

Originality is a mere *ignis fatuus*. The proverb, "Every man his own Boswell," ought to be altered into "every man his own plagiarist." When all the realms of fancy and fact lie before you in libraries or newspaper files, niggardly must be the loasel who grudges you a few browsings. For myself, I believe with SOLOMON, there is no such thing as plagiarism, because there is nothing which is new. Do you suppose, when DANIEL WEBSTER avowed that HAMILTON "touched the dead corpse of public credit which at once sprang into life," he meant to steal Lord AVONMORE's eulogium on BLACKSTONE? Who invented the "heart to resolve, head to contrive, and hand to execute?" GIBBON or JUNIUS. Or did they both steal from MACHIAVEL? For me, your correspondent, having a soul above vulgar prejudices, I purpose, assisted by a good conscience, to steal anything I have a mind to. This unlimited power of conveyance is the only term—save the cash arrangement—on which I can consent to lighten your darkness and that of your readers. It is a noble thing to be a debtor to his neighbour. The soul expands under the consciousness of mutual help.

Tues,

RICHARD DE DICKE.

Evenings with the Poets.

No. V.

GRIP has the extreme pleasure of announcing that, with an unparalleled disregard of expense, he has secured, per cable, the following contribution from England's Poet Laureate.

Dwelling so unreservedly as it does on the domestic life of the great poet himself, it will, no doubt, prove doubly interesting to subscribers:—

AN IDYLL.

THE WHOLE A WAIL.

As through the land at eve we went—
We'd been wed but two short years—
We fell out, my wife and I,
We fell out; I'll tell you why,
And why she boxed my ears.

Wide oped her ancient gums, and thus she shaped
The reason for so doing, like to this:
"It chanced last night, and ere 'twas early morn,
I, wakened by the am'rous Thomas Cat,
Love-prating to his tortoise-shelled mate
Upon the tiles that roof our dwelling in,
And thinking that if ever yet was wife
True to her love, so then was I to you,
Espied you moving with unsteady tread,
As of a man who wears a brick in hat,
Cross-legged with the juice of ancient rye
(Oh! never yet had woman such a fate),
And more, that when you winked with beery eye
At Sarah Ann, the parlour girl, that I
Was not so blind as then I seemed to be."

Thus on she chattered, like a brook or bird,
Till, weary of her prating, short I paused—
"Oh! babbling wife," said I, "whence so much tongue,
Whence comes it?" and my wife, to me, replies:

From out two rows of pearly teeth
I make a sudden sally,
Like soldier's sword from out my sheath,
I dart perpetually.
I fib, I fawn, I scold, I scorn,
Save when I pause to swallow;
I keep my husband on the hop,
For men are very shallow.
Then out again I skip, I jaw,
With many a shake and shiver;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"Blame not thy spouse too much," I said, "nor blame
Too much th' effect, oblivious of the cause."
"I own," I said, "I was a trifle beery."
"He owneth up," she said,
"He owneth up that he was beery,
"I would that I were dead!"

* She doesn't wish it more than I do.

A. T.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

No. VI.

Ask us not in tones of wonder,
"Is this tariff but a dream?"
Or "has CARTWRIGHT made a blunder?"
For things are not as they seem.

It is real! it is pressing!
A deficit's what we shun;
All thro' Surgeon Mac's transgressing
Must we bear this extra "dun."

For our country's debt is bigger
Than is to our statesman's taste;
That she may have a better figure
They think they must reduce the waste.

The *Globe* is pro the *Mail* is versus,
At each other still they rave;
Columns fraught with inky curses,
All because the Grits will save.

In the House of Commons wrangle,
In the bivouac at night;
Don't get matters in a tangle
Shew the Left a little fight.

Raise no scandal, tho' Pacific,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Leave't to BROWN to be tariffic,
BROWN, by whom the Pairty's led!

Lives of public men remind us
We can serve a weary time;
And, resigning, leave behind us
Many a friend and many a "dime."

Such an office that some Tory,
Now in unofficial shade;
Going where he's called by glory,
May be fatten'd up and paid.

Let us, then, be up—no shamming,
With a heart for any fate;
Pay the tariff without d——g,
And keep afloat the ship of State.

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

PLEASE EXPLAIN.—"THIS man BOWNE"—says the *Globe*, speaking of the late New York suicide—"seems to have been the cigar-end of a rake." Will the editor kindly explain the import of this certificate of character? GRIP cannot find a market gardener or implement dealer in the city who can tell which end of a rake "the cigar-end" is.

CONTRADICTION.—There is no foundation for the rumor that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about to institute proceedings against Mr. GRAND for knocking down horses, as it is alleged he does at anybody's bidding.

COMPLETE IT.—The newspapers are now styling the late member for Provencher, LOUIS RIEL, ex-M.P. Why not enigmatically describe the position of that gentleman by adding a T?

A SPECIFIC FOR THE CREDIT SYSTEM—Miller's Tick Destroyer.

GOOD FIELD FOR EMIGRANTS DURING THE COMMERCIAL PANIC—The Great Lone Land.

DOBSON (bachelor) seeing in the papers, that a society for promoting the burning of corpses has been formed in Switzerland, hopes cremation won't be introduced here, for he is sure if he were to die, his landlady would sell his ashes for soap; already, she sells his bear's grease to the ashman, and his handkerchiefs to the rag man.

THE prohibitionists say, they want to strike at the root of the evil. Let them wait till next summer, and then unearth the rye, barley, and grape vines.