

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Bass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;  
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1877.

## Fair Warning.

There will be a corner in bouquets next week, on account of the advent of Miss FANNY DAVENPORT, the "beautiful American," as the English papers call her. She appears in *Pique* at Mrs. MORRISON'S.

## Apropos of a Certain Challenge.

In full fighting array see R. W. stand,  
Asking GEO. BROWN to knock off the chips.  
If G. B. comes to time the sport will be grand.  
And we bet that R. W. *phippis!*

## Whiskey vs. Guttery.

GRIP cannot suppress a feeling of consuming indignation at the gross miscarriage of justice in the case of the Rev. THOS. GUTTERY, which came up at the Magistrates Court in Yorkville, on Thursday last. The Majesty of the law was never more cruelly cheated of its legitimate prey than it was on that occasion. When we take into consideration the stupendous aggravations of the offence—to which the reverend defendant actually pleaded guilty—and then contemplate the fact that he escaped punishment altogether—that he didn't have to pay any costs—we are wild with fury, and every right thinking man must feel as we do. The defendant freely admitted that he had addressed to the Anti-Dunkin procession these words, "Your Procession isn't complete; you ought to have all the poor Drunkard's wives and ragged children." We say, he frankly admitted that he had used these ruffianly and indecent words. And yet he escaped the gallows! Is this British justice? Or is it possible that the Court looked upon this as a comparatively light offence? What! Are we to understand that in this free country a man has got a right to insinuate that the wives and children of drunkards are not happy and comfortable? Has it come to this that respectable Saloon Keepers, political wire-pullers, stump orators and other tax-payers, passing along the public streets with barrels and banners in procession, can be told that whiskey is not a blessing in the abstract? If it has come to this, then we may well exclaim, Whither are we drifting? We say that the individual who would speak to such a procession ought to be made to feel the strong arm of the law, and therefore we regret that the Rev. THOS. GUTTERY was allowed to escape so easily. What right had he to make suggestions as to the procession not being complete? Was it any of his business if our managers didn't see fit to have the poor Drunkard's wives and ragged children along? Who was running that procession, anyhow? It is to be hoped that the Rev. THOS. GUTTERY, and all other persons like him, will hold their tongues in future. It may seem to them a small thing to put in a word about the "evil effects of the liquor traffic," on such an occasion, but we can tell them that it is a serious matter for us. It touches us in a tender spot, and we won't stand it. And next time anyone does the like we will see to it that he don't get off so lightly as Rev. THOS. GUTTERY did!

## Scene in Court.

*Application for rule. The Premier of a Dominion suing some newspaper for libel. Newspaper has said Premier is interested in certain lands near terminus of railroad. Appears Premier has no interest in lands nearer than sixteen miles of terminus.*

LEARNED JUDGE.—A most unfounded libel. (To prosecuting counsel)—Take your rule, sir. (Court adjourned.)

Going home (younger to elder counsel.) I say, wouldn't a terminus profit your lands in a wilderness very considerably if it was sixteen miles off?

ELDER COUNSEL.—Young man, do not ask such questions. The Premier's course is excellent.

YOUNGER COUNSEL.—How so? Is he not, by appealing to the courts, doing away with that sort of divinity which should hedge Premiers, and which, in spite of scandals, has ever more or less encompassed them?

ELDER COUNSEL.—True; but does it not throw work our way? Will it not throw more? A Premier who steps from the boundary of privilege into the common arena accepts the liabilities of that arena. If he fell from power, who shall say that capitalists would not institute civil suits for malpractice, waste of public funds,—anything, true or false. His friends would not back him up with funds; the proceedings might ruin him, or exile him. All fat pickings for us, and for the legal fraternity.

YOUNGER COUNSEL.—One step further, and we shall go back to bar-

barism, and the days of attainder and execution. Now, I think that a Government's own newspapers should be sufficient for its defence.

ELDER COUNSEL.—Very good, my boy. But how if all the Government sheets have proved themselves quite unreliable, and only hope for the belief of those who "take but one paper!"

YOUNGER COUNSEL.—Why, I do not know what to say. I fear the prospects are not cheering for the country.

ELDER COUNSEL.—The prospects are very cheering for our blue bags. Hang the country! *Vive la loi.*

## The Commissioner and the Injun.

(As it may be expected.)

SCENE.—A plain in the North-west. Present, the Hon. Mr. MILLS, examining at a rather cautious distance at an extremely big, ugly, cross-looking specimen of an Indian, with various weapons fastened about him in all directions, to keep out of line of the muzzles of which appears the Commissioner's present principal object in life.

HON. MR. MILLS.—You are Sitting Bull?

SITTING BULL.—Dat my name. Big Injun. Great warrior. Much scalp! Who you? Got any scalp? Ugh! (Comes forward rapidly.)

HON. MR. MILLS.—(Backing with equal rapidity.)—Be quiet, my friend. I am the Canadian Commissioner, come to treat with you—

SITTING BULL.—(Yells.)—Karamashee wo hau-u-u-u-u!—My brudder come treat! Where fire-water? (Dances around Commissioner.)

MR. MILLS.—Stand still, please, do! I am here to make a treaty of peace with you, that you may go home again.

SITTING BULL.—Injun at home now! He home all places. What white man want in his home? Ugh! (pulls out very big knife.)

MR. MILLS.—Put away that ugly sharp thing, do. I am your friend; will give you presents.

SITTING BULL.—What presents? Mind you not have two tongues, else might not have one scalp. What give SITTING BULL?

MR. MILLS.—If I find you are a good Indian I will give you blankets, beads, axes, lots of things.

SITTING BULL.—Give gun, powder, bullets, knife—give em quick! Ugh!

MR. MILLS.—I will give you all this if I find you a good Indian.

SITTING BULL.—Me good Injun. Me take lot scalp. Scalp pole in lodge full up—warrior scalp, squaw scalp, pickaniny scalp, papoose scalp. Give SITTING BULL presents—he take scalp for you—lots scalp—take lot for you round here easy—people farming, not see SITTING BULL coming. Want scalp? say-y-y-y! (flourishes tomahawk near Commissioner's nose.)

MR. MILLS.—If you do not be quiet and sit down, I shall go away and you will get no presents.

SITTING BULL.—(squats down with a bang.) Now, white man, talk. SITTING BULL'S ears are open.

MR. MILLS.—(gets into attitude.) Red man of the Prairie, I am a philosopher. I proceed on principles. It is necessary to know whether it is safe to send you back. I must know your moral character and ideas. Do you want Free Trade?

SITTING BULL.—Yes! Do! Want no agents—rascals—thieves. Want Free Trade! Every man come sell Injun much fire-water, powder, gun, ball—as he like.

MR. MILLS.—Very true. Restrictions on traffic are highly injudicious, as this child of the forest—this noble savage—perceives with that intuitive perception native to the mind untrammelled by the chains of Protected a-es. You have said well. And say. Are you one of those who would encourage home manufactures, or would you, as your noble appearance and intelligent eye tells me, rather buy from foreign nations what they make, with the rude products of your own soil, enforced, unhot-housed? Would you rather trade for goods or make them?

SITTING BULL.—I trade! No! I catch beaver, buffaloe, deer, sell skins for all things. I no want make goods here—no know how, no want to learn how I want buy wild skin—catch heap skins, sometimes.

MR. MILLS.—(extremely elated.)—He is—I knew he was—it is the impulse of our glorious nature—a FREE TRADER! Say, would you crush out Home Manufacturers.

SITTING BULL.—What they?

MR. MILLS.—People who would build factories and teach your sons to work in them, and make things?

SITTING BULL.—Work in factories? Me! My people! Show 'em to SITTING BULL! Take all their scalp! No want factories—no want work! Yes, I help crush 'em.

MR. MILLS.—Thus speaks the voice of nature, even in the untutored wild, and far from the haunts of civilized man. It is the Great Principle. How little, now, would this child of nature agree with those who would cover this broad land with chimney and forge, wheel and spindle. He would leave it in its glorious natural condition, and sell its surface products to the toilers of other lands. And so would I! Down with Home Manufacturers! Why, he is even farther advanced than MACKENZIE—farther than CARTWRIGHT! I will give him presents! I will send him back safe! He is a man and a brother. (Breaks into exultant war-dance of his own. SITTING BULL joins in, yelling tremendously; scene closes.)