



'The Death of Nelson.'

(Montreal, March 1.)

'Twas on election day,
We saw the Frenchmen gay,
Their votes a-polling then,
We did not fear their force,
We took it as of course
Our candidate would win!
For Nelson was the better man,
A heavier champion never ran,
For Mayor he was a beauty,
For Mayor he was a beauty,
He cried as midst the wards he ran,
Nelson expects each Pro-test-ant
This day to do his duty,
This day to do his duty!

At length the poll did close,
And 'Vive Beaudry' rose,
From scores of Frenchmen's throats,
From rabid Frenchmen's throats,
Brave Nelson saw it was no go,
And whispered faint, "I told you so,
You would not do your duty,
You shirked your civic duty."
Montreal confessed that many a man
That day had shirked his duty,
Had shirked his civic duty!

The New Society Reporter.

"Well, how did you get along at the party last night?" asked the city editor of a new reporter, whom he had engaged the day before, and whom he had sent up to write a social occasion.

"Not very well," responded the new reporter gloomily. "I don't think Brooklyn society is the top notch racket anyhow."

"What's the matter?" demanded the city editor. "Didn't they use you well?"

"I can't say they did," rejoined the new reporter. "Now, I went up there last night and waded right into the fun. I asked for the chairman of the party, and told him we were laying out to swell their heads in to-day's issue, and he'd better skip in and introduce me to some of the high bugs if he calculated to have his name mentioned in the report."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired the city editor, the gleam deepening ominously.

"Oh, he said he was a friend to the *Beagle* and would do what he could for me. I told him to hop right at it, and first I wanted to meet the gals. If he calculated to hold the friendship of the *Beagle*, I said, he didn't want to waste much funny business before he had me bumping around in the mazy. He said if I'd go up stairs and take off my hat and overcoat, he'd see me later."

"Did you do it?" asked the city editor, in a constrained tone.

"No. I said I wanted some grub first. So he took me down in the front kitchen and asked me if I liked boned turkey. I told him I'd take a leg and some of the breast. What do you think he gave me? Head cheese. If he didn't you can lick me. I couldn't eat that, so I asked him for a glass of beer and a cheese sandwich. He said he had some wine, so I drank a bottle and put a couple in my pockets."

"What did you do then?" interrogated the city editor, fingering a length of gas pipe.

"I went up to the parlor, and he said I'd better take a description of the scene before I danced, and he gave me the names. Here they

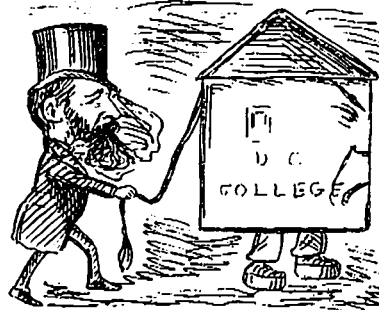
are—Mary Monroc, red frock, white sack, and hair bunched; Emma Latrobe, yellow dress and high-heeled slippers; Marion Willoughby, some kind of thin stuff, white, and tied up with blue tape, and hair frizzled; Jennie Murchison, black clothes and a feather in her hair; Ella Wexford, red hair and grey suit, flat in front and stuck out behind; Pauline Tresley—I tell you, boss, she was a daisy. Bigger'n a tub and dressed to the top branch. She had on a velvet outfit a mile long, and sixteen rows of teeth on her gloves. Her hair was a dead yellow, tied up like a bun, and had a lot of vegetables in it. Florence Ross, green dress and hoisted up at the side with a white cheek rein; Vinnie Hammersly, white net-work with red streaks, walked with a limp, and hair frescoed. That's all I got. There was a lot of old pelicans there, but I knew you didn't care for them, and as for the men, I told 'em it would cost 'em a dollar a piece to get in, and as they wouldn't put up I shoved 'em. I can state that they were a cheap lot who don't know any more about society than a fig does about politics, and that'll teach 'em a lesson. And I say, we'd better give the chairman a rub. He didn't introduce me to a solitary hen. Better say that he hasn't paid his gas bills for seven months, and that day before yesterday his accounts were found short. What do you think?"

"Got any more about the party?" demanded the city editor, rising slowly.

"Nothing, only that the grub wasn't fit to eat, though furnished by the popular caterer Mr. Traphagener. I told him I'd give him a puff. Say, what have you got for me to do to-night?"

"Not a thing!" yelled the city editor, as he brought the gas pipe across the new reporter's ear. "You infernal reptile, don't you know that that was one of the best houses in town, and the affair the finest of the season?"

"I'm going back to St. Paul," groaned the new reporter, as he fell downstairs. "If that's Brooklyn society, I'm going where they have some style," and he struck off toward the North west, largely afoot.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.



The U. C. C. Must Go!

The fiat has gone forth, and Grip joins the ranks of the Woodhums. "Upper Canada" has gone, and it is time that this similarly named institution should follow it into oblivion. The line of argument taken by Mr. Bannister and other enlightened enemies of the celestials—however defective when applied to humanity is quite sound when applied to the educational institution here referred to. Like the Chinese, Upper Canada College is *not wanted*; it is taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of institutions more in consonance with the spirit of the country; it is an incubus on the public purse. If the Canadian aristocracy must needs have a school for the exclusive training of the curled darlings of the Province, by all means let them have it, but let them pay for it out of their own pockets. The Province has come to the conclusion that, at least in its present shape, U. C. College must go, and, although she will regret to lose her energetic Mr. Crooks, that gentleman may go too, if it must be so.



The Convalescent.

Josiah Burr Plumb.—(Lately promoted.)—Pray don't worry about the public business, Sir Charles; you must keep your mind perfectly calm. In fact, so far as the public business is concerned, I am occupying your place, and you needn't get better at all if it isn't quite convenient. I have brought a poem with me, thinking you might need an opiate just now!

The Mournful Narrative of the Chimpanzee.

It was an ancient forest,
Where sported wild and free
The elephant and kangaroo,
And lordly chimpanzee.

The lion roared, the tiger howled,
The birds sang in their glee,
And all were happy in their lot,
Except the chimpanzee.

He cared not for the common herd,
But something great would be,
He wished to change his present state;
Ambitious chimpanzee!

No more he'd feed on roots and twigs,
No more swing from a tree,
He shunned his friends and soon became
A gloomy chimpanzee.

He left his home and wandered far,
He longed the world to see,
His sisters and his cousins mourned
Their wandering chimpanzee.

One day there was a fearful din,
What could the matter be?
Once more upon the scene appeared
Our old friend chimpanzee.

They scanned him o'er, they wondered much,
It surely was not he,
For never had the like been known
Of any chimpanzee.

He had no tail, and on his head,
Whatever could it be?
A plug hat ne'er was seen before
Upon a chimpanzee.

He'd a cigar between his teeth,
Which you will all agree,
Appeared a most improper thing,
For any chimpanzee.

An eye-glass screwed on his left eye,
Looked wise as wise could be,
A stand-up collar too adorned
This stylish chimpanzee.

His clothes were cut in latest style,
And fitted to a T,
And looked far better than you'd dream
Upon this chimpanzee.

He carried in his hand a cane,
And stroked his long goatee,
And gazed with condescending air
Upon each chimpanzee.

He cleared his throat, and all grew still,
"I'd like to tell," said he,
"How I became so grand and great,
From a poor chimpanzee."

"Come on and quit this hum-drum life,
And evolve like me,
Smoke, drink, play cards, be civilized,
I beg each chimpanzee."

That was enough, they'd hear no more,
One took him o'er her knee;
They chastised with their slender tails,
The sobbing chimpanzee.

He took his chance and darted off,
Determined to be free,
And that's the last I have to tell
About this chimpanzee.