

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The grabeast Beast in the Inn; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeast Fish is the Oyster: the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 21ST OCTOBER 1876.

## Amusement Bulletin.

THE GRAND.—MR. F. S. CHANFRAU, the eminent American comedian concluded his engagement at this theatre on Tuesday evening, when he appeared as *Scudder* in the *Octoroon*. Italian opera now occupies the boards, and *Grip* hopes Mrs. MORRISON'S enterprise in securing a first class company in this favorite line of entertainment, will be amply acknowledged by our citizens. BRIGNOLI, the famous tenor, sings in *Il Trovatore* on Friday night.

MISS McCULLOUGH, Miss FRIDA DE GEBELE, Mr. TOM KARL, Mr. ALBERT LAWRENCE, and Mr. GOTTSCHALK are also with the company, which embraces no fewer than eighty artists, under the direction of the celebrated SIGNOR DE NOVELLOS.

## Speech of King Grip I. to his Soldiers on the Approach of Winter.

Once more into big coats, dear friends; once more,  
Or close your chests up with an English shawl.  
In June, there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest suit of tweed, of lightest dye,  
But when the blasts of Fall blow in our ears,  
Clap on the glossy covering of the tiger;  
Thicken your linings; summon up your gloves;  
Disguise fair nature with a great rough cap  
That lends the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the fur,  
Like the brass cannon; let the peak o'erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth Police McNAB  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded beak  
Above the wild and wasteful crowd of roughs.  
Now close your mouths and rub your nose if froze;  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every soul  
To his full heat. Keep warm, you noblest English,  
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of fire-proof,  
Fathers that like so many Salamanders  
Have, in these parts, from morn till even piled  
Their hearths, and gone to bed for lack of wood.  
Dishonour not your bills, but now pay up  
What you coal-dealers owe; and you good yeomen  
Whose farms lie all around, now fetch us here  
The cordwood from your forests high, and swear  
That it is worth more cash than what it is.  
For there is none of you so awful dull  
That hath not noble business in his eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds on the mart,  
Straining for customers; and when they leave.  
Cry, "Here! Come back! I'll throw a quarter off!"

## The Kent-Howie Case.

GRIP would very much like to know whether, in this country, when an individual, attacked on his own ground by several strong men, defends himself with an implement caught up at random, and in actual preservation of his own life knocks down and kills one of the assailants, he is to be put in prison and refused the privilege of bail for several months, until a Grand Jury of respectable men find, what all knew from the first, that there was "no bill." Because, if this is the case, three or four roughs can do just what they please. No man will risk such a punishment as this for doing right; he will get out of the way, instead of interfering to prevent them committing murder. Suppose a man going home, carrying a spade, sees three men beating another, to the danger of his life, steps to the rescue, is attacked, strikes one dead—what is to be done? His act was just and praiseworthy. But it seems he is to be thrown into prison, refused bail, and kept there a length of time to the injury of his business and the danger of his health. GRIP would like to know how this is. Have we alguazils at London who, when they get hold of a prisoner with money, keep him as similar gentry did GIL BLAS, in the determination to pluck him as bare as possible before they leave him? GRIP, judging by newspaper reports, thinks this the most outrageous case of injustice ever occurring in Canada, and considers that the whole thing ought to be made the subject of immediate Government inquiry.

## The Coming of Tupper.

The Wise Men came up from the far distant East,  
And our TUPPER resembles them that far at least.  
He's a prophet, you know, and those prophets, you see,  
Get small honours sometimes in their native country.

In their native country,  
Their own native country,  
Oh, they're far too well known in their native country.

But why must our TUPPER come beating our air?  
Don't they want any more lengthy speeches down there?  
Or have they found out—Oh, we hope that we're wrong—  
They were not all quite true, though they all were quite long?

In his voice all so strong,  
Like a big bell, ding dong,  
Oh, were there false notes in the Doctor's loud song?

Or is it that great TUPPER cannot now refuse  
To himself some slight hopes of Sir JOHN'S worn-out shoes?  
And in visions of glory he hears himself shout,  
As the Government's leader, *vice* Mac, when he's out?

If he'll only go out,  
If he's but once got out.  
Oh, the road is so clear—if you but get him out.

Wordy TUPPER, you're fooled by some spirit untrue;  
JACKY'S older indeed, but he's sounder than you.  
And your loud-sounding trombone can't lead the line on,  
Like the soul-stirring trumpet of jolly Sir JOHN.

Of our jolly Sir JOHN,  
Of our knowing Sir JOHN,  
Of our sometimes—ah, slightly—too jolly Sir JOHN.

GRIP don't care—he'll take TUPPER right under his wing.  
He's a sturdy Protectionist—which is the thing  
That the country most wants; if he sticks to it fast  
Though he mayn't be the first, yet he sha'n't be the last.

To Protection stick fast,  
And he sha'n't be the last  
Of the in-coming Government, when the fight's past.

## The Warlike Atmosphere.

It appears to GRIP that the devil is in the air. It may be that some of the vials foretold in Revelation have just been poured out, a suggestion which he commends to the consideration of DARWIN, HUXLEY and the Toronto Liberal Association. Here, according to DIZZY, all the secret societies of Europe have suddenly flown at the throats of the Turks. Servia has pitched in; bloody noses and cracked crowns are to be had without charge anywhere along the frontier; Russia is coming along with her millions of fellows carrying guns, choppers, and other life-preservers; Turkey is busy using on the Bulgarians and Montenegrins all the latest inventions of a humanitarian age; all the myriads of Austrian camps of instruction are sharpening edge tools and cutlery, and swearing in Slav and High Dutch; BISMARCK keeps his finger on the telegraph knob which will let fly his little contingent of a million and a half grim scarred veterans against any large population which the interests of peace and good will require to be shot, hacked, blown up, spiked, or drowned; France has grown bran-new talons and incisors since her last were pulled out, and is looking out for a nation requiring scratching; the Caffre niggers, reckless of pork, are killing off all the Boars in the country; the South Carolina whites and blacks have got into another difference on account of surface, and this time mean to polish each other off; the Wild Injuns of the Boundless Peraira have had several paroxysms of killing; and are coming over to send all lighter shades to the future shades; the Egyptians are scouring silver-hilted yataghans; the Arabs of the Desert, armed to the teeth, are mounting their untamed steeds and thinking what direction is safest to cut off in; Russia is stirring up Asia with her emissaries, and nobody knows whether there isn't an Indian Mutiny raging red hot through all the vast jungles of Pepperaboo and over the immense rice plains of Currybobung; Britain is preparing all the agencies of iron, coal, gun-powder, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and asphyxiating preparations, for the purpose of committing instantaneously as many house burnings and homicides as ever were perpetrated in ten centuries before; the President of Canada First has been observed on his perspiring way home with a quantity of gunpowder and a dark lantern; and the gloomy Professor of Disruption, GOLDWIN SMITH, who probably has done it all, is rushing off in the distance. Solely, calm and untroubled,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinae,

GRIP rears himself as a tower of safety amid the crash of combating worlds. Undismayed by the terrible period about to ensue, he will issue throughout the tumult infallible weekly directions of safety to all his faithful adherents, price \$2.00 a year.