

### The Congress of Emperors.

GRIP wishes he could paint for the horror-striking of his readers, the description of night it was a few miles north of the Danube, where his special correspondent, wrapped in a water-proof, was stuck in a hay stack with his head out, vigilantly listening to the conversation between the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the Emperor of Germany, who had met secretly in a tent close by. They considered the greatest secrecy necessary. Twenty furious Croats continually marched round the tent. The correspondent considered it necessary also, as their remarkably large and sharp sabres, waving round in all directions, made him jerk that head of his in like a turtle every minute and a half. Von MOLTKE was at their head, his moustachios, which he is now growing, bristling. He was swearing horribly, and pointing two large, double-barrelled horse pistols everywhere. "Teufel!" he snorted. "Der Times is one fool what finds out nodings; der Morning Telegraph is as stupid as der Toronto Globe; but by St. Krupp, that GRIP finds out all things." Bang! He discharged a pistol into the haystack, cutting off the correspondent's little finger, but, with the imperturbability characteristic of the employees of GRIP, that gentleman took a vial of patent glue from his pocket and replaced the digit, which worked better than before. A hand was protruded from the tent, seized MOLTKE'S ear, and jerked it violently. "Be quiet, beast!" the owner of the hand said. MOLTKE sat down on an ammunition box; the rain poured in Niagara, the lightning flashed in sheets, the thunder roared like Jove at Olympus or TUPPER at a picnic, the wind blew with forty-devil power, (N. B.—this description is patent.) The correspondent listened. The Emperors spoke.

"Royal brothers," said he of Austria, "all goes well. I count the provinces, my share of Turkey, as secure to me as my Poles in the dungeons of Heusegorodvitchwyzinderwod." (The correspondent thinks that is the name).

"But I may presume to remind you," said His Majesty of all the Russias, "that the work comes on me. Of course, the casualties of war—these fellows getting maimed and killed, and so on—why, that is of no consequence. But I am harder up for money than ever Emperor before. Vienna wont look at my paper. London refuses to touch my bonds. The Berlin bankers laugh at my debentures, and ask 75 per cent. I could never have reached the Danube but for a box of State jewels I sent to the Duchess of Edinburgh, who went around disguised as a merchant's wife in difficulties, pawnning them. She was away so much that the Duke suspected, made a fuss, and obliged her to confine him in the coal cellar for a week, and threaten him with the knout. He escaped through the grating, took refuge at St. James's, and complained to the Queen, whence arose the estrangement you read so much about in the papers. There's only one consolation,—the Porte is as hard off for cash himself, or worse, if possible. But a thought strikes me. The German state coffers are full. Could not your Majesty of Germany assist in the matter of a loan?"

Our correspondent couldn't see the German Emperor, but there is no doubt that his countenance glowed like the full moon. The harsh and deep tones of his answer rumbled through the tent like the sound of distant artillery. "Give you a loan!" he said. "Soucrout and Heiden-slieber! It is much if we leave you alone!"

"Nay, but," interposed the more placable monarch of Austria, "we are really to profit by the exertions of our brother of Russia. Our brother of Germany knows that he is, ultimately, to be allowed to seize on Denmark, and gratify to the full his desire for sea frontier."

"Denmark!" grunted He of Germany. "There's too much in the way. I shall have France down on my frontier before I know where I am."

"All I have to say," interposed Russia, "is that if I have to retreat for want of funds, neither will Germany get Denmark nor Austria her share of Turkey, and the pieces stand on the chess-board for another fifty years."

"But France—" growled Germany.

"France," remarked the calm voice of Austria, "will not fight for years if she can help it. I congratulate my German brother on the speech he instructed MOLTKE to make, but he is well aware that it was *pour amuser*." It was well done. But Royal Germany knows that he thinks not of France, but of the glorious annexation of Hanover, Belgium, Denmark—all the sure rewards of our alliance. As we said last year, and I acknowledge we owe the great thought to the keen mind of BISMARCK (a clever stroke of dissimulation to exile him) France cannot fight, England will not fight; she has too many packages of colonies to carry. Against Austria, Russia, and Prussia no force can stand. Now is the time. We must act or not."

"It is all very well," said his ferocious Majesty of Prussia, lighting about three pounds of tobacco in his pipe, "but will you lend him money?"

"If I have forgotten Sadowa," said Austria, "I have neither recovered it, nor the cash I lost there. All know the state of my revenues. But if your Majesty desires, the game stops. You can smoke your pipe at Berlin. But never at Copenhagen. You might have reviewed your fleet there—and it might have been a fleet."

One confidential valet, in rich livery, stood at the table. He said

nothing. His face was deeply marked with lines of design and counsel. The Monarch of Germany looked at him. The disguised Chancellor nodded.

"I will do it," said Germany. "Send to Berlin for money; you will not be asked 75 per cent. Denmark! I will have it, or—"

The pretended valet drew out a paper; the Emperors signed it. Russia stuck it in his breast pocket. They left the tent; the special trains conveyed them to their capitals; but He of Russia had lost the paper, for He of GRIP had taken it as His Majesty of all the Russias passed the haystack. How, blowing up the haystack and a demi-regiment of Croats with a cartridge of dynamite he carried on his person, he got off in safety—how he swam the Danube and transmitted the intelligence from Constantinople, we have not space to publish. But we will remark:

All the world is wondering what Russia is waiting for. But though the Czar, with a Czardonic smile, ordered all his retinue of that night to be executed, he could not find the paper; and till another meeting is arranged, matters remain.

### A Complaint.

To the Editor of Grip,

SIR:—I be a carpenter, throw'd out of work by the bricklayers a strikin'. Now, I ain't got no objection to no one strikin, but I can't get no work till they gets at work agen. It's either the men's fault, or the bosses fault. Wot I writes to you to know is, hasn't I got an action agin' 'em both for damages in keepin I out of work. I don't want to go to no soup-kitchen this comin winter. I wants fifty dollars from one of em, and I wants to know which it is.

JACK PLANE.

Toronto, June 13, 1877.

ALDERMAN WITHROW, the distinguished author of our canine by-law, sat reading the *Danbury News*, and when he came upon this paragraph he fainted:

"An indiscriminate slaughter of dogs is threatening. All right, but remember that every dog killed leaves several hundred fleas to be cared for and amused."

### The Turco-Russian at Home.

JIGGES sat at his window one night last week. The kerosene lamp was flaring cheerfully. The window was down, and the curtain up. A single mosquito hummed his sympathetic song in the room. A thousand millions looked in through the glass and envied the troubadour brother, who had the situation all to himself. JIGGES is ingenious, and hit upon a plan for satisfactory settlement of an old grudge he bore the marauders.

Meanwhile the puzzled mosquitoes held a council of war on the lawn side of the middle window pane. Col. Wurr-urr-urr, with his glaring eyeballs and red, tapering trunk (he was a regular customer to an old aristocratic toper on York street, and this imparted the color) drew his glittering tongue of a sword and rallied his blood-thirsty troops about him. Capt. Yow-w-w-w-w crawled up, minus one of his six feet, lost in honorable battle with a cook, who nearly scalped him with a butcher-knife the night previous. Sergeant Um-m-m-m-m, the burly ruffian on the battle field, came swaggering head foremost. Dr. Sec-saw-aw-w, the insinuating leader of the medical staff, and chaplain Bloo-fur-blo-o-o-d, with many others, presented themselves. The regimental band, a Kukulux-klanish looking troupe, whose favorite air was "tap-'em-fresh-a-gain," struck up their hideous prelude to the solemn council. It was a terrifying demonstration. The big white moths retired to a tree-top near at hand, in silent awe. The curious gnats, bugs, flies and small-fry generally, covered in the corners of the window sill. The wrath of the future seemed to hang on a thread. A lowering thunder-storm hovered over the devoted head of JIGGES, apparently. So thought the small-fry.

"Outraged fellow soldiers," roared the colonel, in a voice which the finest cat-gut would fail to imitate, "the audacious mortal has closed his dwelling in our face. What remains there but a desperate recourse to war and violence on our part?" "Hear! hear!" shrieked the grim infantry of bow-legged blood-suckers. "Revenge!" was the echo, howled from the corner of the army and wafted on the starving breath of the multitude. "My most gentle and injured lambs," resumed the Col., getting carmine red about his snout and throat, "are we to stand tamely by while the monstrous Turk within holds one of our Christian number as a slave? How oftly have we valiant Russians compelled him to seek refuge under his bed-clothes and sue for mercy! Are not we strong? Is our love to get in there not strong also? Are we not doing a Christian duty by occupying the territory within, and isn't a swig at that fat Turk's body just glorious? Eh? What? Who shall hinder us? Blood and thunder, who will hold our coats and slap us on the back, and say, 'go it!'—We will do it ourselves!—We—" but his voice was here drowned in a flood of enthusiasm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)