

Non Compos.

BY A GRUMBLER.

That he keeps his own senses no mortal will doubt,
But the rest, he will bet all he's worth,
Though they sometimes are in are more frequently out
Of their wits from the day of their birth.

It is not with their will that they came here at first
Or the act I should certainly call,
Of all done in delusion the greatest and worst
That they made their appearance at all.

All their days are unhappy—their nights ill at ease,
Real joy they seem never to know,
Yet it don't in the least seem a mortal to please
When there comes any summons to go.

One will toil all his life to accomplish his end
Live on little but water and bread,
To accumulate wealth that he never can spend,
Oh, he's certainly out of his head.

Some take pistols and swords (it's the saddest of jokes),
And all slaught'ring affairs that are known,
Just to kill rather sooner some other good folks
Who would die if they'd let them alone.

Some toil ever for fame, while they'll tell you the same
Is but nonsense—a bubble—mere air,
You may talk of asylums; but who has more claim
Than such fellows as those to go there?

And the more I observe, still the clearer it shows,
And the stranger the fact does appear,
That the root of our troubles and cause of our woes
Is, there's nothing but lunatics here.

The Rival Leaders.

MACKENZIE.

I am MACKENZIE. If you put me out
It's certain you don't know what you're about,
What can they say against us? Merely this:
To bring good times again our party miss,
We promised more than we perform, they say,
But you must wait—the night is not the day,
The morning's coming—Who said with Sir JOHN?
Friend, you don't know the reed you're leaning on,
A reed!—he's not a reed—a blade, a straw,
Delusion vain as e'er a people saw.
Make times good?—why, Depression, you're not through it,
And so we all feel too depressed to do it,
But wait a bit; we're only taking breath,
Give one more term; we'll do it sure as death.
There shall good times come—I need say no more
Than this—they're what we promised you before
The machinations of that vile Sir JOHN
Kept us these extra times from bringing on;
But only keep him clear out of our way
And you shall have good times. I will not say—
I cannot—what they are. My language fails
To tell you of that ship with silken sails
And golden cargo—our Prosperity
A-coming if you only elect me,
What golden prospects I could paint for you,
Just put me in; and I will prove them true.
Each farmer shall be rich—each man of town
Shall ride in carriage to his business down.
Your wives shall dress in silks—your daughters wear
Gold watches all; and won't the Tories stare.
What if I didn't bring it yet?—you see
I've been apprenticing—these things shall be
Now I have served my term—five years are through
I know the business—now what won't I do?
O friends, regard not what those Tories say,
Corruption vile ruled all when they'd their day,
We take no contracts—who was that?—who spoke
Of ANGLIN? Ah, I see, 'twas but a joke,
We are economists—what did you say?
“Did we reduce our salaries?” Now pray
Be reasonable—Scripture says to you,
To others as unto yourselves to do,
You wouldn't like your own reduced to be,
Then say no more, but come and vote for me.

Keep in MACKENZIE—keep the other out,
Or all prosperity turns right about
Which was upon the road; but give to me
Another term—and then what things you'll see.

SIR JOHN.

Don't you believe him! He's a humbug, he.
Discard him—put him out—and put in me.
In me you have a man—what shall I say?
To shew the road—he's led you all astray,
Don't doubt that I these waves all rolling high,
Of discontentedness shall pacify,
I've done great things in the Pacific line—
Who called out Scandal?—he's no friend of mine,
Nor of his country—'tisn't fair to say
What I'd have done if not then sent away
About my business; but the one thing now
Is put me in, and I shall tell you how
We all shall flourish. Oceans of good times
I'll bring you; heaps of things; and lots of dimes
To buy them with; why, what you want have then
Is not worth having. Great MACAULAY's pen
Could not describe, and let him do his best,
When I get in how you are to be blest.
Each man of you shall have a big chateau,
Amuse himself, and nothing do.
Have lots of servants—“Who are they to be?”
Did some one say? What vain fatality
To ask such things! Of course I'll take good care
That they shall be on hand, and you would stare
If I should tell you all I mean to do,
Or half the good that to you shall accrue
By my return. Our West, so broad and fair,
I mean to give you each a park out there—

MACKENZIE.

I'll give you more than that—I'll have it ploughed
And cultivated—each one in the crowd
Shall have one—

SIR JOHN

I will put a house on it.

MACKENZIE.

He won't; he doesn't mean to do a bit.
I'll add a barn—

SIR JOHN

Don't trust him, friends; he will not do a thing.
'Tis I prosperity to you will bring.
He don't know how—

MACKENZIE

Corruptionist, avaunt!

SIR JOHN

I'm going in; I'll bet you thousands on't.

The Great Hanlan-Courtenay Match.

GRIP has taken the trouble to revise the articles of agreement just signed by the parties to this great single scull match, and begs to report as follows:—

1. If the contestants do not feel perfectly calm, on the day of the race, the water is to be postponed.
2. No biographical sketch or sketches of HANLAN to be published in the *Globe*, to pad out the report of the match.
3. COURTENAY is not to get sick, or pretend so to get, or fall out of his boat, under any circumstances.
4. HANLAN agrees not to stop every few yards and take a drink of Island Cordial out of a black bottle, according to his usual custom, as the habit is demoralizing to the spectators and to his opponent.
5. COURTENAY binds himself to take the stakes if he wins them fairly, and to shake hands and say “It's all right, NED,” if he loses.
6. HANLAN agrees to bring home the stake money.

“My Grandfather's Clock,” it was all very well,

When the song was first coming about,
But 'twas whistled and sung till its numbers now swell
Upon ears that are fairly tired out,
It is whistled and hummed out of time, out of tune,
With an infinite feeling of pride,
Till we all of us wish that the song had stopped short,
When the old man died.

—Detroit Free Press.