

Confession of a Politician.

I am not a great politician. You may know that by this—that there are very few great politicians, while there are, as you all know, very many of me. We are of all sorts too; but of whatever sort we are, we work in a way, which is, to get a tail.

I don't mean one of the monkey, lion, cow, or tiger kind. What we call (for we have a private understandidg, the fraternity) a tail, is the number of people we can bring up to a polling-place.

We may do it in fifty ways. We may pretend to be very vehemently Orange, or very furious for the rights of the working-man, or very strong in favour of any religious body, or vary determined against all religion of any kind. Get with the peculiar lot you side with, puff them, speak to them, write about them, be very civil to the leaders, lend the weight of your assistance to any movement in the favour of your clique, and then before an election, go to a candidate. He'll know what you want. If he gets in, you'll get something.

It sounds very simple, but it's the way the country is ruled, for there are thousands of us, and really it's not half so simple as the folks we run up to the polls.

Hard Lines in Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Jan'y 1st, 1879.

Dear GRIP,—

Happy New Year, old boy, and many returns! Hope you're all right. I, alas! have no turkey, not even goose—plum pudding out of the question—all eaten up by strangers—(fact!) What do you pay for your weekly hash in Toronto?—I must leave here; can't stand the racket. My landlady informs me to-day that "by reason of the number of travellers" she will be obliged to raise the prices. Now, as a resident of the Capital I can bear with this state of things during the session, in modest stillness and humility, but at this season of the year it is really too bad! From the rising of the sun until the setting of the same, each train brings in its legion of carpet baggers. MICKS and mendicants from Montreal; high-toned hairpits from Hamilton; la' de da loungers from London; confident coves from Kingston; quasi quality squirts from Quebec; Trinity College tramps *en grande tenue*, from Toronto; queer customers clad in coon-skin coats from Muskoka; and hardy habitants in hairy habiliments from Hochelaga—all are herding here—and each expects a Government situation excepting therout those who are seeking a contract. Now, in the name of the Continental Congress, what are they all going to do? The Body Guard is full, and no other recruits for the army are wanted as far as heard from, but yet they still keep pouring in, raising grub up to "hotel prices" to the detriment of poor fellows like me. However, the general *tout ensemble* denotes a want of shekels, and I judge their time here will be short, especially as I hear that JOHN A. has organized a force armed with stuffed clubs to prevent their admission to the lobbies.

Kindly answer, send hash card if possible.

Yours in hunger,

SPUD EATER.

Poloteccian.

A Fragment.

Scene—Political headquarters. Politicians sitting around table. Pipes, cigars on table. "Refreshments" in cupboard.

FIRST POL.—The time goes slowly on; I would 'twere five o'clock. I doubt not but the Election's quite secure, But would 'twere over.

SECOND POL.—Wilt take a smile? Although in this we contravene the Act, Let's have a bowl!

FIRST POL.—Well said; now let us drink A flowing bowl to the success of LEYS.

THIRD POL.—Marry, good Sirs, I'll join with you in this.

Thrice have ye both unto that cupboard gone And never asked had I on me a mouth; Think you, my countrymen, that you alone do feel Anxiety? Come pass the ruby round, I now propose a toast! (*Glasses filled*).

FIRST and SECOND POLS.—A toast! a toast!

THIRD POL.—(*All rise*).—Confusion to MORRIS,

He's not the man for us;

Let's wave in the breeze

The standard of LEYS!

ALL.—(*Drink together*).—Hooraay!

Enter Scout.

SCOUT.—Good gentlemen, I rode here in hot haste! I bring news from Ghent—I mean from Cabbagetown, They say the Count himself is up in arms And mustering his fierce Cossacks of the Don; These are no Volga fellows to despise, If so we must look sharp!

FIRST POL.—Oh, he be hanged! I fear none such as he, for I have heard That he is likened to a barber's cat—all wind, Away with you again for further news.

SCOUT.—All right!

Exit Scout.

FIRST POL.—'Tis almost five; we soon will have the news; And we must win if everything is square; The disappointed workingman has said That he no longer will in patience brook The insolence of upstart U.E. swells; And then the lawyers, all partic'lar friends, "A fellow feeling makes them wond'rous kind," Besides the cry "Non Resident" will tell And thus will tend to make success more sure.

Clock strikes 5.

Enter Agents, Scrutineers, &c., from all quarters.

CHORUS OF AGENTS &c.—Oh woeful day! oh sad, oh woeful day! We're short, we're busted!

FIRST POL.—Beaten, do you mean?

CHORUS.—Yes, beaten!

POLITICIANS.—(*All together*).—Hades!

FIRST POL.—Well, let the Opposition have their fling, We'll make them tell a different tale next spring!

Curtain.

New Year's Resolves of Grip, and Reasons therefor.

1.—That he remain in Toronto from this time henceforth and become a Paddock Holder.

For verily he shall be exempted.

2.—That in spite of the earnest requests of his friends innumerable he will not run for Mayor this year.

For he cannot find time to expend in refuting charges already insinuated that he was at one period of his life a clothes line stripper and hen roost invader, besides he does not care to become a seventh "Richmond in the field."

3.—That he will not go to Ottawa to seek a Government situation "because Sir JOHN is now in power power you know."

For he knows he couldn't get it.

4.—That he will send his war correspondent no further East than the Don (Ont.), that river being somewhat healthier than the Ganges, and the surroundings almost as cold as the Hindoo Koosh, nor will he let the said correspondent ingratiate himself with any of the Royal Dukes, that he may in an underhand way find out the ideas as to DIZZY's policy or the climate of Cyprus.

For it's mean, that's what it is. It's mean.

5.—That he will still continue to guide his fellow colonists in the way they should go with all zeal, and with as thorough a knowledge of their requirements as if he were a veritable "Old Country" journalist who erstwhile has wept for the unfortunate soldier of the line plodding his weary way up Lake Ontario on the ice.

For in obeying the bequests and following the advice of Mr. GRIP (let the people take cognizance at once) they and their families will flourish like a green baize tree, for his words are words of wisdom and the true National Policy is contained therein.

Log of Yonge Street Tram-Steamer.

BILLY BUSTER, MASTER.

Toronto, Jany. 1st, 1879.

6 p.m.—Weighed anchor, King corner: ran 14 yards, and hove to or three minutes.

6.03.—Went on again for one minute.

6.06.—Off HARRY PIPER'S: hove to three minutes for steamer sailing south.

6.11.—Sailing easy at half-knot an hour.

6.15.—Sighted Queen corner, hove to for four minutes to rest engines.

6.17.—Forward again at fair snail's speed. Hailed several coal barges.

6.19.—Hove to for schooner No. 2: went on cautiously at half-knot.

6.25.—Off Park gate estuary. Navigated thence at quarter-knot to Fire Hall Promontory. Hove to for two minutes.

6.35.—Sighted punt of rheumatic old woman who left City Hall pier when we were off HARRY PIPER'S. She signalled derisively.

6.37.—Hove to three minutes for schooner No. 3, and to oil machinery.

6.40.—Clover Hill bay, accidentally progressed at five knots for twelve yards. Hove to and rested engines.

6.45.—Unloaded freight at Bloor point.

7.00.—Ran into Yorkville harbour after fair voyage of two miles. Such is life!

C. WILY,
Chairman of Navigation Company.