

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The grabest Bent is the Jass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Opster; the grabest Fun is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 15TH, 1876.

Grip Demands Proof or Apology.

One count in the indictment lately preferred against Rev. Mr. JONES of Grace Church charges him with having "published or caused to be published a certain cartoon in GRIP"—in other words, with having made a cat's paw of this publication. As we feel that the charge reflects far more seriously on ourselves than on Mr. JONES, we respectfully call upon the Christian accusers to forthwith produce proof or a suitable apology. In the meantime we give the charge an indignant and unqualified denial, and take this opportunity of saying, moreover, that GRIP never has been and never will be bought, bribed or influenced to be the organ of any man or clique. The cartoon referred to, entitled "*Let us have Darkness*," originated wholly with ourselves, and expressed the opinion we held and still hold of the Ritualistic innovators of the Diocese of Toronto.

THE HOLMANS.—The ever popular HOLMANS are presenting their English Operas this week at the Horticultural Gardens, where large audiences have greeted them nightly. Several changes have been made in the company much to its improvement. Prof. TOULMIN and his orchestra furnish the accompaniment.

Mr. Brown to the Justice.

Tell Me nae sic nonsense! Fudge!
Tell na Me he is a Judge.
Judge, indeed! He sune shall see
Judges maun steer clear o' Me!

Did he no "corrupt" Me ca?
Say I meant to brak the law?
Daured to speak sic things o' Me!
Me, the Chief o' Purity!

Said I wished, in bribery,
Ithers to concur wi Me!
Whatna if I did? I trow
Judges maunna tell Me so!

Wha appointit him? Noo, say,
Wha keeps him a Judge to-day?
Wha diz him his station gie?
Disna he belong to Me?

Can I no pit in or oot
BLAKE, wha orders him aboot?
An' this little creature, he
Daur to sit an' craw at Me!

Let the paltry fallow ken,
Judges keep their places when
Weel-conduckit, an' hae sense
No to gie Me impudence.

What if a Commission I
Suld appoint at ance, to try
Whether sic a one as he
Shall impugn My dignity?

Ken ye no My Government
Maun fulfil a' My intent?
Suld they dare to tell me nay,
Oot into the cauld they gae.

Tell na Me that I intrench
On the freedom o' the Bench!
Bench an' table, court and ha',
Law an' judge, I rule them a'.

Ither men maun these respect.
GEORDIE BROON, ye'll recollect,
High above them, at his ease,
Shall insult them if he please.

The Woes of Edgar.

It's hard when a chap's been so often defeated,
Made so many good speeches for nothing, you know—
That he should of all remuneration be cheated,
Something good in my way they should certainly throw.

But it's always the way; when a fellow's down, kick him.
His services then are all gone out of mind.
When into a Governorship they should stick him,
Some slight consolation wherein he might find.

Yes, British Columbia; I should have had it.
But no; they bestow it on RICHARDS, you see.
A piece of ingratitude extremely sad: it
Was exactly the place of all others for me.

By that far distant beach, where Pacific waves roll in,
I could calmly have mused on the griefs of my lot;
And perhaps, as the thought of my salary stole in,
Might have all my "rejected addresses" forgot.

American versus Indian.

Shot your Injun down at sight,
When you chance to meet him,
Let him know that might is right,
From his country beat him.

Chase him to some distant, rough,
Stony reservation.
Rocks and sand quite good enough
Are for his location.

Even there no peace allow
If there's gold upon it.
Never mind an Injun row,
Pour your miners on it.

Cheat them out of promised pay,
Dodge all compensation,
Till against your forces they
Rise in desperation,

Kill some hundreds of your men—
Here's your chance. Resistance!
Murder! Move your forces then,
Sweep them from existence.

The Apologetic Dodge.

The owner of the *Telegram* is deeply grieved indeed.
His paper has been libelling, which, as he it don't read,
He did'nt know: and "Bless us all!" he very shortly cried,
"Here is a lawyer's letter come; what may the thing betide?
My paper has been libelling—a thing I didn't see!
Accept, dear sir, I beg, my most profound apology."
But ah, there's costs to settle up, and spiteful folks will say,
The publication grieves him less than having them to pay,
And GRIP will say that editors who publish papers here,
And say they don't know what, get into fixes very queer.
Some of them don't know how to tell their story, we know well,
But at the least the rascals might know what they mean to tell.

Grip Determines to be Complimentary.

GRIP is afraid that he is sometimes too severe. During this hot weather, too, when he directs a brilliant coruscation of wit, full of fiery thought and burning sarcasm, against an individual, the result is almost certainly fatal. In July, too, it is unfair to overcrowd the cemeteries. So GRIP will turn over a benign leaf; he will be good; he will be civil; he will win brazen opinions. Now, to commence, he will kill two birds—no, he won't do anything so savage—he will make two friends with one friendly eulogium. These are Mr. MILLS, M. P., and the writer of *Current Events*, who are disputing on commercial matters in Latin, which is very nice and considerate of them, as they think the public will not be demoralized by reading how cross they are, nobody but themselves understanding the language. Mr. MILLS tells *Events* that he is lying in darkness, doubly bound in ignorance, knowing nothing, and not knowing that he don't. This turns the *Current* man as sour as old gooseberry, and he responds that MILLS might be precious sensible if he didn't know what he does know. Now, GRIP might write something sarcastic; but he won't. No, on the contrary, he pats these disputants on the back, he heartily endorses both their expressions, and declares that it gives him the greatest pleasure to agree with them both. Now, if this doesn't please them, sympathy is played out, and GRIP will renounce it.