

And piloted the bulls, across the wave,*—
 O'er glorious him the classic *Week* does rave—
 While lightly he describes the hoary pile
 Which holds the honored of our parent isle,
 The *Week* extends the purse, with weeping eyes,
 And the rude conquerer carries off the prize.

Ah, not forgotten, thou delightful *Grip*,
 The boast of Canada, her moral whip,
 Lo ; with what humor all thy pages teem
 The idle jargon of an idiot's dream.
 Thou dull old crow with soul and brain of straw,
 That knowest no music save thy croaking caw.†
 Doubtless your lash is oft severe enough,
 Were statesmen "made of penetrable stuff;"
 But dull McGreevy, Connelly, Caron,
 Pay no attention to your croaking song,
 Vice still progresses, drop thy blunted sword
 And yield the *Week*, thy task undone, abhorred.
 Yet Bengough's genius shall make good his claim
 To be remembered by recording fame,
 While far above his pencil's ready art
 He shall be valued for his generous heart ;
 Here is one public man that truth can claim
 Who bears a liberal untarnished name.

And thou my country, fallen on evil days,
 Corruption, bribery, every vice that sways,
 Till those who love thee most their blush may hide,
 Their shame too great to longer be denied.
 Alas ! must Virtue turn with weeping eyes
 Toward the tomb where just Mackenzie lies ;
 Nor find amid the ambitious living none,
 In truth to rival her departed son,
 Nay old Macdonald, criticise who may,
 Would scorn the peurile tactics of to-day,
 What though his methods strained at times the laws,
 Still in the van he placed his country's cause.
 Dishonored land, unhappy is thy fate
 When even the Turk‡ can sneer at thy estate,

* This was the class of literature that carried the laurel away from all competitors a few years ago, and the award of the *Week* was the subject of much mirth at the time. One gentleman, of our acquaintance, supposed that the victor's prize of \$50 probably cost him a hundred. He had been in the newspaper business himself and "spoke as one having authority and not as the Scribes and "envious "Pharisees."

† The lately deceased *Grip* may justly demand this record, that it died in defence of its principles.

‡ A writer, some time since in *Saturday Night*, who had travelled in the Balkans is authority for this statement.

When
 For w
 Oh s
 To b
 Resto
 And

Beho
 Tran
 And
 Shar
 A se
 And
 Joco
 Forg
 Deg
 Whe
 Nay
 And
 Whe
 Dar
 If h
 To
 Mar
 Till
 The
 And
 Vice
 Just
 Tim
 Alo

It n
 To
 I d
 Not
 Nor
 Un
 Ye
 Gre
 Th
 Yie
 For
 Kn
 Yie
 Ea

One of
 nadians
 ered hi