

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 22ND JUNE, 1878.

The Departure.

This is the Earl of Dufferin.
Departing now from here,
Who would not Ottawa within
Remain another year.

MACKENZIE too, by him appears,
Sir JOHN you likewise see,
And from their eyes the bursting tears
Do roll continually.

In part that DUFFERIN his reign
Is over and is done.
And partly for the mental pain
Of wicked things they've done.

And Canada is crying, for
As you may here perceive,
The loss of her good Governor
Inclines her most to grieve.

While BULL DIOGENES doth scan
The horizon around
To try if such another man
To govern can be found.

And GRIP he mourneth twice as much
As any of the rest,
And will expound the cause for such,
From out his labouring breast.

Full great he knows the loss to be :
Yet mourneth more profound
That there should be deficiency
Of many such around.

And says, Why do I here endow
Each university,
If they cannot afford me now
Such speakers good as he ?

The squad of schools I do sustain
Can be no great success,
If men of honour and of brain
Each year grow less and less.

For Irish noblemen we need
Not from our borders roam
If we could but contrive to breed,
Some Dufferin's at home.

Campaign News.

(Written for the Mail).

THE Grits of a certain eastern constituency (which shall be nameless on account of the infamy they have brought upon it) have nominated as their candidate one WISER, a distiller of Whiskey! We can hardly find language with which to rightly characterise this proceeding. Everybody is aware of the horrible consequences of the liquor traffic in our fair country, and it is nothing less than an outrage on public decency, that a man actually engaged in the manufacture of the accursed stuff should be even spoken of as a fit and proper person to sit in our Legislative halls. And what shall we say of the party, whose nominee he is! That they are worse, if possible, than WISER! A great many of these wretched Grits profess to be prohibitionists—they profess to be in accord with the great Conservative party on this question of destroying the liquor traffic—and yet they will go to the polls like dumb, driven cattle, and vote for whiskey. The Conservative candidate is not a maker of whiskey, and why won't they support him instead? Simply because they are willing to trample upon their principles to secure a miserable party triumph. Away with such abominable hypocrisy and treachery! Down with the monster of strong drink and its friends the skulking Grits of this nameless eastern constituency!

LONDON.—The city of London is going to do itself the honour of electing our friend, the Hon. JOHN CARLING, as its member. We are glad to hear that his prospects are growing brighter every day. The local Grit sheet, with a contemptible malignity, is endeavouring to damage this honourable and honest gentleman's chances, by pointing out that he is a Brewer of strong beer, and is calling upon Conservative prohibitionists to vote against him. We hope they have too much principle to do any such thing. We trust they will stand by Mr. CARLING to a man. If there is anything on earth clearer than Mr. CARLING's political record it is his amber ale, and if he deserved election on no other ground than the excellence of his XXX, we are sure our friends would be proud to return him. It is all right enough for London Conservatives to advocate prohibition, but let not these minor matters stand in the way when a question of principle such as the election of Hon. JOHN CARLING, comes up.

(NOTE.—The London *Advertiser* is at liberty to use the above notes, transposing the names of CARLING and WISER).

The American Youth.

(Continued from last week.)

IN the dead of night, BENNY picks up a nail, picks the lock of his door, picks his way in the dark to the dungeon of ADELINA, and picks his way into that. She picks up spirits and they then pick up acquaintance with a warden passing by, who is as corrupt as everybody is except the hero and heroine. He lets them out for a small diamond the American youth has retained. BENNY and ADELINA go on board again. Thirty water police are in charge. BENNY disguises himself, joins them, at supper, and poisons the lot. They put the treasure into the boat, scuttle the ship and leave her. ADELINA remarking, "I du love to see a feller up to biz." They row south through a hurricane to Baltimore, and get the treasure on shore. They are immediately accosted by an elderly English Duke, residing in the States on account of Highland feuds, who places his carriage at their service, and drives them to his hotel. He is the personification of *hauteur* but is overcome by the evident high breeding of BENNY, and the manifold graces and accomplishments of ADELINA, things which are common to Young Americans of both sexes. The Duke remarks, in the charmingly frank and natural dialect common to the British upper classes, "Your American Nationality is peculiarly prolific of gentility in its most magnificent scintillations unhampered by the blighting repressionaries of ancient soils." "Old man," replies BENNY, "yew bet." The Duke is enraptured by ability, freshness, and remarkable wit of the sentence. They proceed to his chateau, which he places at their disposal. They are met by his wife, one of the most highbred beauties of St. James' who inquires if they keep their health, and says she does not have her watch, but it must be late. They retire to sumptuous rooms, but at midnight hour they are alarmed by burglars, who have tracked them by some diamonds which kept spilling out of a crack in their boxes. They are nearly fifty in number, and have overpowered the servants, killed the butler and nine footmen, and tied all the housemaids in a row to the bannisters. The Duke and Duchess are helpless, having been secured to the bedposts and a massive chest of drawers, (Louis Quatorze, 1700,) laid on top of them. But BENNY, who is now sixteen and of the usual gigantic strength of Young America at that age, is quite equal to the occasion. His apartments are in the most ancient tower of the chateau, which is Gothic, 1590, and of great height, BENNY's suite being uppermost for the view of Europe there obtainable from the American shore. The shouting mob has filled the corridor, and are levelling a large Gatling gun (always carried by American burglars), against the door. BENNY opens it, pulls it off the hinges; it is eight feet high; the corridor is eight feet wide. Before are the black muzzled robbers and their black muzzled artillery of various sorts. They are about to fire. But who can discount the force of Young America? Simply holding the door crossways, BENNY advances along the hall. The tremendous momentum of his forward movement carries robbers, guns, and furniture like a great wave along the hall, knocks out two windows and a mass of stone work at the end, and precipitates the whole mass, all—with the exception of the furniture—swearing awfully, into space. The fall is tremendous, and a deep river conveniently carries all away. ADELINA, who has hekl the light, looks through the breach and gazes downward, her long hair streaming densely around her, her sapphire eyes coruscating visions of light into the abyss. The sight is long remembered by those inhabitants of the region who were aroused by the crash. She says, "I guess!" BENNY says, "Not so slow, old woman!" They liberate the servants; the servants unbureau the Duke and Duchess, the latter's high bred nose highly disfigured by the pressure of a lion's head drawer knob. The Duke says, "Accept my most distinguished thanks." The Duchess accepts medical assistance for her almost extinguished nose. They are entertained in the most gorgeous style for some weeks, introduced to all the American and foreign aristocracy of the vicinity, and all goes mery as a marriage bell, when the Duke and ADELINA elope. They are at once pursued by the infuriated BENNY, and arriving at a spot where the road, which has till then wound through forests, emerges on the brink of a perpendicular cliff some miles in height. The rock towers on the right; the gulf on the left—one moment and the peril will be past. But that mo-