

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 War is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

In Re Guibord.

THE QUEEN TO BISHOP BOURGET.

I decide you were wrong by church law, my Lord,
In refusing to bury poor JOSEPH GUIBORD;
I therefore command you to cease further fights—
You must give him his *dues*, tho' he can't have his *rites*.

BISHOP BOURGET TO THE QUEEN.

MADAME, just as you say, I will open the gate,
Waiving will of the Church before law of the State;
It's none of my funeral, so drive in your hearse,
But I tell you I'll stand on the gate-post and *curse*!

A Plea for the Cat.

The cat o' nine tails is an indispensable portion of the machinery of the law, in a city so disgraced with brutal violence as Toronto. By all means let such wretches as IRVINE, the murderer of Mr. BURKE, be tied to the triangle and lashed, if the jury can't do us the favour of hanging them. If GRIP were Czar of this city for a day he would larrup the flesh from the coward back of every rowdy who insulted a lady, or jostled a gentleman. Nothing but the cat, administered with a strong and willing arm, will teach the peg-top, swaggering roughs of this city good manners. There are plenty of willing arms to be had; scarcely a respectable citizen amongst us who would not gladly and enthusiastically swing the whip on such an auspicious occasion. There is no use in appealing to anything in these vile scoundrels but their sense of physical suffering. They have neither brains nor heart for anything but villainy. Therefore let us have the cat o' nine tails—at least, let the rowdies have it! GRIP will be delighted to perch on a neighbouring tree and witness the opening of the programme—the only means, he believes, of making Toronto a safe place to live in.

Testimonial to a Dis(ex?)tinguished Canadian Statesman.

We understand that an enthusiastic son of CRISPIN has prepared a pair of shoes (14s) made from the following materials to be presented to the HON. G. B.—N on a *fitting* occasion.

UPPERS.—Selected hides from skins cast by the B—N family

LININGS.—Feathers from nests furnished by the *Globe*.

INNERS.—Dressed calf, presented by the Premiers.

SOLES.—Pebbled hides from opponents of the family.

The insteps will be made sufficiently high to admit of the necks of the Grit and Conservative parties. That for the latter will be provided with suitable (at) tacks. It was intended that the heels should rest on G—N S—H and W—M H—D, but they have prudently kept out of the way. The toes are particularly adapted for kicking employees of the *Globe*, who quit the straight and narrow path. It is said D—N wears a cushion in anticipation.

The SealSerpent Interviewed.

THRILLING DISCLOSURES.

(By our sea-side Correspondent.)

DEAR GRIP.—It is too hard of you to expect contributions from one who is wandering by the sea-beat shore, gathering empty oyster shells in heedless sport, and wondering where the oysters have fled to. Of these not a canful can be picked up. I somewhat fancy a Chancery lawyer has been round among the fishermen. However, since you must, I suppose I must.

You are possibly aware that the SEA-SERPENT has of late been disporting himself around the shores of the Atlantic and has been numerously scen. Should I go down to the great deep and not get a sight of its mightiest inhabitant? Never. Was I ever known to fail in an un-taking (except to pay my debts)? Sir, I have seen him, and what is more *I've interviewed him*.

I have half a mind to send you this much of this account and to demand prepayment, at the rate of a thousand dollars per column, for the balance of this really priceless adventure. But I rely on your known generosity. Already I have had offers of vast sums from the New York *H—d*, the Danbury *N—s*, and a number of American journals. The London *T—s* sent a specially tempting offer by the hands of its own correspondent, who arrived per special train from New York. As

for interviewers, there are above two hundred keeking at my door just now. I found six under my bed last night, and hearing something struggling in the stovepipe, lit a fire, and suffocated the editor of the *Skowhegan Sockdollager*. I am tired of shooting them, as the others only bury the corpses and come back. Having with all this constancy preserved my account for you, I await remittances in all cheerfulness. By the way a person named BROWN, who runs a paper in Toronto, sent me a dollar with the mandate, "Send the account of your interview at once." I tore up his letter indignantly, and spent the dollar in con-ning at a breach of the Maine Liquor Law.

For reasons which will appear in the course of this narrative, I decline to state on which of the 365 islands, which every schoolboy knows, are contained in C—Bay, my *rencontre* with the monster occurred. Suffice it to say that, in the course of practising for a feat which will utterly eclipse LEANDER, LORD BYRON, CHARLEY NURSE and CAPTAIN WEBB, I swam out to a rocky islet in that bay. A sudden fancy impelled me to land and examine the islet in search of oysters, octopi, swordfish and the other delicious shell-fish, which abound among the rocks, and make a light repast before my next spurt of ten miles or so up the bay. Just as I reached the rocks I heard a strange hissing sound behind me and on looking round expecting a steam tug was coming up, saw a strange form rising from the waves. For one second I confess I was paralysed by fear. Then I fled up the rocks, but the awful creature pursued me with terrific speed. I felt his breath hot upon me, and turning round in a spirit of resignation, drew out my pencil and note-book determined to commit to the world's memory some few particulars of my last moments. I had got as far as to write down in short-hand, "I have been destroyed by the GREAT SEA SERPENT; take this to GRIP with my blessing and ask him to comfort my boarding-missus," when the terrible creature, at the sight of my pencil and note-book, fell down in a dead swoon. [NOTE. We have our doubts as to the truth of this story. How the mischief does he carry a pencil and note-book about when he is bathing?—GRIP.]

At the sight of this my pity and curiosity were excited. About two hundred feet of the creature were lying extended on the rocks; the rest was still in the water. He was of a fair complexion, wore his hair parted in the middle, and had profuse sandy whiskers, a rowdy hat, and a pair of green spectacles completed his head gear. His body was about as big round as a very large whiskey-barrel, and was neatly arranged in a suit of blue overalls. Altogether he looked a well-dressed respectable looking serpent, as serpents go, and I sat down by his side and awaited his recovery with impatience. At last he came to and gazed shudderingly upon me.

"Caught at last, by thunder," he exclaimed in a terrific voice; and then assuming a more deferential air, asked in milder tones, "What paper do you represent, Sir?"

"GRIP," said I, calmly.

"Thank goodness that you are not from a Yankee concern. I am growing old, and these may be my last words. I am glad to find they will neither be misrepresented nor disbelieved. Fire away at your interview."

"How old did you say you were, Sir?"

"I was invented just after the Declaration of Independence." (You will find the date of that in COLLIER'S History if the Council of Education haven't cut it out to please the York Pioneers.)

"Have you any family?"

"Lots. By the way you might have seen my youngest son lately. He is up in Canada."

"I heard of him in the Ottawa river, but thought it was a hoax."

"That's just the way with people. You didn't seem to think I was just now. Its lucky you carried your reporting tools about with you, and that the sight of them turned my stomach. I wasn't a bit frightened," said the creature, glaring at me savagely. "That boy has been having great times in the elections."

"What do you mean?" said I, unable to contain my amazement. "What have elections in the river?"

"No, you fool," said the SERPENT, contemptuously, "it was among your own stupid people. You must have heard all about it and him, if you really came from Canada."

I felt more puzzled than ever. Surely there can be no serpents loose round and I not know it.

"What is his name, Sir," I timidly asked.

"THE CATHOLIC LEAGUE" roared the GREAT SEA SERPENT. "He usually travels in company with JOHN O'DONOHOF and JERRY MERRICK, and has made quite a good thing of it this season."

Just at this moment a vessel came in sight. "There may be another reporter on board," said the Serpent, "meet me here this time next week." "By the way," and he handed me two dollars, "here is a year's subscription to GRIP. I don't see it often enough. Get the steamboat captains to pitch it overboard off Father Point" and he was gone. But for the two dollars in my hand, I should have regarded the whole affair as a vision. I am sorry to say the dollars were American and, as they are insufficient to pay the subscription, I have retained them till I meet him again. Meanwhile, send his papers right on. [NOTE. He may keep the \$2. It is all he will ever get for this tissue of falsehoods. If he goes on like this he will have to go to the *Globe* or become Ottawa correspondent for the *Mail*.—GRIP.]