

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDON.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 25TH JANUARY, 1879.

TO NEWSDEALERS.—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

The Facts about Horatius and the Bridge.

Then out spake brave HORATIUS, the captain of the gate, "Every fellow has got to die some time, and I don't know of any better or more likely way for him to do so, that to engage in a fair, square, up and down fight against fearful odds. There are several considerations which invest such a means of getting killed with a reasonable amount of glory: firstly, a fellow is fighting for the ashes of his fathers, though why the other fellows should want to get those ashes is a problem which I cannot at present stop to consider, as this thing has got to be done in a hurry; secondly, he is fighting for the temples of his gods. This is an important consideration, for after a fellow has paid his pew-rent and passively allowed himself to be plundered at the bazaar in aid of the building fund, it is worth his while to die rather than have the church demolished by an invading army, which is even worse than a Property Owners' Association who would tax church property; thirdly, I might mention, that he is fighting for his tender mother; fourthly, for his wife and baby (as well as his other children and his wife's mother,) and lastly for the holy maidens who are engaged in attending the furnaces in the temple. So go ahead, Sir Consul, hew down the bridge with all the speed ye may, or with axes if you prefer it; I with two more to help me will stay here and fool with the enemy. That straight path over there is about as narrow as the platform of the Local Opposition, and if MEREDITH, LAUDER and MORRIS can keep MOWAT's big majority in check, I feel certain that in yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three. Now, I have vacancies for two gentlemen to help me, and am prepared to receive tenders from respectable parties, Conservatives preferred." Then out spake SPURIUS LARTIUS, (a Ramnian proud was he, though he wasn't too proud to take a government sit like this) "Old man, I'll take the right-hand posish." And out spake strong HERMINIUS, (He was a blood relation of Titan, the great house and sign painter of Italy.) "I'll take the left-hand berth, if the salary is all the same." "HORATIUS," quoth the Consul, "you're a brick; I'll adopt your tactics on this occasion and if you carry it through all right, we'll have the biggest blowout you ever saw." And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless three, for Romans in Rome's quarrel had no hesitation about getting their fighting done for them in this manner in the brave days of old. Then, unlike GEORGE BROWN and the *Globe*, none was for the Pairty, but all were for the state, and the fat offices thereof. Then the great man-like JOHN A. helped the poor but rabid politician by giving him berths in the post office, etc., and the poor man naturally loved the great, and voted for him every time; then lands were fairly portioned, and the aldermen didn't assess their own places at ridiculously low rates; then spoils were fairly sold, and the poor Grits were not left entirely out of the spoils, for Romans were like brothers, yea, even like JOHN O'DONOHUE and JEREMIAH MERRICK, in the brave days of old.

The *Mail* of Saturday has an editorial headed "How to deal with our beggars." Who would have thought that an editorial on Conservative office seekers would have been necessary so soon!

The Lyall Family.

From the Archives of Canadian History.

BY DR. GONOFF.

Author of "The Life of VON SHOULTZ;" "The Windmill;" "We will gather by the River;" "Chippeway and Chatterway;" "Buckwheat and Breastworks;" "Cabbagetown under the old *Regime*;" "The old Vet." etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE *Polly Ann* being of that peculiar style of naval architecture known to sea-faring men as "built by the mile and sawed off by the foot," like Mr. PECKSNIFF'S horse, made a very great show but very little headway; but after deafening the dolphin and scaring away the porpoises for miles around her on her course, finally-dropped anchor at

Quebec, where ULYSSES landed in a dug out feeling very unlike a hero, but as far as his appetite was concerned, a perfect wolf, and being by this time economical of his remaining cash, engaged to work his way to Montreal on an ancient batteau with a Rimouski Captain, two half breeds, and an Iriquois Indian as shipmates. His position proved no sinecure. It is doubtful if he would much care if he had been dismissed or superannuated, for in calm weather he and the Indian on the port side, wrestled with an eighteen foot sweep while the two half breeds exercised themselves on its counterpart on the starboard hand, chanting the while in the still remembered patois of their forefathers of Brittany, the plaintive melody:

"Oh, roolaw ma bool roolaw!
Oh roolaw ma boo-ooly
Le fee dur waw sa vaw chasaw;
Avec so graw fusee dargaw,
Roolaw, roolaw, mabool roolaw,
Oh roolaw ma boo-oolce, etc."

The cuisine, though undeniably French cookery, was unpretending, and on the whole rather monotonous, each succeeding meal consisting of *Bonillion a la poi* and *pain a la matelot* which being interpreted meaneth pea-soup and hard-tack, and not being able to converse in either French or Indian the old man was right glad when they gave the old *bargee* a spirit and succeeded in making fast to the pier in Montreal, at the foot of Jacques Cartier Square, where he jumped ashore a tired and thoroughly disgusted man. Yet U. E. L.'s undaunted spirit still sustained him; walking up to the pier towards the town in a most disconsolate mood, he descried a man sitting on one of the spiles thereof, smoking an exceedingly short and black clay pipe. He wore what had been once a white blanket capuchin coat, with a black stripe around it, a variegated sash, a red trigue, and an antique pair of shoe packs, each and several of these articles of attire seemed to be coeval with the arrival of the said JACQUES CARTIER, at the foot of whose square the wearer thereof was sitting. His expression was sad and solemn to a degree, reminding one of that of a partizan Postmaster when he learns that there is to be a change of administration. ULYSSES approached him with the usual French salutation of *Bo ju*. "Oh *bo ju* yeersilf," said the stranger removing his pipe. "Allons, go up town if ye want to talk. Bad luck to it for Frinch, anyway," added the unknown *soto voce*. "I don't think I'd ever larn it—" "Great Gewhittaker," interposed ULYSSES, "be you an Englishman? I swar I thought you was an Injun! I did by Gum!" "Thank ye," said the stranger. "Is there anyone else here that speaks English except yourself?" asked the old man. "Yes," said the stranger, "ther's two—two Scotchmin; I'm an Irishman mesilf, but I'm generally tuck for an Englishman be raison of me Oxford axint." "Jest so," said ULYSSES. "Come along wid me," said his new friend, "and I'll intrhojuice ye; the're only Scotchmin av course, but moighty good fellows when you come to know them."

On a bench in the bar room of the *Trois Folie Bunnaires* superintended by Madame SAITEMUTE and her two charming daughters, CLARETTE and ANISETTE, sat the two friends, their garb phillebeg splenchan cairn goram and eagle's feather required not the claymore and skene dhu, which each wore in his tartan hose to proclaim them "Children of the Heather." "Here's a friend from Boston come to see ye," said the Irishman, thus introducing ULYSSES, "It's near New Orlanes," said he by way of explanation. "Gentlemen heow dew ye dew," said ULYSSES bowing low to each, "I'm right glad to meet yeow," which indeed he was. "Och, aye, she was well enough," said gael number one. "Och, aye, and she was well enough too," said the second. "I'm durned glad to see you," said the old man, "and would like to know your names. Mine is ULYSSES E. LYALL, late of Bosting." "Oh, her name," said the first thane, "was MCDONALD—CHON ALEXANDER MCDONALD." "And yours?" he asked of the second chieftain. "Her name was MCKENZIE—ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, she has no CHON tae hers." ULYSSES gazed on them curiously, and had he but known how in after years the descendants of these two men, with their *Pacific Scandals*, *Steel Rails*, *Neeking Hotels*, and other enormities would bring his adopted—but we anticipate. "I'll be dod derved," said ULYSSES turning to the stranger whom he first met on the wharf, "if I haven't forget to ask you your name." "Me name," said the stranger proudly, "Me name is DAVIN; but this is moighty droy work. I'll ordher a bottle of MOLSON'S best, and we'll have the girls in and have a dance. Come SANDY, ye and ye'er friend, gives us a blast, ye have ye'er instruments wid ye." "Aye," said the two ex-rievers, glad to show their accomplishments before the stranger, "an she can play them too." The pipes were produced, and after a preliminary shriek that made the bells in the tower of *Notre Dame* rattle again, they struck up the ever popular air:

Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
The Grits a' shout for the N.P.,
We a' are hunkey dory;
We'll have a tax on everything,
Ad valorum, ad valorum,
And we will make the Yankees sing
The *Reel of Tullochgoram*!