



A HINT TO EXTRAVAGANT TRAVELLERS.

THE *Mail's* Ottawa despatch of Tuesday last contained the following paragraph:—

"The Hon. GEORGE BROWN arrived here this afternoon from Washington. He was met at the station by Mr. MACKENZIE and Mr. MCKELLAR. The three men and Mr. Brown's trunk formed the load for a 'one-horse shay.'"

Grip has received private advices confirming this story of reckless extravagance and is utterly cast down by it. The present Ministry went into power on the hobby of economy and retrenchment, and *O tempora!* here the first session of its *regime* is hardly over when this exhibition of unexampled prodigality is made by the very leaders of the party! Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD has distinguished himself as a spendthrift, but that Right Honorable gentleman has nothing of this sort on his record. Just think of it, people of Canada—you, the sturdy yeomen and others who pay your taxes—think of a whole one-horse conveyance for the use of a Senator, a Premier, a Local House Minister, and a travelling trunk! Grip has been at Ottawa, and can assure all who have not that the railway station is not over two miles from the cheapest hotel in the city. It is therefore scandalous that able-bodied Ministers of the Crown should ride a few steps in such pomp and circumstance when they might by walking save the public funds quite considerably. If, however, it were a case in which the labor of diplomacy had fatigued one of the number they might manage to reach the hotel comfortably and still spare their name for prudence. Of course the best thing that can be done now about this unfortunate occurrence is to "improve the occasion;" it is too late to think of actually saving any of the money. Then, Grip would say, let important personages who may ever happen in such a case, study and benefit by the suggestion he has drawn for them at the head of these observations.

Toronto Adaptations.

AFTER BYRON.

Maid of bar-room, ere we part,
Give, oh, give to me thy *carte*,
Till it lies next to my breast,
If I liquor, I am blest.
Hear me, now, before I go!
Go 'way, now? no, not for Joe!

By that chignon pinned behind,
With its horseshair padding lined;
By those lids whose reddened fringe
Pales above the rouge-pot's tinge;
By those bottles in a row—
Go 'way, now? no, not for Joe!

By that lip of acrid taste;
By the plumpers o'er thy waist;
By all thy perfumes cheap that smell
As words can never hope to tell;
By all thy loud and gaudy show—
Go 'way, now? no, not for Joe!

Maid of bar-room, I'll begone—
Think of me when thou art lone.
I will fly to haunts where pool
At quarter stakes is all the rule.
Won't I take the picture? No.
Go 'way, now? yes, that's for Joe.

A Revery.

LATE one night, I DARWIN studied,
Found him more than half convincing,
Found my clear old notions muddled,
Owned my pedigree, though wincing.

Perhaps the jorum was a strong one
That I took when I had finished,
For my rev'ry was a long one,
And my wakefulness diminished.

Fancy took me on her pinion
Back into the time primeval,
Man as yet had no dominion,
Nor was capable of evil.

Still he swung, by tail depending,
From the palm-tree very gaily,
Or with claw and tooth ascending
Gathered nuts to grub on, daily.

There I saw him, Nature's darling,
All unconscious of selection,
Capable 'tis true of snarling,
Where he should have shewn affection.

'Twas the only human gesture
That as yet foretold him father
To the things that should wear vesture
And deny thier parents—rather!

Yet, not far seemed his removal,
For I saw familiar traces
Of the smirk of self-approval,
That one sees on King street faces.

And along that street of fashion
To this day I cannot far win,
But some ape-like face or passion
Clinches arguments for DARWIN.

In Mosquitonem.

BY A RURAL MORALIST.

SAFE out of reach, altho' so near!
How oft thy *mezzo* voice I hear
Sing out thy war song in my ear,
Demon Mosquito.

How sad in summer even calm,
To hear the hasty muttered "d--n!"
The angry slap—the door's loud slam,
At a Mosquito!

How sad to see the frantic sage
Dash down his philosophic page,
And tear around half mad with rage
At a Mosquito!

When sighs the lover's bosom wring,
Who woos the cold but sweet young thing,
Thou add'st thine own to Cupid's sting,
Demon Mosquito!

Full oft the small boy's swollen limb
Reveals the speculative whim
That caused thee try "inflating" him,
Demon Mosquito!

And, circling round me as I write,
(To memory dear, nor lost to sight)
Thou threaten'st e'en my Muse's flight,
Demon Mosquito!

To Correspondents and Contributors.

R. W., Ottawa.—Have written you privately.
Corn Cobb, Jr.—Please send us your present address.
Richard de Dicke.—The business will be attended to immediately.
Cannot accept for the present.