

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

NOVA SCOTIAN READER.—Kindly send us your name and address  
Hope to hear from you again.

## THE NEW DOMINION.

Ho! statesmen, who in speech and song  
Tell Britain's fame and glory,  
Let fitting tones the notes prolong,  
Tell "Greater Britain's" story!  
Proclaim that here are Britons still—  
Free men of free opinion;  
Maintaining by voice, act, and will  
High place and New Dominion.

A land with limits stern and cold,  
Where fox and bear hold levies;  
Yet mines of iron, coal and gold  
Crop out from mount and crevice.  
From Eric's fall to bright Bras D'or  
Flow wealth of teeming waters,  
Fair homesteads smile on every shore  
For loving sons and daughters!

All maritime our ends—our fields  
And forests are prolific,  
While rude Atlantic harvest yields,  
The West gives kiss Pacific!  
No race unstable, fickle, prone  
To change or Revolution,  
But lovers 'mid a vigorous zone  
Of Queen and Constitution!

We strive no more with foes, nor claim  
The border land of others,—  
Our British mother-tongue and name  
And blood—proclaim us brothers.  
We straight divide the mighty chain  
Of lakes and streams and mountains,  
As friends abroad plough every main  
At home seek kindred fountains.

And this may be the only strife  
Of race—athletic—moral—  
Who shall be first in aims of life,  
Tho' last in broil or quarrel!  
Thus "Hail Columbia" now shall ring  
No more of warlike chorus,  
While "Rule Britannia's" whispering  
Bring scenes of peace before us!

No more may host contend with host  
In strife and devastation,  
But all the peaceful Arts shall boast  
That mark and make a nation!

## COMMERCIAL.

DISTILLERY-FED Cattle are slightly unsteady and irregular, going off readily enough but not coming back as they ought to do at reasonable hours. Hogs are rather backward in coming forward, possibly, because as the weather is growing mild they will not be dressed any more. Hens having, by their recent strike, secured an advance in wages, have returned to work, and eggs may now be expected to be more abundant.

## GRIP'S POLITICAL PARODIES.

Prophetic GRIP heard twenty ears before,  
JOHN DOUGAL'S utterance in 94.

## A FAMOUS VICTORY.

It was a summer's evening,  
JOHN DOUGAL's work was done,  
And he beside his office door  
Was sitting in the sun,  
Before him stood, his knees between,  
His little grandchild, WILHELMINE.

She heard her brother PETERKIN  
Give to some words a sound,  
Which he, an ancient *Witness* in,  
While reading it had found.  
He came to ask what he had found  
That seemed so sensible and sound.

JOHN DOUGAL took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by,  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
" 'Tis some old article," said he,  
" I wrote on the Great Victory.

" You'll find them in back numbers,  
For there's many thereabout;  
And often when I search the file  
I read a sentence out,  
For many a hundred such," said he,  
" I wrote on the Great Victory."

" Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"  
Young PETERKIN he cries,  
While little WILHELMINE stood by  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
" Now, tell us of the paper war,  
And what you fought each other for?"

" It was MACKENZIE," DOUGAL cries,  
" Who put JOHN A. to rout;  
But what they fought each other for  
I can not now make out,  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
" That 'twas a famous victory.

" My office decked St. JAMES' Street then—  
The post office hard by,—  
I ran all Papists to the ground  
With fervent piety,  
And still, as every season fled,  
Religious differences fed.

" The *Witness* then the country round  
Was posted far and wide,  
Of many a politician then  
And public measure lied.  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

" In truth it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won,  
For many a Grit profession there  
Lay stinking in the sun.  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

" Great praise MACKENZIE that time won,  
And HUNTINGDON, I woen—"  
" Why, they are now called scalliwags!"  
Said little WILHELMINE.  
" Aye, aye, my girl," said he,  
" But 'twas a famous victory.

" And everybody joined the Grits,  
Who this great fight did win—"  
" But what good came of it at last?"  
Said little PETERKIN.  
" Why, that I cannot tell," said he,  
" But 'twas a famous victory."