

What "Grip" Loves.

SECOND EDITION.

I love a mule, with ears so long,
With classic brow and tail so slim,
Who kicks so high, and kicks so strong,
There ain't no discount onto him.

I love the poor downtrodden Pat,
Hibernia's laughing, careless son.
Who wears a "dhudeen" in his hat,
Who's ripe for whiskey and for fun.

I love the warty, spotted toad,
Who meets you with a placid smile,
He'll hop on with you down the road,
The weary distance to beguile.

I love to hear the diamond drill
Revolving on the safe below;
I know he will not split it, till
I bag him for the jug—you know.

And don't I love my midnight guest,
For a policeman till I tire,
But no, "ROBERTO" is at rest,
In some warm kitchen with MARIA.

I love the gaseous volunteer,
Who'll tell you how he levelled down
A desperate striking engineer,
Last winter down at Belleville town.

I love the Anti-Dunkins too,
Who moderation preach forsooth:
Who say they're Anti-Drinkers too,
Though thereby they blaspheme the truth.

I love the gentle household bug,
Who wakens you with kindly touch:
I love his honest-hearted mug,
I love, I love him *very much*.

I love my rich old aunty's gold,
(A blessing on her hoary head!)
Although my saying it seem bold,
I truly wish that she were dead.

The Laurier Election.*(The Conservative Papers.)*

DRUMMOND AND ARTHABASKA ELECTION.—Nothing shews in a clearer and more eminently lucid light than the great fact, brought into magnificent relief by this election, that our fellow-electors of Quebec are now superior to all mercenary motives, and hold aloof from all religious influences. Despising the golden offers of a reckless and impure Administration, looking with a single eye to the interests of their country, and the demerits of the incapable LAURIER, they have risen in their might, and hurled from the polls the unfortunate nominee of a vile and traitorous faction, &c., &c., &c.

QUEBEC ELECTION.—Nothing shows in a clearer and more eminently lucid light than the great fact, brought into melancholy relief by this election, that our fellow-citizens of Quebec are a prey to the most abominable corruption, and the most contemptible sectional divisions. Accepting the money proffers of a despicable Government, careless of the vast national interest committed to their charge, they have elected the miserable dupe of the crafty MACKENZIE, rivetted afresh the fetters, &c., &c., &c.

(The Reform Papers.)

DRUMMOND AND ARTHABASKA ELECTION.—It is sad to observe the extreme apathy and astonishing indifference with which our French Canadian co-patriots view the great questions of the day. Misled by the most baseless fabrications, driven like sheep at the command of their rulers, they have committed an action never exceeded in its shameful-ness—they have rejected the noble LAURIER. There is little if any hope in the gloomy vista of the French Canadian future. Duped, led, and driven, their lot is slavery, intellectual, religious and physical, &c., &c., &c.

QUEBEC ELECTION.—Nothing at the present moment is of more cheering effect than to notice the vivid interest displayed by our French Canadian friends in the political issues of the moment. Careless of Tory *canards*, unswayed by religious influence, thinking only of their country, the majority of Mr. LAURIER speaks for itself. We have firm hope in the French Canadians—firm confidence in their brilliant destiny. Strong in religious, political and commercial honesty, they will form the chief reliance of all honest men—all patriots. It will be theirs to present a firm front against, &c., &c., &c.

The Big Butternut.*To the Editor of GRIP:*

SIR:—It is the butternut season, and, of course, we had some, and as is usual, we were cracking them to get at the kernels. But there was one big butternut—a monster butternut, on which the nutcrackers had no effect, and, having sharply nipped my thumb in the endeavour to crack him, (I use the personal pronoun because I know he was not a butternut, but a fiend in the shape of a butternut.) I got angry. I said to my wife "JEMIMA JANE, I will crack that butternut." I got the axe, stood the fiend on the floor and hit him on the head. He would not crack. I hit him again. He did not crack. I hit him again. JEMIMA JANE exclaimed, "TIMOTHY, you are punching a hole in the carpet!" I said, "I will crack that butternut!" I hit him again. JEMIMA JANE cried, "O TIMOTHY, you are driving it through the carpet into the floor!" I said, "I will crack that butternut!" I hit him again. He was now partly driven into the floor, which liberated my left hand. The whole family, including my fat uncle, were interestedly crowding round, while even the cat, sitting in the window, looked on in wonder—a feeling soon changed on her part for another, for now with both hands I fetched the demon such a crack that he burst with a sound like a cannon, and half of him flew into the cat's left eye, causing that startled feline to leap straight through a pane of glass down to the stoop, twelve feet below, overturning a pan full of flour on herself in the transit, and coming down with an awful clatter close to the dog, who was sitting looking at nothing, and now saw instead a tremendous white cloud, out of which leaped a terrible ghost all eyes and tail, which flew by him, filling his nose with more flour than he thought ever existed, and generally unequanimizing him to such an extent that he incontinently tumbled backwards into the water butt, tumbled out, and made off in the opposite direction from that the cat had taken. Neither have returned. The other half of the butternut is to be heard from. You shall hear from it, or rather of it,—or rather of him,—or rather of the half of him—the fiend, the monster, the wizard butternut. That second half resolved in mischief to be the better half. It projected itself with the momentum of a sharpnel against the peculiarity sensitive—the hereditarily sensitive—the always carefully guarded—always till now—nose of my fat uncle. Is it to be wondered that that individual, quivering in every nerve, stepped suddenly backwards? He did, and, as no doubt observed by the fiend, behind him was my daughter's great square glass, five barrel aquarium. He sat on it; he weighs three hundred pounds. The crash of glass—the deluged room, the terrified fishes, reptiles, and screaming family intermixed, may be imagined. I draw a veil, merely remarking that all the plaster came off the heavily stuccoed ceiling below, that all there is destroyed, the piano smashed, three silk dresses ruined, my uncle's many dollars going after death to where his many pounds now go to visit—a rival nephews' and worse than all, the unceasing reproaches of JEMIMA JANE for what was not my fault, but the butternut's. This too, he planned. Sir, I write to you that your readers may not admit the possessed vegetables into their houses, and remain yours,
Toronto, Nov. 28, 1877. TIMOTHY TITMOUSE.

Thick Darkness.

That "unco' guid" paper, the *Globe*, with self sacrificing zeal applauds the Government on its carrying out of the death sentence on the Weston murderer, and—the Government is happy. We had almost thought the *Globe* was advancing, or, which is the same thing, the world was getting wise enough to know that brutal punishments and all such hindrances to progress were best thrown overboard into space, so as to permit of its whirling along more comfortably. GRIP is waking up to a sense of his mistake, and the bird of wisdom 'owls' dismally as the deepening darkness strengthens his visual or ans and enables him to see amid the gathering gloom, (the dawn of night, as the Irish editor calls it), the refreshing spectacle of a human body dangling by the neck at the end of a rope. "Sermons in candles" GRIP doesn't like. There is too much light. But a sermon hanging in a noose, with a select body of noosepaper reporters hanging around, and a crowd of disappointed loafers hanging about, and on, the prison gates and walls, beseeching "permits to view," has an element of gloom in it which delights the venerable bird, for (how unlike the age we live in!) GRIP feels at home in midnight darkness. But new light is coming, the night is over. GRIP feels the dawn, and, shivering, hides his head beneath his wing, and ceasing to hoot at the darkness, sleep steals upon his senses. Human justice wakes, takes off the bandage from its eyes, and beholds itself in its true form of mercy and infinite respect for the life of even a murderer, while the *Globe* takes up the song and hoots at the light, less efficiently than GRIP did at the darkness. Oh! our prophetic soul! This howl is genuine. It isn't ravin'.

It is regretted by his many ardent admirers that Mr. TUPPER, the heir-apparent, has now for many weeks been suffering with a sore throat. Doctor GRIP, the eminent Canadian physician, finds that the Conservative prince is indeed a much afflicted patient. At last season's pic-nics a *soar* voice incessantly troubled the great orator by engendering *flying* statements; gyrating figures; highly stretched facts; and inflated truths. Alas, poor TUPPER! GRIP has prescribed two bushels of torches; two ditto of cough-drops; total abstinence in blue-book hash and trade statistics; and, as a last resource, a journey to the Mediterranean.