

## 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 28, 1874.

## SHAKSPERIAN TEXTS FOR PROMINENT PERSONAGES.

Suggested by the opening of the Play House at Ottawa for the season 1874.

1

GRIP to the Governor-General—

"Your Honour's players  
"Are come to make a pleasant comedy."  
"Taming of the Shrew." (Induction.)

2

The Speaker to the Governor—

"God speed the Parliament. Who shall be the Speaker?"  
1 Henry VI. Act III. Sc. 2.

3

"Sir, here is newly come to Court—Gentlemen  
"of most excellent differences, of very soft society  
"and great shewing."

Hamlet, Act V. Sc. 2.

4

Right Hon. Sir John A—

"But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
"And many strokes, tho' with a little axe,  
"Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oaks."  
3 Henry VI. Act II. Sc. 1.  
"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
"Rough hew them how we will."  
Hamlet, Act V. Sc. 2.

5

Hon. A. Mackenzie—

"Policy I hate! I'd as lief be a *Brownist* as a  
politician."  
"Twelfth Night." Act III. Sc. 2.

(Note—The original *Brownists* were a sect of Puritans that arose in England during the reign of Elizabeth. Another sect of Puritans (or *Purists*), also called *Brownists*, arose in Canada in the reign of Victoria. Strange how history repeats itself!)

6

Mr. Alonzo Wright M.P.—

"Now, in the names of all the Gods at once,  
"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed  
"That he is grown so great?"  
Julius Cæsar. Act I. Sc. 2.

7

Garr to Mr. Louis Riel, M.P.—(With every assurance of his unmitigated loathing and abhorrence.)

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood  
"Of Scott clean from thy hand?"  
Macbeth (slightly altered.) Act II. Sc. 2.  
"I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the  
"Dignity of my whole body."  
Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. 1.

8

Mr. Senator Brown—

"War! War! No peace! Peace is to me a war!"  
King John, Act III. Sc. 2.

GRIP to Mr. B—

"The great 'Globe' itself,  
"And all which it inherit, shall dissolve."  
Tempest, Act IV. Sc. 1.

9

Hon. J. Young—

"These letters that he speaks of  
"May be my friends."  
"Let us see  
"Leave, gentle wax, and manners blame us not:  
"To know our enemies' minds we'd rip their hearts,  
"Their papers, is more lawful."  
King Lear. Act IV. Sc. 6.

10

Hon. Mr. Burpee—

"Your Highness' part is to receive our duties."  
Macbeth, Act I. Sc. 4.

11.

Hon. Dr. Tupper—

"'Tis certain, greatness once fallen out with fortune  
"Must fall out with men too."  
Troilus and Cressida, Act III. Sc. 3.

12.

Hon. L. S. Huntingdon—

"My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;  
"Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;  
"And rather than it shall, I will be free,  
"Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words."  
"Taming of the Shrew," Act IV. Sc. 3.  
"My Lord, here are letters for you."  
1 Henry IV., Act V., Sc. 2.

\* See his note to the Governor General.

13.

Hon. E. B. Wood—

"Thus I clothe my native villainy  
"With old odd ends stolen forth of holy writ."  
Richard III., Act I., Sc. 3.

## A MEMBER'S REFLECTIONS AT THE END OF THE SESSION.

When MOWAT, full of doubt and hesitation,  
Says "he will give it his consideration;"  
When CROOKS, to stop the opposition row,  
Frames points of order drawn just any how;  
When BOUTWELL'S stabs begin to lose their point,  
And all his rallies seem quite out of joint;  
When PRINCE affirms "he sees a reason why"  
Then sinks upon his seat and shuts his eye;  
When RYKERT, riled, gets up in deep despair  
And vows his motion's burked by means unfair;  
When MERRICK gives the government a poke  
And then withdraws it saying 'twas a joke;  
When DEACON holds his orange flag on high  
And sooner than incorporate will die;  
When CLARK of Norfolk feign would narcotize  
His weary hearers till they shut their eyes;  
When HARDY roaring like the weaver *Bottom*  
Shuts up opponents just as if he'd shot 'em;  
When Mr. SPEAKER with a cunning eye,  
Studies the Beauties in the Gallery;  
When WATSON swears his books shall go no more,  
And wonders when his troubles will be o'er;  
When PHILLIPS with a gloomy, crusty look,  
Cuffs the poor pages and brings all to book;  
When yawning clerks with pencil scratch their head,  
And say "thank goodness, Crook's Bill is dead;"  
When e'en the dogs that in the passage lie,  
So lazy feel they cannot catch a fly—  
Then let me homewards take my weary way,  
I cannot listen, and I've had my say!

## CRUSADE NEWS.

The electoral riding of East Middlesex is redeemed—it has taken its last GLASS!