

GORD. Flood, prithee stop thy gabble! and attend—
There on my table lies a *Globe* in which
A vile advertisement appears, which runs:—
“Wanted a house! Apply to box 14
The *Nameless Office*.” When it met my view
Grim horror seized me, and amazement dire.
Wherefore is this black deed? and whose the fault?

ING. DYM. and FLOOD, (together) We know not, sir. In fact to tell
the truth,

For once, it's not in our department.

Clippers and reporters. Most certainly it cannot be in ours.

Small Printerius Diabolus (shrilly). The clerks and foremen boss
that kind of biz.

GORD. (Leaping to his feet, excitedly) Strangle that imp!
(P.D. jumps out of window, missing by close shave a file of “*Globe*”
hurled at him by FLOODIBUS.)

Foreman (humbly). 'Tis true, dread boss! and pity 'tis

'Tis true; the thing is in the *Globe*;

I know not how—unless or Jimmel Briggs,

De Dicke or kindred ne'er-do-well, has laid

A wager that the horrid name with which

I do not foul my tongue should in our sheet

Be once at least recorded—and so sent

A got up thing which 'scaped the reader's eye

And all the clerks below.

GORD. Attend my mandate,

The dullhead reader, and the scoundrel clerk

Who passed the advertisement, and took it in—

Nor kicked the wretch who brought it—on the spot

Are cashiered; and if e'er again the name

We name not, figures in the *Globe*, I swear,

No matter what the cause, or—

(Suddenly rolls his eyes, foams at the mouth, and charges furiously
at the whole party who, in great terror, take to their heels in all direc-
tions amid shouts of “police,” “fire,” “murder,” and “thieves,” while
FLOODIBUS in his fright sounds the fire alarm at Box 67.)

Parting Instructions.

GRANDMOTHER BROON TO HER SON SANDY.

Weel SANDY lad ye're gaw'n awa'
To leave yer' puir auld Grandmama;
I'd rather ye had staid at hame
To watch our EDDIE's little game, (1)
That laddie he was aye wanchancy; (2)
He's far ow'er eerish for my fancy,
I'll dry-nurse ne'er anither Laddie
Can't say *peeze* lik an Em'bro caddy. (3)
A few words o' advice I'll gie ye
(I'd rather far I could gang wi' ye):
Across the water we're no sainted,
Its thocht oor records somewhat tainted,
Granted we're guid Detectives—raither—
But Statesmen o' the bidox feather. (4)
Some say the records of oor age
Are blacken'd o'er wi' espoinage;
I dinna' ken' how far that's richt,
But this I'm sure o' “Richt is micht”;
We're on the lown (5) side of the wa'
And guide the fates o' Canada.
Sae SANDY lad be very cautious,
They'll speer ye questions most mendacious,
Of murder'd SCOTT and bold RIEL,
Just tell them they can blame themself;
He was Queen's bairn like ony ither, (5)
A mother's sibber (6) than a Brither,
Of letter-stealing and such like
O' weel I wat they needna' fyke;
Their ain Sir JAMES the GRAHAM was one,
Could lick to sticks oor Huntingdon,
They'll say I hinder'd enterprise
By making mud o' Sir HUGH's pies.
Granted, his plans were grand and glorious,
What's that compared to Grits victorious!
A Highway 'cross the *Globe* seems fine,
But mind ye HUGH the *Globe* is mine!
Noo, to the purpose o' this blether (8)
Which I had lost maist altogether,
Don't dead-head wi' a pawky ALLAN,
Pay yer ain shot my dawcent callan,
They'll put ye under obligations
And ask for “Tenders” wi' yer rations.
Noo, when ye reach the Broomielaw, (9)
Hire yer frien's cab and drive awa', (10)
Shun provosts, bailies, speck'ly Rory,
A “chartist” dress'd in civic glory,
He's sure to fume, and foam, and rage

'Gainst our limited sufferage.

We'll leave a' thocts o' its extending,

Till just oor lease o' place is ending,

And oh! beware o' Andro' Boa, (12)

I'd rather far ye'd sail for Goa, (13)

Than hear the record o' your meeting

Yer hand and neive (14) masonic greeting.

Nae doot yer brither crafts, but then,

Ver Premier, SANDY, noo ye ken,

And magistrates around ye boo'in

Could ill disgust a mell and Trowan (15).

Besides he's for high pay and “unions”

And my foot's down on such opinions.

If “Ginx” is there, tell him frae me

He needna' wait, ye're my *Babie*,

Just mind his ain and “Bonnie Dundee,”

Or point a joke for D'Israeli.

Look dounce and sour as my “Sourock”, (16)

Locacte the guid-wife doon at Gourock, (17)

She there may clack o' furs and beaver,

Or ither women's clish-naclaver.

A' civic feasts and splores abandon;

Dine wi' BOB NAPIER yon't at Shandon, (18)

And Brothers BURNS o' Kilmahew,

They're men o' worth and *mettle* too;

'Twill seem like business ye are wanting

And nocht o' idle galavanting;

And if to Em' bro' ye s'uld scurry

Ca' on my frien's oot bye at Carrie. (19)

The paper-works will claim attention,

An “order” frae' the *Globe* just mention;

Avoid baith CHAMBERS and McLAREN (20)

They're pride o' sair' is just past hearin';

DUNCAN will pose ye wi' Algebra,

And WILLIE speer if BROON knows Hebrew

Mell na' wi' lads o' coort o' Session, (21)

They'll say ye've nae “polite profession”;

Rin when ye see Professor BLAKEY, (22)

Or through the Greek roots he will hake ye,

And swear richt doon before yer' face

Ye're a scion o' the Celtic race;

He'll ban my Emigration fancies,

And ca' us a' confounded dunces!

In short, MACK—be a “Sphynx” unridled,

Reticent Lad!—or you'll be didd'led;

They'll tease ye with politest wit,

And pun upon your name of “Grit.”

Swear lustily by the “Dominion,”

Do battle wi' the fause opinion

That “blood is merit,” learning needel

To guide a Nation freely seeded

Wi' Saxon plants o' hardy fibre,

And Celtic “shoots” from “Don” to Tiber!

Digest the lecture I have held,—

A health to you and “bonnie DUNKELD.” (23)

NOTES AND GLOSSARY.—(1) Hon. E. BLAKE. (2) Dangerous and uncertain.—
(3) An Edinboro' riot is no joke—since the day they hung PORTBUS their *Chef de police*
on a barber's pole in Grass-market—this line refers to a rising against the Irish when
the trial word was “Pease”; whoever failed in giving the true Gothic twang, was
knocked down. A Celtic hero saved himself by calling out “Pease! if I should die for
it!” (4) NAF, the First's great Detective—read life of—then compare HUNTINGDON,
McMULLEN & Co. (5) Sheltered—Sir JOHN knows it, and feels for them. (6)
GEORGE is sensible here, look to the millions spent in Abyssinia where no murder was
done and impertinent proselytising insisted on.—(6) Closer. (7) Sir JAMES of that
name made free with continental sealing-wax and was disgraced for ever; he was a
Home Secretary at the time and not a *disinterested Patriot*. (8) Promiscuous talk—
GEORGE abounds in it as well as “GRIP”. (9) Glasgow Quay made sacred by the
landing of Sanct Mungo, and now ditto by the expected ditto of ST. ALEXANDER.—
(10) “MACKEN IE, 12 Oswald St.,—Cabs to hire.” (11) Baillie JAMES MOIR, who
sung the Marseilles to FERGUS O'CONNOR and the Glasgow chartists—not sure but
SANDY was there. (12) Sec. Op. Mason's Society: sure to go aboard of Brither
SANDY if not well watched. (13) Insalubrious spot somewhere, would not J. A. like
GEORGE's proposed voyage accomplished? (14) “Neivy, neivy, nick, nack, whatna'
han' will ye tak’?” a question now freely asked at the electors of the Dom. when a
Grit and a Liberal Conservative are offered to their choice; “tak' the 'tane or tak' the
t'ither—disna' matter muckle whither.” (15) Trowel—sacred to the memory of one at
Sarnia. (16) Wild sorrell—genus seems extinct in Canada; displaced by disap-
pointed lobbyists. (17) Time-honored watering place on the Clyde. Asylum for ladies
whose husbands have much business on hand. (18) Sir ROBERT NAPIER, great boat-
builder and engineer—W. & J. BURNS of the Anchor and other lines—looks like busi-
ness and that's what GEORGE wants, he wishes to keep his own and ALICK's tuft-hunt-
ing out of sight—and never say “Sir.” (19) Putney village on the Esk near Edinburgh
BURNS called there, why should not SANDY? (20) Sir W. CHAMBERS, Ed. of the *Journal*,
literary, and a Baronet. Keep up GEORGE, there's hopes! his “Information for
the People” is now at Glenmorriston, Peeblesshire, and reads thus: “Transgressors on
these grounds punished with the utmost severity of the law”—anything in the placard
way up at Bow Farm? DUNCAN McLAREN, M.P. for City of Edinburgh, is still plain
DUNCAN, an awful man at figures; he once in our hearing wanted to embroil BRIGHT
in a maze of them, but the great printer of calico gracefully retired, saying: “his Edin-
boro' Colleague was the LYCURGUS of the Numeration Table, and he would shirk.” No
wonder GEORGE thinks it risky for him to get alongside ALEX. (21) Meddle not—
No ALIX. dont—send BLAKE there it will take some of the conceit out of him.—(22)
A sort of Bohemian DEMOSTHENES an *Arch* ARCHIBALD McKELLAR.—SANDY has
enough of that at home.—(23) or Dun-Caledon—the Fort of the Caledonians; may
SANDY like his native place prove a fort of refuge to the needy of his countrymen.