



IS THERE GREEN IN THE WHITE OF MY EYE?

AS SUNG BY THE GREAT AND ONLY PREMIER.

AIR.—“Says I to myself, says I.”

When Riel once before made a terrible muss—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)
I saw that his capture would cause a great fuss.
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)
Oh! heavens, I cried, that catch him I could,
My friends, I am sure, are convinced that I would—
But I thought a few thousands would do Louis good—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)

My right hand shan't know what my left is about—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)
I said, as I helped Louis Riel to dig out—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)
but I pulled a long face and I said, “I declare
To catch this bold rebel I'm anxious, I swear,
And heaven knows well my intentions are fair”—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)

And now, once again, Louis Riel has cut up—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)
“I'll slap his d—d chops” for a treacherous pup—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)
He ought to be hung—so the people all say—
And they ask me, “Now will you hang Louis, John A.?”
“I'm not a Jack Ketch,” I reply, Canning, oh?—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)

I really don't think I could smuggle a thou—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)
To help Louis Riel to skeddaddle just now—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)
But really I think it's a horrible shame
That the people should say that I play a snide game
When all I possess is my pure, honest name—
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)

—SWIZ.

OUR SET.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE CANADIAN LIFE.

“You're going, of course, to the Decosters' party on Tuesday?” said Mrs. Senator Mullein to Mrs. Senator von Kornstaker as they were sitting in the latter lady's exquisitely-furnished drawing-room yesterday afternoon. Everything in the magnificent apartment indicated the wealth and style of the lucky owners. A red-eyed poodle of muff-like contour and appearance, with blue ribbon around his body adjoining the head where his neck should be, lay snarling on a beautifully-embroidered foot-stool, and the air was odoriferous of all the perfumes of Araby or the laboratories of Lubin and Rimmel. Hypercritical visitors occasionally remarked after their afternoon calls that the upholstery of the mansion was rather glaring and pretentious, and that among the articles of furniture a too great preponderance of cardinal colors prevailed; but as an artist who called on Mrs. Von with a view of painting her “mug,” as he called it (a low and impecunious fellow,

this painter), assured her that he was delighted with her arrangement of color, and that they were in perfect harmonious contrast, reminding him of the Porgo Palace in Italy, she was well satisfied, not only that she was a lady of taste, but that the artist was a genius. So the painter got the “job” and \$200. But to proceed.

“No,” replied Mrs. von Kornstaker to her friend's question as to going to the party, “no, we don't visit the Decosters. You see they are not our style—good enough people I must confess, but not in our set. You are, perhaps, not aware that Mr. Decoster's father was once in trade.”

“In trade! Why, bless me, Mrs. von Kornstaker! who would have thought it? Why, the Decosters, since I recollect, have always been high in fashionable and political circles! Why, really, I can scarcely credit it. In trade!”

“Yes, my dear Mrs. Mullein. I have an humble connection of our family in the house who knew the old Decosters well. I will send for her and assure you of the statement that the Decosters were really in trade. She is quite an amusing old thing, and a perfect encyclopedia as far as early Canada is concerned. We all call her Aunt Hannah, he! he!”

The bell was rung, a servant appeared, and disappeared with the order, “Desire Miss Boomerickle to step up stairs.”

When Miss B., alias Aunt Hannah, was told by the domestic that she was “wanted up stairs,” she remarked, “Plague take it all! Jist when I git right to work at my knittin' or surhin', down comes the gal and says, ‘You're wanted, Miss Boomerickle!’ I reckon Eliza Ann's got quality company.” Adjusting her spectacles the old lady marched up to the drawing-room, knitting in hand.

“Mrs. Mullein, this is Miss Boomerickle,” was the introduction.

“Take a chair, Aunt Hannah,” said Mrs. Von, patronisingly. “You recollect old Mr. Decoster that came here from the States long ago?”

“Yes, I reckon I do. I knew the old man well.”

“Well, wasn't he in trade after he came here?”

“In what?”

“Trade.”

“Wall, I don't know as he did much trade, Eliza Ann. Him and your grandfather, old Uncle Squeezer we uster call him, sort o' jined partnership in a hoss and wagon, and uster peddle tinware round the country. They uster take sheep and coon skins in exchange, and your old granddad—” Mrs. Von's face grew redder than the crimson sofa on which she reclined, as Mrs. Mullein remarked, “From such undeniable testimony of such an old inhabitant as your aunt is, I feel quite sure that the Decosters were in trade,” and then the lady smilingly arose to go.

“Say,” asked the irrepressible Aunt Hannah, “be you a granddaughter of old Hebediah Mullein that was put on the limits after he bankrupted and lit out for the States? I reckon—” Mrs. Mullein, whose face at this question, which was to the point, reddened as did rodden the visage of her friend, bounced out of the house without saying “good day.”

There is a coolness between the houses of Mullein and Kornstaker, but the question of trade is settled for evermore.

B.

“The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow.”

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots. They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going.”

LORD LAWDEDAW.

GRIP is glad to be able to delight his readers with the announcement that he this day presents the first of a century of short papers from the talented pen of Lord Lawdedaw, now travelling in Canada, with a view to gathering material for a future novel. The services of this talented nobleman we have secured at a high figure, knowing the public will share their appreciation of his liberality and enterprise. (Ed. GRIP.)

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN TOWONTO.

The religious element prevails lawgely in Towonto. Stweert caws are not allowed to wun on Sundays, all saloons are closed, there is no access to any saloon on that day except by the back daw. The Salvation Ahmy pawades the stweerts, and cwaks the public tympanum by devotional whacks on a lawge dwum. The chuches are all well filled, and the wawious congvegations are tweated to the sawt of doctwine they like best. In the Catholic Cathedwal English tywanny is shown up in an interesting and convenient mannah, and the Catholic Church shown to be the only woad to heaven. In the Pwotestant chuches English politics are discussed and expounded in the evenings; Gladstone is instwucted in the way he should go, and the chuch of Wome denounced as anti-Christ. One of the pastaws, the Wevewend Dr. I. Toldyouso, claims to be a pwophet, fawtells fuchaw events, believes in Tory ascendancy and Impewial Fedewation, blames the Libewals faw all the waws which have devastated Euvope, keeps his weathaw eye upon the coming battle of Ahmageddon, and boasts of having as lawge a congvegation as either Talmage or Spurgeon. In some of the pulpits the pawstaws give out their opinions on pwhibition, Scott Act, or Genewal Gwant, lately deceased, and the congvegations get pointaws on politics and the wawious questions of the day. Othaws, again, wail at science, and denounce scientists such as Huxley, Tyndall, and othaws, but they, at the same time, do not fail to take full advantage of the discoverwies and knowledge of these infatuated and misguided men. Which seems to me aw—inconsistent. There are sewewal colleges here, and they should pwopely come in under the head, “Educational,” but as we are now discussing the religious element it may not be out of place to mention two of these institutions in particular, to wit: the Godless and the Godly. The Univohsity College is a public institution faw the highaw education in awts and sciences. The young men—the students of this univohsity, have developed the religious element lawgely—having subscribed, along with some wealthy citizens, sewewal thousand dollars for the ewection of a hall for prwayah-meetings and othah religious pawposes. They are taught by men who, in addition to being pwofessaws of awts and sciences, are also pwofessaws of wewigion and members of city chuches—this is the Godless College. Twinity, I believe, claims the distinction of being the Godly College—and of cause it would be ungentlemanly faw any one to insinuate that a college which calls itself godly could be influenced by such a base motive as self-intewest—in pointing out the dangaws attendant on a caws of awts at a secular and godless college like Univohsity.

Altogethaw, the religious element of Towonto is wemahkable faw its elasticity, its adaptability, and its confawmability to the spiwit of the age; faw the numbaw of astute politicians among the clehgy, and for its detehmination to make the best of both wolds.

LAWDEDAW.

“Only the brave deserve the fare,” as the landlady said when she placed the oleomargarine upon the table.—Whip.