



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**Cartoon Comments.**

**LEADING CARTOON.**—Although a fortnight has elapsed since the *Mail* so far forgot itself as to give publicity to that discreditable tirade against the leader of the Opposition, the adverse criticisms of the Canadian press are not yet all spoken, and it is not too late for GRIP to touch the subject with his pencil. The article in question has been attributed to Mr. Plumb, and that gentleman has not, so far as we are aware, denied the soft impeachment. From what we know of Mr. Plumb's parliamentary career we think him quite capable of writing the article, he being a partisan of the most bitter description. The attack extended over about four columns, and was considered vile and calumnious by respectable men of both parties; but it also had its humorous side. The vicious boy in our cartoon, who savagely assaults a monstrous guy of his own making is a perfect parallel for the mad partisan who disgraced journalism by this bit of impotent and unbecoming fury. Mr. Blake can well afford to smile at it. GRIP does not by any means pose as a Blakeite, but he—in common with the writer of the *Mail's* article—knows Mr. Blake to be a man of sterling honor, clean hands and high ability. He may be fairly open to attack on the political side of his character, but the pen that would try to filch from him his good name deserves the contempt and scorn of every decent man.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The Congregational Union, which has just concluded its annual session, was occupied for a considerable length of time over the question of admitting Bond-st. church to fellowship. The pastor of that church, Dr. Joseph Wild, is greatly given to politico-prophetic-religio-speculative discourses, and this does not find favour with some of the brethren. However, after a hot discussion, the church was admitted, and GRIP extends his blessing on the happy Union.

The county of Middlesex has shown herself the most enlightened in the Province by being the first to abolish those antiquated nuisances, the toll-gates, and this action of the County Council is, it is said, to be reciprocated by the London aldermen who will forthwith do away with market-fee—another relief of the dark ages. Now, let the county of York—the intellectual centre—follow this shining example.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

*Lockwood.*—Many thanks. Keep right on in the good path.

*Liberal Conservative, Port Perry.*—We have not devoted much attention to the science of Astronomy, but think we may safely assert that the recent eclipse of the moon was not caused by the shadow thrown over the prospects of the Liberal party in this Province by the defeat of Mr. Bigelow in North Ontario.

*Angelina D.*—Dry your pretty eyes, Angelina—we are sure they must be pretty—and don't allow yourself to believe that a dark shadow hangs over your engagement because Edward proposed on the evening of the eclipse. Why, the moon shone brightly beyond the shadow, just as somebody's face did when hidden by somebody's manly breast. There, don't blush, dear—Mr. Gurr was not present, but he is a gentleman of vast experience.



**Poetic Fragment of the 19th Century.**

*Duette.—Cantata.*

ONTARIO AND JAMIE McDONALD.

*She.*—Why didnae ye gang awa, Jamie,  
Why didnae ye gang awa, Jamie,  
Before ye tried wi' a yer nicht,  
To gie my neck a thraw, Jamie?

*He.*—Before I gaed awa, lassie,  
I had nae thocht awa, lassie,  
O' meddlin' wi' your purkin streams,  
Your shides, and booms, an' a', lassie.

This is hoo it cam', lassie,  
This is hoo it cam', lassie,  
Johnny made me sign a screed,  
O' balderdash and flann, lassie.

And this he said to me, lassie,  
And this he said to me, lassie,  
That ye had spurned him frae your soil,  
And he'd flout you till he'd dee, lassie.

*She.*—O now at last I see, Jamie,  
The dread I hae to dree, Jamie,  
Through Johnny's spite for Kingston's slight,  
Tormented I'm to be, Jamie.

I see ye'r no' to blame, Jamie,  
Gae awa' an' stay at hame, Jamie,  
An' tell your illu-nostet countrymen,  
O' laws ye little ken, Jamie.

I'll nurse up a' my grief, Jamie,  
Till I can get relief, Jamie,  
And then I'll thrive like invalid,  
That's fed on tea of beef, Jamie.

When comes that bonnie day, Jamie,  
This shall be the way, Jamie:—

*Prologue a la Shipton.*

Trains (Ontario, not Syndicate) to the Sault shall free,  
Buck Shot and Louse Creeks shall be free,  
Also the river Missis-sipi,  
And Ontario shall have her awarded boundaree.

**The Nights of Damon.**

A BAD DREAM.

It's strange how all the fellows in our bank (I'm a bank-clerk you know) came to call me Damon. I get nothing else at home, since our Irish cook said one day, "If iver there was a damon let loose from the pit, Master Gustus is that same man." The name stuck to me after that, I suppose because I resembled him. I don't know much about him, except that he was twin-brother to Pythias; it beats my time to remember all about heathen deities and such lumber.

I often hear about the "Nights of Pythias," and "Malta," and those old coons; but I'm willing to bet my new spring suit against a pair of old boots, that they don't put in such nights as I do. I wish to remark that if anyone sleeps worse, or is more restless and uncomfortable, has more night-mare, and bad dreams than I do, I hope his reason will stand the strain; that's all. I thought I stood it pretty well, but it must be telling on me some, for I heard my father say to my aunt, "It's a terrible affliction for me to have a half-witted son." She answered, so kindly—she always sticks up for me when the gov. is hard on me—"I don't believe he's even half-witted."

I put in a fearful night on Tuesday. Perhaps you'll remember it was hot. Well it was anyhow hot as—as possible. I went to bed that night—I don't always, sometimes I'm carried—

and to save my precious skin I couldn't keep still. I tossed and rolled, I plunged and kicked, first at the head of the bed, and then at the foot, I threw the clothes first one side, and then the other; but the more I twisted and turned, the hotter I got, and the farther off sleep scemed. At last I threw the shutters wide open, rolled the bed broadside to the window, and in native attire lay down as close to the ledge as I could; and before I had time to begin kicking again I fell asleep.

And then I had an awful dream! I dreamt I was Roscoe Conkling! Roscoe Conkling, with the cares of state weighing him down, and aristocratic aspirations pushing him up! I thought I was the greatest man in America, and therefore in the world. I ran the machine of politics, I pulled all the wires; without me the party and the nation would fall to pieces. Not only would all officers of state come and go as I bid them, but they would not move at all without my direct command. Even the President, who is almost, but in my opinion *not quite*, as good as a king, was subservient to me. The General before whom rebels fell in consternation, before whom a nation bowed in homage, quailed beneath my eagle eye. He was completely under my thumb. *My thumb*, not over large, well-shaped, and *clean*, held Garfield down and kept him there. That's what I and Conkling dreamed.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," I was still Conkling, but suddenly, as the mule turns and kicks the man who thinks of nothing but mounting him, so Garfield gave me such a rise as stunned me completely. When I collected my senses, I roused myself in my majesty and remonstrated. The message I received in reply was worthy of a canal-driver, and was to this effect, "Roscoe, my boy, if you are trying to run James Garfield, you'll find you have the pig by the wrong ear." Such a plebian expression!

When I found I could do nothing with him, outraged and indignant I determined to throw down the gauntlet, resign my position, and say to the people whom I had graciously allowed to elect me to the Senate. I appealed; but alas! alas! I fear it was a wrong move! I greatly fear I'll have to retire to private life, where I try to make out I wish to be. My most stalwart supporter said to me the other day, that after making such a confounded fool of myself the sooner I retired the better.

But though I felt dejected, almost despairing, my intrepid spirit, that has carried me through so many campaigns—political—that has triumphantly led me through caucus and convention, did not desert me. If Albany would not come to me, I must go to Albany. If the members would not rally round me and vote for me unanimously, I must go to each, and implore, with tears if need be, that they re-lect me.

If I should, if by any diabolical means I should be left out, where would be my brilliant schemes for a third term for me and Grant? Where would my empire be? How could I ever hope to become a duke, or an earl, or even a lord? A great quaking and trembling seized me, as a voice, a prophetic voice, seemed to moan in my ear, "Never again, never again, will you luxuriate in your place in the Senate. The seat once honored by your occupancy will be pressed by Roscoe Conkling no more. You will be a laughing stock for the nation, and the Administration will go on and prosper."

Fifty fiends seemed to begin to dance and chatter around me, while I shivered and shook with fear; when suddenly I awoke to find considerably more than my feet and ankles hanging out of window. I didn't get over shaking for hours after I woke up, but, while my teeth chattered, I cursed Roscoe and all connected with him. I've had a cold in my head ever since, and I can't say "dose" plain, dard it! All the fellows laugh at me, and I ain't proud, but if I do say it myself, I'm the most miserable fellow in our bank.