

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 23RD MARCH, 1878.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Demea.—Your poem is rather gushing for our columns.

J. B. P.—Our only objection to your poem is that it has appeared in another paper.

## The Insult to McPherson.

Wad the Lallan pody daur,  
Insult gie to creat MACPHAIRSON?  
It maun be accountit for,  
P'y tat CAIRTWREET in her pairson.

SIEMUS MACSIEMUS, pring hither her claymore,  
Flint up her pistol and load up her gun.  
She is tae Ottawa ganging till slay more  
CAIRTWREETS tan twanty tree huntret and one.

Daurd they say she was a thief,  
Wi' an instinct prawditory?  
Cry upon each Heelan chief!  
Roose Clanranald an' McVourigh!

Pring tae MCKENZIE'S an' pring tae McLEODS town.  
Ca' up MCGREGOR, and GRANT, and ILAY.  
Pring tae clan CAMPBELL in terrible crowds town.  
Pit on tae plumes an' tae tartan array.

When tae CAIRTWREET sees tae flash  
Of tae proadswords on her fa'ing,  
Her will think her has been rash,  
Names tae Heeland shentles ca'ing.

What if tae chiefs frae tae Heelans expell't us,  
Stealin' by force a' oor rights to tae lan'?  
By tae base Sassenach shall it be tell't us?  
Na; at te Heelan bluid neffer will stan'.

Though her did the cunzie cleik,  
Her an' a' her sires redoubtit.  
Shall tae Southron daur tae speak?  
Shall he daur tae talk apout it?

Pring oot tae pipes an' pring oot tae pig standard,  
Gar tae St. Lawrence ring wild tae tae skreigh.  
Gang noo for CAIRTWREET wha basely has slandered  
Tae sons o' tae Gael—oich! oich! oich! come away!

## Scene at Ottawa.

Present—PARTICULAR MINISTERIAL SUPPORTERS.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—It's a mere sorrow o' heart, an' punishment o' the speerit, ta tak office ava'. Was there ever mortal mon sae persecutit as I hae been the day, and no only the day, but three weeks or mair—three months I might amaisit say? Ae chiel after anither—some-times three or mair lug by jowl—speirin', speirin', speirin' tae ken when will be the general election. Gin I knew mysel, it wad be some consolation. But tae tell them I kenna I daurna, or they might threep I had nae policy ava, and tae tell them I ken is tae invect cross-examination o' the maist barbarous desecreption.

HON. MR. MILLS.—I think it due to the country to make public the information at once.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye dae! an' hoo sune wad ye hae them come off, may I ken?

HON. MR. MILLS.—Certainly, at once. I would not, previous to joining the Cabinet, have given this opinion. But I consider that after the profound disquisitions with which I have favoured the country—the acumen—the historical information—the accurate statistics I have given—the elections should result in certain triumph to the Cabinet in which I hold position. A precisely similar case occurred in ancient Illyria, B.C. 1200, at the time of the building of the Pyramids of Egypt by JULIUS CAESAR and CLEOPATRA—

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Nonsense! They didn't build them. I read it at school. It was MOSES' did it for the Shepherd Kings.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye'are wrang, Maister CAIRTWREET. The Bible wad' hae tell't us if he had dune sae. Mairower, Maister MILLS is probably correct.

HON. MR. MILLS.—People with deficits in more respects than one should not interrupt. (CARTWRIGHT collapses). Where was I? Oh,

ye, I was remarking that, according to the very simple equation  $x^2$  minus  $z$ , equal  $abz$ , taking the hypothenuse of Q square for a guide, and allowing for the motion of the earth and attraction of the moon, the elections should be held—

HON. MR. BLAKE (Suddenly rising from sofa).—Pack of nonsense!

HON. MR. MILLS.—The ignorant deride the Philosopher, but he heeds them not. He alone is mighty. Give him but a place to stand on, and he will—

JOE RYMAL.—Shove any Cabinet he's in out of power.

HON. MR. MILLS.—I expected better from you, sir.

MR. RYMAL.—So did the country from you. Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—There's nae use in sic collicshangie among freens'. Here lees the deelemma: Gin I haud the elections noo, if we winna a majority, we lose a'. Gin I wait till Januar', we micht cannily pit oorsels in gude berths, whilk are no' just ready the noo.

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Then wait. We might not get in, you know. And really a bird in the bush—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Why this faint-heartedness? Be bold. Launch out!

"Nunc vino pellite curas,  
Cras ingens iterabimus aequor."

Yes, hold the elections. I will address the people. The glorious results of the course I shall advocate must convince—

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Is it to be anything like what you have done?

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Maister BLAKE, it is no' weel tae sit in the seat o' the scomfu'. Ye did little for us yersel', forbye helpin' us tae promise prosperie in mair magnificent language than the rest o' us possessit, and thereby seemply placing Maister CAIRTWREET'S defectis in a warse licht.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Oh, could I have done what I would! Could I have infused into the hearts of my lukewarm surrounders the glories of Imperial Confederation. Then, then, indeed, I had not lived in vain. Why make Canada now prosperous? Why not rather keep her poor and miserable, that she may sooner turn to her real refuge? Ah, do you begin to comprehend my policy? When that is achieved, how easy my path to Imperial greatness! Member for Toronto in London—elevated to the British Peerage—no doubt in time a British Minister of State—perhaps allied to the Royal family—what honor for myself, what glories for my race! Ah, how can I, with such ends in view, sympathise with small colonial schemes—

(The door bursts open with a bang, and in strides a tall but shaky figure. Throwing off a plaid appears!)

MR. BROWN. Weel, sirs! I see I hae tae tak' chairge, I hae made sair sacrefices. There are nae less than three coos tae calve at Hoo Paik the morn, and three neist week. Noo, ye maun proceed tae wark. Deemeenish the tariff on a' foreign gudes at ance—

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Where will be the revenue?

HON. MR. BROWN.—Direck taxation at ance. Ma freens the eemporters maun be servit—tariffs maun be abolishit. What we want is measures. Fules threep I never instituit a policy—they shall fin' oot. Direck taxation an' income tax, I say.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—I congratulate you on your plan of ingratiating yourself in the hearts of the country.

HON. MR. BROWN.—Did I call mysel' here? Is it no the result o' yere feckless attempts? What for did I bring ye forrit? Tae gie mysel rest. Noo I shall tak' command.

ALL.—And when will be the elections?

HON. MR. BROWN.—Mind ye'er ain affairs! Dinna daur tae question me. Leave me the papers, gang intill the nearest room, and dinna come in till callit.

(They obey in silence. Scene closes).

## The Mob.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR.—I am a citizen of Toronto. I find I have to pay my share for breakage whenever people think it correct to make a row. Some time back this amounted to some thousands for troops alone. Now what I would say is this. I do not pretend to understand the different religions of the two great tribes into which the ancient and highly respectable country of Milesia appears to be divided, against either of whom, or against their religions—I have too much respect for propriety and my windows to say a word. I am a plain man who never meddles with other people's religions, and being a Christian myself, of course my ideas are widely different from those of the aforesaid tribes. But one thing is very plain. It is part of the highly respectable religious rites of these tribes to throw stones at windows and cause great damage to people who have nothing to do with the matter, moreover to kill and main policemen, to the great loss of their families. I would propose therefore that a wooden house with glass windows be erected in the Queen's Park, and four dummy policemen stood up round it. On the 12th of July let it be destroyed by one tribe, and on the 17th of March have another ready to be smashed by the other. If all parties will accept this compromise, much loss may be averted, and great fear and nervousness dispipated on the part of yours truly,

Toronto, March 20, 1878.

ANTI-FLINTITE.