

The Montreal "Herald" and "Gazette."

The *Herald* was a mighty man,
As mighty as could be,
And yet the eight-page great *Gazette*
Was mightier than he—
At least its Editor, you know,
Sir Thomas vowed the fact was so.

The world is wide, but oh! how sad,
Not wide enough you see
For two such great, such mighty men
To live in harmony,
They jeer'd, they chaff'd each other—oh!
I thought, 'twas naughty boys did so.

One day the great *Gazette* was sick,
His trembling lips were blue,
For "party exigencies" made
Him say what was not true.
The crisis came—to be exact
When he was forced to own the fact.

He writhed—he cried, "Pull down the blinds,
Shut out the light from me;
I want no prying eyes to mark
My pain, my agony."
But time passed on—his hide was tough,
At length he grew quite well enough.

The *Herald* man, with naughty glee,
Had probed his *confreere's* sore,
And at each wild contortion, he,
The *Herald* laughed the more.
This was unkind—one ought to know
'Tis wrong to kick a fallen foe.

So when the great *Gazette* grew strong
"Deep vengeance," was his cry,
To catch the *Herald* on the hip,
He strove most earnestly.
At length there came—or so he thought—
A chance, and at the chance he caught.

One Manson failed—that's nothing strange,
But Manson was M. P.
For Brome—"Ha! ha!" the *Herald* cried,
"Here's fraud and bribery!"
He used the cash for buying votes
That should have paid his business notes."

Fierce then, the great *Gazette* he drew
His sword—I mean his pen,
And vowed the *Herald* was beneath,
The scorn of honest men;
So scurilous he was, so base,
He shamed the Editorial race.

"You say he wronged his creditors,
Can you prove the fact with ease;
Then prove it,"—Said the *Herald*, "we
Will prove it when we please."
Then swelled the great *Gazette* with ire,
And soon he dubbed his *confreere* "liar."
"Ha!" quoth the *Herald*, "ha! ha! ha!
You called me 'liar,' see
Your foul abuse goes home to roost
You paltry thingamy,
You 'party exigency' hack,
Go wash your conscience white—Tom Black."

Thus waged the war, 'twas very sad,
'Twas pitiful to see;
The *Herald's* knuckles should be rapped;
The great *Gazette*—why he,
Should learn at least this truth, "Alick,
The pot can't call the kettle black."

GARDE.



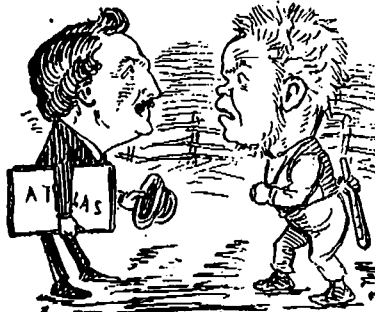
Journalistic Geography.

Schoolmaster.—Now, can any boy tell me what is the difference between a Globe and a World?
Pupil (ex newsboy).—Two cents on the morning edition, sir!

How to Deliver an Atlas.

A Drama in Three Acts.

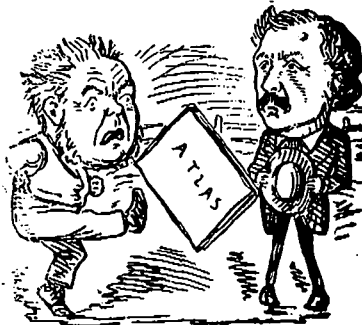
ACT I.



Agent.—I have called to deliver the Atlas for which you subscribed. It will be twelve dollars and a —

(Tableau.)

ACT II.



Subscriber.—O'll taich yez to ax me for twilve dollars, yo thafe av the world!

(Tableau.)

ACT III.



Subscriber.—I beg yer pardon, Misther O'Rafferty; shuro, be me sowl, I didn't know yuz wor Oirish!

(Tableau.)

Slashbush on Confederation of the Empire.

It was a peaceful Sabbath afternoon, and a quiet and happy calm pervaded the Slashbush homestead. The old man had dropped off in a sleep on the parlor sofa, having vainly attempted to keep himself awake by perusing "Fox's Book of Martyrs." The parlor itself had a very somnolent tendency. The two peacock feathers, placed saltierwise over the mantelpiece, hung their heads drowsily, and the two white china dogs, with black ears and red eyes, on either end of the same, seemed to be transfixed in a trance. The ancient sampler on the wall, emblazoned with a duplicate alphabet in "Roman" and "Italic," and the naive

and age of the maker thereof, presented a peculiarly subdued look, however brilliant the original coloring of that work of art might have been, and the window curtains being kept down to insure the carpet from the fading action of the sun's rays, the Slashbush chamber of state was not of a very lively character. Yes, old Mr. Slashbush slept; not so with Gustavus, who sat with his sister Almira in the kitchen. He seemed very depressed in spirit, and a troubled look over-spread his intellectual visage.

"Almiry," said he, "I was never so disappointed with any public man in my life. I can scarce believe it. And a Reformer, too! Why the oldest and most fossil Tory would not dare to propose such a dangerous measure. I did not think it of him. I didn't indeed."

"Who on airth is troubling you now?" asked his sister, staring abstractedly at "Christian" with his bundle in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

"Who? Why of the 'people's Edward.' It is he to whom I allude."

"The 'people's Edward?' Land sakes! Who's he?"

Gustavus smiled faintly. "Such is fame! But stay, you are but a woman, Almiry. I allude to the Hon. Edward Blake, Q. C., and his idea of Imperial Confederation. He would have Canada to have representatives in England, and that we should interfere with matters of state there—which interference would be reciprocated by them, to use a mutual expression I once saw in the "Sporting Column" of the *Mail*, by "shoving in their own" here when not desired. Imperial interference with our affairs is just what we should avoid. We are exceedingly patriotic now, and will remain so as long as our own Government is untrammelled. But once the Colonial Office, or any other "bureau" at home, commenced dictating to us you would see our 'loyalty' growing beautifully less. What?" continued Gustavus, warming up, "what does he want anyway? We are free enough now, and have got enough to do minding our own affairs. If we are to have a say in bringing on foreign wars and so forth, of course the Home Government will expect us to contribute our share of the expenses. Yes, and perhaps men—Almiry, just fancy," and Gustavus raised his voice in the excitement, "just fancy me being torn from home, and made to wear a bob-tail red coat, and a helmet as big as a small sugar kettle, in the jungles of Africa or India! Just fancy—"

"Dad bob your duration long tongue, can't you even keep it quiet on the Sabbath?" roared old Slashbush, whose nap his son's remarks had disturbed. "Durn ye, ye ought to travel with a circus side-show. You all-fired critter, shut up!" Silence once more reigned supreme in the Slashbush household.



The Bond Street Scour.

Rev. Dr. W—d.—Keep right on, my boy; you're nobly fulfilling prophecy, though you don't know it.