

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 11TH MAY, 1878.

The Prize Poem.

BY GRIP.

Utawas tide—they did things there two hundred years ago
About which GRIP will now proceed tremendously to blow,
And will describe how great DAULAC, who was an awful chap,
Upon the buzzing savage swarms came down like a fly-flap.
What though no obelisk of him does brazen storics tell.
If GRIP can't get some good ones off, his office you may sell.

Beside a noisy river, nothing like our peaceful Don,
A lot of Frenchmen stopped because that they could not go on.
The river they had travelled up with feelings not humane,
To take a heap of Injun scalps ere they went back again,
And finding here some friendly ones, they said "Just come and kill
Some chaps for us—firewater—heap"—the Injuns said "Me will."

Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May,
When all those folks were waiting round in savage sort of way,
And sharpened lots of spiky things, and vile saltpetre crammed
In guns, and bragged about what piles of Iroquois they'd lammed,
When loud and high a thrilling cry nigh split the sky in two,
Three hundred Injuns screaming out all what they wouldn't do.

They'd carabines and tomahawks and lots of things for sticking
Into the French, and yelled "Ah won't we just give you a licking?"
Then cried "Kiwumpus wewiwo, O, Kamarashi bung!"
And other things in Greek, which is to GRIP a foreign tongue—
Sensation speech; but as the French stood imperturbed as rocks,
And wouldn't throw their muskets down, it caused no fall in stocks.

Did you ever see when ladies gayly dressed fill streets in town?
Did you ever see 'em skurry when the rain came pouring down?
That's the way the Iroquoises piled upon the Frenchman's lot,
That's the way they scooted off when they began to catch it hot.
For a week they kept a fighting, never taking time to dream,
Till the thing unto the Injuns quite monotonous did seem.

And besides the whole three hundred by this time were nearly dead,
Having frequently been punctured mortally with steel and lead.
So they called five hundred others down from Island Number One,
Saying "Come and take the shine out of these Frenchmen, for we're done."

Answered to them that five hundred, "Is there anything to get?"
And to them that worn out remnant mustered strength to say, "You bet!"

Down then came that next five hundred, squalling such an awful squall,
Seemed as if the first three hundred hadn't learnt to yell at all
In comparison, and such was now the sound which did outpour,
That the friendly Injuns hooked it straightway from the fort's back door.

Careless said the French commander "Sacre! coquins, let 'em go.
More of glory ours; le whiskey, too, is got extremement low."

Great Utawas! GRIP could tell you, if he was a chronicler,
Of this fighting business, how on either side flew off the fur,
How the scalp locks of the Injuns fluttered through the air as thick
As the dust rolls past on King street when the water cart is sick,
How the Frenchmen let 'em have it hot from every palisade,
Cool as if in slaughter houses they had all took A I. grade.

Pouring cataracts of death from out of swelling musketoons,
Cool as if upon the Island they were knocking over loons,
Till the ground was spread with copper coloured people lying loose,
Damaged quite beyond repairing, and unfit for future use,
And the crows upon the branches squawked a jolly roundelay,
Smelling quite a big bonanza when the crowd should go away.

On this earth all things must end though, so an end came to this fuss,
Else they would have still been fighting, which would have been scandalous.

So the Injuns killed what Frenchmen they could find around inside,
Then the Injuns went away and after that all of them died.
This is GRIP his latest poem, which has won the prize no doubt.
Hurry up and send it to him, or you'd better all look out.

Spring Rhymes.

In the spring time when the winter is quite gone away and dead,
GRIP he goeth out and walketh down the street with merry tread.

Poketh he in distant garret, hauleth out his line to fish,
Goeth to a pleasant river, catcheth him a pleasant dish.

He shall take his double barrel, dread of all the birds of game,
Cometh back with many pigeons hanging heavy to the same.

On the bay shall he go rowing all within his shallop trim,
Balmy breezes round him blowing, specially sent down for him.

Now shall come unto his table, radishes and lettuce young,
Also cress extremely biting to the unaccustomed tongue.

In his place in Parliament he means a measure in to bring,
Firm decreeing that in future there shall nothing be but spring.

City Nominations for Candidates.

1st REFORM WIREPULLER.—I nominate our worthy friend the Hon. MR. GRABALL. He is an excellent man. Always votes for anything calculated to put our men in places, stands by his friends, if there's a good thing takes care we get it. Hooray for GRABALL.

2nd DITTO.—I second GRABALL. Fine fellow! Death on Tories. 1st TORY WIREPULLER.—I nominate the Hon. MR. PUFFANBLOW. Never known to fail. Always round when anything is to be had for his supporters. Votes dead for the party every time.

2nd DITTO.—I second PUFFANBLOW! Splendid chap. Down on Grits every time. Hooray for PUFFANBLOW.

MODERATE CITIZEN.—But gentlemen, these men, though excellent politicians so far as getting places are concerned, are nothing else. They do nothing for Toronto. We are robbed by railways, taxed to death, humbugged in any way for want of members in Parliament to see after our interests. These men cannot do anything for us. Had we not better get some one who can?

CHORUS OF WIREPULLERS.—Traitor! Rascal! Humbug! Put him out. Down with him. He would crush us under the Grits. He would give us up to Tory domination. Do not listen to him. Interests of the city, indeed. Who would attend to our personal interests if we talked like that?

Female Conversation

ANGELINA.—Isn't it nice to have summer again? One can get out of doors.

LYDIA.—And one doesn't need such a load of things on.
A.—But it does keep so showery. Yesterday I spoilt my hat. But by the greatest chance I hadn't got my new one on.

L.—Well, one can be fashionable now. How could anybody wear those delightful close-fitting styles with a mass of flannel and cotton under?

A.—Of course not. And they are so lovely. I saw such a splendid ecru dress in the Park yesterday. You would hardly have known she wasn't a blonde at the Royal Opera.

L.—I must get something like that. What a superiority to the modes in which we walked the streets like muslin haystacks, and no one knew what we really were like at all.

A.—Yes, it's nicer now. I think what MR. DARWIN says is right, and that perhaps by-and-bye we shall get nearer to the original simplicity of costume.

L.—No, no; We don't want simplicity of costume. The less one wears the better if one's to be effective. But what one does wear mustn't be simple. It should be rich, brilliant, and fascinating.

A.—You are philosophising. Come out and walk.

The Real Question at Issue.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I am asked to state why, at nominations for city members, nothing is said concerning the various needs of the city, or the absolute necessity for government assistance in her railway evils, her aldermanic evils, her taxation evils; but simply the question debated as to what man the party can best depend upon.

Sir, the asker is a noodle. Government in Canada is not, and should not be, run by the public. It is run by politicians who want places. These people are a party. The question is who will get power to give the party places—and contracts.

What has government to do with the needs of the people? Government is for politicians to make a living out of. This is the reason we care nothing for measures, but for men—the men who will help us. Sir, I am a Briton. Hooray for the government, the Queen, the Parliament, our rights, our liberties, the flag that braved—the British lion, the unicorn, the Speaker, the Mace, and the places we get by shouting for them.

Yours,

WIDEAWAKE WIREPULLER.

Toronto, May 9, 1878.