

The Twelfth of July.

GRIP had a great-grandfather, who had a town lot. Now it happened that in 1688 the owner of the next lot was climbing GRIP's ancestor's fence, and had some evil intentions toward the said ancestor, who thereupon fired a big gun in his direction, and scared him off. Now a little boy who is the great-grandson of this misguided but long departed person still occupies the next lot. So to keep in his mind a proper feeling, every 12th of July GRIP wears a red gown and a cap of terror, and carries a big sword round and round his lot, also paying a person to walk before him and beat a drum. GRIP don't know if he has frightened the boy next door, but he knows it has made him very cross. But the neighbors begin to laugh at GRIP's promenade, and a big Yankee poked his head over his fence and said, "Guess you look like about the darndest fool I've seen. If you did'n't tramp round like an all-fired Injun, that little critter would be a particular sight more friendly and useful to you. Put them blood and thunder things away, go and shake hands with the little feller, and you'll have a deal better time than traveling round like a wild distracted Turk." And GRIP begins to think it might be better.

The Battle of the Ontarios.

Now is the day of the mighty—and of the mightiest noises, Fearful the din of the speakers—herrid the sound and the clamor, Where in Ontario near us the armies have come forth to battle. There rampeth Free Trading CARTWRIGHT—there roareth TUPPER the Giant. There rushing cometh MACKENZIE—also the voice of MACDONALD Soon shall be heard—there is EDGAR spouting his new-learn't Protection. There doth one Glass (which is cracked) shout that he represents EDGAR, Screaming Free Trade, whereat EDGAR is beyond measure astounded. GIBBS is discerned in the tumult, yelling the praise of his chieftain, Great are the chances of slaughter—thither the eagles are gathered, Also the crows and the vultures, watching for contracts and plunder. Hearken, ye rustics, GRIP tells each inspiring speech of the leaders:—

Mr. EDGAR.

My name is EDGAR. In Toronto Courts My clerks do shear my flocks. Here am I sent, By our Reform Convention—that's a spell To raise the devil withal, and 'tis the deuce If it don't raise some votes. Who dares to say Our Government depressed the state of trade? I grant it looks suspicious; but, my friends, We did'n't do it. If we did, amends We mean to make. Protection is the thing. MACKENZIE shall Protection to you bring, He only holds Free Trade in principle, That's all, you know. (I think that ought to tak.)

Dr. TUPPER.

Ahem! indeed; enough to make one curse, To hear the vile deceptions which this man Would palm on innocent Ontarian ears! His Government were born Free Traders all And would not have protection in their youth; See what vile wrecks they are. And so should you My friends, so would your country go to wreck But for myself and GIBBS. We'll keep you straight. Oh, had I lungs of steel, how I would shout, "Steel Rails!" till startled JUPITER looked out From distant spheres. My friends, but yesterday We had prosperity. It's gone away. Those rascal Grits have hooked it. Trust to me. Give us your votes. We'll save the property.

Mr. GIBBS.

I come not, friends, to steal away your votes I am no orator, as TUPPER is. But I will ask, who here can answer him? Watch you, good friends, how terrified they are, See HUNTINGTON comes here, and CARTWRIGHT comes, MACKENZIE comes, and all of them will come, And shout. Well, let them, till they split their ribs. The tide has turned, and on it floats GIBBS.

Mr. HUNTINGTON.

My friends, our circumstances are depressed. I do not mean my own, for I do draw Seven thousand dollars yearly, since Sir JOHN We pushed unto the wall. But I do ask Are you aware what his intentions were? They were not virtuous. He would have made Serfs of you every one, and would have sold You all unto Sir HUGH. He kept you rich.

But is not this—the noble poverty Which you through us enjoy, preferable To all the gold he used to heap on you? Avaunt, foul luxury! My Spartan friends Stick to your poverty. All noble ends Are thus accomplished. Don't give up the ship All's right, if we don't out of office slip.

Mr. WHITE.

Sir JOHN will build you the Pacific road, Build up your tea trade, and your sugar trade, Set all your mills a going, all your shops Fill up with workmen; all your factory wheels Shall start a turning. Friends, electors, all, Stand by Sir JOHN. He is the coming man. Wealth and prosperity march in his van, Vote then for GIBBS. As for MACKENZIE, friends, Ruin attended him, and still attends.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

Why do you ask more duties? No, good men; Attention to your duties, that is what You do most greatly need. Your duty is, Respect your kind, paternal Government. Who rule the country well and honestly: And sell no charters, as the Tories did Our watchword's Purity: our Election law, Bchads, we care not, whether friend or foe. Sir JOHN's impure, so GIBBS must be impure; But vote for EDGAR, and your future's sure.

Boston Aristocracy.

By Mrs. Bantling.

A month ago perhaps, a girl or young woman named REBECCA MORTON left our village for Boston, in search of employment, I understood. I heard nothing more of REBECCA or her fortunes till the other day when, as I was walking along the street, a great puffing behind me announced the approach of somewhat corpulent Mrs. MORTON. I stopped to receive her greeting.

"Oh, dear me! How do you do Mrs. BANTLING? Such a long time since I seen you. Nice day isn't it? What do you think of BECCY's match?"

"I hadn't heard of it."

"Not heard of BECCY's marriage! why I thought everybody knew about that. Married! Oh! dear yes! into one of the first families of Bosting."

"Oh, indeed. Send her my congratulations when you write will you." Oh, dear me, yes! I will. BECCY's had quite a come up in the world to be sure. His father's been to Washington, BECCY says, to—What do you call that thing? Parliament?

"Congress, I suppose"

"Congress. Oh, dear me, yes! why can't I remember them names? He was travelling around the country on a insurance agency, I think BECCY said, I don't know exactly what that is, but I suppose its some kind of a grand conveyance. And as he was near the capital once, any way, he thought he would just drop in and see how they did business to Congress. Oh, dear me, yes, his father's seen the world; but that is not all, his sister's engaged to one of the most fashionable drapers on Washington Street. That's in Bosting you know."

Here she paused, and feeling that I was expected to say something. I remarked.

"I suppose Beccy doesn't say when her sister-in-law is to be married."

"Married! Oh, I don't mean that. She's engaged, just like a lot more girls, to stand in the store and wait on customers."

I said I understood.

"Her man himself is a clerk in the largest grocery establishments at the west end. He gets a real handsome salary—fifteen dollars a week. But of course money is no object with him, so he takes most of his pay in provisions."

"There must be quite a consumption of groceries in his family?"

"Yes, they lives high."

"They must indeed."

"Oh dear me, yes, BECCY lives like the best lady in the city. No work to do nor nothing, worth speaking of. She just sets in the store all day and does most what she pleases. Reads novels mostly, just like the ladies in the novels does themselves."

"Sits in the store!"

"Oh, dear me yes. You know her man has a little store of his own, where he sells the goods he gets for pay, and some more things, and BECCY keeps it. BECCY wants me to send on MARY ANNIE to keep the store. She says she is sure she could get some of their customers for a husband. Dear me, it is hard to lose all one's daughters, but I suppose I'll have to send her. And it'll be just as BECCY says. Them Blandishments of the aristocracy does take so with young gals. Oh! dear me yes."