



Joy in the House of Smith.

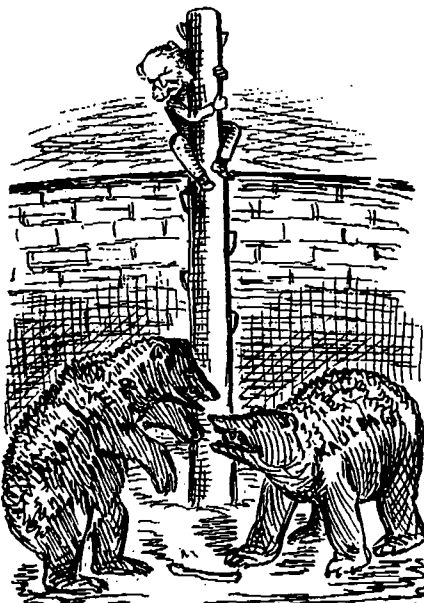
Those outsiders who are under the impression that Prof. G. S. is a glowing cynic whose features never relax, and whose mind is constantly occupied in devising stinging aphorisms descriptive of the hollowness of Beaconsfield, should have seen that learned gentleman's expression of countenance on the announcement of Gladstone's glorious victory. The picture above gives but the faintest idea of the happy contortion, and it gives no notion at all of the explosion of joyous laughter which followed. Residents near the Grange recall a peculiar noise which they heard about that time, but whether it was really the echo of the Professor's laughter, or the sound of a car coming down street will ever remain a mystery.



The Free-Thought Martyr.

Mr. GARR, whose heart is cosmopolitan, and whose quill is ever at the service of the oppressed or persecuted, whatever be their creed, colour or nationality, feels called upon to extend his commiseration to poor Col. INGERSOLL, who is being made the victim of a most cruel and relentless persecution on the part of the *Globe* and *Mail* newspapers. It has been denied that the spirit of Christianity is essentially a persecuting spirit, yet the behaviour of these journals, which profess to be conducted upon Christian principles, tends to prove the contrary. Col. INGERSOLL came to Canada a few weeks ago on a purely business mission. He was engaged by responsible and respectable managers to do a certain amount of blaspheming for a certain amount of money, and it was requisite for the financial success of this benevolent enterprise, that the leading organs of public opinion should render him a reasonable amount of assistance by attacking him furiously in their columns. He had a right to expect this, and made all his arrangements accordingly. But what, on the contrary, did he experience? Why, as we have already intimated, he was met with the most

villainous of all the forms of Christian persecution,—he was severely left alone by these newspapers. Not a solitary tirade of abuse was poured upon his devoted head; not a single word of his lecture was reported; not even a line of his advertisement was published. And what has been the result of this cruel treatment? Simply that his business has been a financial failure, and the country has been left to grovel on in the darkness of its religious faith, going to church, keeping its Sabbaths, and cherishing its old hopes of a glorious future beyond the present time. We sincerely commiserate poor Col. INGERSOLL's business managers, though we must congratulate the gallant colonel himself that he has secured the martyr's fame so cheaply.



The Senate Bear-Garden.

Mr. T. N. GIBBS was made a Senator the other day, and no doubt he accepted the appointment as a compliment. He must have begun to think by this time, however, that it was a very questionable kindness on the part of Sir JOHN to place him in such a veritable bear-garden as the Canadian Senate Chamber is getting to be. To a person of tender susceptibilities a Senator's is not a happy lot, when he is obliged to spend his time in the midst of growling and squabbling which would be undignified in a country school-yard. Knowing Mr. GIBBS to be a gentleman of fine feelings, GARR surmises that he took a position analogous to that depicted above during the late MILLER-KAULBACH ruction, which is reported substantially as follows:

Mr. MILLER said that Mr. KAULBACH could not write or speak twelve sentences of decent English, and had to come to him (MILLER) for assistance in abusing a political opponent. The noble MILLER had refused to aid in blackguarding a person against whom he had no hostile feeling. Mr. KAULBACH could not write a letter fit to be seen in print, and so applied to him (MILLER) for aid to finish it.

Hon. Mr. KAULBACH.—That's false!

Mr. MILLER called Hon. Mr. DIXON to witness that this report of a private conversation was correct.

Hon. Mr. DIXON.—Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. MILLER then said that Mr. KAULBACH had accused somebody of forgery, arson, and murder. And this was the high-toned gentleman who made unjustifiable attacks on him!

Hon. Mr. KAULBACH said that he was just as good as Mr. MILLER, and that the latter had no moral or social position in Nova Scotia, and had

sold all his principles in succession. He also said that Mr. MILLER got drunk often.

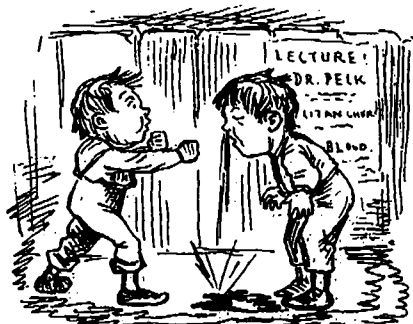
When the debate had reached this interesting stage, the Speaker directed strangers to withdraw.

[And Mr. BLAKE, instead of moving, as he promised, for the political extinction of these old twaddlers, proposes clap-trap resolutions to the effect that Canada should break her pledged faith.]



Pope's Organ.

Conservative journalists who,—to their credit be it recorded—do not flatly defend the jobbery revealed in connection with the Printing Contracts, are congratulating themselves that at least the Cabinet Ministers stand clear of all blame in the matter. But this is a flattering unction which they mustn't lay to their souls without certain reservations. Mr. Minister of Agriculture POPE is morally, if not practically, implicated in the discreditable transactions, by occupying the position of a prominent stock-holder in the *Citizen* establishment, which pocketed a handsome amount by means of the crookedness. The degree of guilt attaching to the hon. gentleman under the circumstances is one of the nice points of moral ethics at present occupying the pens of the Opposition editors. As it is proverbially difficult to make fine distinctions clear to the popular mind by the pen alone, Mr. GARR brings his pencil into requisition as above, and presents the whole subject at a glance, resolving it all into the simple question: What do you think of the honesty of an organ-grinder who permits his monkey to dip into questionable speculations, and never so much as utters a word or gives the string an admonishing pull?



"Young Blood."