

A Lay of Ancient Rum.

On a January morning, before the hour of nine,
The hostile columns, moving up and forming into line,
Were seen, with banners waving, and shining spear and lance,
While mailed knights and men-at-arms continued to advance;
And never since the Punic wars, Cressy and Agincourt,
Bunker Hill or Waterloo, or "Deep of Elsinore,"
Was such a fight expected when, at the roll of drum,
EL SQUESTUS and his brave men came down to fight for Rum.
For if that mighty Fortress were taken by the foe,
Full many a goodly henchman would meet sad o'erthrow,
And lose that feudal right that he had always held so dear,
To bring the stranger to his gate and furnish him good cheer,
(And charge him but a pittance for flagons of strong Beer).
Yet it had come to pass that in EL SQUESTUS' nation rose
A turbulent and fiery set their just rights to oppose;
And so it was that, one and all, the good men of that ilk
Had drawn their swords, and waved aloft their streaming flags of silk,
To fight these rebel traitors thro' fire and blood and slaughter,
And swore an oath they'd sooner die than drink cold sparkling water.

The skirmishers commenced the fight in noble St. John's Ward,
'Twas then they met the foemen first with faces grim and seared;
Who, under cover of the night had there advanced unseen,
Where "Number Four boys" in old times had "kept der old
machine,"

For if their water had run short, or if their hose would "bust,"
They there could get a new supply to "bust the bummer's crust;"
Their batteries then they opened as if with one (M)accord,
The bummer's line was driven back as far as St. James' Ward.
For tho' the men of EL SQUESTUS would even face Greek fire,
The thoughts of so much water was more than funeral pyre;
When then came up brave BAQUER, so famed in warlike song,
Having aloft his "Demi John" with bummers fifty strong,
He shouted "Now keep aisy, boys, I'll soon the rebels flank!"
And then marched round both front and rear, inspecting well each
rank.

He now felt of each cartouche box to see that each brave boy
Was well supplied with "amunish"—at least ten rounds of "rye;"
He gave the word "Quick march!" said he "We now can with them
cope;

I'll see if my *L'Enfants perden* can't beat a "Band of Hope."
They marched through College Avenue upon the evening's rear,
And, fixing bayonets, charged their flank, which scattered far and
near.

EL SQUESTUS then advancing, kept following up the route,
While his followers raised his war cry, "Let's see who'll put me out?"
They drove the enemy clean back, and passed through Cabagetown,
And then our General waved his sword and said with onerous frown,
"Let those who would our cause assail, forever hence keep mum,
And never try to beat Old Rye, or get away with Rum!"

Croaks and Necks.

QUESTION of the Hour—"What o'clock is't?"

NEW DANCE for the Old Lady of the Lane (to be used on Polling
days,—*Mis (s) Leader*.

MRS. PARTINGTON sent a telegram to SQUARETOES the other day, con-
gratulating him on having defeated Mr. McCORD in the struggle for
the MAYORALTY of Toronto.

GRIP recently engaged a gentleman at a large salary, who gave refer-
ences from several members of the Local Legislature and stated that
he was in a position to obtain the earliest news of secret movements
in the political world. The following is the result of his first week's
labour. We are not quite sure if all his statements are strictly in
accordance with fact, but do not think he would willingly deceive us.
Here they are:—

UNDER the new management of the Model Farm, the watch-tower
at the head of the stairs is to be used for storing the enormous crop
of turnips raised there in the past season.

MR. WALLACE, M.P. for South Norfolk and Mr. RADFORD of Ottawa
are about to enter on a course of book-keeping at a Commercial Col-
lege. The editors of two leading Ottawa journals are also about to
join the same class. Mr. RADFORD has been endeavouring to teach
himself the art for two years, but he says he can't see the difference
between debtor and creditor.

It is said that the articles in the *National* condemning the Reci-
procity Treaty proceed from the pen of the Hon. GEORGE BROWN. The
honourable also contributes an essay on "Retraction" in a recent
number.

MR. McKELLAR is about to enter holy orders with a view to qualify-
ing himself for the Rectorship of the Model Farm.

MR. MEDCALF is certain of re-election as Mayor of Toronto. He
expects the entire support of the temperance party, and that his gene-
rally energetic conduct and brilliant talents have gained him a num-
ber of supporters.

ONE hundred and forty-nine new newspapers will be started with
the coming year, over two-thirds of which are to be published in
Toronto.

THE Minister of Justice recently took the chair at the meeting of a
Good Templar's Lodge, with the ex-Premier of the Dominion in the
position of Vice. It was done on the recommendation of Mr. E. B.
WOOD.

Political Thoughts for an Emigrant.

CANADA First! Canada First!
In Canada's politics I'm not much versed,
But the Grits and Tories seem a queer lot,
And the country I fancy is going to pot.
I read each day in the *Globe* and *Mail*,
The doleful story and sorrowful tale
That both MACKENZIE and Sir JOHN A.
Are in iniquity growing grey,
And all their followers, great and small
Are proving the country's sure downfall:
It's hard to tell just which is the worst,
So I'm going in for "Canada First!"

Divinity Reform.

EACH Sunday morning as it comes, good GRIP his church doth seek,
And this explains why he is such a good bird all the week;
And would not comic pictures draw, nor funny stories tell,
Like wicked citizens—who'll go—a road he won't foretell.

He holds commission to reform the learned professions three,
And he respects the cloth, and so takes first Divinity;
Whose preachers preach theology a deal more than they should,
And try to make men wise when they should try to make them good.

GRIP doth propose that every church in every future year
Shall statement make what good it's done, and prove the state-
ment clear;
And those who by their works have proved their faith the most pro-
found,
Shall have best right to say what points of doctrine are most sound.

And Reverends Right and Wrong shall make to GRIP obeisance low,
And say that he has taught how to make true religion grow;
And then they'll make him Bishop GRIP—unless, to give him scope,
(As he's no doubt infallible) perhaps they'll make him Pope.

What we'd Like to See.

The baby that isn't the image of its pa.
The cabbie who has never asked more than his legal fare.
The License Inspector who has ever done his duty.
The female victim of lock-jaw.
The "gentleman immigrant" who doesn't "expect a remittance"
when his board bill becomes due.
The newspaper subscriber who pays up promptly, without asking.
The Government clerk who doesn't think he is overworked.
The woman who when told that Miss SMITH had eloped, "didn't
know how it would turn out."
The man who, when a joke is submitted for approval, doesn't
think "he's heard it before."
The Parliamentary candidate who admits that he was ever influ-
enced by any other motive than the good of his country.
MR. MEDCALF's authority for sending partizan political telegrams
to his personal friends in his capacity as Mayor of Toronto.

Catarrh.

A draft—a breeze—
A breath—a whizeze—
A chill—a choke—a larynx in a flame—
A hawk—a lump of phlegm—
A thorax-tearing "Hom!"
A freeze—a flush—a fever in the frame—
A sniff—a handkerchief—a nose aflame—
A wretched mortal feeling very blue—
A face afire—aphonia—a blow!
A gasp—again: a start, a strain,
A-TCHEE-yoo!