

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 16TH SEPTEMBER, 1876.

ROYAL OPERA.—MCDOWELL'S Shaugraun Company continue to draw good houses. To-night *Rose Michel* will be put on the boards when Toronto's old favourite, COULDOCK, will appear in a splendid role. The success of the piece cannot be a question.

BASE BALL.—Guelph vs. Toronto, Cricket Ground, Saturday afternoon. A capital match anticipated. Ladies free.

New Play—Scene I.

Dramatis Personæ.—SIR JOHN A. FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH DODDS, NYM BOULTBEE, PISTOL MACDOUGALL.

SIR JOHN.—Rogues, which of you Did base MACKENZIE mean, when he did say That he, who at my pic-nics followed me Closest, and shouted loudest—he, I say— Had begg'd of him, of base MACKENZIE begg'd Office, when Grits and Scandal me had floored? Had begg'd, and been refused. Which, I ask which? Varlets, which did the thing?

BARDOLPH DODDS.—Nay, thus I say, If that MACKENZIE meant me, Sir, why he Spite of his Prohibition, then was drunk, Drunk out of his five sentences. It was Not I, by shogs, not I!

NYM BOULTBEE.—No interest had I, That is the humour of it, not a jot. The *Mail* had none, and therefore I had none, That is the very plain-song; 'twas not I!

PISTOL MACDOUGALL.—Base is the slave That pays to what was asked in confidence No homage of regard; but blabs it out. O most egregious dog! O viper vile! I throw it in his teeth, and in his throat! I throw it in his most marvellous face! And in his hateful lungs, and in his maw! Now, by this hand, most horrible revenge— I'll have! All inmost hell shall quake for this!

SIR JOHN.—Ye all shall tramp! I am belittled through the kingdom here, For holding with such knaves. Begone, away! I am sufficient to myself to-day. My star, now rising, shall forever wane, Ere I uphold such caitiffs in my train!

[Scene closes.]

THE DUNNVILLE PICNIC—GRIP has not space to give Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S speech, so ventures on a mere condensation. It might run thus:—"Ladies and gentlemen. I am here to-day to inform you how wicked and foolish was my old friend JOHN A., and how ill-advised his measures, during all those years in which I praised and supported him."

The Unexpected Fall.

The fall is come. Oh, pleasant thought,
To winter-fearing soul,
That with it came, before he'd bought,
Also a fall in coal.

But oh, how sadly taken in
Is that too thrifty one,
Who bought enough to fill his bin
Before the fall begun.

And now the first, with merry smile,
Doth pile his diamonds high,
The second looks askance the while
With cash-regretting eye.

The Premier at Watford.

GRIP, noticing the Premier had filled the world with his voice—no, filled the *Globe* with his speech—same thing—knew no one would read it at that length, and has so shortened, poetized, and improved it, that it will now be seen through in a moment, and will go down to posterity as a fearful warning to those who assume duties they cannot understand—no, that's not it; shall have the Government down on us—will shine in all future time a brilliant example of genius adapting itself to un-studied situations. That's better. By the way, we thought it rather cool of Mr. MACKENZIE, the last bag of gold he carried up our marble steps, to say it was heavy. What's he for? We could get another. JOHN A. is 'round, and promises fairly—all he does do, though. But let them both look out. Here's the speech:—

Your commerce prospered when I came, your politics did not. I've altered the disparity, and now they're even got.

Their newspapers pour obloquy unfair on great and small. We did'n't so. The *Globe*? Oh, dear, that was'n't us at all. Those rascal Tories got the great North-west to cultivate, And grew a big rebellion there—they did, as sure as fate. And while they swore at Riel, they sent him cash away to keep, And fooled us, which it makes my flesh around my bones to creep. See what's come to JOHN A., because he would'n't grab in place? He has to run a circus now, a horrible disgrace!

And says what is'n't true of us, when playing at each town, But won't I squelch him, if he dares to Ottawa come down? To sell us to Columbia you know he did agree.

If not, why would they shout for him, and not believe in me? He violated rights, and Manitoba made rebel.

Why, knowing thus, our side were hard on Riel I cannot tell, But let that pass. Next, he has down this proposition laid, That I, who such denounced, have now a coalition made.

And says, with cheek more marvellous than I can here express, My colleagues threw their principles away to coalesce.

But I most solemnly declare that none of them that day Found they had any principles which could stand in their way.

Why he's one of a lot who once with horrible intent, Did down at Montreal burn up the House of Parliament!

And threw vile missiles physical at Elgin in the street, And laid in wait out in the fields that nobleman to meet;

And hoisted up a black flag (he's a pirate too you know) I'd hang him, but that DUFFERIN'S too soft, and won't do so.

We should'n't hang all rebels, though these Tory ones we might, For we Reformers did rebel, which was all very right.

Then we've passed lots of Bills for things which he could never do. The way to get Insolvent we've made twice as smooth for you.

A strong Election Law we made—(the old one was too loose) Which proved a darned bombshell, and blew our own friends to the deuce,

To help the country; but what's that?—he won't see any good In what we do; and what would he?—what did he when he could, Did he not make the Scandal?—yes he did, the horrid Turk!

That monstrous, awful, fearful and most diabolic work! Don't say we did as bad?—of course we for elections paid,

And meant to get recouped as well; but there the likeness staid. What we did individually of course was slightly sad,

The same thing done by party—Oh! it's damning! horrid! bad! And then the railway—Sir JOHN says he'd a good bargain made,

What trash!—his scheme was busted, and deposits all repaid. But we've a line on which we've done a deal more work, I'll bet,

Then any other government e'er thought of doing yet. We had no lack of money, and the grade was mostly flat,

And in three years we've laid ten miles!—now only think of that? As to Protection, farmers don't want anything like that,

JOE RYMAL told me so, you know, which lays that thing out flat. Cheap goods!—that's what the country wants—no matter where they're made.

Buy in the cheapest markets—that's the way to nourish trade. If I want engines, though, or cloth, I buy them here, for so,

I give home industry a chance, and help some folks I know. The steel rails were a bargain good, which no one can deny.

For Prohibition—can't say now, decide on't by and by, "Big Push?"—we'll that investigate if Big Push likes to ask.

I blow no trumpets like Sir JOHN—no, that's his chosen task. He'll never be in power again. The trade depression?—why,

I just advise that all of you do wait till it goes by. The great heart of the country loyal is to me and true,

Keep me-in place, and I'll do more like what I've done for you. Then Colonel WALKER made a speech, ('twas not of purity,)

And Mr. GLASS declared the *Globe* spoke sometimes truthfully, And SCATCHERD said, that he'd seen no reaction in the land,

And CAMERON informed them all he could not understand, And divers little orators worked off a little foam,

And then the meeting went to bits, and every bit went home.