

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 21ST JULY, 1877.

A Conversation.

SCENE.—A Plain. Outsider standing solus. To him enter Orange and Green in full regalia, by different roads, marching deffaultly.

OUTSIDER.—Very amusing I must say! quite as good as a circus to look at. Do you like to walk these long distances, and carry those things?

ORANGE.—Like it? Sure it's for religion.

GREEN.—A quare chap that wud'nt do that much for it.

OUTSIDER.—And is it your religion to kill one another on these days? A sort of propitiatory sacrifice, perhaps?

ORANGE.—Religion! Not a bit of it. To walk uphoulds religion; but the occasional scrimmages is marelly agrayable concomitants to houghien the intherest.

GREEN.—Just that same. A bit of divarsion like.

OUTSIDER.—And do you know what you pay for this diversion?

ORANGE.—Is it pay ye're sayin'? What do ye mane?

GREEN.—F'what do we pay?

OUTSIDER.—Your whole right to share in the government of the country.

ORANGE.—Augh, shut up, thin. Are'nt we going to get the right ov incorporation soon. Its not little MOWAT'll kape us out av it much longer.

GREEN.—Shure, bedad! Is'nt O'DONOHUE and MERRICK to git places right off?

OUTSIDER.—Yes, and FERGUSON got one. But it is always the same. Whenever quasi-religious bodies are formed under free constitutions, their leaders get the rewards due to their followers, whom there is no means of paying. But on Prohibition—on Protection—on any of the great questions of the day, where are you? Deprived frequently of all power of voting as you would wish, because you must back the statesman your colour backs, and that statesman may not think as you do on these great questions at all.

ORANGE.—There's some rayson in that.

GREEN.—A power too much.

OUTSIDER.—Consider also that in many parts of the country a Catholic cannot get elected; in many others an Orangeman cannot. Yet in many such places a moderate Protestant can. Does not this tend to keep power from both of you? Between one thing and another, half of you are actually disfranchised by your dissensions.

ORANGE.—It's too thrue.

GREEN.—Isn't there some way of givin' ourselves a lift, now?

OUTSIDER.—Just this: get up a petition among yourselves for the passage of a strict law against all party processions and regalia, include St. Patrick's Day with the rest, shake hands, forget dead issues, think of the living present, and you will do more for Orangemen, more for Catholics, and more for Canada, than if you were to walk once a week, in full paraphernalia, from now until eternity.

(Scene closes.)

The Coal Debate.

Half a dozen prominent Toronto coal dealers declare the water works coal is not Lehigh; half a dozen prominent coal users declare the same is Lehigh. GRIP don't intend to make known his accurate knowledge by saying which is correct, not wishing to be always hauled round dusty piles of coal as an arbiter in future. But he extracts the undeniable moral. Half the prominent coal users and dealers don't know one sort of coal from another.

War Notes.

What the Hungarian Diet consists of not everybody professed to know when it met the other day. The Russian diet just now, however, is roast Turk(ey) with pepper sauce a la Krupp three times a day. Some of these grow exceedingly unhealthy through tasting so much of their favourite dish, but, on the whole, some of the illiterate among them think that their bill of fare still stands far above the Diet of Worms which LUTHER tackled.

A confidential despatch from SULEIMAN PASHA to GRIP, gives assurance that as soon as his Turks are through revictualling Nicieses there'll be some sick old Nicks. Seems to me that the Niciesians are a superbly voracious set, as this is at least the fourteenth time their larder has been filled with hash (according to cable.) Old NICHOLAS and his Nicks will do well to steer clear of the Cannibals.

The Plague of Flies

Why will they praise the summer sun?
Extol the summer skies?
What are they each of them but one
Engenderer of flies?

Each dinner table bears a host.
They swarm on every dish.
They buzz around the boiled and roast.
They settle on the fish.

Pierce struggling in the cream them see,
And in the sugar bowl.
Across the palate with the tea
Unpleasantly they roll.

At last the meal is over—you
Upon the sofa try
To catch repose—could catch it too,
If you could catch a fly.

One demon fly, who's here and there
And everywhere around;
In vain on table, wall, and chair,
Your cushion does resound.

The other flies don't bother you;
They know his biz he knows.
He has the contract taken to
Preserve you from repose.

You rush in frenzy from his sight
And to the grove repair;
Alas, you meet with no respite
Behold his brothers there.

Above each waving branch they fly
And flutter it below.
And hear you not their close ally
The fiendish Mosquito?

Ah, think, that after hot July
Comes blazing August too,
When we, for every present fly
A dozen then shall view.

The Sweets of the Rostrum.

NEWEST VERSION OF "ASKING FOR BREAD AND RECEIVING A STONE."

SCENE:—In the Town Hall of a Canadian town, selected at random.
JUST BEFORE THE LECTURE.

LECTURER (*aside*).—Nay, Mr. HYDRO CALORIC, your reception in this place is no improvement over yesterday, the day before, and the day to come. What care plebeian-minded slaves to filthy lucre for intellectual nourishment and the glories of expounded science? Here they come to the tune of nine-and-twenty to hear you; but, if it please you, were there a nigger-show, with ugly dances and silly pantomime, then you should see a gaping and admiring multitude. Nine-and-twenty! Four are dead-heads. That leaves me \$12.50, at least I shall possess it until I pay \$10 for the hall, and buy a railway ticket for Squabtown with the rest. And then my printing bill—ah!! Well, well. (*Sardonically*). But something substantial awaits me yet at the close of the evening. I always rely upon the gift received then to reimburse me—it will fill my empty stomach and pay for my advertisements.

ONE OF THE NINE-AND-TWENTY (*aside*).—Evidently of not much account, or would have drawn a better crowd with all the puffing received from the papers. But if he's a fraud, it is gratifying to know he has not swindled our noble town to any large extent—and as for me, I can stand my loss too, for I received my dead-head ticket at half-price from my friend the reporter.

JUST AFTER THE LECTURE.

LECTURER (*aside*).—It is coming now.

REV. MR. TOPKNOT (*rising*).—Ahem! Ladies and gentleman, in view of the most excellent, amusing, instructive and scholarly lecture which we have just had the pleasure of listening to, I would move that the hearty thanks of this vast and intelligent audience be tendered the lecturer, Prof. HYDRO CALORIC. Aheh! (*Loud applause. It's cheap.*)

LECTURER (*groaning aside*).—Would to heaven the money received were more, and your thanks correspondingly less.

L. Q. C. RAMSHACKLE, Esq., Beadle (*rising*).—It gives me the greatest pleasure as a representative of an enlightened and civilized community to second the motion proposed by my learned friend, the Rev. Mr. TOPKNOT, (*applause*). No doubt, the able lecturer will remember our town gratefully for the hearty reception, the large and intelligent audience, the vast applause—

LECTURER (*with a maniac yell*).—Silence, oh assembly of jasaxes. A starving man wants none of your thanks. I must out. I am going mad! (*Shoots out of the hall before the dumb-founded "house," tearing his hair and shouting wildly.*)