the rates to rights." (See report of last council meeting.)

#### Truthful Transformation.

Our facetious contemporary *Quip*, of St. John, N.B., is about to change his title, and will for the future be known as "*Clip.*"