

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, 15TH JUNE, 1878.

To the Gentle Shepherd.

O, rouse thee, gentle shepherd, arouse thee from thy sleep,
And keep a sharp look out, sire, upon thy breachy sheep,
For even now a portion have broken from their home
And are upon the highway, a galloping to Rome.

The Great Toronto Meeting.

G. B.—Weel, weel, it wasna' sac bad. He has addressit the—the—warkingmen. Nane can say—
(Enter the Premier rushing wildly, his hair on end, and his eyes staring with appalling fishiness).

MACKENZIE (furiously).—Ye muckle humbug; ye—I dinna ken what tae ca' ye. Ye desairie—ye recchly desairie—I suld dash yere heed upon the wa'.

G. B.—Gif ye could reach till't, Sandy. Whatna's the matter? What's wrang wi ye the noo?

MACKENZIE.—Did ye no promise I suld address the warkingmen?

G. B.—And did ye no?

MACKENZIE.—Address them! Siccan a compoond o' yells, squeals, voceferations o' a' sorts, centerroptions, groans, an' a' sic things, never previously ascendit seence they were confusit at the Peeramids o' Babel in Egypt.

G. B.—Losh, mon! Babel is no in Egypt.

MACKENZIE.—Ye'll tell me neist I ken naething o' Egyptian heestory—me wha got it up special tae show the warkingmen the lairge scope o' my attainments. PHARAOH was a Conservative despot wha garred them build it. Did I no see a brick o't in London? Wad I doot my ain eyes? And mairower, I nicht as weel hae addressit the Babel creatures joost confoondit in deaelect as thae ither Babelites in yere rink. Address them! I talkit on twa hours, but as for any ane hearin me—I couldna hear myself. Tae bring me tae sic a place!

G. B.—Mon, mon, ye are crackit. It is na the question what was dune, or said, or hearit, but what we mak the readers of the *Glob* believe occurrit.

MACKENZIE.—Teeckets, indeed! Wha ever hearit o' a Prime Meenister having tae guard himself by teeckets? Why did ye do it? They were that clean wud wi the insult they rushit in, smashit the muckle doors tae keendling, an' behavit like lunatics all the evening.

G. B.—Sandy, Sandy, if we hadna made half the warking men o' Toronto believe they couldna get in without a teecket,—if we had let on a' suld get in, there might hae been mair than doors smashit. The objeck was achievit—ye hae addressit a meeting—noo we will gie a' and sundry tae ken it was a gran' success. The *Glob* shall descreeb it as wunnerful—gran' reception by the warkingmen—patient hearing—a' satisfied—cheers every ither word. Wha can contradick it? The kintra folk read the *Glob*, ye ken.

MACKENZIE.—Mon, ye are ageing veesibly. Ye dinna comprehend that journaleestic deעתation is nae longer possible here. There are ower mony papers the noo. We must establish anither here—

G. B.—Ye wad, ye meescreant! Say anither siccan ward, and I turr against ye at the elections—I renounce ye—I shall destroy ye're haill pack. Get oot o' my sight, and within ae hour send me a note o' profoond apology, or else—(opens door and lifts out Premier by collar). Scene closes. As the *Globe* has made no sign, it is understood that the note was sent.

The Globe at Paris.

GRIP is astonished to learn from the Paris letter of a Boston journal, that:

"The Canadian Commission has caused a large globe to be printed on the ticket appended to contributions."

The attention of Conservative orators is called to this fact. Mr. MACKENZIE often declares that he is not under the dictatorship of Mr. BROWN, but the fact that the Government Commissioners have appended a globe to all Canadian exhibits, as a general trade mark of the country, goes a long way to nullify his disclaimer. Taken in connexion with the further fact that Mr. J. GORDON BROWN is in Paris just now, we hawe here the raw material of a first class election scandal. In the hands of an ingenious and honest partisan this could be made even more effective than the Steel Rails.

The American Youth.

(Continued from last week.)

The pirate having a fast clipper schooner of 600 tons,—his other ship having conveniently vanished as usual in such cases—going 14 knots an hour, it would to all other parties have been impossible to overhaul her with BENNY's yawl, going 4. But not so to the American youth, whose national and intuitive seamanship enables him to execute a masterly series of tacking and close-hauling which causes him to fetch up broad on her beam in an hour and a quarter by a magnificent gold watch which he picks up floating on a passing wave. Seeing the pirate with ADELINA seated on his knee, while with one hand he steers the ship and with the other holds a splendid Holland telescope to his eye, pointed in BENNY's direction, BENNY, the distance being only half a mile, promptly discharges his pistol with deadly aim. The ball strikes the outer lens of the glass fair in the centre, passes up the tube into the pirate's eye, carrying with it a mass of fractured glass into his brain. ADELINA strikes a tragic attitude; the pirate's body strikes the deck, BENNY's gunwale strikes the side; he stands on the bulwarks of the pirate, strikingly depicted against the sky. Striking tableau. He strikes hands with ADELINA, and strikes off the pirate's head to end the fearful agony the corpse endures in consequence of the splinters. ADELINA exclaims: "Unutterably inefficacious air the convolutions of materiality to restrain the appropinquations of natural affinities; and yew air hunk." BENNY eloquently replies: "Yew cannot tell a lie." They throw the pirate to the fishes; they go below to partake of breakfast. Scene closes with banquetry within and without the vessel, and BENNY shapes a course for the Spanish Main, picking up, out of the numerous rafts of shipwrecked persons always floating round in stories, enough black A. I seamen to manage his vessel. Day closes, the soft strains of the harp of Miss SQUIGGERS, who, like all U. S. young ladies is a perfect untrained musician, send the bewitching sounds of "Hail Columbia" over the scene. The pirate's ghost is seen horribly expanded, in blue fire, on the horizon. It approaches the vessel; water-sports rise to the heavens around, the sky flares with lightning, thunder rolls horribly, all nature is convulsed, the waves rise in overwhelming height, the vessel rocks fearfully, and is about to plunge beneath the seething waters; the spectre, towering in blue blazes to the sky, is on the beam. Miss SQUIGGERS, fearfully agitated, yet bearing herself with that extreme calmness characteristic of the fearless American girl, exclaims to BENNY, rushing into his arms, "Friend of my heart's affections, make him git!" BENNY mildly says to the spectre, in those lofty American accents which thundered over Bunker Hill and struck from the Britisher hands the sceptre of the ocean, "Old man, yew git!" He gits. The waves subside. The lovers rest.

But the black seamen picked up having been originally British seamen, are of course all pirates and bloody minded knives. They plan to seize the ship and the treasure, and carry ADELINA and BENNY to an isle in the Pacific, where they are to be slaves to their black masters. Big Sambo, the chief of the negroes, remarks, "Dese white trash hab dere own way wid de brack gemmen long 'nuff. Wait we get 'em on Coromandel, if dey not clobber 'nuff to wait on darkey, darkey make 'em bofe dance kittywambo to de cowskin music!" The rest reply "Golly, dat's so." They then sharpen their knives (of which every negro, as is well known to American readers, always carries night and day at least seventeen in his belt, two feet long, and as sharp as razors), and proceed towards the cabin. They capture their prey without the slightest difficulty, and proceed to confine them in two iron cages on the lower deck, where they keep them seven years, while the blacks engage in that terrible career of robbery, piracy, and murder narrated in the "Floating Flame, or the Sirrocco of the Southern sea," 8vo, 75c., at all U. S. bookstores.

At the end of that time BENNY, feeling slightly bored, breaks both cages into fragments by a slight exertion, and comes on deck. Twelve blacks are on the fore-castle, twelve on the quarter-deck. BENNY, speaking to the dozen quarter-deckers in the pure Coromandel dialect, say, "Those in the fore-castle are taboo, let us kill them." The quarter-deckers answer with the well known docility of the African race when addressed by Europeans, "Gum, gum," which interpreted is, "We are aware that it is best, in the particular circumstances of the case, and the wind being in the present quarter, likewise having seen jumjum of late, and knowing ourselves incapable of resistance, to do as you please." They then throw the twelve fore-casters into the sea, who swim to the coast, and are eaten by tigers. BENNY takes possession of their seven years piratical accumulations, and sails towards America. They arrive in sight of land, when BENNY, thinking the presence of the twelve black sailors might be disagreeable, and perhaps fearing their possible claims to the treasure, mentions it to Miss SQUIGGERS, who guesses she will settle it, and puts an opiate in the soup. While the resulting sleep occurs, the lovers, with the respect for life common to Young America, throw them overboard, having previously, to prevent unnecessary struggling, tied their hands. They then run the ship into New York harbour, where they are at once condemned for want of proper ship's papers, and thrown into prison. But they do not despair.

(Continued next week.)