

Essays by Eminent Persons.

No. 1.—HONESTY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE PREMIER.

DURING our school days the quotation "Honesty is the best policy" was made painfully familiar to our youthful minds under the most severe physical inconvenience, until we believed at last that "Honesty" was the greatest fraud in the copy book. Even the legend itself lost a large portion of its integrity by first being faintly inscribed in lead pencil by the writing master (during examination time) and carefully covered with the blackest of black ink by the boys, and palmed off as their original efforts to the wondering gaze of admiring parents and delighted visitors.

Perhaps the connection between the above and the promoters of the Pacific Slander Company may not at once be detected by eyes blinded by prejudice or minds gulled by partiality; but it does seem to us that now-a-days poor old Honesty's "occupation's gone," and that diplomatic shrewdness, tact, bonuses, considerations, party policy, smartness, *alias* Dishonesty, have taken its place. It can't be expected that Honesty can stand any such pressure as this. The man who runs off with \$40,000 of other peoples' money is merely a *defaulter*. No one would think of insulting him by calling him a *thief*. Lottery speculations frowned down by Act of Parliament, stigmatized as gambling by our spiritual pastors and masters, and very properly fined when carried on by the proprietors of faro banks, are yet allowed under the name of Bazaars for the benefit of some particular denomination or sect, the members of which go their whole "pile" with the utmost religious self complacency imaginable. The Bank Stock Swindler, through his clever knavery, causes the downfall of many a poorer and honest man (fascinated by high interest), suddenly "disappears," and is usually lionized in the following way: "SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE.—The friends of Mr. A. B., the respected capitalist, widely known for his many acts of philanthropy, will be pained to hear that gentleman has suddenly disappeared, in consequence of which the shares of the Quick Silver Sand Bank are merely worthless paper. His clever manipulations (stealings) are said to amount to \$500,000. Mr. A. B. has for many years resided in our midst and was largely respected and esteemed by all who knew him. His assets are, at present, unknown." The italics are intended to show the general carelessness to avoid any direct responsibility of newspaper proprietors. The plain English of all this is, Mr. A. B. is a very clever thief who has made his money by stealing other peoples, only it doesn't sound well, you see, to put it in plain English. Alas for poor old Honesty! Can we wonder at Pacific Slanders, or any other kind of scandals, when we are daily hiding his manly face with the vilest of black ink, misplaced phraseology?

A FOWL SUGGESTION!

This clever paragraph is from the *Sarnia Canadian*:

"A CHICKEN COMING HOME TO ROOST.—Curses like chickens come home to roost; and so does Louis Riel come from Manitoba, as a member of Parliament from Provencher, to roost upon the shoulders of BLAKE and MACKENZIE, who offered the bogus reward for his apprehension."

Nothing could be more improbable than that LOUIS RIEL, the man who has eluded arrest for a long time with such consummate dexterity, should do any such thing. Did the member for Provencher deem his cause lost, hanging or shooting would be far preferable to roosting on the shoulders of the worthy gentlemen above named. The disparity in their sizes is such as to render the position indicated supremely uncomfortable!

A LAUGHABLE CASE.

THE *Hamilton Spectator* said a very unfeeling thing the other day, when, in accepting the unhappy turn of affairs in South Huron, it so frankly exclaimed:

"It is their turn to laugh; but there has seldom been a case in which we could bear being laughed at with greater equanimity."

It will be remembered by all who ever see the *Spectator* that this same CASE was immeasurably lauded through its columns as everything that was excellent and important during the campaign; and then it had the heart to add this grain of wormwood to the brimming cup of mortification which that hapless gentleman was obliged to drink. MR. MARK TWAIN will have to trot out another and more exquisitely mean man if he wishes to keep the belt!

CUPID'S FIRE.

When PADDY winks, and tells you of his "flame,"
It is the "tinder sentiment" he'd name.

THE BALLAD OF MONSIEUR RIEL.

There once was a Frenchman called RIEL,
Who troubled the land a good deal,
For he rallied his boys,
And kicked up a great noise,
And trampled the law under heel.

In the midst of the riot so hot,
Rose a patriot by name THOMAS SCOTT;
Who, refusing to kneel
To Le President RIEL,
Was tied to a pillar, and shot.

Then the heavens seemed blackly to scowl,
And the country sent up a great howl,
The press cried aloud,
And the people for "Blood,"
And JOHN A. said 'twas "murder most foul!"

Then Le President RIEL, he cleared out,
And taking the overland route,
He got to St. Paul,
Where he sat on a wall,
Saying, "Things will blow over, no doubt."

So after stopping away,
Full many a wearisome day,
He esteemed the coast clear,
So he said *au revoir*!
And went back in a confident way.

But the land thirsted still for his gore,
As madly as ever, or more;
And the Cabinet with zest,
Was doing its best
To "capture the scamp," as before.

So of course, sirs, the moment they saw
This bold and red-handed outlaw,
They demanded that he—
Should their own member be,
In the Commons at brave Ottawa!

THE COMING DANBURY NEWSMAN.

HAVING seen it frequently and confidently asserted in print that there never was and never would be a writer of humorous "pieces" anything like Mr. J. MONTGOMERY BAILLY, famed "all over creation" as the *Danbury News Man*; and having been at the same time of opinion that this assertion was rash and incorrect, GRIP submits a demonstration of the truth of his opinion in the following original and inimitable (except, perchance by BAILLY,) narrative of

HOW MRS. BROWN DROWNED THE KITTENS.

She had been talking about it a good while, and Sunday she did it. While church was in she got the slop-pail, and wiped it out with her checkered apron. Then she set that slop-pail in the wood-shed, and filled that slop-pail with rain-water. Then she went to the barn, and brought the kittens out by the nape of their necks, and put them into that slop-pail. Then she went to the pantry, back of the fireplace, and took down a large tin dish, and returned with that tin dish, and placed it over the mouth of that slop-pail. Then she put a brick and a rusty axe-head on top of that tin dish. Then she rolled her arms in that checkered apron, and rested upon her left limb, all the while humming a serious air, and beating time to it with the toe of her right foot. Then those kittens sang small. Then 'bout an hour after this time, Mrs. Brown stopped humming and tapping. Then she unrolled her arms out of that checkered apron. Then she bent down and removed that brick and that axe-head from that tin dish. Then she took that tin dish off that slop-pail. Then she looked at those kittens, and pretty soon went into the house to see if the potatoes were done.

ON THE BON TONS' PART.

DEAR GWIR,—I observed the following vulgaw and —aw— silly wemawk, which I pvesume the Editaw thought awfully clevaw, in —aw— the lawst numbaw ov the *Cobourg Sentinel*:—

"~~Aw~~ Wood-sawyers are scarce in Toronto, and nice young mon who part their hair in the middle are sorely distressed."

Now, sir, would you mind —aw— saying fwom me to the stoopid outhaw ov the above, that fellows who pwefer to divide their hair in the centaw, do so uniformly with a comb, and are quite independent ov —aw— the fluctuations in the fuel market.

Yors, dear Sir,

G. DUNDEARY FITZSTAOR.

Jarvis Street, Wednesday.