

THE USURER.

BY MACDUFF.

Oh! wherefore this striving,
This scheming, contriving;
This ceaseless endeavor more wealth to possess.
This grasping for treasure,
Without stint or measure,
By men who the Christian religion profess.

Each day that is passing,
More wealth is amassing,
And earthly possessions accumulate fast.
Yet the world's sorry slave
Hastens on to his grave,
Leaving his idols behind him at last.

He scorns the unfortunate,
Scouts the importunate,
Grinding his victims in seasons of need;
His soul cannot limit
Its craving in finite
For gold, nor curb its insatiate greed.

Their pleading for pity;
A distasteful ditty,
To which he may listen, but never relieve;
For sins of omission,
He knows no contrition,
His mission on earth, not to give but receive.

In life's various walks,
The cormorant stalks,
To human society a bane and a curse;
In the church's calm haven
We oft find the craven,
Anchored securely by weight of his purse.

A sorry deceiver,
He wields well the lever
His talents peculiar have placed in his hand;
But why he's respected,
And well law-protected,
Is something I never could well understand.

'Tis well there's a foeman,
Who grants grace to no man;
Who treats all impartially on the last stage;
Who heeds not professions,
Regards not possessions,
But measures men's souls in a neutral gauge.

Exactor of usury,
He to Death's treasury;
View there the plot you must tenant ere long;
Then ask if 'tis worth
Such a minim of earth,
Your poor fellow mortals to harass or wrong.

Then wherefore this striving—
This artful contriving;
This ceaseless endeavor more wealth to possess.
This hoarding of treasure,
Without stint or measure,
By men who a faith in heaven's justice profess.

MANKATO, Dec. 5, 1884.



THE BATH.

The Most Noble Order of the Bath is one of considerable antiquity. Long, long before the C.P.R. was projected, long before the first Scotchman with his snuff mull and outlandish dialect assumed the position of "Factor" in Fort Garry, long before the time when the half-breed Cree or Blackfeet answered to the name of Ronald McDonald or Dougald McTavish, nay, long before Jacques Cartier wintered out his Normandy mariners under the precipitous cliffs of Cape Diamond, the Noble Order of the Bath was established.

It was in the reign of Henry XI. of England (I aim to be particular as to dates and matters concerning England, as its writers are on things Canadian), that the first Knight of the distinguished order was created. It happened this wise: Anthony De Viexsax, Esquire, who had served under the great Percy, Earl of

Northumberland, as captain of Horse, in subduing the neighboring Lords, who had all the ferocity but less of power than the magnificent Earl, by burning their castles and carrying off their ladies, after the manner of the dear old times, was summoned by the King, along with other military gents, to come to London without delay and give an account of themselves, for good King Henry was somewhat jealous of the powerful Percy; and, moreover, when any sacking of castles occurred throughout the kingdom, which was an almost every day occurrence, he always expected the Conqueror to whack up with the Crown—hence the expression "Royalty," a term now used by pitiable patentees of "window fasteners," "hay rakes," and other vulgar articles introduced to the public. Now it is a matter of history, *vide* Macaulay, Hume, Lingard, Goldsmith, Wade, and other historians, that in the days of Henry XI., and long after in England, night garments or robes *du nuit* were almost unknown, even among the highest ladies in the land, and it is now a great question of historical interest and research whether the Knights of Chivalry and gay troubadours when they retired "stripped to a gauthine," as the sailors say, or turned in all standing like a trooper's horse. Be that as it may, we are assured by the Venerable Beat, a learned critic and chronologer of the period, that when Anthony De Viexsax, Esquire, and his fellow swash-bucklers arrived at Whitehall the King ordered the Gold Stick in waiting to "gette one pounde of bergamotte and a wood-byg measure of frankinsense and myrr where-with to burn and make sweete our chamberse anent the going forth of my Lord Percy's men-at-arms from out ourc palais." Now as Anthony Viexsax, Esquire, and the other northern visitors had fought by day and slept by night in suits of mail, composed of chain and plate steel armor for a month on a stretch, the order of the King for incense to make his habitation "sweete" is not a matter of surprise. Yet, however, that visit occasioned the creation of a new order of Knighthood, handed down to this day as the "Order of the Bath."

"Odds bodikins," said his Royal nibbs, to Monsignor Pittipatti, the Roman Legate whom he encountered walking in the Royal gardens in search of ozone. "Odds bodikins, your Reverence, beshrew me if I know what to do with these evil smellinge northerners. I, faith our palace is mayde like unto the Lazaretto of Naples, our Royal fawther did use to speake of. Marry, but Lady Nancybell Lovel fainted in the armes of my Lord Bake-man as she did go forth from the reception chamber. I' faith we had to bestow her a goodlie cup of sacke to bring her to with our own Royal hands. Cans't suggest aught, good prelate."

"Give the vile *snooziri a bath*," said the wily Italian, and once more turned his attention to the volume he had been reading.

Happy thought! The King at once acted on the learned ecclesiastic's hint. He caused a large cistern to be constructed and filled with water 90° Far., and after explaining to the gentleman that he was about to bestow a high honor on them, ordered them to take off their helmets, greaves, baldricks and breast plates, and marched them in single file to where the cistern was embedded, where they were halted and fronted. Then the King cried in a loud voice, for "Harry and St. George," and the royal retainers advanced from the rear and dumped the whole gang into the hot water, astonishing them all and nearly drowning poor Anthony. Then the King, after they had been dragged by the servitors out to terra firma, drew his sword and bestowing upon each of them a whack therewith that would go far to "wind" J. L. Sullivan, said "Rise Sir Anthony, K.C.B.," and so on till he got through with the whole batch, and thus was

instituted one of the greatest Knightly Orders in the gift of the English Crown.

Of course there is the Eastern Order of the Bath which might, without impropriety be called a Turkish Bath. This order is conferred by simply putting the candidate for Knightly honors into a sack and throwing him into the Bosphorus. This order is very frequently granted to ladies in the Court of the Sublime Porte. A short time ago a Canadian Order of the Bath was suggested by a distinguished local journalist, but as it was intended solely for the honoring of Grit haw-bucks, it was not received with much public favor. However, I flatter myself that I have in this paper done my duty to my adopted country, and that all questions as to the origin of the Order of the Bath is settled forever.

T. BIGBEE.



THE BUMPOLOGY GUESSER.

Mr. O. S. Fowler, professor of Phrenology and general Quackology, gave himself away very badly the other evening. He proved in the most innocent and convincing manner that he is a fraud, and that his so-called science is a humbug of proportionate size. At one of his entertainments in Shaftesbury Hall, a gentleman rejoicing in the family name of Bengough submitted his *caput* to the bony embraces of the long-haired disciple of Wallace Mason. "Sir," said Mr. Fowler, with profound solemnity, "You are a born artist, you have had a pencil in your hand from infancy; you are never so much pleased as when drawing—it is a natural gift with you," etc., etc. At the close of the "examination" it was revealed to the great man that he had been misled by the name; that the gentleman under manipulation had no taste whatever in an artistic direction, though a skilful designer of short-hand characters. The audience departed very much amused. We are not told how the "Professor" felt.

Messrs. Chase & Sanborn, Montreal, have intruded a crusade against Food-adulteration, in which GRIP wishes them abundant success. Their special article is coffee, which they put upon the market in a state of absolute purity. All you have to do now is select a grocer who is a Christian and can be trusted to leave the coffee as he gets it, and you may enjoy the genuine art cle. Food-adulteration is carried to such a pitch now-a-days that every honest effort against it deserves the encouragement of the press and public.

WHAT a strange thing it is that a poor man who gives way to an appetite for alcoholic stimulants is a "miserable drunkard;" a moderately well-to-do person with the same failing is "his own enemy," or "a good fellow, with only one fault," whilst a brandy and champagne-soaked millionaire is "a jolly and genial gentleman, whose hospitality is boundless." Queer world, this!