

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

Machine Poetry.

RECENTLY we had the felicity of bringing prominently before the world the merits of a Collingwood bard. When we called his verse flowery we didn't know his name was MILLER, though when we did discover his patronymic, we thought we had found the reason of his *perchant* for grinding "poetry." It seems our good offices have not been well received by the modest poetaster, for we find the following in the last issue of the *Collingwood Bulletin*:

"It is reported that Mr. MILLER is at work on a new poem in which GRIP is to be properly snubbed for his impertinence."

We hope the report is true. We shall take delight in publishing anything in which we are honoured by even disparaging reference at hand of this rising light, who, like a shaft of the Aurora Borealis, brightens the north with the electric light of his transcendent genius. If in so doing we are again considered impertinent, we can only hope this MILLER has had little experience in that "mill" which runs only in "the ring." All we ask is that he shall not grind us; in his verse we can well hope to become immortalized.

So much by way of introduction. We had often heard of machine poetry, but till within the last few days we never lit upon any of the threshing-machine variety. We have been granted this boon, and, being unselfish, we desire to share our delights with our readers. When they read it they will, we are certain, be ready to die. The *Alliston Star* was the happy medium through which the musical lines first gained publicity; and so proud was that journal of the distinction that the verses were given the first position under the editorial heading. The lines are dedicated to "CURREN & HAMMELL'S New Threshing Machine," and were "written for the *Star* (brightened *Star*!) by FAGAN." In order to bring out their full beauty they should be read with a bit of a brogue.

The first verse gives us a vivid description of the machine and its beauties:

Did you ever see Johnny Curren's machine?
The painting is beautiful orange and green,
With new patent rigging complete;
The grandest invention in under the Queen
To thresh either barley or wheat.

"Orange and green" is a good union of party colours, while the loyalty of the writer is undoubted who prefers "in under the Queen" to "in under the sun." "Queen," too, rhymes with "green;" had he said "sun," the tint must have been "dun," which would have utterly destroyed the colouring and its significance.

And Johnny's the boy who can run her in style,
While Tommy attends her with tallow and oil,
And keeps all the gearing in trim;
The other young man is the pride of the soil—
The ladies keep winking at him.

JOHNNY evidently knows how to "run the machine;" TOMMY has made a study of the use of lubricators; but "the other young man," undescribed beyond his being the ladies' favorite, whatever his duties, is no doubt useful in insuring good victuals.

Her pinions were tested on Fagan's black oats,
And some healthy thistles that grow on the flats,
The sheaves were a terror to see;
While Fagan himself took a few tuneful notes,
And christened her *Cushla Macree*.

Here the poet has courageously sacrificed his rhyme for the sake of truth; but it's a pity FAGAN didn't have a number of black oats to put through. The endearing title given proves FAGAN a man of deep affections. The reader will notice that "FAGAN himself" is the poet, and if a law officer he will doubtless remark that he took a few notes.

Her coupling is safe and the arms are long,
The horse-power is betry and wonderful strong,
No fear of her jumping a cog;
The three civil fellows are hearty and young,
Let no man begrudge them the grog.

Here are other proofs of the excellencies of the machine, also of the trio who manipulate her, who are deserving no doubt of the grog, of which more in the next stanza.

The smut and the rust is enough to destroy
The eyes of a giant—unless he gets rye,
To fasten the hair on his lids.
You'll get a good sample at famed Ballycrov,
At Scanlon's, or Hughes', or Kidd's.

See the use of experience—"to fasten the hair on his lids"—and also the kindness in directing one where a good article to prevent baldness and preserve the eyes may be had.

Got two clever fellows to jump on the straw,
Like young Johnny Williams or Master Bublou,
And then you'll be ready for work.
I've seen them at Carroll's a few days ago,
And Lord, how they handle a fork.

Two to jump on the straw, Johnny to run her in style, Tommy to attend her with tallow and oil, another young man for the ladies to wink at, then the work goes bravely on. It seems that certain parties did justice to the meat and potatoes at CARROLL'S, but what that has to do with it is not plain.

All you who want threshing in winter or fall,
You'll find to your interest to give them a call,
And patiently wait for your turn.
They never break promise for Peter or Paul,
Success to you! Hammell & Curren.

Most people don't want threshing at any time, unless, indeed, they become, like the Irishman, "blue moulding for want of a bating;" and for the most part people in that predicament are not very patient. Peter or Paul are not likely to call on the "jolly young fellows" for a threshing, still we have no doubt with the "start" given them by FAGAN, success will not be apt to turn from TOMMY HAMMELL and JOHNNY CURREN.

Croaks and Pecks.

A LEGAL MOTTO.—"A good action brings its own reward."

ALREADY we are beginning to hear the rumbling of the coming dispute between the rival cities of Ontario as to the location of the Provincial Exhibition next year. GRIP thinks there is no question about it; Toronto must be the place, if it is so that "None but the Brave deserve the Fair."

WANTED.—An Office; no objection to its being very high up. Apply to CAMERON, KKKERT, LAUDER, & Co.

The *Belleville Ontario* is too enterprising. On the day of hearing of the Cumberland, N. S., election case it said, "There is little doubt that Dr. TUPPER will be unseated for bribery." Before the day was over there was no doubt about the matter, as the petition was withdrawn and TUPPER retains the seat. Twenty-four hours makes a vast difference sometimes, and in this case the *Ontario* had done better to have waited the day. By trying to get ahead of others it succeeded in getting the start of itself.

A MANITOBA journal lately made some reference to youths "from the county of Lummox," and a Perth newspaper takes it to mean the county of Lanark, seriously asking an explanation. If each Lanark man is as great a "lummox" as this Perth innocent, the name is likely to stick.

The Penny-a-liner's saint—Colonskill.

The *Mail* calls it "The Late Convention." So soon defunct? "When so soon it was done for, what was it over begun for?"

The only reason we know why JENKINS should be called "Agent-General" is that he is nothing in particular.

The South Wentworth Conservatives have nominated Mr. R. R. (not rail-road) WADDELL as candidate for the Legislature, but he feels inclined to waddle out of it.

The editor of the *St. Catharines Times* says: "If J. J. HAWKINS don't get some favor for his somersault, we will give our head for a foot-ball." The challenger knows there's no danger, as the head is too soft to be of any use for the purpose.

The *Kingston Whig* having said the Conservative nomination for that city was offered to no less than nine gentlemen, the *News* indignantly denies that the nomination was offered to so much as one gentleman.

When the cost of the Governor-General's reception at St. Catharines was discussed by the town Council, Mr. NEELOV explained that he had paid for one coil of rope for himself. It is thought he had fears of becoming too demonstrative and got the rope to prevent it. Others who look for his seat hope that it is for a higher purpose.

Mr. CLIFFE, of the *Kincardine Review*, has been convicted of libelling Hon. GEO. BROWN, and fined \$100. The *National* thinks it incumbent upon Newspaperdom to get up a subscription for the unlucky defendant. Any person who says this proposal is not made from the most disinterested motives, possesses the spirit of a libeller himself.

GRIP hopes the Well Known Missionary of the Western Diocese, and all the other professors of political righteousness will give his accompanying Cartoon fair consideration. The poor heathen can never be converted from their name-calling and dirt-throwing if their moral instructors practice the same bad habits.

In algebra the letter X stands for an unknown quantity; in the newspaper business it stands for PETER of the *St. Catharines Times*.

GRIP heartily commends WHITE'S Mansion, King Street East, to the patronage of gentlemen who have a palate for good oysters well served.