

# 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, 23RD FEBRUARY, 1878.

## The Handwriting on the Wall.

MACKENZIE BELCHAZZAR and all his gay coves,  
Are guzzling free on the fishes and loaves;  
The flesh-pots of Egypt lie round on the floor,  
And the good things of office are scattered galore.

For four years the Party has surfeited there,  
With appetites strong and digestive powers rare;  
While the Tories outside (heaven ordained to rule)  
Have been fretting to death in the shades that are cool.

But lo! there's dismay in the banqueting hall,  
For the writing of Fate now appears on the wall;  
A mystical sentence portending the End—  
But how it was written we can't comprehend.

Perchance 'tis the work of an angel of light,  
To whose spotless soul Crits are odium quite;  
No doubt 'tis the writing of some righteous hand  
Who to "JOHN A. and VIRTUE" would give up the land.

## A Conversation.

"The deuce of it is," said Sir JOHN at the last House Dinner, "that people really want new men to come forward."

"Are we not good enough?" growled TUPPER in his deepest baritone.

"If takin' pains to please," remarked N. F. DAVIN, "can soothe their savage buzzums, there's niver a counter-jumper in King Sthrate can bate yez. Protectionists in Ontario, Free Traders in Halifax, Liberaters of RIEL, allies wid BOWELL—oh, bedad, there's nothing but a kellydescoop can aiquil yez."

"A kaleidoscope," said M. C. CAMERON, who will try to make folks pronounce words correctly.

"The kellydescoop I did be sayin' Surr!" said N. F. D. "Neemed afther its inventor, me maternal ancestor, Surr JAMES KELLY, K.C.B. knighted for dhruvin' the bailiffs from Oireland, A.D. 1757."

"Ye are ower forrit, young mon," said one of the Club flunkys, a tall big-nosed person in a magnificent suit of green and gold, who, remaining when his fellows had departed, had taken a seat at the table with the guests. (It was G. B. He really runs the club as our other institutions). "When I had ye on the *Globe*, I kepit ye in order. In pitting ye on the *Mail*, ye ken, ye are simply removit tae another Clear Grit journal, disguisit for purposes o' my ain. Mairower, ye arena tae gang round speaking—"

The fiery passions of the Milesian addressed had now rendered him red hot. Nothing else could have saved his adversary, but N. F. D. found his dress suit beginning to singe. He rushed from the room, took a shower-bath and came back cool and pallid. In the meantime the conversation had changed.

"I maun observe," said G. B., "that we haena had oor time. Ye had twenty years, and agreeit tae let us hae oor turn. We canna do wi' scant four. It maun be managit."

"But you cannot deny," said MACDOUGALL, "that you are making in four years as much as we in twenty. You give MACDONALD \$10,000 a year. He gets it. But as for me, I was sent to pick a governorship out of a bulldog's mouth, and got properly bitten for my pains. Speaking of dogs recalls the fable of the bone and the shadow. Isn't it time I got the substance?"

"You bring me back to my muttons," said Sir JOHN, "and by the way that leg was superb—"

"But the devil's sint no capers wid it," said N. F. D.

"They knew we had you?" said the baronet, "but as I was saying, my dear GEORGE, it is true that years ago, we leaders agreed to divide in turn the spoils of office, and to keep outsiders off. I am sure we aided you manfully in your efforts to shove aside every fellow, from BALDWIN to GOLDWIN SMITH, who tried to shove in a patriotic oar. But now it will do no longer. You know as well as I the country has been humbugged, not governed. People demand men who understand commercial positions, and a lot of things never hitherto forming part of Canadian governmental programmes. I don't say we would not have had them before now, if unhampered by opposition, or that you would not, if equally clear. But you know as well as I that it has tver been impossible to pass needed measures, on account of the ever-present necessity of buying corrupt friends, and approving corrupt opponents."

"Breebery an' corruption!" said G. B. "Why did ye nae stap it?"

"Why didn't you?" asked Sir JOHN.

"Gin ye introduce ye're opponent, as Dr. JOHNSON remarked," said G. B., "there's an end o' airgument. Ilae ye nae better manners? Answer me, sir."

"Well, GEORGE," sighed the knight, "I challenge you to answer this. When the people send fellows to Parliament who come with no other purpose but to be bought, have I or MACKENZIE any other resource but to buy them?"

"It is vara true," said the disguised ONTARIO. "After a', it's nae use abusing ilk ither in preevate. What div ye think is noo tae be done?"

"Your friends must go out at the end of their term, GEORGE, and we will have to get in men fit to draw up a proper scheme of Protection, and several other things the country needs." So said the knight, pensively drinking a tumbler of sherry.

"Ye are a pair-speerited creature," said G. B. "I shall auce mair tak' the stoomp mysel'. I speakit gran'ly at Oxford last week. I sall hae na Protection here ava. What div I care for the kintra? Whaur wal gang my Breetish supporters, mairower my Yankee friens? Hoo could the *Globe* dae without the importing interest? Gae wa! Free Trade forever! Wi' the mighty engines o' the *Globe* and *Mail* I hae direckit, and wull direck! Shadows o' necht avaunt! GEORGE's himsel' again!" And the old gentleman executed a triumphant attitude in which his long limbs, not now under their old command, knocked down a \$100 set of Sevres from the sideboard.

"GEORGE," said Sir J., "You cannot direct me. Master of myself though China fall!" And he looked sadly at the fragments—a present from himself.

"Nor me," roared the Tremendous TUPPER, whose sore throat wine had temporarily healed. "I denounce your policy! I oppose your course! I deny your principles—"

"Ye hae aften denceed yere ain," interjected G. B.

"I," pursued the thunderous honourable. "I am fit here to speak! I, whose dexterous voice pleases East and West, ever sounding loudly the trumpet appropriate to the region. This is Toronto, and I here declare Protection the only course. That we shall follow-o-o-o under-r the glorious-s-s pilot who-o-o-o has weathered the storm-m-m—(But here several panes fell from the windows and some affrighted guests ran to the door).

"Ye're noise disna fricken me," said G. B., "nae mair than the clamours o' that Irish creature wha I formerly allowed to write for the *Glob*—"

But the blood of N. F. D. stood no more. Dexterously extracting from a chamois case an immense shell-lag, he leapt on the table, "Be the powers, he manes me," shrieked N. F. D., making a flying leap over the centre vase in the Scottish person's direction. He arrived, but the other was gone. Nay, the room was empty. As TENNYSON says,

"At the mere flash and motion of the man,"

all the guests had disappeared, except those, who under the table, laid supine in the arms of BACCHUS.

"Waither!" cried N. F. D., "hear the inebriated to cabs. The ruction has calmed me sowl. Fetch me pin, ink and paper. There's an additorial jew, and devil resave the loime written av the same."

## The Amenities of Parliament.

Hon. Dr. TUPPER (to Mr. DYMOND).—You are a garbler of reports! Mr. DYMOND.—I aint. You are a vile insulter of the Press.

Hon. Sir JOHN MACDONALD.—It is evident the Minister of Justice is a liar.

Hon. MINISTER OF JUSTICE.—I aint! All your authorities—Chief Justices, Knights, Generals, and everybody else are liars.

THE SPEAKER.—The hon. member for Kingston is out of order.

Hon. Sir JOHN.—Then, Mr. SPEAKER, in a parliamentary sense he isn't a liar, but every other way he is. He has, I say, used rebellious—

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—Your colleague, Sir. GEO. CARTIER, was a rebel, and ran away!

Hon. Sir JOHN.—He didn't! he didn't, I protest against slandering the memory of the dead! My worthy colleague fought as a rebel all day at St. Denis, and fired on Her Majesty's flag from morning to night.

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—If your colleague fired material bullets at the flag, mayn't mine fire an immaterial expression?

Hon. Sir JOHN.—No Sir! He myn't, Sir. And he ha'n't the courage, Sir! JONES would have run away, Sir, he would, Sir!

Hon. Mr. LAURIER.—It happens to be a matter of history that your late colleague did. (Sir JOHN subsides on the history point).

Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE.—And your friends burned down the Parliament House, pelted the Governor, and wanted to be Independent, yes sir! And now worse than all, want to make political life unbearable—

Hon. Sir JOHN.—No, no, no, I rise to explain. The more we give a bearish tendency to the proceedings, the more we make them bearable. (Loud applause. Cries of "Very good; Give us another").

The above is not an over-exaggerated burlesque of the class of proceedings lately held at Ottawa. GRIP would remind these gentlemen that the pretended loyalty which occasions such scenes causes that worst description of disloyalty, contempt for our rulers.