



## MEREDITH'S MEDITATIONS.

Go to! thou Weekes!  
Dolt, dunderhead, idiot, imbecile!  
Tremendous tenderfoot, avault!  
Phosphorescent flou—phosphorescent  
Because thy light is feeble, faint and false—  
Get thee gone!  
Conspicuous chromo!  
Confounded crank!  
Take thou thy hateful shape  
Into a cedar swamp,  
And hide it in a hollow log  
Till jackals scent it out and spoil  
Their fangs upon thy pachydermatous cuticle  
And frame-work petrified,  
An' were thy patronymic simply Weak,  
It had been meet;  
For thou art weak indeed—  
Aye! Even as is Mowat's hold on office,  
Oras th' alleged tea served  
In yon boarding palace—  
Weak in calm courage!  
Weak in 'cate cogena!  
Weak in common sense!  
But, oh! not weak in gall,  
Nor yet in breath when in committee-room  
The flagon goeth round from mouth to mouth,  
And all do much enthuse  
And full become  
Of overproof sanguinity!  
Thou sought'st the wherewithal  
To guide the vacillating voter.  
Twas well!  
Thou would'st have been all primed  
With able arguments  
To this great end.  
The potent potion which 'tis good to give  
The undecided holder of  
The precious franchise,—  
To calm his perturbed soul,  
And 'ford cool reason chance  
To point him on his way—  
That potion it was thine  
For but the asking;  
Put up in phials each purchaser to suit,  
And kept by all respectable committee-men—  
None genuine  
Be not the name blown full well  
And truly in the bottle.  
Thou had'st an order for it  
Filled one time before, Weekes!  
And, *certainly*, thou did'st handle it right smart.  
But this time—  
A plague upon thee, mutton-headed,  
Moon-eyed mischief-maker!  
Thou'st missed it!  
Aye, missed it,  
And by a mammoth miss—  
A chalk so long  
That thy splaw feet would fail thee  
Did'st thou strive to stride along it  
To the end.  
Thou true descendant of Simoneux Simplex,  
What led thy shambling steps  
Into the camp of dastard grits?  
Oh, numbskull!  
Ninnyhammer!  
Nincompoop!  
Could not thy pudding-head  
Have tumbled to the racket?  
Oh, rueful racket!  
Would that the Fool-killer  
Had happ'd along  
E'en while in thy wanderings, thou gav'st  
The pointers which have wrought  
So direful ruin!  
What boot'st thy fishy affidavit?  
Could'st thou thy baleful name append  
To affidavits by the ream  
Thy woeful work

Would never be undone!  
Thou son of senselessness,  
Flee now from my presence!  
Go!  
Get thee to a hennery!  
Methinks  
A creature of thy instincts  
Would find a rare, congenial job  
Within a hennery.  
And not thine own honnery—  
Some other hennery—  
While the owner slept  
And fondly fancied his fat fowls secure.  
Oh! so well deserv'st thou  
To be assault and beat with staves,  
That I, thy noble leader,  
Gladly would take hold and wield one lustily,  
Loon!  
But thou hast made an awful mull  
Of this whole business!  
Had'st thou not blundered,  
And had the day been ours,  
Reward of merit surely had been thine,  
Mayhap a contract soft—  
Perchance an office good—  
But now thy chances are for all time gone!  
Thy fat is in the fire!  
Thy goose is cooked!  
And my advice  
Is that thou clutch thyself  
Right firm and fast  
By thy pants bosom,  
And with one mighty lift  
Hoist thy mean carcass out of sight.  
Thy chief at Ottawa  
Regards thee with no favor,  
But, like me, would joy  
That some one with a big sand-club  
Did bang thee sore.  
Until thou felt constrained  
To get thee to a foreign country,  
And, as driver of a street-car,  
Do penance for thy jackass job.  
Go to, Weekes!  
Thou mak'st me tired!



THE OPENING OF THE HOUSE  
FIFTH SESSION. FOURTH LEGISLATURE.

## THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

In spite of sneering snoozers, dubious democrats, ribald republicans, and ferocious Fenian fanatics, the Local Legislature was opened this session as usual with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, as manifested by the appearance of the body guard, the field battery, and the infantry guard of honor. The thundering cannon and the martial strains of the regimental band made the ever loyal GRIP's feathers stand on end like quills on a fretful porcupine; or, to use a more familiar simile (for who among us, my beloved readers, ever saw a fretful porcupine), the plumage of an *edgey-cong's* cocked hat, or a paralyzed Queen-street hoss car. He would be a curmudgeon indeed who would deprive the populace of their right to gaze at least a couple of times a year on something beyond the common, something that the noble though hayseedy yeoman, the honest though greasy mechanic, the hard-worked though dudy counter jumper, may reflect on with pleasure, for in GRIP's opinion at least, the opening is far ahead, as an exhibition, of anything given by the wretched troupes

of nomads, who with circus and menagerie, invade and desolate our land (of its coinage) each summer, besides it costs nothing (directly) to the beholder.

As the Lieutenant-Governor ascended the throne and pulled out his "copy," GRIP perched himself, as is his wont on such occasions, on the apex of that *quasi* royal structure and gazed around him. There as of yore were the colonels, the majors, lovely ladies, and foreign consuls; among the latter, conspicuous, were the Ritter Snidt von Räämrof, who represents the Holy German Empire; Pierre Alfonso McDuff, of France; Martin Henry Miguel Murphy of the Lacadive Islands, Romulus Remington Ripper, U.S.A. There were also a number of foreign notables who appeared *ex-officio*, among whom were senators Gregg and Ewen of Texas and Colorado respectively, and some (as yet) unknown personage in a wormy cloak, Fra Diavolo hat and Mcphistophillean moustache and goatee, who ever and anon glared at the "body-guard" with a glowering glare. GRIP was at first somewhat alarmed at the conduct and appearance of this uncanny stranger, but was relieved when he heard Reburn say to Johnny Hodgins, "Sure its only Shep—," GRIP did not catch the name of the mysterious one in full, for at that moment His Honor struck a dignified attitude, opened his lips, and commenced

## THE SPEECH.

"Hon. gentleman of the Ontario House of Assembly, it is with feelings of the deepest emotion that I proceed to open this House and to foreshadow the policy that my ministry is about to carry out. My emotion proceeds not from the somewhat undefined course that the Government intends to pursue, but from the fact that it is probably the last time that this House shall be opened by a representative of the Crown. (Sighs from the ladies.) Gentlemen, I regret that I have to state that bloody treason stalks in the land. Our whole social and political fabric is threatened by a clique and coterie of irresponsible cowboys and Jay hawkers, who have sought the glorious climate of Canada to find a refuge from the warped laws of their bushwacking fellow-countrymen. The people of Ontario, I regret to say, have shown an apathy towards the machinations of this band of needy and unscrupulous adventurers, who would fain plunge our peaceful land in a pool of gore, that they actually have the hardihood to appear (though disguised) on the floor of this House," (here the man in the cloak and sombrero perceptibly winced, and the Governor grew excited). "Gentlemen," he continued, "I was going to read the rest of this speech, which of course you all know, is the work of Hardy, Pardy Lardy and Dardy, or, for all I know, Boston O'Brian, or Bovine Pup Charlie, but I won't inflict you, for really there is nothing in it. But when I look upon the form of a disguised traitor on the floor of this House, I"— His Honor looked, around but the disguised man and the Yankee Senators had disappeared. "I" continued the Governor, "feeled riled, so, gentlemen, we will consider this House opened."

(Outside) Present arms!  
Music by the band. God save the Queen!

## EUREUT OMNES.

NOTE.—The writer of the above sketch, which by inadvertence got inserted in this paper, and which obviously has not a word of truth in it, has been summarily discharged from the staff of GRIP. The unfortunate man had been drinking heavily. His wife and family are, however, on GRIP's Pension List.

ED. GRIP.

A man in New York has brought a suit against the Manhattan Railroad Company for the loss of an eye. He asks for \$50,000. The eye dear!—*Boston Transcript.*