



A TIMELY CORRECTION.

THE HISTORIAN OF THE FUTURE.—And so this promising child is Sir John's
THE NURSE.—No, sir; excuse me. He belongs to another party, but Sir John adopted him!

"VOX POPULI VOX DEI."

Dis, sah, am what de folks say to me on de chening ob 'lection day. "Folks pop-you-lic," says I, "what on airth am dat?" "O, dat am 'Varsity talk, dat am Latin." Fo' gracious, Mistah GRIP, dis niggah sat all night under de shado ob de big sunflower on de verandah, gazin' up at de dippah, and de great bar, tryin' to make out what am "folks pop-you-lic." No, sah. I couldn't come it. But jes as I see a gwine to cave in, it cum to me like greased lightnin', dat old Latin dictionary dat I found among de rubbish ob dat pawnbroker's shop whar I was whitewashing last week. You bet I jes took a bee line for de innatic in de top story whar dis niggah sleeps, an' bery soon I lights a candle and an' sticks it on de bed post, and sets down on de bed to find out de meannin' ob dat dere sentinms. Sure 'nuff, 'fore I was five minutes older, I knew all about it as well as if I had bin through de hole creekulum ob de 'Varsity. Nebertheless, I see come to de 'elusion dat dat dar statement hab got to be taken with a pinch ob salt. Kase why? Sometimes 'tain't so, no matter how you fix it; den again it am so an' no mistake. Dis am 'ticklerly de case at 'lection time. Here am two opposite parties, each one reuding dere close an' pluckin' dere wool kase de kenty am makin' a bee line for perdition instanter, an' dey am both ready to profess with de last breff in dere body dat nothing but de 'lection ob dere partickler candidate can save de land from ruin and desolation: de grass from growin' in de market-place eteeterly an' ditto three times an' a tiger, to say nothing ob de owls an' de bats dat will make up de next census ob de city dat don't vote dere ticket square through. Makes de wool riz right up on yo' head to hear 'em, an' yo' am shiverin' an' shakin' fo' fear de crack o' doom might come 'fore de 'lections am ober an' one ob de candidates gets in to postpone de dire disaster. An' de papers make you b'lieve dat de leaders ob de opposite parties am either de biggest criminals or de biggest idiots outside de jail or asylum. Dere devotion to de wokin' man at dis time am most affectin'. It am a caution. De wokin' man am an ole hoss trotted out at 'lections, an' washed, an' combed, an' groomed all ober gen'ly in public till dey make b'lieve he am a thorough-bred high-stepper. an' dey walks him up an' down, an' exhibit him like a show-man would some 'markable monster. De candidate praises his good points, and shuts his mouf about de bad ones, and appeals to de gen'll public if it ain't a shame dat a noble

animle, with such a splendid horny hoof (he likes a horny hoof), oughtn't to be better fed, an' housed, an' groomed; an' he pledges himself, s'help him Beelzebub, to see dat dat dar horse gets outs three times a day de moment he am M.P. for de city. Den he goes softly up to him, an' pats him on de back, an' gibs him some sugar taffy, an' when he gets on de right side, he mounts his back an' gallops into parliament, amid great cheerin' an' torchlight processions, an' show ob brooms an' a mighty deal ob drunken roarin'. But de filosofopher who stands on de sidewalk lookin' on, begins to wonder whether de *vox populi* can really be de *vox Dei*, ebry time after all, 'specially when he sees dat de candidate hab forgotten all 'bout de oats, an' de poor ole hoss, wid de reins lyin' loose on his back, and at liberty to go to—grass, till—next 'lection. No, sah! You can't make me b'lieve dat de *vox populi* am de *vox Dei* ebry time. You mean to say that de *vox p.* in the States was de *vox D.* when it was fur de popagation ob slavery? No, sah! But it was de *vox Dei* when it assented to de extinction ob de mighty wrong. Do you b'lieve dat de *vox Romanorum* was de *vox Dei* when it shouted "De Christians to de beasts"? or when it clamored and drowned de sense of justice tuggin' at de heart-strings of Pilate one day in de history ob ole Jerusalem? Am dat de *vox Dei* which angeores de bull fights in Spain? Am dat de *vox Dei* which votes dat one half ob de community be licensed to make money out ob de physical an' moral ruin ob de oler half? Which gibs de purtection ob de law fur a money consideration to men who prey on de weakness an' infirmity ob po' human nature? Neber! De *vox populi* am de *vox Dei* only when it am unanimous in de cause ob right, an' truth, an' justice. De *vox populi* am changeable as de wind. De *vox Dei* am immutably, unchangeably, an' eternally right. An' when you can prove to me dat de *vox populi* am always so, no matter how big de majority, den dis niggah will b'lieve in de divinity ob dat *vox*. Who'll put up money on dat?

JAY KAVELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.
Sunflower Verandah, June 30th.

The *Art Interchange*, Midsummer Number, has a double page design for Summer Art Needlework. The subject is Wisteria—a number of the blossoms and leaves of this graceful vine being grouped together in a manner suitable for being embroidered on pillow shams. There is more than the usual number of dainty illustrations in which the *Interchange* is unique—and, to lend special interest to the literary department, there is an excellent portrait of Thomas Hardy, the novelist: a supplement in monochrome, consisting of an ideal head by M. R. O. Fowler. The Notes and Queries, always practical and useful; *Ego Notes*, Music and Drama, Decorative Notes, Art and Literary Gossip, complete the contents.

Supplied by all stationers, newsdealers and booksellers, and the wholesalenewscompanies. \$2.00 a year, 10c. a copy. 140 Nassau-st., New York. Sample copy free for postage.

The Midsummer Holiday issue of *The Century* is to have more than the usual quota of illustrated papers, among them two on English subjects. "The Borderlands of Surrey" will describe one of the most charming garden spots of England, and include, among its illustrations, views of the home of Alfred Tennyson, and of "Brookbank," where George Eliot lived when she wrote "Middlemarch." A paper on some "English Artists and their Studios" will have sixteen pictures of the interiors of the studios of Sir Fredrick Leighton, J. E. Millais, George H. Boughton, Alma-Tadema, Philip R. Morris, John Pettie, and others, drawn by the American artist, Mr. Chas. A. Vanderhoof.

A PROTEST FROM THE FAIR SEX.

HALIFAX, July 7th, 1882.

To the Editor of GRIP.

Excuse the liberty I am taking in addressing you, but I wish to express my unbounded joy and thankfulness publicly and on behalf of my sex, that the Dominion elections are over at last, and I know of no more public manner than through the columns of your extensively circulated paper. For the last six or eight weeks it was simply miserable day after day for us young ladies to look at a newspaper. Nothing but Tariffs and N. P.'s., and booms and splendid meetings and stirring addresses. I am eighteen years of age, and yet throughout my long life I never remember seeing, heretofore, the word "Enthusiastic" so much used by the daily press, as it has been during the elections just over. Column after column containing the most tiresome political news, and nothing at all of any interest to that very large class of newspaper readers among my own sex. We may well cry out for "Woman's Rights," when we receive so little consideration during election times. It is a wonder I am sure, that the papers left space enough in their columns for the marriage announcements. I suppose, however, they publish these as paid advertisements. I noticed that during the elections some papers cried out against the duty imposed on coal and oatmeal and bread-stuffs, but they seemed to forget the duty imposed on themselves to furnish all their subscribers with a good readable paper. Now, my principal object in writing to you is to protest publicly and solemnly against such treatment. If elections are a necessary evil in the world, like the sterner sex, then some method should be devised whereby they (the elections, not the sterner sex) should be more quickly disposed of.

A young friend of mine, who is a lawyer lately fledged, used to be quite attentive to me, but has during the elections been apparently oblivious of my existence, and on one occasion he actually passed me on the street without his usual bow and smile of recognition. He was dashing along with a number of papers in his hand, his brows contracted, and, oh! such importance in his face, nay, even in his very tread. Poor fellow! I hope he will not succumb under the immense pressure of his responsibilities, and that the cares of his country will not be too much for him. I hope he will eventually bestow some little time on lighter and more trifling things than his country's prosperity. Before the opening of the election campaign his mind seemed to be centred on the prosperity of his moustache, the cultivation of which occupied almost his entire time, and I regret to say that the prosperity of the moustache was, to an impartial friend of his, as difficult to believe in and perhaps rather less tangible than the prosperity of the country at large. You see I am a little bitter on this subject, dear GRIP, but I have reason for it. Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, when one is passed unrecognized by one's male friends, and with one's new spring dress on, too! But I am not the only one who complains. A number of us young ladies in Halifax seriously contemplated boycotting all men who took an active part in politics, but this was vehemently disapproved of by the younger portion of our sex, as being too harsh and severe a treatment, and it was finally resolved that we should publicly protest in the columns of GRIP against all such unfair treatment, this letter being the result of that resolution.

I had a letter from my cousin Kate, who lives in Cumberland County, and she says it is just as bad in her county. Nothing but politics, to a nauseating extent. Her father is a farmer, or, as dear Sir Chas. Tupper would call him in an election speech, "a horny-handed son of toil,"—and he has been dread-