

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.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 10TH MARCH, 1877.

A Most Remarkable Change.*As might be sung by Mr. John Macdonald, Member for Toronto.*

Oh, it's true that I yelled for Protection,
Against Free Trade I let my tongue range
Not long since, which secured my election
For Toronto, but there's been a change.
Oh, there's been a remarkable change,
An extremely remarkable change,
How it came to occur you yourselves may infer,
But I've took a remarkable change.

And I see this remarkable thing, sir,
Since the States manufacture at home,
And few foreign goods need now to bring, sir,
They've less ships than before on the foam.
They've less shipping; but that isn't strange,
And has not worked my wonderful change,
From my speech you'd think so; but it didn't; no, no.
It's from elsewhere, my wonderful change.

And although I declared the depression
In the States was as bad as 'tis here,
Yet there's no need to make the confession
That it sprung from the war, though that's clear.
Not from thence my remarkable change;
My extremely remarkable change.
If you don't as yet guess, my last verse may express
Whence it came, my remarkable change.

But be warned, when you members are sending
Your industries to represent here
And importers you choose, such an ending
As I've made, you have always to fear.
For they're apt to remarkably change.
Oh, its catching, this wonderful change,
From our pockets it spreads till it reaches our heads,
And it's got us—this wonderful change.

The Globe on the Hard Times.

"When the rabid organ of the malign MACDONALD," thus wrote the *Globe* editor, in his sanctum, when he stopped, remembering that he had not yet a subject. He looked around; no help appeared. He looked above; but withdrew his gaze with a jerk which told no help was to be expected from that quarter. He looked below; he saw a pipe; 'twas of tin. A bright thought struck him; he struck the pipe-gong. "I'll ask the Devil," quoth he, and applying his mouth to the pipe, he spoke.

Three and a five-eighths of a second later, a personage was in the apartment. He was black; he was small; his eyes rolled; his teeth (perhaps he should say his fangs) glistened. There was a smell of sulphur about him. Was it infernal? No; he had incautiously, by over close managerial contact, acquired a national and cuticular exacerbation. Speak not of it; 'tis harmless; nay, 'tis healthv.

The editor spoke; "I want," he said, in hollow tones, "a subject." The diminutive personage answered, "Most any Hemperor 'ud give yer one, anyway. The Party 'ud have let yer have Midhat cheap."

"A subject to write on," shrieked the editor, "To illustrate, to expatiate, to fill columns of the *Globe*, and 'oockets of mine own. Thing, tell me what is that which now engrosses attention. Of what do the people think?"

"Of the 'ard times," said the being inquired of. "There are no hard times," yelled the editor. "This is the beneficent and glorious reign of MACKENZIE, the prosperity-bestowing period of BLAKE. Did we not say, did we not promise all happiness at this conjuncture as certain? Did we not for years declare its coming, and prognosticate its certainty? Speak not of hard times. The times are soft—they are soft. SOFT! I say!" and he deftly caught the creature by the northern ear, and cast him through the door. "Begone, and wait at the pipe below!" And the door closed, and the editor opened, as follows:—

"THE IMAGINARY HARD TIMES.

"When the fiendish journal of the sardonic and annihilated Sir JOHN dares to say the times are hard, does it know what it means? It does

not? Does it, we ask, does it; and we demand that it reply; we wish an answer, and will have it; does it remember the year 1857? Does it dare to say these times are hard in comparison?" (thinks how many to say—"ah, yes, millions of people out of work in Toronto; might be too many"—shouts down pipe, "How many tailors out of work would make hard times?" Answer comes up, "Guess six hundred might."—"Ah,"—writes on). "Does it for a moment dare to say that, at any time during the panic of '57, six hundred tailors might not have been found out of work in Toronto? Does it contradict that well-known fact? (Shouts down pipe—"How many carpenters?" Answer, "Guess four hundred." "Ah, yes," (writes)—"Is it not a fact, verified by every annal of the period that there were never less than four hundred carpenters out of employ? And the others—all the others—were they not all out of work? Would the infatuate organ say that was but one year, while the present depression lasts for many, and shows no sign of change? Imbecile nonsense! There are no hard times! If there were, would not their extension for years mitigate it, by becoming habitual? Of course. Depression—under MACKENZIE?—Nonsense! People out of work! What if they are?—lots of ways." (Shouts down pipe, "What would you do if you couldn't get anything to eat in town?" Answer, "Cut off into the country." "Of course," writes), "plenty of ways. Is there not the fertile soil of the boundless prairie? is there not the beneficent free grant in the mellow land of Muskoka? Food, food in plenty. Let the workmen, the tailors, the shoemakers, beat their needles into ploughshares; let the tailors sow the grain, let the shoemaker bind the sheaves. Who said these men will fall sick at such work? that they could not endure it—that they will sooner go to the States? They must endure it. The toil is strengthening and wholesome. And if the vile newspaper of the imbecile TUPPER dares to contradict this plain statement of well-known fact, let it understand that—" (shouts down pipe, "Can a mechanic turn farmer?" Answer, "Yes; nothing to hinder him; free country," writes).—"The unanimous voice of all history, fortified by the opinions of the most able medical men of this and past centuries, declares that the artificers of the cities can with ease, pleasure and comfort, become the farmers of the soil, that the road to opulence, dignity, and luxury is open to all who leave the city for the country; that it is a way of pleasantness and all its paths are peace. The hardships of the settler exist but in the epics of romance and the columns of the *Mail*; the early struggles in the bush are but the imaginations of the first colonists, after dinner, when gorged with roast beef and plum pudding, with champagne and sherry, they dreamt impossible and unheard of things. Let, then, all those who are out of work go to the country. It will only take a few hundred dollars to start on a bush farm. Does the hiring penny trumpet of the infamous MCCARTHY say that they have not got that sum? Such paltry evasions—such contemptible statements, are of a piece with its usual course, which will inevitably plunge the country in misery, deluge it with debt, let the demons of discord loose on our peaceful plains, rouse the fiends of civil war, precipitate internal commotions, invite foreign attack, destroy peace, crush prosperity, until the spirits of desolation and horror wave their black pinions over the frenzied land, and the hideous eye of PATTERSON, gloating diabolic above the chaos, views triumphant the ruin he hath made."

The Catastrophe of the Rink.

Too LIGHT, too jocund for this dismal world has often been the ever animated strain of the sprightly GRIP. We would now narrate a tale of grievous woe.

They flew over the smooth ice, round and round the ample and glittering circle, dreamingly, joyfully, almost unconsciously, careless of the crowding and gyrating hundreds who skinned, brilliant in fancy costume, before and after, round and round. "Ah, thus through life!" said UNUSKUS. "Thus through life!" sighed EMMELIANNA.

Who was UNUSKUS?

Who was EMMELIANNA?

He was UNUSKUS SQUINES, Esq., student of Trinity (it is on Queen street), with legal intentions. She was the only daughter of the fat and grocery-selling GRIP, Esq., (he is of Yonge street). But these were not thus then. UNUSKUS was then a rover of the Caribbean Seas, blue-jacketed, big-whiskered, broad-belted, pistolled, cutlassed, fierce, murderous, horrible. EMMELIANNA was the Queen of Night, masked, shrouded, dark, sombre, graceful, fitting, relieved by one gross of tin silver stars, three dozen pale pink crescents, and one dozen copper-backed ghuss-fronted full moons.

And they flow on, ever on, on, on, and round Turks, and athwart Ethiopians, and between, among, past, through and by Henry the Eighth, Rochesters, Flames, Stars, Clowns, Kings, Queens, Jacks, Journales, Bishops, Priests, Deacons, and others. And the lights flashed, and the colours glanced, and the music played, and ineffable affection and happiness arose in their souls, and a pain in EMMELIANNA's left little toe, which the buckle squeezed. But suddenly she cast her toe from her mind, and threw her eye across the room. Then she said:

But in order to explain what she said, we must say what she saw:—

A man.

And a woman.

He was GYNOSUS JOBBINS, Esq., neophyte of Toronto University,