

GRIP'S FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO COL. OTTER.

I.

More haste less speed, my gallant friend, and it is GRIP's intention to hint that "euro" is far less sure, or easy than prevention; And GRIP opines that in your zeal to meet this half-breed flurry, You marched the Queen's Own to the front in far too great a hurry; Too much exposed in open cars was each Toronto hero, And two score miles too long a march at twenty below zero.

II.

Faint, sleepless, hungry, overtoiled with drear snow-drifted marches; And hivonac the steel-blue sky of winter overarches; They reached Port Arthur, on their route North-West, the midway station, Where the good folk for dinner hot had made due preparation. No use! no time is given the men to pause for food or shelter; Because to reach the front you're bound to hasten helter skelter.

III.

Now all this hurry GRIP declares a most unwise proceeding; Far better wait to give the boys the rest and food they're needing; With swollen sore eyes, what man can use his rifle's perfect sighting? Tired, sleepless, faint, he cannot be in proper trim for fighting— Not as they would if, Colonel, you, before proceeding farther, Had given them all for food and sleep one day's rest at Port Arthur.

IV.

Besides, I ask what use of haste? you're surely not expecting The half-breed hordes will wait to fight on ground of your selecting; That there you'll see them ranked, as oft you've seen your own men muster, Each in his place, when to each face glad pay-day lends its lustre; No! march at leisure; food and sleep, you'll find, dear Colonel Otter, Your best allies in the North-West to fight with Riel the plotter.

V.

That Indian wars are all the same, experience can determine— The wildest ways, the sudden blaze of fight that suits the vermin! First comes a tale of massacre with horrors sad and sickly; And then the braves to seize the spoil, vamoose the ranch most quicky; They keep aloof—of ambushed fight alone the choice they bring you— They'll fire, then fly, then quick return like angry wasps to sting you!

VI.

But well we know our gallant boys before no foes will waver, And though we wish them bread and beef, we could not wish them braver; And when victorious they return we hope that it may chance, sir, That they who caused this mad revolt will then be brought to answer; That hurled from place and power be then each treasonable plotter, And Johnnie marching home be seen with gallant Col. Otter.

—C. P. M.

MOTIONS TO BE MADE IN THE MOCK PARLIAMENT.

That the Liberal leaders be committed to a windmill without bail or mainprize, and fed on cheese and crackers during the so-called Riel Rebellion, for having blown the embers of rebellion to a white heat by parcelling out the lands, limits and coal-mines among themselves and their friends, for having disclaimed to do anything in the direction of justice wherever they were found alive, for having appointed men incapable to govern or of understanding that any one but a Grit has any right to call any thing his own which was of the earth earthly within the Dominion, especially in the North-West.

That a loather medal with the word "snob" be presented to Edward Blake for his impudence in suggesting that better arms could be

got than those the Canadian Volunteers were furnished with, and hinting that some one had blundered.

That Caron, the Minister of Militia, be recommended to Her Majesty for the honorable distinction of Duke of Duck Lake, and be given the dukedom with five hundred thousand acres of land around the lake, for having maintained the integrity of the empire by disarming all disaffected persons and giving the arms to loyal and competent persons, who, having killed and wounded all Her Majesty's enemies in that part of this Dominion, thereby gave peace and security to all well-disposed persons.

That the sword may now be made into a ploughshare, and Indians become farmers.

That Governor Dewdney's picture be placed in the Senate beside that of Sir T. D. McPherson, to keep each other company, and that Senator Alexander be sent to teach the Indians to plant potatoes.



A CONVERT TO "LIBERAL" TEMPERANCE.

Lib(hic)ral Temp'rance, thas the sortothng! I do'want (hic) anything better'n tha'! Lots of (hic) beer an' (hic) wine. Get drunkasbiled owl (hic) 'thout whiskey! 'Rah (hic) for Lib'ral Tem'rance! (hic) 'Specially tem'rance!

A RAMBLING DISCOURSE.

Verily, verily, it hath been truly said that it is the smaller and seemingly more trivial things in this life which are really of the greater importance.

It is not the great and apparently overwhelming trouble that causes Reason to totter on her throne: nay! often is it some small matter—a bottle of alcohol is not very large—a fair maiden's "No" comprises but two little letters—that transmits the man of once sound intellect into a drivelling, gibbering imbecile. As that ocean-crag, spoken of by Ptolemy Hephæstion, which steadily resisted the fierce fury and tremendous violence of the winds and waves, trembled only to the touch of the flower called Asphodel, so is the reason of man which, unshaken by great misfortunes, such as the loss of home and fortune, remaining steadfast through all, oftentimes succumb to the apparently insignificant attack of the rosy archer with his bow and quiver, who proves himself, all dimpled and chubby armed as he is, more than a match for the brawny giant with the torso of a Hercules and an eighteen inch biceps, and reduces his puissant antagonist in but a very brief struggle to the condition of a harmless lunatic.

N. B.—I have been there.

Verily, verily, it is the small things that affect and trouble us most. Was the heart of Marie Antoinette dismayed throughout the fearful sufferings to which she was subjected? History says "No." Did

"The British warrior queen Smarting 'neath the Roman rods"

quail before her persecutors? Not a quail: not a piece of toast. Boadicea bore it like—like a Briton. Did Charles I. show the white feather or go stark, staring mad, beset and hemmed in as he was by misfortunes of every, and the most grievous kind? Not he. His intellect was unclouded to the last, and he walked up like a sane and gallant gentleman to the block and, laying his head down thereon, allowed someone else to pick it up for him. Look at Mary, Queen of Scots; Sir Walter Raleigh; Guiteau; Ridley and Latimer; look at, to come down to more modern instances, Alderman Piper, when his whale began to go bad, and when Peter the Great, and John A., the gigantic elephant, departed this life: did any of these succumb? knock under? go demented, though their misfortunes were terrible? Not they: sound as roaches to the last.

But what will drive a woman of the strongest mental endowments, and the most masculine character to the verge of madness and distraction? What would have sent Boadicea, Marie Antoinette, or Mary, Queen of Scots, into fits, hysterics, possibly insanity? A MOUSE. A little, insignificant, harmless rodent, with an elongated caudal appendage! Am I not right, then, in maintaining that it is the small evils of this life that trouble us most? Say.

What do you do, reader, when you lose half-a-million dollars?—you possibly say a word of evil portent and wish you hadn't lost your half-million, but Reason doesn't totter. You may, possibly, take a "tot" yourself, to calm your nerves, and thus become a totter, for the nonce, yourself, but you soon forget your loss, and take it all as a natural consequence of speculation. But when you put a ten-dollar gold piece into the collection plate on Sunday, in mistake for a quarter, or a twenty-dollar bill in place of the shin-plaster you intended to contribute: ah, ha! what then? Why, by a gigantic effort you refrain from bursting on the spot, and when service is over you go home and rip and swear and carry on like the veritable madman you are. And you make your own blunder an excuse for denying your poor wife that promised new bonnet, or poodle-pup, or black-nosed pug with its tail screwed so tightly over its back that it can't shut its mouth. And your home is a pandemonium for a month; at the end of which you quiet down in some degree and console yourself with the reflection that you will get credit above for your ten or twenty dollars; but you won't; all you'll be credited with will be the twenty-five cents you intended to give. So put that in your pipe and smoke it, if it will do you any good.

Now, gentle reader, if you wish to avoid all trouble in this world, don't let everything trouble you, and when any dark shadow rises up and threatens to throw your spirits into gloom, simply laugh at it: don't worry and fret and go insane: simply laugh at it and it will disappear.

The more you laugh the fatter and better-looking—and better liked, I may say—will you become; that is, if you don't overdo the thing and laugh to excess, for men have died laughing; Sir Thomas More, for instance; and Ravisius Textor in his "Absurdities" gives a long list of characters who came to the same end: but, after all, you've got to die, and it is better to leave this world laughing than frowning and scowling and saying bad words.

And so this Rambling Discourse comes to an end. Its wisdom, philosophy and general drift are apparent to the meanest comprehension. I can almost understand it myself.