

Pomp de Scallawag; his Temptation and Fall.

A FIRST-CLASS RETURN TICKET FOR THE "M—L."

In Blackstock town there dwelt in state a darkey known to fame,
Who bore, with lardy dardy grace—the fascinating name
Of POMPEY PUSHCART BLACKAMOR DE SCALLAWAG,
Esquire,
An unsophisticated Nig, emphatically "queer,"
A lowly born philanthropist, who often came to grief.
'Bekase de white-trash swar I hab de mo'hals ob a tief."

Yet POMPEY was not always thus; in bygone happy days,
He walked, with free and easy grace, by virtue's pleasant ways,
But,—Eden like—the snake appeared,—oh, heritage of shame,—
A *horse* (Tory party) *hack*, P. SCALLAWAG became;
(This wicked act was more than bad, 'twas sacrilegious too,
For him whom Nature made a black, these Tories made a "Blue.")

As H-K-Y P-P-E-R's *protège*, with brimstone, fire, and sword
He bore the tarnish'd Tory flag throughout de noble Ward,
'Twas said, by those who ought to know, a grand, a glorious sight
To see that tattered flag upheld by this sweet darkey "light";
And edifying too to hear him swar and howl and brag,
"De futur' ob de Ward's upheld by P. DE SCALLAWAG."
"But U. E. clubs," and "S. S. Funds."—by wicked tongues tis said,
Shook POMPEY from his centrepiece, and turned his wooly head;
The great Pa-c-fic S-c-n-d-l too, could not be said to tend
Towards those paths of rectitude, where truth and honour blend;
And so to cadge and read the "M—L," became the sole desire
Of POMPEY PUSHCART BLACKAMOR DE SCALLAWAG,
Esquire.

His stomach yearned for fairer fields, and greener pastures new,
Which artless him was granted in, an (unsought) in-ter-view
With D-n-son,—un brave sabreur—who thought a change of scene,
Would *rusticate* this *polished black*, by turning him to Green;
The seigneur of that "Moated Grange," who's tessellated halls,
Held *Don DE PUSHCART* long enough within its hal-
lowed walls

But time rolled on to liberty, which little change twould seem,
Affected not this African's calm, philosophic dream,
Of wooing fortune's fickle smiles, by living on his wits,
And "articles of vertu," which consist in scraps and bits.
Whose costly repertoires compose a complicated mass
Of greens, old irons, rags and bones, and spifflicated glass.
He prowled around, "upon de square," till wicked thoughts, alas,
Stole round this guileless son of HAM, that wrought in scraps and glass,
Ah! eagerly his pouting lips, and wicked rolling eyes
Would twitch and gleam, with all the force of honest enterprise,
Which little enterprise was this—"to leab de glass and rags
And vest DE PUSHCART'S capertal, in cotton sacks an' bags."

Alas!! "DE PUSHCART'S capertal" did not amount to much,
(The root of evil's mighty shy of Pomp's financing clutch),
3 little bills was all he had, "an' mortgaged obry cent,"
3 dollars "chalked" fur whiskey "straights" de balance due fur rent;
But what cared he about "de rent," de rent must wait awhile,
And as fur GRAB, de landlord's frowns, I'll take dem out in 'smiles.

As old JOHN BUNYAN quaintly says, "It fell upon a day,"
When cocks delight to bark and bite, and "sooner" dogs to lay,
That POMPEY PUSHCART BLACKAMOR DE SCALLAWAG,
Esquire,
That unsophisticated Nig, who did to wealth aspire,
Cast wistful eyes across some bags a few short weeks ago,
When passing by the biscuit works of Ovens, Flour and Co.

POMP's guardian angel whispered low that pleasant morn in May,
"De fohman at de factory, is—so all de Gentiles say—
A moh'l, an' a nice young man, a Plymuff brudder, too,
So min' yer P's and Q's ole boy, is inny device to yoh,
An' dont ye swar, nor obfuscate, nor gib yerself away,—
Yah, yah, but when ye git dem bags, yoh'l not be fur astray."

Per Jove! before the morn had fled, POMPEY, with his little cart
Was "circumittiwating" round dat Plymuff brudder's heart,

By telling him—in confidence—"ob all de legion' host
Ob secks" he did "prefer and lub de Plymuff brudders most;
Dey was gallophus gen'l-men, de fohmost'in de land,"
And POMPEY was "proud to offer dem a coloured brudder's hand."

Alas! no mortal tongue can tell, how POMPEY "nailed" the lot,
And by a verbal I. O. U., "discharged" his little "shot,"
But, sad to say, that's all he paid, for never, nevermore,
Was seen that guileless troubadour, from Africa's verdant shore.
And soft "dat Plymuff brudder" sighs, The Martyrs stake and fire,
Is nought to what I'd like to give P. SCALLAWAG, Esquire.
He's wiled now from Blackstock town, but oh, it was not shame
That drove to exile's bitter arms this nig of doubtful fame;
'Twas pity, sorrow and disgust, which smote that prince of mokes,
For ev'ry day they bored him with old R-D-N's ghastly jokes,
And all men swear "ole POMPEY" was right, for plagiarised and stale,
Are *all* those nigger yarns that swell the columns of the "M—L."

Nonsense.

An Agnostic once lived in Toronto,
Whose canine companion named Ponto
Got drowned in the bay,
So he sadly did say
"What dogs has my hapless dog gone to?"
There was a young man of Parkdale,
Who loved both lager and ale.
He drank with all comers,
With beats and with bummers,
And now that young man is in gaol.
A journalist given to puff,
Published long columns of stuff.
They appeared every day
In an immodest way,
Till the public cried out "hold, enough."

A Sensative Critic.

The Hamilton *Spectator*, which accords Vice-Chancellor BLAKE high rank as a temperance lecturer, is grievously offended by the use that gentleman made in his lecture in Hamilton the other evening of a well-known quotation. Mr. BLAKE was reported to have said:

The Premier of this Dominion speaking on the death of a prominent statesman of this country remarked, "What shadows we pursue." This may be true of a statesman, but utterly untrue of a Christian. We are engaged in no paltry undertaking to build up some kingdoms here to-day and gone to-morrow, but assisting in building that everlasting kingdom which shall never fail."

This sounds as innocent at least as a great many references which are uttered every Sunday from the pulpits of our land; but the *Spectator*—true to name—saw in it reflections on the Conservative chieftain, and an attempt on the part of the lecturer to "get in a little political work on the sly for the benefit of the family." Lest the reader should fail to see the point—or, more properly, perhaps, the "spec"—GRIP begs to quote the learned criticism, and assures the reader that if he will look through the *Spec's* specs, he will be well repaid the trouble:—

Now why should Judge BLAKE quote this from the Premier of this Dominion, and why should he invest it with a sinister meaning which nobody ever saw in it before? As a scholar he surely knew that Sir JOHN was but using an old and familiar quotation, one which no doubt had its origin in the Latin poet's line, "pulvis et umbra sumus." Which of the moderns rounded it out into the full sentence, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," is a matter of dispute among the curious in such matters. It concludes one of CAKLE's finest bursts of stormy eloquence. It was the exclamation which rose to the lips of the Duke of Wellington when he saw Mr. HUSKISSON crushed to death by GEORGE STEPHENSON'S first locomotive on its trial trip. It has floated through literature for generations past, and Judge BLAKE is the first man who ever found a succession of irreverence in it.

We suggest to the Hamilton preachers that they be very careful in the use of figurative language, lest, quoting the text "all flesh is as grass," the editor of the *Spectator* should charge them with a personal reflection on himself.

Perhaps the *Spectator* will give us a learned disquisition on the old couplet:—
The horse that bit his master—how came it to pass?
When he heard the good pastor say—"All flesh is grass."

The great walking match came to a Clow's on Saturday night.

A new novel is entitled "A Drop of Black Blood." This is the first instance on record of a drop of black blood being re(s)ad.

A *Southern Belle* hailing from Cuba arrived in the City of Toronto the other day, and was Picton for a wife ferry soon after landing.

The recent cool weather must be on account of the snow-shoe walking match at the Rink. The clerk of the weather stands no nonsense, and mocking is catching.

The canine species is endowed with instinct, and the human with reason, but when the weather gets hot it makes no difference—the dog, as well as the man, changes his coat and pants!

Have no fears for the woman shot out of the cannon. Her feet are large enough to protect the rest of her body.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Wasn't it because this was a big feat you thought of that?

Observe the way in which the circus clown rolls his eyes when he answers his own conundrum of why a monkey, the Prince of Wales and a bald-headed man resemble each other. The head movement of the performer is everything, as the jokes themselves are somewhat mouldy.

Our Funny Contributor met a man in Lindsay lately, suffering from an overdose of absinthe, and expressed his sorrow at seeing him in such an emotional condition, but the man insisted on his perfect sobriety, saying that he had not tasted liquor in four years. "Great Cmsar!" remarked our contributor to a friend, "that's a long time for a drunk to last!"

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