

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 28TH APRIL, 1877.

From Our Box.

MOVED by the the pathetic appeals of the Hon. BARDWELL SLOTE on the subject of Civil Rights, Mrs. MORRISON has given up her stage this week to her colored brother, *Uncle Tom*, and a good deal of attention has been bestowed on his reception. The vocalism of SLAVIN's Cabin Singers is superb, and all who fail to hear them will miss a rare treat.

The Turk.

What is he and what was he? Was he not
A robber and a murderer from the first?
Where through the East left he uncrimsoned spot
Since MAHOMET assuaged the desert thirst
With blood of all who would not live accurst
Beneath the impostor's creed? What was he since?
What ravages wide-groaning Europe bore
From his far-ranging hordes, ere that stout prince—
Hungarian true—to Danube's further shore
Drove back the gnashing pack, to trespass nevermore.

What was he in Algiers, and Palestine,
Or Missolonghi?—ever but the same—
The stern oppressor of the Christian line,
The worker still of deeds unworthy name.
What honest Saxon blood but rose aflame
At what he lately wrought on Christian land?
And shall we now our stout Old England see
Unminding right, at policy's command,
Her warships launch in aid of tyranny,
And to strike down the cross let loose her armed band?

Mr. Mackenzie and Hash.

PREMIER MACKENZIE, in his great speech in answer to Dr. TUPPER's four hours oration, characterized that statesman-like effort as "a general aggregation of all the particular charges, just in the same way that certain boarding house people, who, having used the joint of meat warm, serve it up as hash next day."

The extent and variety of our Premier's knowledge has long been the boast of his friends and the terror of his foes. His resources of illustration seem to be inexhaustible, ranging from the sacred groves of classic poets to the anything but sacred recesses of modern kitchens. It has been generally thought that Mr. MACKENZIE accumulated this vast stock of learning by poring over the volumes of the Parliamentary Library, but GRIP doubts if he got the brilliant and apposite simile above noted from any such source. Reading certainly "maketh a full man," as old BACON says, but hash also maketh a full man, and GRIP is inclined to the opinion that Mr. MACKENZIE came by his extensive knowledge of that mysterious compound by his experience in the hotel where he boarded before he took up house in Ottawa. The illustration was unhappy, however, if he meant it in disparagement of Dr. TUPPER's subject matter, for no boarder even objects to hash. He must know that the dish is one dear to the heart of boarders, even in the city of Swells; and perhaps he could recall blissful memories of how, many a time when he had left his harassing duties in the House, his own step was made elastic by the magical inspiration of the thought "Hash for dinner!"

THE *Farmers' Union* speaking of the unfairness of charging as much for a small egg as a large one remarks that all vegetables should be sold by the pound.

MR. CARTWRIGHT was asked whether "in the multitude of counsel there is safety," applied to the proper number to send on an embassy. He replied that others might have had different experience, but to him there had never occurred anything more pleasant and profitable than negotiating a loan.

LORD DUFFERIN has a politically interested negro coachman, whom, lately, he asked to give him the true solution for the present ministerial difficulty. "Massa," replied the darkey, "put dis before him, and you has him."

Grip's Symposium.

The *Nineteenth Century*, a London magazine, has inaugurated a new feature in journalism. The editor fixes on a subject, and submits it to some prominent *literateur*, requesting his views upon it; this is returned and sent out again to some other great man, who adds his observations. Thus it is passed around to half a dozen, and finally the whole matter is published in the magazine under the title of a Literary Symposium.—*Exchange*.

GRIP, determined to keep pace with the *Nineteenth Century*, resolved to adopt this brilliant idea, and thus secure a number of our truly great statesmen as contributors to his columns, *gratis*. The idea worked admirably. Not one of the distinguished persons applied to seemed to suspect GRIP's object, and all wrote their little essays with willingness and even alacrity. The question of the hour, "What is to be the future of Canada?" was selected as the subject of the symposium, and the complete manuscript was in due time laid upon our editorial table in this shape:

"WHAT IS TO BE THE FUTURE OF CANADA?"

1st Essay.—My opinion is that it will be peaceful annexation to the United States. All the forces seem to be making for that. Canada has thrown away her chance of ever becoming a Nation, and she cannot always remain a Dependency; her fate is morally certain to be annexation.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

2nd Essay.—I am amazed that you should have the audacity to ask me for one moment to discuss such a question. The subject who is truly loyal has no right to look beyond the present. Give a good and faithful support to the *Globe* and the Clear Grit Government, and never mind the future. As for that man SMITH, he is a base hound, and the subject who is truly loyal ought to give him a proper reception with tar and feathers on his return to this country.

GEORGE BROWN.

3rd Essay.—I agree with BROWN as regards the impropriety of discussing any question as to the future of Canada, but I dissent entirely from the infernal advice he gives as to supporting the Grits. The future of this country, it seems to me, depends on who holds office. If the Grits continue in power, annexation is sure; MACKENZIE would pass a bill to accomplish that end this session if it wasn't for us—the Opposition. But if we get back to office, the future will be brilliant. Northern Railways will be milked in sweet security; Secret Service money will be disposed of where it will do most good, and Pacific Scandals will be unknown and undiscovered. I quite agree with BROWN as regards SMITH, only I think BROWN rather the worse fraud of the two.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

4th Essay.—The future of Canada has nothing to do with the Independence of Parliament Act; my own future is what I am troubled about just now.

JAMES NORRIS.

5th Essay.—The last writer has fully expressed my views on this important subject.

SPEAKER ANGLIN.

6th Essay.—I feel a good deal like that myself.

MACKENZIE BOWELL.

7th Essay.—So do I, though I am resigned to my fate.

T. CURRIER.

8th Essay.—I think it a waste of time to discuss the question of Canada's future. She won't have any. The political parties will demolish one another with the Independence of Parliament Act, and then the remaining citizen, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, will sell out and go to the States.

LORD DUFFERIN.

Mind Reading Extraordinary.

"The religious fraud is perhaps more plentiful in Toronto than in any city of its size on earth. The people who join the Church with an object, an earthly, money-making, hypocritical, friend-securing, influence-drawing object in view, their name is Legion. These don't attend Church to hear the Word, but to advertise themselves as professing Christians whose notes of hand may be accepted for a large amount, and into whose minds the base thought of cozening a customer or swindling a creditor never enters. The bulk of this class goes to Church to secure good rating from the commercial world; and I here declare to you on the authority of one of the leading dry goods merchants in the city, himself a devout Christian, that of bankrupts who chisel their creditors, the vast majority are Christians of the genus I have attempted to describe. This merchant tells me that he has known of men, scores of them, who have joined the Church of which he is a pillar, specially and altogether with the intent of obtaining his countenance and securing a line of credit at his warehouse, and with the *pretense* of ultimately swindling him. He has been in business here for nearly half a century, and in an hour's talk with him the other day, he counted on his fingers full half a dozen of cases like this."

This eminently Christian dry-goods merchant ought to be engaged as a detective. He beats Prof. LINDER all hollow as a Mind Reader. He must have some receipt for "spotting" the hidden designs of his fellow creatures—for of course a "devout Christian" would not be guilty of wickedly imputing motives.