

Address to my Old Grey Goose.

No. II.

WHAT's ta'en thy noddle, my grey goose,
To follow me roun' a' the hoose?
Art bearer o' a flag o' truce
Frae thy ain breed?
Or really, has a screw gane loose
In thy auld heid?

Is't, as my bairns aft laughin' say,
Like draws tae like, let come what may,
Related spirits find their way
Close to ilk ither."
And so in me, puir goosie gray!
Ye've found a brither.

Or hast thou found the plain truth oot—
(Like mony a puir four-footed brute)
That I'll no jeer thee, gibe and hout
As ithers dae;
And hence tae me ye mak your suit
For sympathy.

Nae doot we're but a laughing stock
To some big silly senseless folk,
Wha o' the humble mak a mock,
And only see
My friendship as an idle joke
Till-wair'd on' thee.

Guid kens thou art nae singing bird!
But ane o' the puir sangless herd,
That's trampled owre like common yird—
Ah wae is me!
And ne'er a poet has a word
To say for thee.

To Jove's big bird yer no connected,
Must ye be therefore disrespected,
And a' your virtues be neglected,
And frae rebuffis
Ye maunna hope to be protected—
Frae common roughs!

We're told that like the common rabble,
In dirty dubbis ye like tae dabble,
And that ye're always in a squabble,
And quack owre free;
So it canna be wrang tae libel
And misca' thee.

Thrown up oot o' creation's scum,
Wha kens but thou'rt a herald come,
Frae a' the helpless and the dumb,
To find some way
To lessen the appalling sum
O' misery.

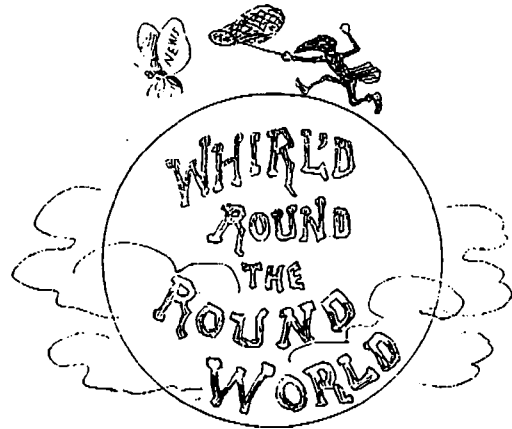
Or hast thou come to love me, when
Forgotten by my fellow-men?
Hast come indeed to let me ken
That I've been brought
To being's heart far farther ben
Than e'er I thought?

For aft when gazing upon thee,
Frae the restraints o' space set free,
Far into being I can see,
While through my soul
The great wave o' humanity
Doth heave and roll.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

A DEFINITION WANTED.

THE phrase "limited liability" is one peculiarly interesting to creditors—and to some directors also, at the present moment. There are some creditors who think that the word "limited" ought to refer to the amount the directors can borrow, rather than to the amount they must repay after they have borrowed.



Another lost art—French Cabinet-Making!

THE gas works at Winnipeg were burned last week. We trust Mr. N. F. Davin was not much hurt!

General Boulanger says that France has more need of generals than deputies. Not of the Andlan type—decoration generals!

The Nepal army have joined the revolutionary party of Prince Rumbir Jung. Every soldier hopes to wear a Nepaulet on the success of the enterprise!

On Elm Street the other evening a tall man robbed a pedestrian of his watch and escaped. One prefers a policeman to a night-watchman of this ticket!

The Scott Act around Port Perry may be said to be getting along at a *fine rate*. A revolution of public sentiment is likely to result from the use of the revolver!

The threatened fight between the Russian bear and the Austrian eagle will probably result in a treaty, written with the eagle's feather, into which the bear will insert its clause!

Mayor Howland has been giving New York a lecture on civic government. The Augean stables of Toronto are not yet cleaned out; as the municipal Hercules left off in the middle of his labor!

Mr. Gladstone visits Venice next month. This is one of his numerous birthplaces, and he will probably make a few re-Marks on the Lion, sighse up the famous bridge, and enlist Venetian sympathy for Ireland!

The Crown Prince of Germany has requested that no public entertainments be put off on account of his illness. It is to be hoped that as he does not wish to interfere with the *fêtes*, the Fates will not interfere with him!

Lively scenes may be expected in the British House of Commons next session. Speaker Peel has broken a blood-vessel in his optic region, and will not be expected to keep such a sharp eye on the Irish interruptionists!

Mr. Crane, a builder, was charged with obstructing the sidewalk. He justly claimed 15 feet, and said the inspector must have stretched his tape-line. The magistrate decided Crane must have stretched his neck out too far!

The Rev. Joseph Cook, speaking of Toronto, said, "Let us thank God that there is one city in America which has quit fooling with fools." He has evidently not seen the list of candidates for the position of First Magistrate!