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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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## To Correspondents.

MILLS, Montreal—1. Sketches not deemed suitable. 2. \$1.50 per column.

ASPER—As above.

## "Camping Out."

'Tis the song of the buzzer—he's at me again!  
Alas! I have courted sweet slumber in vain.  
Oh, life in the wild wood, your charms I've heard stated,  
I'm convinced that the pleasures were all over-rated.

Oh, sleep, balmy sleep, delightful repose!  
Can I sink into dreams with a swarm on my nose?  
Ah, no, in exchange I've the sad consolation,  
That I'm helping to feed half the insect creation.

They buzz in my ears, they examine my hair,  
Ah, much do I wish that no parting was there.  
Black-beetles and spiders all o'er me are strolling;  
On my couch (it's not downy) I'm restlessly rolling.

I've a thorn in my pillow, and twigs in my back,  
And this harassing thought keeps my mind on the rack,  
How can DONA, the fairest of feminine creatures,  
Admire to-morrow my classical features?

My nose is full twice its usual size,  
My face is all mottled, and as to my eyes  
They'll present quite a somnolent, drooping expression,  
Like the Hon.—'s at the close of a session.

Oh, young men and maidens, take my advice!  
If you camping intended, let intentions suffice;  
Or you may when by legions of insects surrounded  
Discover, too late, that my words were well-founded.

## Canadian Celebrities.

No. 1.—JOSIAH BURR PLUMB.

BY ASPER.

We propose to give, as is the custom in "society" papers, sketches of those of our citizens who have attained to great eminence. In following out our plan we shall be careful to avoid showing partiality to any political or other kind of party. In fact, we shall neither stand by the party, nor with the party, but shall go for the party, if we think it advisable, as much as we can. The gentleman who was the first to grant an interview we shall give the place of honor, on the principle that the "first shall be last and the last first," as we feel confident that he is the last person that any one would for a moment imagine to be a celebrated Canadian. But GRIP is more intimately acquainted

than any one else with the statesmanlike mind, the noble private character, and the indomitable perseverance and pluck—perseverance in keeping up his record as one who can talk more and say less than any other member; and pluck in standing up in his place in the House and absolutely refusing to be put down by obstreperous imbeciles—of JOSIAH BURR PLUMB. As to the birth place of this great Canadian statesman, history is silent. Certain it is, however, that although his name is BURR he did not stick there for long. Having launched forth on the great world in a variety of callings, as to which history is also silent, he at length reached the great town of Niagara, and shortly afterwards the noble light which had glimmered so long in private burst forth with brilliancy on the astonished gaze of the people of Canada.

Our reporter called at Mr. PLUMB's residence, and was ushered into the presence of the great man, who, considering the high position he holds, received him with wonderful affability. At this moment it may not be out of place to suggest the idea that the mind of the gentleman we are discussing is wierdly like the great river on which he resides. His noble aspirations and thoughts of genius—as the water in the river—at one place make a tremendous noise, and belching forth like thunder, astonish all who are witness of the tumult; anon, as the water, so the words—gliding along with dreary monotony—with unceasing repetitions of the same eddies,—the same ideas—wearing one with the sameness which continues for so long a time. Then, as the water in the river—the words being very rapid about the mouth—are scattered and mingled with greater things until they are lost forever. And no frail, ordinary mortal mind can guess what is the reason for all the noise and bustle—or when the end is to come, if ever. Both words and water seem to go on, on, on, for all eternity.

But to return. The genial statesman on being informed that the object of our reporter was to interview him seemed astonished, and inquired what portion of the globe the newspaper was printed in that had not heard of JOSIAH BURR PLUMB. The explanation being given that although every one had heard of and admired, still they could never hear enough of him, the orator was satisfied, and proceeded in a speech of four hours and a half in duration to give our representative a few of his leading ideas on matters and things political and otherwise—every word of which was taken down in shorthand, and the copy of which has been purchased by the *Globe* at a fabulous price. He then suggested that in case the short conversation had not furnished sufficient material for one issue of the paper, he would give us one or two little poetical ideas which he had in his leisure moments committed to writing. Bringing forth several reams of closely written foolscap, he handed it to our reporter, kindly and considerately saying that in case there was not enough, to come around next day, when he would be favored with a few more remarks. He added that in case the hints he had given should be too late for the mail, the telegraph could be put into requisition. Our representative, wondering at so much unreserved kindness in one so great, eagerly promised to attend next day.

This was a week ago, and as he has not yet turned up, we are inclined to think that he is still taking notes at Mr. PLUMB's dictation. It would be unjust to him to insinuate that possibly the work was too arduous for his unformed mind and that he has been talked to death.

As our readers all over the world are aware,

Mr. PLUMB is now M. P. for the great constituency of Niagara. A suffering and outraged country was by means of the grossest bribery and corruption deprived of his invaluable presence in the House of Commons during the greater portion of last session. But now, being firmly ensconced in his seat, we may expect to hear more of, and from, him in future.

They do say—but this is what cannot but be apparent to every thinking mind—that Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD has gone to England, to stay, and that in future the helm of the nation, the guide of the National Policy is to be the subject of this little sketch. There is nothing like encouragement to native industries—and the work that, in that event, will be given to Canadian shorthand writers and printers is incalculable.

The *Globe* says, in speaking of the visit of the Princess, that people in Toronto should use the lawn more. Dwell on the last word and then act on the suggestion.

## The Ballad of Lord Bateman.

A NURSERY STORY.

LORD BATEMAN was a Noble Lord,  
A Noble Lord was he of high degree,  
And he determined to go abroad,  
To go abroad as far as Canadae.

He sailed East and he sailed West,  
For many long days upon the sea,  
He sightest Chicago and Manitoba,  
And St. Helena and Miramichi.

When he arrived at Nova Scotia,  
He lowered his small boat and made for land,  
Where he was met by five hundred burghers,  
Each with an address in his right hand.

"What place is this?" then said LORD BATEMAN  
"What place is this, oh tell to me!"  
Then up stepped the Mayor of Halifax City,  
Saying "The place you see is fair Canadae."

Then up spake LORD BATEMAN unto the Mayor,  
Saying "Who are the people that around I see,"  
"Well, there's GEORGE BROWN and N. F. DAVIN,  
And Sir JOHN MACDONALD K. C. B.;

There's Governor CAUCHON from Manitoba,  
Who, like the rest, is a man of rank;  
L. S. HUNTINGTON and HARRY PIPER,  
And EDWARD HANLAN from the old sand bank."

Then they put LORD BATEMAN on a high platform,  
And loud to him read a long address,  
And told him all about the New Dominion,  
Which put his Lordship in great distress.

They straightway marched him to the Railway Station,  
When he left on a Pulman on the double quick,  
And wherever he stopped he got an oration,  
And another long address that made him sick.

"How much of this are you going to give me?"  
Said his Noble Lordship unto JOHN A.  
"You'll have got to take it in very large doses,  
Until you get up to Ottawa."

Then they brought him up to Ottawa City,  
And confined him up in Rideau Hall;  
And they made him dance the Tollock Goram,  
And the Ghillie Callum at each native ball.

And they caused the Court ladies to come before him  
Each with a gold chain on her bare neck;  
And made him execute poor LUC LETTELLIER  
For cutting up didos down in Quebec.

So pity the sad fate of poor LORD BATEMAN  
Detained in Canadae for four long years;  
And thank your stars that your not Governors  
When you go to bed to-night my pretty little dears.

They are agitating for fog-signals at the mouth of the Niagara. GRIP begs to suggest that Mr. J. BURR PLUMB might be utilized, and thus save expense. He can make as monotonous a sound as any fog-horn, and at the same time he is a burning and a shining light. Let him be stuck on a high pole at the point wherever the weather demands it.