

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Genet is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 6TH APRIL, 1878.

Answers to Correspondents.

MANAGER GREAT LONDON SHOW, SANGER'S BRITISH MENAGERIE AND DOCKRILL'S PARISIAN CIRCUS.—The people of Canada will be pleased to learn that your attractive exhibition is to visit this country during the coming season.

A. JACKS.—Please write more carefully. Your last sweet poem of Spring was set up from your own manuscript and you shouldn't write so harshly and say such bitter things to wound our feelings just because one line went wrong. Really it was partly your own fault that the words "Blooming sweetly in the vale," was printed "Bummers seated on a rail." There is no necessity for your coming to Toronto. Those cheap fares were not intended for you.

The Mistaken Nation.

There was a nation great, which risen had
From all outpourings of all other lands.
Much great and good, and more of vile and bad,
Had yearly poured upon her yearning strands,
For still she welcomed all, who came, with eager hands.

There LABOUR came, with mattock shoulder borne,
Of frame immense; but stolid all of eye,
For foreign policies had from him torn,
The power of thought discriminatory;
Yet thought to that machine returneth by and by.

And RICHES came into that western shore,
With many a bag and coffer in his train,
Full piled to the brim with golden store,
Which ever and anon he viewed again.
As fearful some had dropped in voyage across the main.

Nor came the train alone; the swelling waves,
Rolled ships on ships unto the newer earth;
And WANT and HUNGER crawled from grisly caves,
And CRIME, and HATE, and all that woeful birth,
Sprung from the union wild of LUXURY and DEARTH.

And with them came the nobler; VALOUR came,
With burning eye which ever hoped a foe,
And steady WORTH, whose glance of quiet flame,
Told conquests sterner than the first could know.
But should I mention all, my page would volumes grow.

Yet must I state that LEARNING journeyed too,
With book, and globe, and rule, a goodly store,
And ART and SCIENCE came, but all too few,
With quiet voice the harsh tumultuous rear,
To quell of that great crowd who with them vast did pour.

To each COLUMBIA gave a welcome true,
Alas, she gave an equal voice to all;
For young in art she was, and little knew:
What mischief must ensue, what grief befall,
Nor what foul fiend she did by such inviting call.

He came—destruction in his visage grey,
That ancient fiend who hath republics torn,
Asunder; sunk their ship when gathering way—
Birth-strangling LIBERTY as soon as born—
Though her he praises much, yet holds in innate scorn.

He—UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE by his name—
As is his nature, did proceed to do
As he had done—persuading each to claim,
What rights his neighbour did pertain unto,
And in his mind the seat of justice overthrew.

The poorer then in debt the richer threw
Till all the land in heavy burden groaned;
And INDUSTRY her work forbore to do,
And wandered wild in idleness around,
And base DISHONESTY through all the land sat crowned.

And now that evil councillor hath set
Her pitwards course to where forever stay
Oblivion-whelmed, the dynasties which debt
With coin debased have essayed to pay,
Blindfold, yet shrinking deep, she treads the dangerous way.

For still rebellious strive against the course,
Bright FAITH and TRUTH, in which her early morn
Rejoiced. Oh, for one hand of guiding force
To check the later, weaker, baser-born,
Ere she—the world's great hope—become the world's deep scorn.

The Prospect of War.

The howling fiend of war had long turbulated the European atmosphere with his demon pinions, and now waved a wing over Britain. (This is from the *Telegram*). And a person came and spoke to GRIP. (This isn't).

It is wrong to call him a person. He was a personage. His visage was fire, smoke, and destruction. His conversation was like thunder. He was dressed in flame coloured garments, and had a long sharp piece of steel by his side, and two queer looking things in his belt.

"What are they for?" demanded GRIP.

"My sword and pistols," replied the personage.

"I knew that," said GRIP. What do you do with them?

"If you wish to know exactly," said this personage, "I use them to puncture the bodies of people, and cut openings in their hearts, lungs, liver, lights, and abdominals."

"And what follows?" asked GRIP.

"They either die at once," replied the personage, "or sloughing, suppuration, and sometimes gangrene follow, confining them in a reclining position, for months, and terminating in death or maimings for life."

"And have these people done you any harm?" asked GRIP.

"No," said the personage, "but they were sent to do me some."

"Had they any ill-will to you?" demanded GRIP.

"It appears to me, my friend," remarked the personage, "that you are out of your head, or else not such a fool as you look, and merely amusing yourself at my expense. But as I have killed a great many people lately, I am inclined to be placable and answer your questions. No, they had no ill-will to me, but their Emperor had sent them to kill me and my friends. His nation was at war with ours."

"Had his people no voice in the declaration of the war?" said GRIP.

"None whatever," said the personage. "The people of his chief city had something to say in the matter, but the rest of his subjects merely do as they are bid."

"Being in fact mere slaves and butchers?" said GRIP.

"Very much like it," said the personage, "but they do not object to it, as it is considered patriotic."

"And what is your business with me?" said GRIP.

"Great Britain is going to war," said the personage, "and I believe you have great influence with the young men of Canada."

"Of course," said GRIP, "they always do as I bid them, particularly on the seventeenth of March and twelfth of July."

"I want you" said the personage, "to induce them to form regiments to send to the mother country."

"They would do that quickly enough," said GRIP, "for the mere amusement of the thing, and also that the mother country's free trade policy has left us little to do at home. Thirty or forty thousand of them went to fight for North and South in their revolutionary scrimmage, and a great many of them found subterranean habitation there. But do you think it would be respectable?"

"What do you mean?" said the personage.

"You know" said GRIP, "that a colony has no voice in declarations of war, in fact although many of us should think, like Mr. BRIGHT and his followers, that England is wrong to deny Russia free entrance into the Mediterranean, yet we have no right, as he and his followers have, to vote against fighting in favour of such regulation."

"As Mr. BLAKE said," remarked the personage, "Colonists are in an anomalous position."

"In fact, in the position of the slaves and hutchers you spoke of before" said GRIP.

"So evident is the injustice," said the personage, "that I think they would give you a voice in the matter if you asked for it."

"Then would you be pleased to tell them," said GRIP, "that we are four millions here, being one ninth of their population, and that the throats of the ninth are as valuable to the ninth, as the throats of any other ninth. This would have given us sixty votes, which might, for all I know, had they been present in the House lately, have placed matters in a less Dizzy position. Go back to the Queen," added GRIP, "and say I am going over next Thursday, and shall settle it with Her Majesty."

"I will," said the flame coloured gentleman, retiring gracefully and dexterously catching his cocked hat which the gas branch had knocked off *en route*.

THE Toronto Lacrosse Club should turn their crosses into muskets and then the prospect of a European war would not prevent them from getting engagements.