

Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co. have issued a neat edition of Mr. Jas. Hughes' handy little work on Canadian History, which was prepared at the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Vincent, President of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. The work contains a concise statement of the facts of Canadian history arranged topically, and will prove of great value to students and all others who wish to refresh their memories on the subject—and there is perhaps no subject that people in general know less about—especially in Canada.

**Professor Colombos Vordzplidder.**  
(Continued from No. 8.)

It has escaped my memory as to whether Reporter GRIP partook of the cup proffered by the Scotch colored man. I only remember that he suffered for some time from a kind of mental catarrh, which had the effect of making him shake hands all round in a pathetic manner, the tears meanwhile raining down his cheeks and dropping into the vasty deeps of space below. He was also a little sea-sick, caused, probably, by the see-sawing of the balloon, or by seeing what he saw in the planet. Immediately on his recovery, however, he, with an ingenuity characteristic of the man, invented a system of communication with the planet, by means of what he termed a phonotroscope. Thus, in answer to the question, "Do you understand our language?" he arranged, on the opaque side of the balloon, four bright Bengal-lights so as to form gigantic characters signifying, "We understand, go ahead!" Thou we applied our eyes to the telescope. Up went these Mercurian imps and in less than no time the wall was covered from top to bottom with hieroglyphics, which I now give as interpreted by Reporter GRIP:—"This comet which you now see is an electrical engine which our forefathers sent out in order to see if it were practicable to communicate with your Earth, but the galoots in charge have forgotten how to turn the reverse screw, and as the electricity is produced in an increasing ratio by the perpetual motion of the engine, it is possible they may go on *in perpetuo* or until they find out how to reverse the helm, and, by getting into the elliptical current, steer straight for the Earth. From recent indications it would appear as though they had almost hit on the right method. The engine came near you this time, and although it has again receded we should not be surprised to find that it had only retreated a couple of billion miles or so, after the manner of a skillful vaulter, in order to acquire sufficient impetus to return and knock you endwise. Do not be alarmed; the chief inconveniences will be a change of climate, and that you'll get used to. The rotations of the earth, however, will be so accelerated that the extra spinning and whirling will produce a general flattening and softening of the crust, revolving with such rapidity as to become first pear-shaped, and ultimately long and pointed like a cigar. Your world may then be said to have literally come to an end—nay, to two ends, one round and the other pointed. If you don't feel the whirling going on now you won't then. We Mercurians think you ought to be smart enough to utilize this coming to an end of your planet, by disemboweling it and converting it into a planetary telescope with phonetoscope attached. Charge the rubbish with electricity, set fire to it and pitch it overboard into space; it will only cause a shower of meteoric stones on some of the other planets, and afford food for speculation among the learned savans of Saturn, Jupiter, or maybe Venus. You will easily recognize the returning comet by the illumined trail she leaves behind, like the trail of a ship on the waters. It will —" Here the colored individual, possessed by the spirit who is denied by some to exist, turn-

ed a valve, and in two minutes we were falling, drifting, driving down amid the clouds and mists that surround the earth. I soon obtained control, however, but Professor Sebright thought it best to descend, much against the will of Reporter GRIP, who declared that we "envied him the light of you pure world that woe'd him to its brink." It was evident, however, that thoiden of his unprecedented "scoop" consoled him wonderfully. We arrived on the morning of the 20th, all well, our beards having grown three inches in the interval.  
Profoundly yours,  
COLOMBOS VORDZPLIDDER.

**The Queen City.**

Fair city of gardens, Toronto the peaceful,  
In gladness I see thee admirably now,  
By the water's cool margin in state thou reclinest,  
A bright jewel set in Ontario's brow.  
Oh! who would recall, knowing aught of thy beauty,  
The scenes of romance that have long passed away,  
When the copper-skinned squaw reared the rude-  
fashioned wigwam,  
And the birch bark canoe glided over thy bay?  
What tho' the bright axe in the broad hand of progress,  
Has swept the tall pine-forests out of our sight,  
The lords of creation, the solitude lonely,  
Have peopled with laughter, and sunshine, and light.  
Yet as from the hills of the north we behold it,  
Our wondering vision the fair city greets,  
Embowered in verdure, as if the great forest,  
Were transplanted bodily into its streets.  
And tho' the bold red-skins no more wield the paddle,  
Impelling the bark o'er the water's grey tide,  
We've a thousand good oarsmen, with Hanlan, the  
mighty,  
To follow their footsteps, and flatter our pride.  
Oh city! fair city! 'tis pity, tis pity,  
That for thee 'tis as yet an impossible feat,  
To sweep out dark vice, with destruction's broad bosom,  
'Twould make thee forever an Eden complete.  
Oh! men of Toronto, our city requires us,  
To transform bad citizens into the best,  
Then make yourselves worthy of such a grand city,  
Ye warm-hearted sons of Ontario West!



A PICTURE PAINTED FOR THE "MAIL."

The *Mail* prints another long article against GRIP. It is evident that inextinguishable hatred of the comic fowl finds a home under the shirtfront of the remorseless Plumb. No one who has seen an angry grander hissing at a pointed finger will be surprised in the least.—*Globe, Thursday.*

Mr. Blake's illustrated organ, in common with its illustrious master, has been subjected to criticism by the Conservative press; but no Tory newspaper has as yet said anything so unkind of the raven as has the *Globe*, which yesterday spoke of the "inextinguishable hatred of the comic fowl." Inextinguishable hatred should not be a characteristic of a comic fowl, but the comic fowl's companion in arms knows perhaps better than anyone else the comic fowl's characteristics. The *Globe* speaks of an angry grander hissing at the comic fowl. Why does it not complete the picture, and include in it the meditative ass, who is looking on, and entreating a warm feeling towards the comic fowl, because it recognizes in the fowl's crow sounds resembling its own bray?—*Mail, of Friday.*

Being ever willing to oblige our esteemed contemporary the *Mail*, we endeavor to "complete the picture" suggested. Our artist has had considerable difficulty, however, in twisting the *Mail's* version into shape.

**National and Personal Trials.**

This is a funny age we live in, I must say! What with comets and eclipses, assassinations and the world coming to an end, a fellow has no peace of his life.

When I was a shaver going to school, I used to think nothing ever happened in our time like history; there were neither wars, famines, nor riots—in fact nothing interesting. But now, after a quarter of a century's experience, I kind of fancy we'll have a pretty good showing in history. There was the assassination of Lincoln, D'Arcy McGee, George Brown, and the Czar, the Fenian raid, the Pacific Scandal, and the Victoria Disaster. And now, to wind up, they have shot President Garfield.

I ain't personally acquainted with him, but I should judge he was a mighty fine fellow. Nobody has a bad word to say for him, now he's near dead; but if I don't forget, during the elections some papers hinted broadly that he wasn't what he ought to be, but one can't trust implicitly in what they say at such times.

I am suffering under a fear of assassination myself just now. A witch of a woman applied for the position of occasional laundress at our house, and bothered me to use my influence on her behalf with my aunt. I refused gently but firmly, telling her I would not have such a drunken old hag as she was around the place. Since then her little boys heave rocks at me every time I enter or leave the house. Their motto is "We never sleep," and they stick to it too awfully well. No matter what time I go home, early or late, I am greeted by a volley of missiles, ranging from mud to brick-bats. The same spirit that animated the arm that laid Garfield low, causes the stones to be hurled at me.

It is sad indeed that having the gift of offices, whether small or great, under one's patronage should raise up enemies with pistols and decayed eggs to buffet one, when it naturally should make friends for one. I am afraid the system can not be entirely done away with. Competitive examinations would be good, only that it is hard to raise a standard of requirements for public offices where so little knowledge or sense is wanted. It would be hard to find a boy of sixteen who could not fill the best paid positions in the civil service. I will proceed no further. I fear my troubles are making me misanthropical. I think things have fallen pretty low when I should apprehend assassination.

**Parkhill Enterprise.**

We find the following item in the *Parkhill Gazette*:—"Mr. Phippen's new hearse is one of the sights of the village. It is one of the handsomest carriages we have ever seen. It would be good enough for a city, with first-class pavement, and yet we understand he is to charge no more than he did for the old one. Mr. Phippen has put Parkhill and neighborhood under obligations. An opportunity is now within the reach of every one of conveying the remains of their departed loved ones in one of the most elegant hearses ever seen in Western Ontario." The Parkhill undertaker certainly deserves praise for his enterprise. We join the *Gazette* in bestowing it, and sincerely hope he may never find the grand new hearse anything but an ornament in front of his shop.

**English Rhymes.**

A young swell who calls himself Beauchamp  
Had a loved one who said she would teachamp,  
To call himself Bowshamp,  
But still he'd no neushamp  
To change it in spite of her preauchamp.  
Another young swell they call Grosvenor  
Had a row 'bout a girl with his Gosvenor,  
But he told the old earl  
That he'd marry the gearl,  
For he vowed that he couldn't help losvenor.