

CITY LETTERS.

II.

(Purporting to be from a dry goods clerk who was blamed at times before the late corporate improvement, for the dusty discolorations of various choice samples exhibited "outside.")

DEAR BILL,

I've wondrous news to tell,
And tho' it may seem strange,
Toronto now is watered well—
O great, O welcome change!

Of yore the papers G—and M—,
If in naught else agreed,
Waxed eloquent o'er dusty streets,
And wept one-voiced their need.

Yet deaf the corporation seemed
To every call, tho' just,
Dreaming, perhaps, the shower and dew
Completely laid the dust!

Slowly they thought and something did,
Till out of office turned,
This aldermanic council new
Showed they were more concerned!

Now we have watering carts with tubs
On top, which are immonse;
Yes, they are watering carts in truth,
And that without pretence!

No more stray calls at offices,
And houses in a row,
For quarter dollars paid per week
For watering—ah, no!

And maybe as one walks along,
Escorting ladies fair,
One of the tubs aforesaid squirts
As if it didn't care!

Yet, on the whole, we must endorse
This as a thing worth praise;
If it does not exhaust the bay:
Yours,

ALEXANDER PEAYS.

THE QUESTION OF OUR NATIVE LITERATURE.

It has been remarked once or twice by incompetent foreign critics that Canada, great in everything else, is very humble in literature. This perverse opinion has even been admitted into print, and our country has doubtless suffered in consequence. We do not indignantly repel the wild fantasy;—we do not wrathfully rebuke these babblers, who presume so far beyond their depth, we merely submit the following poem, (which can be proved beyond cavil to have been conceived and composed within our borders), from the Port Elgin Free Press:

ALASKA SODA WATER.

On Soda Water I must write,
At least I so shall try,
And many in it do delight,
When they are very dry.
On Goderich Street you can see,
In Village Port Elgin,
The Drug Store of M. F. Eby,
Your custom he should win.

His Soda by name is Alaska,
It is refreshing cold,
O, it is sweet on a hot day,
And cheaply too is sold.
Unto the public I would say,
When they become dry,
If they their cash to Eby pay,
They'll reap a deal of joy.

When we reflect that bards, ancient and modern, have unhappily gathered most of their inspiration from Bacchus, and have often been the very slaves of that tyrant, it is comforting—encouraging to know that the stalwart bard of our own young land can find a "*Fons Bandusae splendoris vitro*" in any respectable chemist's—affording a potion which fires his soul of poesy as well as wine, and leaves his head much clearer. Surely the stigma of "soft" can no longer attach to the drink that inspired the above flight!

"THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL" (Troupe).—De-lay in paying their bills.

"THE ONLY FUSION OF LAW AND EQUITY"—Con-fusion!

"MADE OF AYL-WORK."—A pair of shoes.

ORNAMENTAL COMBS.—Coxcombs.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

THE FALL OF CARDINAL-WOLSEY-ORTON-CASTRO-TICHBORNE.

(Slightly altered from "Henry VIII."—SCENE: *At the Door of the Penitentiary.*)

Norfolk (and all other respectable folk)—And so, we'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better.

So fare you well, my little good big butcher.

Arthur—So, farewell to the little good you bears me.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my swearing!

This is the state of Claimants: To-day they puts forth

The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow is sworn in,

And bears newspaper honours thick upon 'em;

The third day comes a stop—a counter trial;

And, when they thinks—good easy men—full surely

The thing'll come out square—is proved a fraud,

And then they falls, like I do. I have ventured,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

This many months past in a sea of lying;

But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

Has busted under me, and now has left me

Weary and sick with swearing, to the mercy

Of turnkeys, that must forever watch me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!

I feel I've been a donkey; O, how wretched

Is that poor man that trusts to his appearance!

There is, betwixt that wealth we would aspire to—

That fine estate at Tichborne, and then ruin,

More lies and lawyers' questions their enough;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again.

"THE NEW CIVILIZATION."

(A brief lecture by TELL E. GRAPH, from New York, on Tuesday morning.—See *Daily Papers.*)

WIFE MURDER.

MURDER BY STABBING.

MURDER BY AN IDIOT.

SUDDEN DEATH.

CUT HIS WIFE'S THROAT.

SUICIDE.

MELANCHOLY BOATING ACCIDENT.

WEATHER PROBABILITIES.

YELLOW FEVER.

ANOTHER UNIVERSALIST SERMON BY BEECHER.

ANOTHER FEMALE POISONER.

BOILER EXPLOSION.

THE SUSPECTED MURDERER.

TRIAL OF SHARKEY FOR MURDER.

ROW BOAT RUN DOWN AND SUNK.

FIRE ON LONG ISLAND.

RAILWAY BRIDGE DESTROYED.

OBSTRUCTING THE RAILWAY TRACK.

SUICIDE WITH THE RAZOR.

E Pluribus Unum!

"WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY."

Being a few further Opinions Worth Having.

* * * "*Grip* is a good paper to read. * * * Its jokes are fine. * * * We prefer it to *Punch*."—*The Hamilton Spectator*, 5th inst.

* * * "We have been favored with No. 2 of *Grip*, * * * and we can heartily recommend it. It is to be hoped sufficient success may reward the effort, that an increase in size may speedily follow."—*St. Thomas Dispatch*.

* * * "We have received No. 2 of this sprightly little periodical. * * * We recommend those of our readers who love a good joke and sharp satire to procure a copy."—*The Courier, Parry Sound*.

* * * "It promises well to take a firmer *Grip* on public favour than any of its many predecessors. We wish it success."—*Usbridge Journal*.

* * * "The initial numbers promise well, pen and pencil both doing good service. We feel like giving this new enterprise 'the *Grip*,' and wishing it all success."—*The Brant Union*.

SAM WELLER, SENIOR, TO THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.—"Boys, boys, beware of Misses!"

THE MOTTO OF THE STREET COMMISSIONERS.—"Down with the dust!"