

Letter from an Enraged Patriot.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I am one of the old school. I ask what is the use of all this stuff one hears from CARLYLE and such idiots about sympathy with Christians and all that? What I look at is this: We are Britons, ain't we? Are we going to let Russia grow too big or not? What we have to do with other nations is to keep them under, if we can. I say, send the fleet and army to Constantinople and blow the Russians and Christians generally out of the water if they meddle with the Turks. Religion, indeed! It don't pay. This is a world where you have to grab all you can get and fight for it if you're able. Which of 'em can stand before the British Lion? I'd send the fleet to knock St. Petersburg about their ears, and land the Guards and the Cavalry and the Line generally. What could stop 'em—not those grease-eating Russians! We could march right to Moscow, come down on the rear of the Russians on the Danube, knock 'em into a cocked hat, relieve the Turks, and keep Constantinople as a pledge of security. As for the other Great Powers, I'd serve 'em the same if they gave any sauce. That's the way to treat 'em. As for our colonies, they should all be made to help. They've no voice in the matter; that's nothing; they've no business with any.

Yours,

Toronto, May 29, 1877.

JOHN BLAZO.

The Brass Ticket.

Good friend,

Dost thou possess a dog? Then heedful lend
Thine ears,For soon that day—that day of woe appears,
The firstOf June—of days to dogs the most accurst!
If then,He have no ticket on; lo, certain men,
With netShall catch him, and into a cart shall get
Him straight;Two days in doleful pound shall he await
Thee, then,

If thou fetchest not three dollars, thou shalt see him never again.

Public Opinion.

Mr. PERRAULT is to be sent to the Paris Exhibition as secretary to the Canadian Commission. GRIP has no objection to Mr. PERRAULT going, but thinks Mr. MACKENZIE has put him in the wrong department; he ought to be sent as a specimen of the Canadian Bear, (*Ursus Philadelphia*). His conduct towards exhibitors and others at the American Show proved him to possess all the instincts of a thoroughbred grizzly, and he is entirely out of place in any other capacity.

Female Suffrage Certain.

The female race must sure advance.

So far it now prevails,

That PATTESON says there's a chance

There'll soon be no more *Mails*.**Hurrah for the Athletics!**

A spirited game of lacrosse was played on the Queen's birthday between the Torontos and the Athletics, in which the latter club achieved a brilliant victory amid the plaudits of several thousands of spectators. Three other spirited games however were played in the same match, all of which were decided in favour of the Torontos. And now we anxiously await the advent of the Shamrocks, who play the champions on the 9th prox.

The Ancient Mariner.

It was an ancient mariner. In rain he stoppéd me. I said, "You get,
For it is wet; Why can't you let me be?"

He said to me, "I frightened be To stay in this here place. I come
to thee, For I do see, Compassion in thy face."

I did reply, "Lay tremor by, And now thy trouble tell; And it may
be, By help of me That all may yet be well."

He said, "I here will make it clear, This trouble that is mine: Each
second door I passed, it bore Some sort of doctor's sign."

I fear to go in Toronto, Where every second man A patient has to
be, I flee, From here while yet I can.

And do not wait, But tell me straight The road from this coun-try;
For while I stay, A doctor may Be now detailed for me."

TOTAL DEPRAVITY ILLUSTRATED.—The *Mail*, in its dying moments,
tries to give Mr. GOUDGE a bad name.

Wonderful Adventure.

"You havn't got a chor of 'backer handy?"

The stranger said, as on a bench we sat,
'Twas at the Falls. The stranger's legs were bandy,
His eyes both squinted, and his nose was flat.

"Ah, *that's* the brand. Yes, that's a smartish current,
And roars like all possessed among them stones;
I mind once when I made dead sure it weren't
An hour till they'd be grinding up my bones.

You'd like to hear it? Well, it were some years back,
When thar were gunnin' to be done round here;
I takes my rifle up one day and clears back
Some miles up stream, whar used to be some deer.

Thar lay a log, some lumber chaps had squared up,
'Twas thinnish but 'twas longish, and it lay
Across a ledge—one end the water beared up
The 'tother laid by shore. Well, in some way

(It looked all solid) I sits down to rest here,
When, like a flash—you should have heard me shout—
The current took the end, and I was jest there,
A teetering on that thing, fifteen foot out.

My weight, yew see, jest set the thing a swayin'
And thar we bobbed, me an' that darned old beam,
A goin' up an' down like boys a' playin'.
Below, like ten mill-races, run the stream,

Roarin' like thunder. Tell yew it might skeer one.
'Thar was no neighbors—'twasn't settled thick—
No chance to swim, and I got dizzy; near one
O'clock, I next to tumbled off the stick.

In twistin' back, an' glancin' upards, thar was
(Some trees, you see, jest overhung round thar)
And in that look I chanced to notice whar was }
Up fifty feet, a most almighty b'ar.

I didn't want the cuss, but I was mad-like.
"I'm done," sez I, "an' yew'll go under tew,"
Slap I lets fly, an' he, hit pretty bad like.
Fell whop onto my log. Now, I tell yew,

I ain't so easy set to makn' friends,
But when that chap fell chunk on 'tother end,
And pitched me up on land a dozen paces,
I *was* a little startled, yew depend.

I lost one ear; a stub had shaved it clear off,
When I pitched down. Yes, here, yew see, the right."
He moved his cap; the stranger had an ear off.
I have not seen him since he said "good night,"

Although I tried. I fear that he did carry
With him my purse. I sought the truth to know.
The waiter said, "We call him Stretching Harry;
His ear was bitten off a year ago."

Plain Words from a Small Boy.

MR. GRIP, SIR. Dad fetches you home to our place every week, and I always look at your picture and read you through, and I think you are a bully paper. I don't believe you will go back on the small boys like the *Mail* has done, and I jest write this to ask you to put in a good word for us little fellers. They want to stop our fun on the Queen's birthday and first of July, by making us let up on fire-crackers. They say it does harm, by setting fire to things and scaring ladies and horses and other dumb animals and making 'em run away. And yet I have heard dad say this is a free country. I don't see no freedom about that. Don't the big fellers have a high old time theirselves up in the Gardens at night, blazing away with rockets and things, that is far more worse than fire-crackers? I say let the police look after the *big* boys too, and make *them* stop having fun. Besides, what if a house is burnt down once in a while; ain't they got to be burnt down some time? And what was the Queen born on a fire-cracker day for, if we don't be allowed to set any off? I wish you would make a picture of the *Mail* man, with a dozen big bunches of fire-crackers and some rockets and torpedoes and grasshoppers tied to his coat tail and all going off with a termenjuss noise. Will you? I would like to see a picture of that, cause that's the kind of a boy I am.

Yours truly,

TOMMY FRANKS.

REFLECTION BY MR. RAINSFORD AT A CERTAIN BAZAAR.—Truly
the paths of the handsome are *slipper-y*!