

Grip's Political Parodies.

A Dream of Great Canadians.

Vide—"A Dream of Fair Women."—By TENNYSON.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
The "*Lives of Great Canadians*," long ago
Told by the sapient MORGAN, he who made
The book whose sale was slow.

He, MORGAN—not the Mason—whose sweet tale
Precluded wakefulness when read, and will
Till sleep induced by bores the eyes shall fail.
The man is writing still.

A little while my wonder at his art
Held me above the subject, till strong gales,
Laden with fume of onions, from the part
Where cook-maids scour the pails,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumined,
Freedom and jobbery walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

I started once, or seemed to start, in pain,
Resolved on noble things, I strove to speak,
To make bright freedom free from jobs again;
But I had not the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to pull down
A minister from his portfolio,
Held but two days; the man methought was Brown
And then, *how* I don't know.

All those cheap fancies, by downlapsing thought
Streamed onward, lost their edges, and did creep,
Rolled on each other, rounded, smoothed and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wandered far
O'er a broad floor, freshwashed, as seats were too,
Till laughter, from the region of the bar,
Drew me the scene to view.

I knew the place, I knew the men, I knew
The cheerful glimmer of the bottles drawn
On those long shelves in rows, while not a few
The counter were upon.

Then from before me a clear undertone
Thrilled through mine ears from out that blissful clime:
"Pass, stranger, in, and make a seat thine own,
And say what drink is thine."

I did, and saw a gentleman treat all,
Joking from old JOE MILLEN, standing there;
A barrister-at-law, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

His utterance with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech; he turning on my face
The wandering glances of his wily eyes,
Spoke slowly from his place:

"I long held power; MORGAN tells my name;
No one could be more wise, till bribery
I thought would help our side; from which came shame
And great calamity."

"Too bad, clean-handed knight! in any field,
Myself for such a bribe had boldly lied,"
I answered free, and, turning, I appealed
To one that stood beside.

But he, with sick and scornful lips averse,
To his full height his stately stature draws;
"For years," he said, "I wasna worth a curse;
You men there was the cause."

"I was cut off from lopo, till his disgrace
Gave to the pairty, which I long had led,
Poore and sawlary, and me the place
Which GEORDIE coveted."

Whereto the other, with a downward bow,
"I would the white, cold, heavy, bungling Brown,

With his ill-temper, led the 'pairty' now;
I soon would have him down."

I turning, saw, where no decanters rise,
One sitting on the *Daily Globe* unrolled,
A man with long-drawn cheeks and fishy eyes,
In his demeanour cold.

He flashing forth a solemn scowl, began,
"I governed through the *Globe*, and so I swayed
All moods. I tell you what, my man,
Once when I spoke, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of Grit blood
According to my humor ebb and flow;
I have no Grits to govern now, or would;
'Twas BLAKE that made my woe.

"Nay-yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull, cold-blooded Irishman. Say, friends,
Why don't you stick to rye?"

(To be Continued.)

Never Touch Rum.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER III.

JOHN DUSENBURY, after a few trifling errors, a few false starts, became a very wonderful accountant. The head porter of the establishment, an intemperate and envious man, who had been long in Mr. DUMPLER's employ, one day, after undue indulgence in rum, asserted in a loud voice:—"I'll be blest, if that there temperance feller knows how many beans makes five."

JOHN, who overheard this unwarranted remark, at once saw that the time had arrived for putting down the porter and distinguishing himself. He had a lofty confidence in his power to solve the problem thus suddenly suggested; dismounting, therefore, from his stool, he walked boldly into the wareroom, confronted the audacious porter, and to that functionary's intense mortification, amid the applause of all who listened, returned the correct solution. The news of this extraordinary mathematical feat travelled far and wide, and added to the reputation of our hero. Many prominent members of the different temperance societies waited upon JOHN DUSENBURY, but he would join no organization on account of the pledge.

"I love to think," he would say, "that the promise to my mother is the only one which binds me. From respect to her memory I cannot supersede it by another. Never will I break the obligation she imposed on me. Rum shall never pass these lips."

He would often drop into a cool, shady little saloon up Yonge street, and say, as he passed the bar:

"A drop of the same—not much sugar—mind, no rum. O, mother, mother!"

What "*the same*" was we are not at liberty to state, for the quantity our hero imbibed was too small to be of any consequence. We mention the circumstance, only to illustrate the consistency with which he kept the very letter of his youthful promise to his maternal parent.

JOHN DUSENBURY had not been ten years in the employ of Mr. DUMPLER, when that worthy but bibulous man finally shook off the evil habit which had been the bane of his life. In short, he died.

As his profits had been only about seven thousand dollars a year, and as he had, for some time previous to his death, spent on his fatal vice an average of eighty-seven and a half cents each day, it is, perhaps, needless to say that his affairs were badly involved; as JOHN DUSENBURY, who had sole charge of his books and papers, easily proved to the creditors. JOHN offered, from affection for his late employer, to take the business himself, and guarantee the creditors twenty-five per cent. on their claims; an offer which was gladly accepted. After this occurrence, our hero rapidly increased in wealth and girth, and was looked upon as so exceedingly virtuous and important a citizen, that, we have no doubt, had he been a married man, his children would have been admitted into good society.

CHAPTER IV.

We fortunately live in a country where a reputation like that of JOHN DUSENBURY is considered by a large and influential class of the community the proper passport to Parliamentary honors.

The specious arguments of immoral men, who assert that knowledge of public affairs, talent, breadth of view, and liberal toleration for the