

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOL.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 26TH AUGUST, 1876.

Amusement Bulletin.

THE ROYAL.—Mr. GORAY'S managerial career at this theatre began pleasantly on Monday evening, when a good audience assembled to see Mr. JOS. MURPHY in his new drama, *The Kerry Gow*. Mr. MURPHY is one of the very best exponents of the Irish character now on the stage. He has naturally a liberal share of the "mother wit" of his country, and, though his performances are uncommonly funny, there is no exaggeration or caricature in his acting. *The Kerry Gow* is a pretty and effective piece. Mr. MURPHY appears for the balance of the week in *Maum Cre* and *Help*, which plays afford him plenty of scope for his versatility as a character actor and musician.

BASE BALL.—The Tecumseths, of London, who are out on a white-washing tour, are to meet the Toronto boys in battle on the Cricket Ground, Saturday afternoon. Toronto will nearly win, if there is any reliance to be placed on Euclid, to wit: Hamilton all but defeated London, and Toronto badly whipped Hamilton. Q.E.D.

The Turkish Stocks.

I'm the party called J. B.
I support humanity
Stay, though, mind my L.S.D.
Turkish Stocks.

What, if Russia Turkey thrash,
Might become of certain cash?
What might straightway go to smash?
Turkish Stocks.

If her rebel principedoms all
Push old Turkey to the wall,
What is that would quickly fall?
Turkish Stocks.

Why should folks make such a din
If I help the Crescent win?
I've two hundred millions in
Turkish Stocks.

Turks, we know, when angry, will,
Mothers and their infants kill;
Never mind, if intact still
Turkish Stocks.

A Crooked Tune.

LISTEN to this mellifluous strain from the Dundas organ of Conservatism, the *Standard*:—

"After his remarkable powers of statesmanship and wonderful geniality of disposition, perhaps the most remarkable and amiable feature in the character of Sir JOHN MACDONALD is his ingenuousness. He conceals nothing and has nothing to conceal. His faults are faults of the heart and not of the head, and consequently while his best friends may regret his mistakes, they can always forgive them."

GRIP observes that the editor leaves "truthfulness" out of the list of Sir JOHN'S virtues. Perhaps he does so because he finds it hard to reconcile the great Statesman's remark at Colborne, that his mistakes were "of the head, not of the heart" with his own assertion, as above, that it is quite the other way on. Let the *Standard* man get his organ repaired, and quickly too. Farewell.

The Police Magistrate Solus.

Talk not to me of laws! There is a Law—
There is a Higher Law. I am that last,
A law unto myself. They may lay down
In Parliament their laws, their fines, their terms
In prison, and the little petty rules
Relating to each case. My name's MACNAB!
My foot is here upon my new-built Court,
And I defy the law!

(Sentences prisoner contrary to statute, and exit.)

The Last Political Bid.

CONSERVATIVE:

Seedy old Granger, whether are you going?
Rough is the road; you seem to bear some cares too,
Keen blows the wind: your eye has got a tear in't,
Sad is your forehead.

Downtrodden Granger, I know how your woes came,
Has not great MAC tyrannically used you?
Was it not CARTWRIGHT ruined you with tariffs?
Or was it BLAKE, now?

Tyrannized Granger, little do those Clear Grits
Care for the bone and sinew of the country.
Sit you down by me, that you may explain your
Pitiful story.

GRANGER:

Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir,
Only that rust has cut off all my fall wheat,
And that the spring is ripe, and I want hands much,
And cannot get one.

I should be very glad to pay you cash, sir,
If you would help me somewhat with my harvest;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

CONSERVATIVE:

I go assist thee! I will see thee d—d first,
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs could rouse to vengeance;
Sordid, ox-driving, snrow-turning reptile!

Base party hater!

(Exit in a transport of political enthusiasm.)

Current Events.

No. 2.

Me Darlint Grip:

I b'lave I nuvver seen such dull times in me loife as we do be havin' at the prisint toime. Av coorse, I'm spakin now as the mouth-pace av the commerchal community and the loikes av thim, for, more power to the Aldermin av the city, I have nothin' mesilf to complain av in the way av bein out av work. And, begorra, I make mesilf perfectly aisy about the Financhal Futcher, dthat the *Monetary Times* does be talkin' so solemn about all the fwhile. And fwhy? Because as long as the prisint Council holds their sates at the Table, there will be plenty av diggin up av sthreads, and puttin down av ditches, and diggin up and puttin down, and sure, dthat makes it plisint for the likes av me, dthat follows the perfession av the Pick and Shovel.

Its my opinion dthat the dulness av the bisnes sayson has tuk hould av the polytitions too. What do we be gettin now in the *Globe* ivery day but JOHN A. all the fwhile. Sure they say he's a harv case, and shmall blame to him fwhin they do be poundin him so long. Thin, in the *Mail*, we have repayted doses av "Big Push," and if air a man was saysick av a thing in this world, its me dthat is sick av Big Push. Me NORAH is av the same mind in this matther, and fwhin I take home the papers, she refuses wid scorn an indignashun to lishten to the contins av the iditorials.

But its pity I think ye iditors deserve inshted av cursin. Sure I don't see haw yez gets out yer papers at all at all, wid nothin goin on to spake about.

There's MACKENZIE, and CARTWRIGHT, and COFFIN, and SMITH and the rist av thim all down at Ottawa beyant, ashlape in their ice-houses, and nare a word av pollyticks out av one av thim. Thin, there's BLAKE away on the deep blue say, and CAMERON and RYKART snoozin under a thre at a peckneck, I suppose. Fwhy don't MACKENZIE do somethin to gev us a resht. Sure, av he was anything av a statesmin he wud have got up a skandle av some sort before this. Fwhat the country wants is Sir JOHN in office wanst more. Thin the papers wud have plinty av kay-notes to play chunes on a different sthring ivery day. Me ould friend, Misher MACKENZIE BOWELL, av the Belleville paper, is axin "Is the Consarvatif Reaction a fiction or a fact?" Bad cess till him, av coorse it is! Let us have no more foolish quistions av dthat kind this sayson, Misher BOWELL.

Spakin av conunthrums, reminds me av that new gossoon in Hamilton; him that writes letters in the *Mail* fornist the name av "Rupert." An now, he axes "Fwhy do the young min part their hair in the cintre?" Fwhat does he mane by throublin the publik wid this, and lavin' the matther in suspinspe, fwhin he might take off his own hat and foind out? He seems to be dthat kind av a man. I obsarve by his lasht afashion dthat he is thyrin to stir up the dandther av the *Times*' man, an av he does dthat same, mark my word, he'll repent. Oi think av Misher BUCKANAN wud take me dandy RUPERT down till Burlington Beech ap put some ice on his head, it wud be a keind action, an moight be thin manes av preventin further throuble.

TERRY TIERNEY.