

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

The greatest Genial is the Jass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster: the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 14TH OCTOBER 1876.

J. R. R. to the Mummy.

I do not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
I merely ask thee if thy tongue is charm'd,
Or why the deuce the thing won't get unbuckled,
Wilt thou say nothing till the judgment morning?
When Chancery shall thrill thee with its warning?

Speak, for thou long enough has acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue; come, let us hear its tune.
Thou'st had our cash; how is it used? say mummy?
Let's have particulars, and that full soon,
Not bulked in mass to puzzle honest creatures,
But with their full explanatory features.

What hast thou done which may not be confessed?
Why not speak out in conclave free and bold?
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled.
Thou must have human feelings, and if so,
Why not, if right thou dost, let people know?

The Predictions of Goldwin and Flood.

Then rose to speak that still uneasy sage,
A wanderer doomed by DIZZY's deathless rage.
Greater his nose, his eyebrows, and his pen,
Leanness and height, than those of common men,
(Whence ancient strife, for only BROWN and he
Above the crowd each other's face could see.
And, being each of Donnybrookian wit,
Each saw a head, and straightway hit at it.)
But BROWN he'd speechless knocked the day before;
And GOLDWIN glared about to conquer more.
So metaphorically round the ring his coat
He dragged, while thus the air his war-song smote:

I have thrashed the tyrannical *Globe*,
Which would grind you to powder so small:
I have torn from the wolf its sheep's robe.
I now leave them for once and for all.
Though the calumnies, everywhere hurled,
By each half-taught, ungenerous pen,
Rouse reply from each soul in the world,
They shall never from GOLDWIN again.

But, my friends, if afraid you are not
That the darned thing will send you sky-high,
Here's a bombshell all ready I've got,
And I'll shy it at them while you're by.
Don't be scared—though *Globe* vitals it rends,
Yet to you 'twill quite harmless be found.
Old Crown-servants sat with me as friends,
Though they knew that I'd got it around.

Now you know, spite of potions *Globe*-mixed;
(And it lies when it says it aint true,)
Our Creator a great gulf has fixed,
Cutting off the Old World from the New:
Who denies it must mad be or drunk.
You can see it at Portland quite clear,
If you like to go there by Grand Trunk.
(For half-price you'll get back again here.)

Now that's your geographical state,
And the *Globe* tells another big lie,
If it says that the Yankees don't wait
Till they gobble you up by-and-bye.
I declare it's the thing I expect,
And I'd not be so sorry, you see;
I tell you you'd those Yankees respect
If you'd seen how sick they went through me.

Union Legislative I know
Would have made each great obstacle small.
Right adrift when we chose we could go,
And Great Britain say nothing at all.
Yes, you might have set up your own shop.
Opposition's the life of all trade.
No; the Yankees won't down on you drop.
That's a falsehood those *Globe* fellows made.

But defunct is your nationality;
And your chance is all over and done.
A States Junior Partner you'll be
Just as sure as up pops the next sun.
It's the *Globe* which has done it, you see:
And in Italy, where next I roam,
I shall sigh o'er your simplicity,
Up on top of St. Peter's big doime.

He ceased. GRIP don't presume the cause the same,
Or dare to slight that ould Milaysian name,
But when you knock the wall—the hollow rings,
When GOLDWIN speaks—still FLOOD to answer springs.
Forget him not—indeed you never will,
If once you see—and lo, in cadence stride,
Waves that vast blackthorn, cut in Blarney's shade,
Which has so many wives to widows made:—

Bedad I'm glad, for now he wants an independnt nation
His milancholy frinds may lave the slough Aquivocation.
His fig-lafe dhropped, he wandhers round in nature's state complacent.
What's that?—who is it dared to call the reference undaycent?

The crayture's cracked; our lith'ature he thinks in gloom profound
now.
How can it be but flourishin' wid me meself around now?
And says the country's goin' wrong—he does, in cultured phrase, he.
I say it's not; so now your minds will all of course be aisy.

We're aigul to our destiny, the devil care what form in.
(Our ancient family remark whin creditors kem stormin'.)
We'll be the greatest nation yit; I tell yiz widout funning,
Wid vartue far beyant the resht, besides a dale more cunning.

Sausages.

GRIP has, in his way, sometimes urged on his governmental friends the importance of laws for the prevention of adulteration of food. He has even remarked that a good deal of energy used in procuring Maine laws and such things might have done more good if it had been directed against those who introduce actual poison into beer and strong liquors. What certain men will do where they have the chance is shown by the following extract:—

"No sausage consumer can read unmoved the account of what was seen by the inspector of nuisances and the medical officer of the district when they visited the premises of Mr. JAMES PEAK, a pork butcher and sausage maker "in an extensive way of business" at Brentford, England, who was charged at the petty sessions in that town on Saturday with having on his premises for the purpose of manufacture into human food upwards of a quarter of a ton of putrid flesh. Passing through the shop, the inspector and medical officer entered the chopping-room, where several men were at work, and a horse was harnessed to a machine. On a bench near was a quantity of meat cut up small, several pounds of broken German sausage, about thirty halves of saveloys, and several pieces of pork, all in a "shockingly putrid state." The lot weighed 42 lb. Near this was about two hundredweight of mouldy bread. In the slaughter-house were the shin and ribs of a mysterious beast, "apparently a cow." In the darkest corner of a loft was found a pickling tub, containing "a quantity of flesh of all colors," the stench of which was abominable. By the side of the tub was a basket filled with flesh recently salted. It was quite putrid and full of maggots. The meat in the tub weighed 2 cwt 60 lb., and that in the basket 2 cwt. 20 lb. So horrible was the smell which pervaded the place that the medical officer nearly fainted. The magistrate sentenced Mr. PEAK to three months' imprisonment with hard labor."—*St. John Watchman*.

Toronto sausages are better than this, as GRIP knows by experience. We are used here to having good meat and cheap meat, and could detect it at once. But how many articles are there in which we could not detect it? There are such articles, and they are adulterated. Now, there are three things wanted, 1—An officer to detect. 2—People to appoint this officer who will see that he does his duty. 3—A magistrate willing to support him by imposing proper punishments, instead of threatening what he will do next time. Query—What about better times at home than here? Is this part?