

The Conservative Camp.

Says jolly Sir JOHN at the board full bare,
A' dining with great MCD.,
"Oh, thinnish just now is our Tory fare,
But it's all we have, you see,
For there's nothing else left, you see ;
Oh, the merry times gone we may ponder upon,
But they never came back, you see."

Then back o'er the board the mournful MCD.,
Answered the jolly Sir JOHN,
"Oh, it isn't my fault that here you see
Me dining such victuals on,
Me dining such victuals on,
I'd have had better fare if they'd let me elsewhere,
Where they don't dine such victuals on."

Says TUPPER so stout, who with them had dined,
To jolly Sir JOHN says he,
"I came from the East the Reaction to find.
I wish that you'd show it me,
Oh, I wish that you'd show it me.
Has it dwindled so small that it's nothing at all ?
Oh, cannot you show it to me ?"

Then mournfully stepped the Mail man in,
"Oh, the grass will soon grow tall,
To feed up our horse which the race shall win,
If he doesn't die first of all.
For his limbs are worn down very small,
And while the grass grows, horses, everyone knows,
Do sometimes die first thing of all."

Letter from an Irish Contributor.

TORONTO, Nov. 9, 1876.

RESPECTED AND AMUSIN GRIP,—

Amusin', thin, it's more than amusin' ye are, for there's more instruction in your diminutive sheet than in the twenty-four dailies issued wakenly in Toronto; and it might be all that, and mighty little instruction in it thin; but it's not that I mane.

As I see the Irishman ye have at prisint wid ye is away, and your Dutch correshpondint is probably absorbed in his sausage machine,—Heaven bliss us, but I hope it was'n't a pace of him I resaved at breakfast; but somethin' inside me did all day appare to be askin' a glass of Hollands, an' it's a quietin' reflection that I gave him that same, an' more—

But I was commincin' to offer me services. I am—but sure you know me well, so I'll just tell you that me name is Nicodemus Flood, of ould Milaysian descent, a pathronymic derived ayther from our principal estates havin' been swipt off by that most unforeseen evint, of which my prisint position is one unfortunate result and evidince; or from the flood of judgments agin us, the flood of leathers wid which it was a family iliosynersy wid us to inundate the papers of the period, or the flood of bailiffs constantly mit powderin along all the roads back from Ballywhacks, loughguthery Castle, where me pathernal anshistor had been intertainin' thin wid the family three (a dacent blackthorn) durin' business hours, more be token there were mighty few sound shkulls comin' back wid thin.

So we'll suppose I'm accipted, and now for a few remarks political, social, and systimatical. Upon me sowl, I've twice fell down the last half hour wid laughin' at it (it must be that) but they've put MILLS into the Cabinet, not but what I inthertain the highest respect for Misther MILLS, (like St. PATTIER did for the devil whin he used to argue wid him, because he could niver tell what the devil he mint,) and just the very pick of the county to perform the Happy Despatch for the Members of the Administration, and transplant thin into the quiet of private life wid all the aise imaginable.

And the cilibrated GOLDWIN has lift us. I sometimes did be amusin' mysilf wid the plasins' fancy that the *Globe* or *Mail* would invitably comminate aich other whin he wint. Shure he actid regularly as spare targit (mighty spare) to resave surplus ammunition which'll now be employed for aich other's binisht, and more power and good aim to 'em both.

Hould an now! D'ye notice the Corporation sthraiin' ivery narve to tax the Civil Sarvants, whin it's the Uncivil Sarvants any one but a born omadhawn would be afther taxin? There's me own boardin' house; the fayna'e helpers are extramely civil, no doubt owin' to me agrayable ixtiarior and fashionable appayrence; but nixt door I overheard one serving crayture mination to another my bein' a "hugly Hirihsman." Faith, it's lucky for the last I'm not the assessor wid power to tax. Isn't it sthrange, now, that as to the rale "English undefiled," it's only us from Dublin who iver spake it?

Did any mortal iver see the like of the way Toronto is spindin? Sez a contractor to me, sez he, "We've added a million to the city debt this year, but it's put me out of debt intirely, besides these," an he point-

ed to his bran-new residence just built forninst us, and a nate carriage and pair at the door. "There's two million to add nixt year, it we git the right min in," sez he, "an I'll be aisy for life." Faix he's right, and the city is full of thin, and it's prosperin' they are. But there's an honest landlady I know tells me what wid rint, and city tax, and wather tax, and gas tax, she'll have to lave this, for she'd bethter be takin' in washin', and gettin' ped for that same, than keepin' a boordin'-house in Toronto for the binisht of aldermin and contrhactors. "Shure me furniture ud bring \$3000, and I'd have that at interest anyway," sez she. "But it's not alone ye'd be goin', Mistress MCGINN," sez I, "whin a lady of your prisifce and discreaytion would ornamin' the mansion of a member of the professions, or a liherary gentleman evin," and I bint on her the eye that niver failed wid the damsels of far Malaysia. "But me husband, in Californy!" sez she, appayingly. "Bedad," sez I, lookin' down the sthreet, "but there's a fellow I must see this momint," and off I wint like a pickpocket wid a peeler behind him.

Passin' down town yisterday, sez a frind to me, "Have ye seen the Whishperin' Gallery?" "Is it in St. Paul's? of coorse I have," sez I. "There's one here," sez he, "come in." In we wint into a big room, an at a table sat three respectible gentlemen, and some way off three more wid note-books and pencils, each wid his hand to his ear, starin' at the first three enough to fascinate thin. "What in the name of the Mysterious is it?" sez I. "Thim is Wather Commissioners, and these is Reporters, thryin' to hear," sez he. Givin' the scene our attintion, one ould gentleman leans to another, "Um—m—m—pipes burst—m—m—two thousand dollars—m—m—m," we hears. Thin the nixt to him, "Buzz—buzz—z—z—very good fellow—buzz—z—z—make it square with us—buzz—z—z—z," he says. Then the third, "Burr—r—many accounts—burr—r—r—." Of coorse the poor reporters got nothin' to put down, "What's the manin' of such nonsense?" sez I, "if they're honist min can't they spake out?" "I know nothin' agin' them," sez he, "nayther have I heard anythin'. But this I do know that they're spindin' lots of public funds, and there's a shmall word called "commission," a dale too well known in this city; but whether they know its manin' or not I can't say. But as you say, why whispher if all's square?" And we kem out.

Isn't itquare the idayas of enjoyin' life obtainin' here? In the ould country a retired grocer or baker maybe'll have a dacent house of a few rooms, a maid or two and a foot-boy, and he'll kape a horse tin to one. He'll have frinds to dinner twice a wake; wid a good joint and a pudding; and whiskey such as you don't be tastin' here. But in Toronto whin he's able he builds a grand palish wid twinty rooms; he goes in, kapes two servants and as like as not niver a horse nor an ass—barrin himself. He don't use half his big house once in the six months. He sees his frinds but sildom, makin' up by givin' a big intertainmint at long inthervals, whin he poisons folks wid wines he's no judge of, and Frinch dishes he can't rade the names of. Not half fillin' the house, the damp walls kills off his family. Musha, little matther! The ould sod for iver, its ways, manes, and manners.

Your admirin'

NICODEMUS FLOOD.

Political Recrimination.

Cry the Tories, "You're doing things utterly wrong."

Cry the Grits, "So in your day did you."

Say the first, "Acting thus, you can *not* stay in long."

Say the second, "Your years were not few."

Scream the Tories, "Fat berths do your Ministers take,

For themselves, a most villanous thing."

Yell the Grits, "So did yours, without any mistake,

Just before they from office took wing."

Shout the Tories, "Eight thousand—a horrible grief—

Has your Speaker grabbed more than his pay!"

Squeak the Grits, "Didnt CARTIER, when he was your chief,

Send whole lots of nine fees his own way?"

Then the Tories:—"Through robbers, and free-trading fools,

To destruction the country does rush."

Then the Grits, "We but do what we learnt in your schools,

And you're tarred with the very same brush."

When great rascals fall out, honest men may obtain,

What's their own; now, take each at their word,

Our two parties are parties of knaves, it is plain.

"What a pity," says GRIP, "there's no third."

"COMING EVENTS," &c.—It is suggestive that the *Globe* editors are taking the part of the Warden in the Central Prison investigation. Who knows what good it may do them. They know where they're sure to bring up, sooner or later.

UNHAPPILY NAMED.—The people of Bothwell have among them lots of Grit Protectionists, who are puzzled whether to vote for the Grit Free Trader or the Tory Protectionist. They can't do Both-well.