

MORE RHYME THAN REASON.



here appeared in the *Daily News* a few days ago, some verses written for it by W. T. Urquhart, and entitled, "A May Day Song." As the effusion is destitute of all poetical merit, and every line limps along on a different number of feet, the Cynic feels that any quotation from it must be rather "rough" on

his readers. But he has a purpose in view; and he therefore, though reluctantly, quotes the following spavined stanza:—

"Then don your golden sandals, fairest month of the year,
Wipe from the face of Nature each ling'ring April fear,
Come with music and sunshine,—with garlands fresh and gay,
While we in joyous idylls echo the praise of May.

Now, this rapturous invocation might occasionally, in England, be not wholly inappropriate; but in Canada on May-Day, sandals would be unseasonable; and garlands rather costly, as they could nowhere be procured but from the conservatory of Dives.

These conventional praises of May-Day, are, accordingly, mere echoes of old English songs, and it is this stereotyped untruthfulness, and lack of originality,—this sickening repetition of traditional phrases, that has caused poetry to be commonly regarded as sentimental cant, and a mere elegant amusement. The wise and witty author of the "Biglow Papers," has written as follows of May-Day in America, and DIOGENES commends the passage to the attention of the Bard of the *Daily News*. After stating that the early reading of some men, who are poetically inclined,

"Gits kind o' worked into their heart and head."

so that they dare not hazard on paper a single thought of their own,

"Nor hev a feelin; if it doesn't smack,
O' wut some critter chose to feel, 'way back,"

Lowell continues:

"This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks an' things
Ez though we'd nothing here that blows an' sings—
This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May,
Which 'taint, for all the allmanicks can say.

O little city-gals! don't never go it
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet!
They're apt to puff, an' May-Day seldom looks
Up in the country ez it doos in books;
They're no more like than hornets' nests an' hives
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.
I with my trousers perched on cowhide boots
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse
Your muslin nose-gays from the milliners,
Puzzlin to find dry ground, your queen to choose
An' dance your throat sore in morocker shoes."

ZEKE TRIMBLE HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH A CELEBRATED MICHIGANDER.

DEER OLD DI,—

Fur some time past thare hez bin much talk about Chandler & his speech to Washington, & ez yure korrespondent is into thee kapitol of Ameriky, i hev had a interview with him. Hee bords in cheep lodgins onto thee garret flat of a five-story broun stone house, with a English basement, on Pensylvany Avenoo. I was introjused to him bi a

mutual frend. Thee furst words hee sed to me wuz, "Zeke, i hev hurd of you be4; you air konnected with DIOGENES, that grate Kanajun *Punch*; thee paper wich is down on 'awl humbugs & shams, wharever they appear." "Chandy," sez i, (i always call him thus fur short,) "i am proud to call myself thee Forrin korrespondent of that small but enterprisin journal." Sez he, "what do youre kuntrymen think of mi speech onto thee Alabamy question? Do they tremble at thee vociferousness of its bellycose tones?" "Not much," sez i, "wee air used to airthquakes into our kuntry." Sez i, "you hev made a mistaik. Ef you had read Morgin's lives of illustreous Kanajuns, or ef you hed bot a book of thair fotograffs bi Notman, you wood never hev kummitted thee mistaiks which abound in your speech." Sez i, "wee air a small people, but, ef thare is goin to be any handin over of our kuntry, we hev maid up our minds to hev sumthing to say in it, & we air 2 smart & hev livd 2 close to thee line 45, to swap ourselves off fur sich a small thing as thee Alabamy klaims." Sez i, "ef you air a goin to figger, we kin beet you awl hollo onto this point. Thare is Galt. Thare aint enny finanseers into the United Staits like him. Hee balansd thee akounts of Kanady fur sum time, until thee akounts balansd him, & then he turned member fur Sherbrooke, of wich offis he hez taken a life lease; & thare is John Rose,—he has giv up law intirely & took to thee finance biz. Hee carries a slate into his pockit awl thee time, & when thare aint no biz doin, he's awlus praktisin rule of 3 sums. Purhaps thare aint no finanseer livin, wich can hold a kandle to him. Hee hez jest demonstrated to our kuntry that thee interkoloneel lone kood be used up better sum uther way. Thare is a impreshun amongst us that this rale road wor inventid fur the purpose of byin the Grand Trunk Road from Richmond to Quebeck. Every bobby noes this will pay when thee kuntry gets settled—tho it don't now. But to borry fur a raleroad & to git Johnny Bull to guarantee thee debt, & then to spend thee munny fur sumthing else, wood purhaps, in thee most reefind circles be kollda a breech of faith, but those kind of things air common to Ottywa. Thay air used to breeches up thair. Thare is much thet is beutiful & affectin in this Impeerial guarantee biz, aneaway. To see a muther goin security fur a grate big sun, after hee has bin into biz fur sich a long time, is a very affectin site. But i hev wanderd from our subjekt."

"Chandy," sez i, "thee people in mi kuntry, aint much skared at the blowin of yourself and Train. When thare's anee handin over to bee done, i guess wee will hev to bee konsulted &," sez i, "ef thares anee thing that wood disgust Kanajuns with yoor grate & nobil kuntry, it is jest such speeches as you hev got rid of."

Sez i, "thee people into Kanady air jest like other folks; you may lead them bi reason & intellektoal convickshun, but wee kant be drov on this point. Thare is but 1 opinion about thee Allybamy clames:—We air willin to see old England do whots rite & fare, but wee aint willin to see her bullied. But," sez i, "Chandy, you dont represent thee Amerikin people & wee no it. Amungst sich a lot of people thare must be sum fools & you hev struk ile in this line. Enny kuntry wich bosts of a majority of legislators like you, wood bust in no time. You air only fit to be a member of thee Quebeck Legislatur, wich to a grait extent is a munky-sho, & i should like to see you, & George Francis in hi posishuns thare. Shovo, Dunkin & Wemet wood bee glad to hev you both onto thee government side of thee hows. Thay air fidyin fur sum exsitemant."

Heer Chandy got mad & i konkludid mi interview with this trooly grate man & returnd to mi bordin hows.

Yours, to command,

ZEKE TRIMBLE.