

## G R I P.

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 21, 1874.

## WOT'S RIGHT'S, RIGHT.

(SCENE—A group of Mechanics during dinner hour.)

JOHN SMITH—Say, Bill, have yer read them papers  
About them chaps wot's cutting up such capors  
In Parlyment, concerning bills and wages  
And Acts so weighty that they comes in *stages*?  
*I'd* like to know, but s'pose it's no use talking,  
Wot these chaps takes us for. They're always balking  
Us in wot is right and proper,  
And never backward, either, at a "wopper."  
They never say it's *that*, but calls it *tact*;  
But I call it a lie, and that's a fact.

BILL BROWN—Aye, Bill, but don't yer know  
That them same chaps, wot runs the national show,  
Ain't used to havin' their weak nerves afflicted.  
To calling woppers *lies*, they're interdicted  
By Act o' Parlyment—a meal they term *collation*,  
And what *you'd* call a lie 's *exaggeration*.

DICK GREEN—I guess it's all the same, mates, the world over,  
It's very well for them wot lives in clover.  
When they come round and beg for 'lection votes,  
How very quick these chaps then change their notes;  
And tell us we're "the bone and sinew of the nation,"  
And talks of "progress" with much animation.  
We votes and loses time, and then they holler,  
And cuts our wages down a half a dollar.  
Our time's *our* money, ain't it, boys? I guess!

JOHN SMITH—O' course it is, and I must confess  
I never seed so mean a trick afore.

BILL BROWN—Mean ain't no name for it, I'm werry sure.

DICK GREEN—Now, mates, look here, I'd like to know  
If these here chaps is giving us a show?  
At 'lection times we're "smart" and "sons o' toil"—  
Their ways, and speech, and tongue's as smooth as oil.  
When once we've voted—they don't care a cent;  
So long as *they* can get in Parlyment.  
When they get *there*, such chaps as we  
Are no where; but I'd like to see  
A dif'rent state o' things, 'tween you and me.

JOHN SMITH—Wot I propose is—to make matters square—  
We only pays them chaps *their* lawful share.  
The House adjourns its business very soon,  
By doing *this*, they'll quickly change their tune.  
If it's right to stop us just for half a day,  
It's right to stop them too, *that's* wot I say.  
Right's right, and, boys, I've got to learn  
If *we* get's paid for wot we doesn't earn.  
It's just such chaps as us *their* wages pays—  
It's a queer rule, boys, that *doesn't* work both ways.

[Bell rings, *Exeunt.*]

## NATURAL CAUSES.

A PARAGRAPH at present "going the rounds" of the country press sets forth the sad intelligence that

The celebrated cow, the "Eighth Duchess of Geneva," better known as the \$40,000 cow, died last week at the owner's farm.

And in the brief biographical notice accompanying the announcement it is stated that

At the sale of Mr. Campbell's stock at New York Mills, on the 10th of September, 1873, she was, after some little excitement, knocked down to a Mr. Davis, for the sum of \$40,000.

It would seem that death resulted from the blow, and all that money is lost.

## Grip's Political Parodies.

## "THE VICAR OF BRAY."

(Adapted to Canadian circumstances, and dedicated to the Council of Public Instruction.)

In Governor Metcalfe's golden days,  
When piety no harm meant,  
A zealous Methody I was,  
And so I gained *preferment*;  
To teach my flocks I never missed,  
Kings are by God appointed;  
And cursed are those that do resist,  
Or touch the Lord's anointed.  
And this is law, I will maintain,  
Until my dying day, Sir,  
That whatever King shall reign,  
As "Leonidas" I'll *bray*, Sir.

As guardian of the people's rights,  
I was a staunch Reformer,  
Till Metcalfe, with "revolving lights,"  
Converted mine to "dormer."  
"Unsolicited" I've toadied  
To successive powers that be,  
As a guardian Vicar so did,  
Not so unsuccessfully.  
And this is law, &c.

An Elgin or a *Duffer* in,  
A Bagot or a bigot;  
I've plasters thin for every shin,  
For every leak a spigot.  
I downily trooped to Downing Street  
On a reforming mission,  
"Iscaariot" flew mine ears to greet,  
In that "*casual*" position.  
And this is law, &c.

I flounder like a cuttle-fish  
In science, art, and story,  
Hopes terrestrial relinquish  
For "*Thermopyle*" and glory.  
Like the *Spartan*, I've contended  
With hosts of armed men,  
Though 'tis hard to say I've mended  
Aught else except my pen.  
And this is law, &c.

The illustrious House of Hanover  
And Protestant succession,  
To these I do allegiance swear  
While they can keep possession:  
For in my faith and loyalty  
I never more will falter,  
And Vic. my lawful Queen shall be,  
Until the times do alter.  
And this is law, &c.

## Grip in Council.

Present—GRIP, in the Chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, Q.C., WILLIAM SPAREQUEER, MACGREGOR SLOWCUM, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP.—Never say die! Never say die!

RUDGE.—I should think not. True patriots are plenty enough in this Dominion not to let a thoroughly Canadian bird like you give up the ghost. And what would become of them all if they had to depend for their fun on the lively columns of the newspapers?

TONGUEGRASS.—Who but yourself is ready to furnish fun for the legislators? Here have they been hammering away at the Central-Prison-half-holiday-to-the-working-men job, by which some twenty odd thousand cents were thrown away—so much to the disgust of the true friends of the working man, who think half-holidays are bad for him unless his pay be stopped; and as to the Public Accounts, and all the mare's nests found in them, there is no telling if any one but the WANDERING JEW would have outlived the discussions had it not been for the flood of illumination from GRIP's electric light, which has penetrated even the dim chambers where M. P. P.'s do congregate.

SLOWCUM.—But still, nevertheless, you must admit, at least, I think, there's a good deal in the Public Accounts—