

AN UNREPORTED STATEMENT.

THE following has been forwarded to *Grip* by a respected political friend. It purports to be a few sentences belonging to the address delivered by the new Premier at Sarnia the other day, but fraudulently withheld by that gentleman out of fear. The sender does not say how it came into his possession, but it is well known that Mr. MACKENZIE is in the habit of leaving his written speeches lying about in the most reckless manner, and it is likely there were a good many young Grits in the vicinity of the platform.

"We have always denounced, in the most unsparing manner, Coalition Governments; but upon being sent for by His Excellency, my first step was to take two whitewashed Tories into my Cabinet. You see, Gentlemen, though we all despise traitors, when we profit by their treachery they must have their reward. Another point that we have been very strong on, in opposition, is that thirteen members were too many for the work. As my extremely humorous friend Mr. BLAKE put it on one occasion, 'Dick helps Tom and Tom does nothing;' but upon my accession to power I increased the number by two, and you see by the report in the *Globe* that I have to remain in my Department every night till ten or eleven to get through my work, whereas my predecessors finished their work in a few hours. But, of course, you will easily understand that there is a difference between Tory and Grit brain power! Mr. BLAKE, with school-boy glee, quoted not long since from *Junius* to the effect that we must be careful to guard against the slightest infraction of Constitutional usage, as one slight evil opens the way for fifty others. On a former occasion he deprecated the power of the Ministry of increasing their numbers, as by that means they could corruptly control the House. Since I have taken the reins of power, I have given two seats in my Cabinet without portfolio, but then you understand we want to control the House. The clap-trap of opposition and the policy of power are two different things; but while admitting this, we take as our motto, 'Consistency thou art a jewel,' that under the noisy professions of purity, we may the more readily escape detection. The worst sin, the crime of which my predecessors were guilty, was the sin of being found out. We shall endeavor to avoid this mistake."

STREET ESSAYS. No. 1.

WE venture to assert that no two men can be more utterly degraded, the first in the eyes of the inhabitants, and the second in his own innermost soul, than the man who is compelled to indulge in a playful canter for a quarter of a mile after his hat, which gambols gracefully before him; and the man who is carefully walking on an icy pavement, in a pair of smooth leather boots, with a small boy rapidly approaching in the rear, dragging a young friend on a hand sleigh with about four feet of rope attached. The feelings and actions of the gentleman in the former position are patent to the whole world; those of him in the latter are confined to his own breast; and the mental agony which he endures can be known only to himself. He first tries to turn around and behold the approaching danger, and immediately becomes aware of the fact that if he goes on with that proceeding he will light on his head in the attempt. Next he endeavors with short quick steps to reach the space between the wall and the pavement, but finds that time will not permit of this. All this time the increasing roar proclaims the nearer approach of the sleigh. Wrath rises in his bosom, and agony fills his soul; while he attempts as it were, to draw himself within himself like a dog with his tail between his legs. A moment of awful suspense, and then with a crash the sleigh takes him fair on the heels, and he instantly sits down on the point of the runner, while the back part of the sleigh flies up and strikes him violently on the rear portion of the skull; smashing the rim of his hat, and sending it flying into the middle of the road, in pursuit of his gloves, stick, and luncheon, (in a napkin,) all of which started about a minute before. Should the sleigh miss him, the rope catches him well up under the knees, and the result is the same. He then sits for an instant swearing vehemently, and advocating the policy of Herod the King. Next he rises, and rubs himself gently, collects his apparel, and goes off looking on the bystanders with an expression of countenance which would indicate that he was caught robbing a hen-roost. During all this time he does not cease to cogitate horrible schemes against the boy and every member of his family, how innocent soever they may be.

OUR PHILOSOPHER.

The *Herald* (Georgetown) has ensmallled, and is otherwise improved.—*Exchange*.

Happy Thought—A great many things besides certain newspapers are improved by diminution.

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

If a chemist chafed you, what would you think of? Retorts.

The man who said he "didn't care a red," looked very blue when he was "left out in the cold."

Why are Englishmen so fond of rare beef in Canada? Because it is rarely they have it at home.

WELL DONE, WOODSTOCK!

THE bright town of Woodstock is the pioneer of a righteous siege against the "Curse of Canada;" its citizens, in mass meeting assembled, having demanded that their Council shall forthwith reduce the saloon and shop liquor licenses "to the smallest number inside of absolutely prohibiting the sale." It is quite likely that the new Dominion Ministry will accept this as the first fruits of their accession to office, modestly considering that the spirit of true Reform is already exhaling from their portfolios and going abroad in the land. They are welcome, truly, to the union. In the meantime, God speed the people of Woodstock in the battle against the unholy traffic; and may many another Canadian town, at present suffering morally and commercially from the same canker, rise and emulate the noble example. But reforms, like evils, never come singly. Here is an additional bit of intelligence from the *Sentinel*:

"A persistent and successful war against Bachelorism in Woodstock has been going on lately, and the results will publicly develop themselves between now and Christmas in several of those interesting events to which young ladies look forward with special pleasure."

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

(Scene in a London Shaving Saloon.)

Customer (with dirty chin)—"I say, Snowball, how much do you charge to shave a fellow in these hard times?"

Barber—"Pends 'tircly on de politics ob de subject': Tories, fifteen cents; Grits, ten cents—same as us'. I 'resume yoush a Tory?"

Customer (with a certain degree of warmth)—"How—why—what the deuce—how do you know I'm a To—why do you charge more for a Tory than for a cussed Grit?"

Barber—"Well you see, sah, de Tories hab growed so long in de face since the fifth ob Novembah."

Customer (leaving)—"Well, if the grittiest Grit in this Canada of ours (which his name is McKenzie), hasn't got a longer face than me, I'm—prorogued."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The *London Free Press* writes as follows:

"The Grit Ministerial press is occupying itself by discussing the forthcoming publication of the 'New Magdalen' in the columns of the *Free Press*. The *Hamilton Times* sees in the 'New Magdalen' a prototype of Sir JOHN MACDONALD. Such fanciful similarities must be left for our readers to decide for themselves, but if Mr. WILKIE was to append a squib to his story, and entitle it the 'Old Magdalen,' he would have the opportunity of portraying in character a foremost leader in the Grit ranks."

With pleasure we leave the "fanciful similarities" to the readers to decide, merely wishing at present to acknowledge our indebtedness to the *Free Press* editor for setting us right as to the authorship of the very popular story in question.

"GRIP" ON THE ROSTRUM.

WHEN a Canadian Premier, or other politician of distinction is in the midst of a great oratorical effort, and comes to a point which he wishes to fix for all time amongst the brilliant hits of history, he spontaneously quotes from GRIP, and is never disappointed in the effect.

In illustration of this we clip a paragraph from the *Globe's* report of Prime Minister MACKENZIE'S speech at Sarnia the other day:

"The Ottawa Administration did not die without resorting to their usual tricks. You have seen a cartoon in GRIP, representing Mother Hubbard looking for some appointments that were supposed to be left in the political pantry—(Cheers and laughter.) But it seems, from the picture, that they were all away before she could reach it, for Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD is seen stealing out at the door, with a hundred of them in his pocket; while Mr. JOHN CRAWFORD the present Lieut. Governor of Ontario, in the shape of a little dog is represented as trotting away with that bone in his mouth. (Loud cheers and laughter.) Sirs, there is no little significance in that picture. (Hear, hear.)"

That last sentence, so deliberate and profound, reminds one of the best days of Dr. JOHNSON. But the *Globe* reporter forgot to include in his parenthesis the shouts that rose on all hands "Grip forever! We all intend to subscribe for it, and pay in advance!"