

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

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The Rascalind.

Thy sharpest numbers now my Muse prepare,
Time that they should reverberate in air,
Till all shall ring again, for rascals throng,
And GRIP must lay his cutting lash along
Their brawny backs, with stolen victual fat,
What, dare you show your face? Now, Sir, take that!
And that, and that! Ha! do you writhe and yell,
And ask your crime? You know, but GRIP shall tell:
You're in the law and should the pillar be,
And strong resource of wronged humanity,
Widow and orphan injured should repair
To you, secure of full assistance there;
To help the honest, to expose the cheat,
Fair Probity to aid against Deceit,
Should be your aim; but is it? Let them say,
The records of your court for many a day.

No, every day the plunderer's brazen face
Before those courts appears, and you disgrace
Yourself by backing every paltry job
He plans. Why?—He can pay if he can rob.
And he can rob if you can keep him clear,
And give him chance again of coming here
With yet more fees. GRIP speaketh not
Of common thief by stern policeman caught,
Not such your game—nay, if a merchant break
By fraud, you aid him safely off to take
His booty. If a bank have swallowed all
Its creditors, on you the swindlers call
To save and share the sum. No rogue so vile
But he shall win from your condoning smile,
If his retainers and refreshers be
But prompt and full. To him you mildly say—
"Your actions have been—rough—but 'tis the way
Of many people, it is often done.
Why should you shun what they don't care to shun?—
Our most respectables, who houses great
Inhabit, and live there in ease and state
On what they gained before—and gained it by
Such things as you have done—'tween you and I.
What? get you off, Sir?—yes, there is no pain
But I shall take, nor point but I will strain
To do it. Thank you, Sir; you need not fear.
A hundred dollars, did you say, is here?"

No, no—though every gowmsman disagree,
GRIP says no chance for such as this should be,
Though BROUGHAM may the shameful statement make
That counsel may do wrong for client's sake,
Though law and lawyers precedents may hold,
By lawyers framed that lawyers might have gold,
Though they may shameless hold each counsel bound
To aid each rascal who his door hath found,
And who can pay his fee—no matter though
The victim of his advice lay below
With knife in throat,—or that half the land
Felt poverty through his embezzling hand,
No; though in face of precedent you fly,
If honest, you assistance must deny;
Each knave set free but lets one villain more
Loose to plan worse than he did before,
And Law, to give the oppressed rescue meant,
Is made the oppressor's strongest instrument.

AN item is going the rounds about an Ohio man who kept silence for thirty years. Nothing strange about that. Many men who are good speakers at home are striken dumb when sent to Parliament. Tell us of a woman who kept silent for one year if you want us to wonder.

An Eastern Incident in the Travels of Grip.

The day was hot beyond all possibility, and the incessant jolting of the camel (I had bought him at Cairo for a thousand piasters; he would not fetch five cents at GRAND'S) racked my brain like a speech by TUPPER.

I was about to remark, for the last five hundred miles, I will do it now and at once. I hereby declare this camel goes not one pace (three and a half yards) further before I fulfil my intentions of stating to my reader— But by my great walkingstick (I hope that rascally Greek who dropped it in Vesuvius will catch it in Hades)—it had an image of Copernicus on its head worth all Athens—there are the Pacific Scandal Cabinet going to grab the National Policy spoils—or at least there are thirteen vultures scenting a carcass—some honest mule always oblivious that his life merely tended to fill those cormorants' greasy pouches—like the poor Protection apostles,—I will give any respectable person five pounds, or my note renewable for ever, to tell me what I was going to say.

I have caught it—(not that insect, Sir; a very respectable insect with —by his eye—a tendency to habitual intoxication; but he intended to puncture my nose, and I crushed him into—into—I would give the world for a simile). No, Sir, what I caught—mentally caught—was my great opinion on speech-making, which I am now about to deliver.

Your successful orator, Sir, (plague on that carbine-stock to hit my inoffensive knee-bone such a deuce of a rap; and I will make affidavit the patella is cracked; and I believe I will cut the thing loose and drop it; DINGO lied; there are no robbers; and anyway I had rather lose my money than my peace of mind; and if they stole my money as unscrupulously as the U. E. club policies, there's this excuse, neither could get either without; and moreover I have more left)—Your orator, Sir, in short to please the mob, must go up and down like this camel, every sentence beginning with truth, sailing gradually along through twenty words,—or I'll give him forty—of undeniabilities—now you observe he has their confidence—then, Sir, he launches into the doubtful ten words—he goes further, he soars into the untruthful—ten words; perhaps he had better close the period; no; he rises superb into the false, ten words, comes down again and commences afresh. And if he can continue for half an hour, keep to the popular view, and keep it out of the papers, I warrant he catches some votes in constituencies I wot of.

But I was telling you what happened yesterday. Under three palm trees, amid the verdure of an oasis, I observed a dervish. As I approached, he uttered loud and piercing cries, and I saw that he was throwing ashes on his head, and tearing his garments. I accosted him politely, and begged to know whether I could assist him. Completing with one twist the demolition of his turban, and splitting his only remaining sleeve, he said:—

"Believe not, O Wanderer of the Wilderness, that thou art unknown to me. That radiating eye; that prominent nose, belong to One alone. Thou art GRIP, the Stay of the Universe, the Joy of Civilization, the Delight of Canada, and the lessee of our office on Adelaide street."

"Without prejudice," said I, "or admitting that I am anybody of the rather odd name you mention, which might be unpleasant, for there's no knowing who's who round here, and I met an awful looking fellow of a Turk just now with a stomach three yards round, nine feet high, and with whiskers spreading like a red sunset, and a deuce of a thing in his hand like either a great blunderbuss or a big steel pen, passing me like a very fury, vociferating something I took to be a war-cry, like "Hooreyetheday?" and when I stared at him in fright, going off roaring to himself, "He'sjoostanidigt!" and—

"Blessed art thou among Wanderers, for that thou hast escaped him," cried the dervish. "Lo, he is the vile Genii MACPHERSON, the Terror of the Desert, and the Destroyer of Combinations—"

"And pray, Sir," said I, mildly regarding him, and eating a date (I had plucked them in passing the ruins of Babylon) "who are you?"

"I am MOVAT," he shrieked, "the Son of Confederation, and the Father of the Local. I lived in peace and happiness, by the cool fountains of Toronto, in the shaded courts of the Legislature. That wicked Genii passing threw an oyster-shell at me—a large one, Pamphlet brand. It struck my left eye, and the vile enchanter has so medicated it that it has rendered me unable to notice anything he does. I am therefore at his mercy, and he will put me to death."

"If I might advise," said I, giving him a beautiful cluster of dates which he immediately pitched into his ash-heap, "get some one to shy a bigger shell at him."

"Alas, alas," he groaned, pulling his last cummerbund to fragments, "none of my adherents are skilled in oyster-throwing."

"Receive the Blessing of the Wanderer," said I, going off, or rather being gone off with by this camel, "and get some one who is not an adherent."

SIR JOHN has prohibited the importation of American cattle. He seems bound not to take calfway measures with the Opposition until they are completely cowed. He will henceforth steer clear of the U. S. although he may make a bull of it. All this trouble about our cattle trade came of mixing sick Texas animals with healthy Canadian ones. Let JOHN A. make a note of this for it may ruin our Civil Service too, to admit diseased American ideas into our hitherto sound British arrangements.