

ON THE "MIGHTY FALLEN."

Erect he stands, and brazen lifts his head,
Above the beaten rabble that he led,
Higher in daring, scorning vain excuse :
Master of every weapon of abuse.
Fast from his lips the wordy torrent flows
In foul vituperation of his foes.
The gibe at purity, the wanton jest,
The leer at virtue, each becomes him best.
The baffled trickster fawning on the mob,
Unblushing dares the hiss, defends the job.
Whines for compassion, points to service past,
Denies twas *guilt* by which he fell at last;
'Twas merest *fault*, he says—that which appears
The crowning infamy of twenty years.
To him, forsooth, must all the praise be due
For growing Commerce and Dominion new!

His was the guile, that every act delayed,
By which our freedom might be wider made;
His ready tongue insinuated strife,
Then calmed the fury that it called to life.
His was the policy to long oppose
Each just demand of those he called his foes,
And when at last compelled the point to yield,
To steal the measure, and the credit wield.
And *this* was statesmanship, this pilfered praise
Will crown his maudlin memoir with bays?

We fling no vulgar jeer at creature worth,
We scan a contest to extract its mirth,—
Shrivel the hand that blackens honest fame;
Or lends a deeper agony to shame,—
But when a man like this, exposed still dares
To brawl again for trust, in public ears;
Grip loses pity, can no longer feel,
And lets the vermin wriggle on his steel!

"I WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN."

Oh give me back my childhood's days,
The washing and the fuss,
The shakes to send me off to sleep,
The horrid ugly nuss.

The paregoric I imbibed
I long again to take,
I yearn once more for childhoods days,
And frequent stomach ache.

Oh, give me back my swathing bands,
Its pins which cruelly tore,
Oh give me back the tasteless pap
Of the happy days of yore.

When teething made me cry with pain,
And fever made me boil,
Oh give me back the nurse's thump,
And copious castor oil.

Oh give me back fair childhood's days,
Those days for ever fled,
When I was torn from merry pranks,
And spanked and put to bed.

Oh school days, school days, happy time,
I long for you again,
If big boys had not bullied me,
And master had no cane.

If Euclid's problems were not taught,
Nor how to read and write,
If ushers and their dreaded tans
Were banished from my sight.

If poets are a trifle mad,
Good sooth, he was not sane,
Who scribbled out that silly song—
"I wish I were a boy again."

UNNECESSARY.—Mr. EATSMALL, on giving a dinner party the other day, remarked just as the guests were about to rise from the table "Why! you could scarcely see what you have eaten!" Mr. SMITH, (*Phlegmatic old party.*) You don't want to see what we have eaten! do you.

PETERBORO' BULLS.

It is not often that GRIP finds a crumb of humour in a newspaper account of an atrocious murder; but the story of the BREXTON tragedy, as grandiloquently narrated by the Peterborough Review, contains this thrilling passage:—

"No earthly eye, save his own, saw the dying gasps of his victim."

There is something unquestionably original in that, which is saying a very great deal for the Review's tragedy editor; but it is too sublime for a common newspaper. We would affectionately counsel our contemporary to stick to facts which if not always pretty, are at least safe.

During the medical investigation which followed the execution of the unhappy man above referred to, a statement was made by the goaler to the effect that

"He had never been able to decide whether or not BREXTON was insane; his opinion had always been, that he (the prisoner), was either insane, or shamming insanity."

The doctors could have had no difficulty after that, in coming to a conclusion on the vexed question. A more conscientious and explicit statement could not be.

THE SEASON OF BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

The days of sinking hands have come,
The kindest in the year :
The Candidates go smiling round
With such profuse good cheer!

The applicants for civic seats,
The gents who would be Mayor,
Commissioners, and School Trustees
Confront you every where.

Each wears a gracious, genial smile
All day from door to door,
And such intense good will to men
You never knew before.

High gentlemen, with soft white kids,
Have thrown away their *caste*,
And shake the "horny hands of toil"
With unexampled zest.

And though they didn't seem to care
For you a week ago,
They ask about your family now,
With interest all aglow.

Hath the millenium come at last,
That everything's so gay?
Doth Christmas work this wondrous change,
Or *Nomination Day*?

JOHNNY CAKE

ON Tuesday last, there appeared a paragraph in the *Mail* under "City Items," to the effect that one JOHN CAKE had been set upon and badly used by some roughs from Simcoe Street. His half brother JOHN CAKE(?) wrote the editor of the *Mail*, requesting a correction, stating that it was JOHN E. CAKE, who was set upon and *badly bitten* by those roughs. So in Wednesday's issue the correction was made, *quam vite*. The harrowing statement of the injuries done JOHN E. CAKE, so worked upon the feelings of our friend and townsman T. RAIL Esq., that he also wrote the *Mail* an account of the matter, which from the previous well known hardness of heart of Mr. RAIL we are afraid the *Mail* will not produce.

We have persuaded him to give us a copy of it; and here it is:

Editor of Mail.

DEAR SIR.—I notice with pleasure that you are championing the cause of the oppressed and distressed, in calling the attention of the public to the injuries done to Cakes.

Of my own knowledge JOHN E. CAKE previously to being set upon and *badly bitten* by those roughs, was kept in a hot oven for several hours. In fact he was roasted as brown as a burry! Of his good qualities, I can speak as certainly as the converted New Zealander, of his late missionary—I ate a piece of him!!

Yours truly,
T. RAIL.

P.S.—Please do not confound me with one T. RAIL who was run over by a Grand Trunk train, last week; and who was allowed most inhumanely, to remain where first struck—no one picking him up.

T. R.

MEN OF COMMON CENTS.—Collectors for Missions.