

**Tierney Abroad.**TO MISTHER GRIP, *up at Taranto.*

RESPECTID SIR :

I fale it me juty to sind yez worrud consarnin' the locality av me prisint fwhereabouts, be way av risin' the public mind, that moight be eutherainin' onai-yeness on account av seein' me name absint so long a toim from the columus av your excillint and widely circulated paper. I blave the lasht apparance I med in print was somewher betune New Years and Christmas, fwhin I tuck up me pin to wish yez the compliments av the sayson. I fale it incumbrance on me to write at the prisint toime, bein' afear'd that some wan up west wud be raisin' a commotion about the Missin' Man, mainin' me, an' puttin' me name in the news-papers wid the Losht an' Foun'd advertisements. This idee furst shtruck me fwhin I was in New Brunswick av late, fwhere ivery one is wild wid excitement about the murther av MCCARTY, who wint from his home in Moncton and med his disappearance at Shediak. They are havin' a thrial av the suspicid murderers now, an' they call it the Moncton Mistry, barrin' Mistryer LIVINGSTONE iditor av the *Times*,—he calls it The Missin' Man. Yez have no comprehension av the amount av intherest the people takes in that thrial. Ivery man and woman wan meets is radin' the ividence in the *Times*, an' that interproisin' paper does b: sellin' ivery day the car load. The Iditor av coorse is makin' slathers av money, an' sez fwhat he wishes most is that the icitement was pasht an' the thrial done. As the gentleman wears spectacles, I dunno if he winked or not fwhin he used that observation.

But how'd a fwhile, begorra, I'm ahead av me shtory. Mebbe yez don't know fwhat me business is, away down here in thim Merrytime Provinces. Well, I wud raise to explain—as the Chinese Laundry man wanst said to Mistryer MICKNAB, in the Police Coort.

Av coorse yez are aware that I have always stud up pullytically as a thrue Consarvatiff wid rifrence to pollytics. I have always thried to sarve SIR JOHN and putt out the Grit government, as yez are all well aware. Well, to make a long shtory short, Mistryer MACKENZIE hard about me, an' I blave the government got notice av the fact that me able and illoquent pin was to be secured for the *Mail* staff, under the new managemint, wid a shtool furninst NED FARRAR. So fwhat does me fine Premier do, but sends for me to go hot-foot to Ottaway, that the government wanted to shpake to me in private, an' that I wud hear av something to me advantage, av I kem down handsomely. Well sir, widout axin the lave av me chieftain, SIR JOHN, I put on me best clothes, an' I wint down as handsome as I cud, wid a paper collar and a clane shave. Sir, I was tuck up to Mistryer MICKENZIE's in a cab, an had a plisint intherview with the government. I hard av somethin' to me advantage, untirely. Yez'll hear no more blatherin' on the shtrumf from me, about stale rails, an' Kamaskatka Canal jobs, an' the loikes av that; an' yez'll see no more av thim brilliant and powerful articles av mine in the *Mail* on the Tariff. I have been convarted from the error av me way, by hearin' av something to me advantage. But I wudn't have room in this lethter to tell yez anny more about it till the nixt lethter I sind. In the manetime, tell the citizens av Ontario to make themselves aisy about me, an' nixt toime SIR JOHN shtrolls into yer office to luck through the exchange papers and learn how the reaction does be gettin' along, tell him to think av me kindly, if possible, because me heart is still thrue to the ould man, an' I wud exclaim wid the poet, Aleen Allanna, Angus Ashore! (Plase don't print this lasht bit, or MICKENZIE moight see it, an' it was him towld me somethin' to me advantage, at Ottaway).

Yours wanst more,

TERRY TIERNEY.

Oxford, N. S., Feb. 6, 1878.

**Not So Easy.**

The things that are easy to plan, you're aware,  
Would fill worlds, were they ever so wide;  
But somehow when coming to tackle 'em square,  
They're not quite so easy when tried.

"'Twill be easy for me," thinks the youth, "to succeed,  
Who my course can so cleverly guide."  
But a few years soon teach him belief in the creed,  
It is not quite so easy when tried.

"She is wilful, expensive and careless," says one,  
"Yet she'll make a most dutiful bride,  
For she'll bow to my will;" but he finds, when all's done,  
It is not quite so easy when tried.

On his spirited courser your friend gallops past,  
And you're sure quite as well you can ride.  
But a few broken ribs will explain very fast,  
It is not quite so easy when tried.

Though it's easy satirical journals to start,  
And the opposite party deride.  
Spite's not wit; and non-selling is sure to impart,  
That it's not quite so easy when tried.

**The Judge and Clergyman.**

THE JUDGE.

Most reverend sir—

Does it not seem unto your holy mind,  
Purged quite from fleshly lasts and grievous taint,  
Of sin—or mortal, deadly, venial,  
Or sin of any kind—does it, I say,  
Not seem to you my office should exempt  
Me from the taxer's clutch? I doubt the law  
Stands not so clear for me, yet shall appeal,  
If you decide it just.

THE CLERGYMAN.

With every wish my duty here to do,  
If I were power to hold, I should command  
Each judge exempt by law. We do not hear  
In all the Book of Judges, that there was  
One who his taxes paid.

THE JUDGE.

Most worthy sir, my mind has much relief,  
By what you now have said. The point I shall  
In mine own favour press, and do not doubt  
For in my honesty they much confide.  
That they will let me off.

*He appeals, and is allowed free. Next day, in his own court comes up*

THE CLERGYMAN.

Most gracious judge, I do to thee appeal,  
Against my taxes here.

THE JUDGE.

The law, I know, is doubtful as to this,  
Yet as I lately have opinion had,  
As to the moral nature of a charge  
Laid on in taxing shape, which to me seems,  
To fit that case of thine as well as that,  
Whereof I asked it, I to all declare  
You stand exempt and free.

*The court closes, and LAW and DIVINITY having thus mutually absolved each other from paying taxes, go home and dine together, wondering whether they couldn't get PHYSIC also into the exempt ring.***Wonderful.**

It is not, GRIP assures his readers, generally supposed that the *Mail* is the property of the Hon. G. B., and they would never imagine that a devil, in a cloak and dark lantern, carries all proofs first to that gentleman, when, of course, he has no difficulty in striking out anything which might injure the pairty, and putting in something which the *Globe* writers can demolish next day at their leisure. Everyone has wondered why, with the best of the case on his side, the *Mail* chap seems so weak, but no one except GRIP has ever suggested this feature of the case. Even to him, with such tremendous ingenuity have the details been concealed, no acual information has been given. But what of that? His clear imagination touches the foul mystery with JTHURIEL'S spear, and he gives the idea to the assembled nations as the only possible solution of an anomaly which has long exercised the minds of philosophers, and the difficult nature of which may, for all he knows, have had much to do with filling our asylums. Now it is solved!

**The Arabian Drink.**

Of grateful herbs—he means of tea—  
Which don't inebriate,  
Let COWPER sing; a better thing  
I have found out of late.

By aid of that Milesian man,  
Initialled N. F. D.,  
Who said, "Come over, if you can,  
And take a cup with me."

"Sathanas, retro!" straight I cried,  
"I am a Dunkinite!"  
"Behold another," he replied,  
"But coffee will be right."

The Mocha steamed within the cup,  
It rose into the brain,  
The plains of Araby sprang up,  
The torrid coasts of Spain.

I saw the frisking goatlings there,  
Find out the coffee tree.  
I saw the wondering herdsman stare,  
Their new-found life to see.

I saw the Divan's majesty,  
Each Pacha in his state,  
The cups of golden filigree,  
The heads above the gate.

More I had seen, but King street broke  
Upon the vision then,  
While N. F. D. unto me spoke,  
And I replied again.