



The Sea Serpent!

It is reported that the sea serpent has at last made his appearance of a truth. He has been observed by witnesses of undoubted veracity, namely, newspaper reporters, in the near vicinity of Ottawa. This is the veritable critter, and all previous sea serpents are hereby declared null and void. The monster is described as being about the size of a small telegraph pole, and wearing a peculiarly ferocious aspect. It is possible that there may be some skeptics who will doubt the truth of this latest serpent-story, but Mr. GRIP is not of the number. He feels quite disposed to accept the statements made by the Ottawa papers—not merely because of the proverbial truthfulness of the Ottawa journalists—but also on account of antecedent probability in the case. Mr. GRIP, in fact, has a theory about it, namely, that the serpent is skulking around Ottawa with the design of devouring the old lady of the Senate, whose remains are expected shortly to be cast into the river.



Bradlaugh the Lion-Tamer.

The current number of *Punch* has a cartoon on the Bradlaugh case. It is entitled "Kicked out," and represents the member of Northampton making a hasty and ignominious exit from the House, flanked in the rear by many orthodox boots, fists and umbrellas. But Mr. *Punch* ought to stick to facts, as his great confrere, Mr. GRIP, always does. No doubt the picture just described is well calculated to tickle the general English mind, but it is hardly a fair representation of the actual circumstances. It would have been nearer the mark, had the situation been reversed, for in point of fact Bradlaugh kicked the House of Commons out

of doors. He completely triumphed in the matter, and effectually carried the point which he set himself to carry—namely, that he should be allowed to affirm instead of swear. The above rude and imperfect drawing is submitted to Mr. *Punch* as a hint for another cartoon on the subject. It is not so flattering to national pride, but it gives a faithful idea of the manner in which the Infidel tamed the British Lion. Mr. GRIP might state that he will always be pleased to furnish striking suggestions like this to Mr. *Punch* and other young and rising amateur journalists.

Comparatively Speaking.

Deputy Minister to Mr. A.—Your conduct has been most disgraceful, Sir! You were under the influence of liquor yesterday!

Mr. A.—What time?

D. M.—About 2 o'clock.

Mr. A.—Yes; but you should have seen me at 6 o'clock!



Sanford Fleming's Farewell.

Farewell, my own,

Sit, of my life, farewell,

Out I've been thrown,

Why I can never tell;

I've done my work

Ably and well you know,

Ne'er did I shirk

Trouble or pain, I trow.

Still, it's announced

I've got the real g. b.,

Yes, I am bounced,

JOHN A. has done for me!

Ah, it was cruel,

All done through petty spite,

No pliant tool

Was I, and hence my plight.

I now must quit

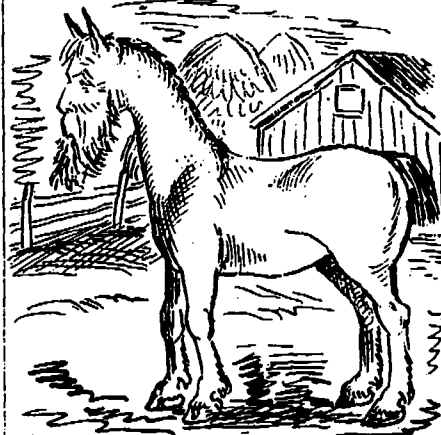
The labour I love so well,

Farewell, fat sit,

Billet for life, farewell.

A Recalcitrant.

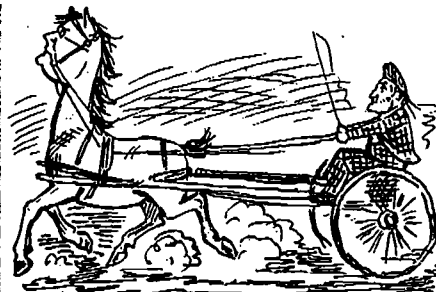
It has been contended by many people that the *Globe* of late has gone back on its former principles, a notable example of which was shown in its sitting down on the Senate. Mr. GRIP until now has not thought proper to pass any structures on that paper's course of late, but when it allows its correspondent in Ottawa to write disparagingly about a system of Water Works, rejoicing in the name of "Haggas," a name only differing in one letter from the famous Caledonian dish of festive memory, he cannot help coming to the conclusion that the recalcitrant sheet above named has actually abandoned the unfortunate Scotch, who were supposed, especially by Bro. BOYLE, to be its particular pet. O, *Tempora*, &c.



A Globe Allegory.

From an article on Horse-Breeding in last Monday's *Globe* we cull the following brief descriptions of the celebrated horses "Clear Grit" and "Goliath," embellishing the same with illustrations:—

"The old horse 'Clear Grit' was foaled not far from Toronto some eighteen or twenty years ago. He turned out to be a marvellously plucky colt, and in time, after he had been nearly spoiled by bad handling, and after he had been banged about the streets of Toronto in a grocer's cart, he ultimately, after many vicissitudes, turned out to be a speedy trotter for his day, and better than that, a horse that was sure to come to the front when once the heats were broken. He would stay all day, and never give up a race as long as he was allowed to stay in it. Though he still lives and is doing good service in the stud, his trotting days are long since past. I do not at the moment remember what record he secured while on the turf, but he was rated by good horsemen able to beat '35' in his trotting days, while all who knew him unite in the opinion that he would have been very fast had he enjoyed the advantages of judicious handling from his colthood."



"Goliath is a big, rough-looking bay gelding, full sixteen and a half hands high, long bodied, and powerful all over, and showing a wealth of bone and muscle such as is rarely met with. He was never broken to anything but the halter till a month or two ago, when he was put into Mr. STRINSON's hands, but now he travels very kindly before a heavy breaking cart with very long shafts. When harnessed to this clumsy and heavy vehicle he will raise his long neck high in the air and travel off at a three-minute clip as though it was no trouble for him to do so. He is a bigger gaited horse than Moose, and swings along with such perfect ease that one cannot help thinking that he will trot very fast when he comes to know what is wanted of him. With the exception of a curb which does not seem to harm him any, this big gelding does not appear to have any blemishes."