

An Ode to March.

- MARCH 1. Ah now, this does indeed resemble Spring,
 2. But here is snow again, and sleigh-bells ring.
 3. A thaw; and nasty, sloppy, slush and mud.
 4. Frozen once more, while glows the face with rud-
 5. dy health. What! is that rain?
 6. Now hail does rattle at the window pane.
 7. The sun does brightly as in summer shine.
 8. Bitter cold—"I'll take something hot in mine."
 9. The lowering clouds now cast a mournful shade,
 10. "Lovely day this, come, have a lemonade."
 11. Thunder and lightning, wind and pelting rain,
 12. "Darn'd if there ain't a foot of snow again!"
 13. Ah, this fine sunshine would be hard to beat.
 14. How fearful slippery! what a shower of sleet.
 15. "Blow, blow ye winds and crack your cheeks,"
 16. Rain, hail, snow and sunshine, all in streaks.
 17. Winter's back-bone is broke, see, there's a crow!
 18. "Boy, what'll you take to shovel off that snow?"
 19. Gosh! how this flying dust does blind a fellow!
 20. "Jane! where the dickens is that umbrella?"
 21. I really must hunt up a straw sombrero,
 22. Thunder! here's 7 degrees? yes, under zero!
 23. Mist and fog, and general muggy weather,
 24. Rain and hail, now one, now both together.
 25. How warm and charmingly the sun is glowing.
 26. Well I'll be—zounds! it's snowing! yes, it's snowing!
 27. What an awful thunder storm that was to-day;
 28. This would be splendid weather to make hay.
 29. How those biting winds force one to shiver,
 30. How pleasant now 'twould be upon the river.
 31. Fierce winds, and breezes balmy, sweet and tender,
 Oh VENNOR! you're a dreadful weather vendor.

Current Coinfs.**Me Darlint GRIP:**

I SUPPOSE yez wor beginnin' to think I was dead entirely, or that I had tuck the advice of the *Globe* an' gone to the bush to get rid av the haral toimes. Nayther wan. Here I am, as shpry as it is becomin' in a good citizen to be, considrin' the sorry pass things has come to betune the depression av the money market, and the determination av DYSTON an' MITLS an' thim at Ottaway to vote down the resolutions av our Chafetin JOHN A., fwelch, if they wor carrit, we might see the sun of prosperity shinin' wanst more, an' plinty av loose change rollin' around in the streets. I was radin' the *Globe* lasht Monday, an' I cuddin't help shmilin' to meself fwthin I got that bit furninst me eye, tuck from the *New York Herald*, talkin' to the Canadians an' sayin':

"Let them meet the United States as a friendly ally, and not as a jealous rival, and the two countries will pursue, side by side, their onward progress, each an aid and encouragement to the other."

"Lack at that now," sez I to NORAH, who was at the same toime puttin' a shplindid new bit av black cloth on the sate av me best fwhite corderoi throwers, "fwat do you think av that, darlint?"

"That's purty good for the Yankee," sez she.

"It is," sez I, "an' so is the prisint arrangements av our thrade matthers. It's themselves that wants that shwate bit av advice more nor us. Sure, we always do trate thim in a friendly way, by lettin' thim send in their goods to us here at a raysonable charge, and they trate us as a "friendly ally" by shuttin their dures agin us entoirely, barrin fwthin they open thim to take in anny man we sind down to make a 'Traty wid thim. Thim it is a "take in," ivery toime. Sure, they don't know the manin' av the word honesty. That's fwthy thim artists always makes the Yankee wid a jack-knife in his hands, NORAH; you'll observe he is always luckin' around as if he was sarchin' for some wan to whittle. Begorra, I'm thinkin av they put a chisel in the other hand an' a razor or two in his coat-tail pocket, it would be in accordance wid the facts av the case. Fwwhat's that he says?—"aich an' aid an' incurritmint to the other." Whell, Mither MACKENZIE an' Mither CARTWRIGHT maybe they know best, but I wud be av opinion that it's not the thing to be givin anny more aid an' incurritmint to wan that acts like thim Yankees. Av course it's all right, luckin' at it from the top shitory av the newspaper's office in New York. Things don't luck the same from that pint av view. But, from fhwere I shtand, here in me poor rinted house in Toronto, it lucks as if thim long-legged forty millions beyant had the best av it, an' Canada is but a patch to the Shtates, no bigger nor that patch you're puttin on thim throwers, NORAH," sez I.

"Yis, TERENCE," says she, "an' loike this patch, Canada is in a good position to be sat on," sez she.

I want to hear me noble counthryman, Mither O'CONNOR POWER shpakin on "Home Rule," lasht Tuesday night, an' sure he made me heart warum wid his eloquence, an' sint the blood av patriotism through me whole body at a fearful rate. After the lecture, I wint down to the hotel to see Mither POWER an' talk over matthers av business pertainin to the subject av Ireland.

A nagur bye conducted me to the room av the gentleman, an' I inther-juced meself as a native av Emerald, an' be way av a certificate av gud shtandin' I tuck from me breast pocket a quart bottle av Hennessy's best. It is needless to say I was welcomed as a man shud be fwthin he shows the spirit av a thrue Irishman.

"I suppose, Mither POWER," sez I, "that our first business will be to arrange for a government for the Ould Sod."

"Av course," sez he, "that is fwat I kem to Ameriky for. Have yez anny clever Irishmen yez could shpare from Canady?"

"We have," sez I, "anny amount."

"We'll want a Minister av Fisheries," sez he, "culd yez give us wan av thim?"

"To a demonstration, Mr. POWER," sez I, "put down the name av JERRY MERRICK. He is an Irishman ivery inch," sez I, "an' a man av imminse intellect an' expariance in political matthers. He knows all about fishin', too, in the political sense av the term."

"That's shplendind," sez Mr. POWER. "Nixt, we want a Solicitor General. Have yez air an imminent Irish barrister that yez don't want?"

"Plenty av thim," sez I, "there's ROBERT MAHON ALLAN, put him—"

"Fhwat! Is that the same ALLAN whose name is a household word in Ireland—him that bate all the judges an' lawyers av the Dublin Bar?" sez Mr. POWER.

"It is," sez I, "but, I beg your pardon, yez can't have him afther all. I come to think av it, he is the only man av the kind we have, an' our Court av Dirinal Session an' his Lordship CHAFE JUSTICE MICK-NABH cul'dn't get along widout him."

"Too bad," sez Mr. POWER, "but yez have another yez can shpare?"

"Yis, an' the very man to give a tone av intellect an' polish to the first Home Rule Ministry," sez I. "Put down the name av NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN."

"DAVIN!" sez Mr. POWER, "I've hard that name before too! Isn't that the gentleman that seconded the vote av thanks last night wid such fury? an' isn't he the author av a brilliant dramatic work entitled *The Fair Grit*, that I've seen played so many times at the Theatrye Royal, Dublin?"

"I blave he is," sez I, "an' at the prisint time he is writin a book wid the title "*The Irishman in Canada*." The advertisemint's in GRIP."

"Is it about hisself?" asked Mr. POWER.

"It is; hisself and several others," sez I. "He's a perfect scholar, and a practical Home Ruler too, bein a single gentleman."

"All right, Mr. TIERNEY," sez Mr. POWER, "now, have yez anny more yez could shpare?"

"Yis, sur, plinty," sez I, "yez might take NED FARRAR for a Postmaster-General; he has expariance wid *Mail* matters, an cud make hisself useful inventin little anecdotes about the opponents av the Government. Thim, av yez like, yez may take PADDY BOYLE for a Minister av Justice. He wud go wid yez plimsitly, for, begorra, he gets no room for his janus in this counthry. He wud be shplendind for puttin' down anny risins, especially anny risins av the Scotch. Av yez mane to have Ireland for the Irish, yez must beware av Scotch Ascendancy, an' PATRICK BOYLE, Esquire, is the man to keep thim Scotchmin down. I think we cud let yez have Mither MCCROSSIN, too, for the sake av the dear Ould Sod, but I wuldn't be sartin; yez must go an GEORGE BROWN for him. Mither W. H. HIGGINS wud make a handy man to have in the Government av there is anny intentions to pass the Dunkin Act in Ireland; yez can call at Whitley an' see him on the way home. We have slathers more av foine min at yer sarvice; such as BILLY MICKDOUGALL, CHARLIE RYKERT an' JOHN O'DONOHUE; yez can have thim and welcome. Only, av ye do take thim, don't sind them back."

I havn't room this toime for anny more av our interview.

TERRY TIERNEY.

En Ronto.

"Teen" parties are among the latest social innovations. None are allowed to attend except those "in their teens."—*Yonkers Gazette*. Then if a man is in his "canteens" he can, of course, fall in.—*Whitehall Times*. Not if he took just a teeny bit.—*V. J. Herald*. Their hold on the public will not be very teen-acious.—*London Advertiser*.

We suppose the fare consists of teen coffee?

A BAR.—We rise to expostulate with the *Boston Traveler* for printing verses from these columns and taking the credit themselves. We hope our gifted fellow countryman JIMUEL BRIGGS had no hand in that larceny. Such conduct is more becoming a tramp than a decent *Traveler*.