

The Surprising Situation.

I am a puzzled party, which my name it is JOHN BULL,
As is of great annoyances now most exceeding full.
Things seem all gettin' twisted up; I don't know what's around,
I doubt I am a standin' on what's not quite solid ground.

I was a fighting character, but ain't so any more,
And many a year has passed since folks have heard my cannons roar.
I used to tear around with such, but now at home I stay,
A keepin' peacefully my shop, which I find much better pay.

My old friend NAP, who by my side had fought in Russia once,
Wished me to cut the States in two; I wasn't such a dunce.
I let 'em fight, and sold 'em things, and I their commerce run,
Benzath my flag I'd most of it, before the war was done.

And then he wanted me to help in thrashing Germany,
But no point to his argument could I at that time see.
So he and BISMARCK Europe kept for years employed at war,
And kept me manufacturing, and cash paid me therefor.

And headlong then I went it blind for arts of peace and such,
I might have helped my Colonies; but didn't do it much.
Took off the bounty which I used to give 'em on their grain,
It weakened them in men and heart; but paid—I don't complain.

Old laws, by which my sailors came who won my famous wars,
Which said each British trading ship should man with British Tars,
I abrogated, and I've shipped of foreigners a lot,
It paid—but my old hearts of oak—I wonder where they've got?

I grabbed an awful lot of land in those old fighting times,
But troops those lands to gar'ison?—Why no, I saved the times.
And if a row turns up, well, I have some small force, you see,
But in six places all at once that force could hardly be.

But then my fleet I thought would keep these places safe. Alas!
The sciences and such like things are come to such a pass.
My ironclads, which I had thought would all the world command,
May be blown up with torpedoes no bigger than my hand.

And now they say—Oh, horrid news!—those folks who've been and
trained,

At armies, fighting, and such things, while I at home remained,
That's Russia, Prussia, Austria—have secretly enrolled
Themselves to gobble Europe up, and leave me in the cold.

And here I've been these many years, because it paid me well,
A building railroads for these chaps, and to 'em guns did sell.
And sent 'em engineers to teach 'em things; but, I say, but
I fear I've been a-teaching them just how my throat to cut.

I don't know well what course to take, I'm rather up a tree,
But I shall try to pass it by, and take things quietly.
And if this cloud will but this once unarming pass away,
I mean to think of safety more, and rather less of pay.

The Mail to Mr. O'Hanly.

(See editorial in Monday's Mail).

Misther O'HANLY,

Down at Ottaway.

Dear Sur an Respected Fellow Citizen.—We write this to let ye know that our sympathy is wid ye in the prisint trouble betune yourself an BROWN and the Reformum Party av Canady. Bein a man av disarcament, ye can aisily parsave by the brogue av this letter, that we, the Mail, are your own flesh an blood, an the thure frind av the Roman Catholic Irishmin av the county. Begorra, Misther O'HANLY, it's the thruth ye shpake, fwthin ye say that the Liberal Party av Ontario is no find av our co-religionists. Sure, they have niver in the whole coorse av their existence gev wan Catholic Irishman a nomination, barrin a few; an fwthin they have put up a man av that kind, sure hasn't he been defayed? Luck at the case av Misther O'DONOHUE, here in Toronto. Av coorse, that gentleman says he was defayed to a large extint by the votes av Irish Catholics; but it is not our juty to be takin notice av the loikes av thim assartions. Fwhat we wud like to call your prisint attention to, dear Misther O'HANLY, is, that your thure frinds is the Liberal Consarvatiff Party. Come to us, an' you will find rest, an justice, an ivery blessin your heart longs for. Luck at the recort we can show ye! Luck at all thim articles the Mail has printed wid the headin av "Our venerable Archbishop and the Reverend Clargy." Bein a man av disarcament, ye will aisily see that the above was not intinded to be tuck up sarcastic. Bein a man that is in the habit av drawin inferances, ye will at wanst parsave that the Mail has always loved the Archbishops an Clargy an the whole Catholic people, an used it's best efforts to elect min av that faith to Parlymint. Didn't we vote for O'DONOHUE? Doesn't our Orangemin always vote for the Catholic candidates av our Consarvatiff Party? Av coorse they do. Misther O'HANLY, dear Misther O'HANLY, able an talente! Catholic gintleman, Misther O'HANLY—throw aff the yoke av the Grits; join wid our Chafetain JOHN A., an maybe we will nominate ye some toime for our mumber, an all our Orangemin will vote for ye, so they will.

Your thure frind, THE Mail.

A Delightful Improvement.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR:—"If ever pity," et cetera, as the poet remarks, I want some. I am an unhappy resident of York street. In fact, concerning those residents whose hard fate stuck them north of King, you may leave the adjective out; their locality describes their condition. Last summer, it was our hard fate to have our street improved. The centre of the street, if not much better, is not much worse. But the sidewalks, they improved them to the tune of some five thousand dollars—that is to say, they have improved the contractor's pockets to that amount, and injured the sidewalks to a good deal more. They have put on a patent pavement of wood and gravel. The gravel cuts the shoes of pedestrians to pieces. It fills our houses; it is as the plague of frogs which filled the beds and the kneading troughs—it is everywhere. We eat quantities of it at meals—we breathe it all day—we sleep, or try to sleep, on it at night. In vain we sweep; every wind blows it over us. Our street is injured, and lo, all people avoid it. What can be done? Our business is ruined; our health is destroyed; the absorption of gravel and sand into our systems is fast turning us to stone. GRIP, the half petrified implore your succour.

Yours,

May 16, 1877.

A POSSIBLE PETRIFICATION.

Eureka! Canada all right at last!

Oh! boys, let's have a grand hoo-roar!
And let us all admiring sing
The praise of MAC & Co., once more
Who've done the only proper thing!
With gladsome confidence we will
Confess them saviours of this nation;
Who know the cure for every ill,
And graft it on the situation!

Real "bully" chaps they surely be,
State pilotage the perfect pink of;
'Tis their's to hit peculiar-lee
On that which no one else would think of.
Yet, always, the solution they
To us propose shines forth sublime,
The fit, the true, the only way
To meet the crisis of the time.

And yet so simple 'tis withal,—
So obvious to the meanest mind,—
Amazement holds us all in thrall
We ne'er before that way did find!
Simplicity does ever show
Union with genius—witness sure
To this gives Canada, whose woe
Now yields to MAC's inornate cure!

Her people search around for work
From morn to eve; no work is there;
And, (save they list for Russ or Turk),
There's nothing left them but despair.
Her traders fail; her factories all
Do droop, or close; cash can't be had;
Her revenue has heavy fall;
And houses void make owners mad.

She sought a remedy—alas!
She found it not! In darkness she
Did grope. But lo! there comes to pass
A guide in her perplexity:
More Immigration! And a big
Boss General-Agent! Did you ever?
(Five thousand dollars) dash my wig!
How simple 'tis! and yet how clever!

COLUMNUS' egg he flattened out;
"Pshaw! easy quite!" beholders, bit
With envy cried, "We, too, no doubt,
Had done it had we thought of it!"
So Canada, new gone to school
To MAC., and by him wisely taught,
Doth call herself a precious fool
She ne'er of Immigration thought!

"Because," she says, "so obvious-lee
"It is for all her present ills
"A perfect cure; and ANNAND, he
"Must send to her his little bills,
"Which she, ecstasically quite,
"Will foot and wish that they were more."
So boys, our trouble's gone from sight,
Let's have a closing vast hoo-roar!